

South Danvers Wizard.

OL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1862.

NO. 1.

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CHARLES D. HOWARD, FITCH POOLE, Editor.

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20.50	61.50 123.00
21.00	63.00 126.00
21.50	64.50 129.00
22.00	66.00 132.00
22.50	67.50 135.00
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23.50	70.50 141.00
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24.50	73.50 147.00
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27.00	81.00 162.00
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31.00	93.00 186.00
31.50	94.50 189.00
32.00	96.00 192.00
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33.00	99.00 198.00
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34.00	102.00 204.00
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41.50	124.50 249.00
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44.00	132.00 264.00
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45.50	136.50 273.00
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46.50	139.50 279.00
47.00	141.00 282.00
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49.00	147.00 294.00
49.50	148.50 297.00
50.00	150.00 300.00
50.50	151.50 303.00
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52.00	156.00 312.00
52.50	157.50 315.00
53.00	159.00 318.00
53.50	160.50 321.00
54.00	162.00 324.00
54.50	163.50 327.00
55.00	165.00 330.00
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68.50	205.50 411.00
69.00	207.00 414.00
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70.00	210.00 420.00
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71.00	213.00 426.00
71.50	214.50 429.00
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73.00	219.00 438.00
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88.50	265.50 531.00
89.00	267.00 534.00
89.50	268.50 537.00
90.00	270.00 540.00
90.50	271.50 543.00
91.00	273.00 546.00
91.50	274.50 549.00
92.00	276.00 552.00
92.50	277.50 555.00
93.00	279.00 558.00
93.50	280.50 561.00
94.00	282.00 564.00
94.50	283.50 567.00
95.00	285.00 570.00
95.50	286.50 573.00
96.00	288.00 576.00
96.50	289.50 579.00
97.00	291.00 582.00
97.50	292.50 585.00
98.00	294.00 588.00
98.50	295.50 591.00
99.00	297.00 594.00
99.50	298.50 597.00
100.00	300.00 600.00

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Dec. 4, 1861. 1 y

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
1—1 y

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
ember 7, 1859.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Opp. Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
ember 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
uary 1, 1860.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNELIUS AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
ES B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.
ember 7, 1859.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.
Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings
home office, near his residence in So. Danvers.
ember 7, 1859.

J. J. HEYLINGBERG,
Fashionable Hair-Dresser,
No. 24 Main street.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
DENTIST,
MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge

W. L. BOWDOIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
28 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.
11—1 y

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Hilton and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Bos-
ton; Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Grainer, Glazier and Paper Hanger,
GROVE STREET,
DOWNS and BLINDS, cheap for cash.
11—1 y

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Dry Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
(L. NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Furniture, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Battery Lamps; Paints,
Oils, and Window Glass.
32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
113 SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
2—1 y

SAMUEL DAVIS,
SHAVING ROOM,
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 282 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Astronomical Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.
may 16

MRS. R. O. FLETCHER,
keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
Rooms 168 Essex street, Salem.

Original Poetry.

PATRIOTIC ODE,
Addressed to the Mass. Twenty-Third Regiment
preparatory to leaving Annapolis.

Soldiers go on! the throng passed before you,
Stand marshaled and ready, o'er land and o'er
sea;
They are treading the soil—all war-stained
and gory,
And waiting to hail you—brave sons of the
free.

With the banner of liberty,
Waving in majesty,
Decking with glory the brows of the free.

Sons of New England! we ask for that valor
Which marked the first triumph our country
had won,
When the herald of war poured forth its loud
thunder,
And death gave its last echoes to the roll of
the drum,
With the waves of our liberty,
Solemn in majesty,
Sprinkling with glory each patriot's tomb.

Go forth, with the zeal of your brave youthful
leaders,
Who have mustered your strength for rebel-
lion's dark night;
They're twining the laurels their proud sires
gave them,
For the beams of your triumphs to glow in
their light.

With the banner of liberty,
Sparkling with victory,
Undimmed in its glory through oppression's
dark night.

Stand close by your chief, with his valor en-
twining,
Every heart, every hand—bidding vile trait-
ors flee,
At the voice of McClellan each bright sword
unsheathing,
And "conquer or die there,"—your motto
must be.

With the gem of your loyalty,
Banner of liberty,
Floating to conquer, o'er land and o'er sea.

Stand firm in your God—the hope of the
nation
He holds in the hand of His justice and right.
Go on! with the shield of His faith ever con-
quering,
Till the crown of His triumphs appeareth in
sight.

Then, with banner of liberty,
Emblazoned with victory,
March on to the home that first kindled its
light.

DANVERS, Dec. 14, 1861.

CONSOLATION.

She is dead!
Waxen Lillie, perfume fled—
Lay her in her coffin bed.

Mother fair,
Anguished father kneeling there,
Leads your wild, distracted prayer!

Angel bands,
Golden harps within their hands,
Wait upon Celestial strands,

Where the tide
Rolling o'er Death's ocean wide,
Bears your loved one to their side.

"Come away!"
Called they to her night and day—
"Earth is dark; no longer stay."

Here no night
Comes to dim our radiant light;
Here no sin, no sorrow blight.

Come, come now,
While the seal upon thy brow
Radiates how pure art thou.

Happier home
Awaits thee 'neath His blessed dome,
Who saith unto His chosen "come."

She has passed
The barrier which we all, at last,
Must leap. How blest the lot so cast!

Thus to go
Without a stain of sin, or woe,
From the dark journey here below.

Let no gloom
Shroud her form—from flower decked room
Bear her to no ponderous tomb.

'Neath the sod
Lay her softly—thankful God
Who spares her from the chastening rod.

THE LODGESTONE.—In ancient Greece,
among the shepherds who tended their
flocks upon the sides of Mount Ida, was
an observing man by the name of Mag-
nus. He noticed that a certain black
stone adhered to the iron of his crook,
and making known his discovery the
stone was called magnet, after the name
of the discoverer, which was thus made
immortal. The mineral has been called
also the native lodestone, but it is known
to modern chemistry as the magnetic ox-
ide of iron.

It is stated that \$7600 has been sub-
scribed by New York merchants and others
for the needy and loyal people of
North Carolina. A vessel has been
chartered to take a cargo of provisions to
the coast.

A clerk in a mercantile establish-
ment writes to his friends at home, "I
have a plucky easy time of it now—a-days
—very little work to do—our firm don't
advertise."

Tales and Sketches.

Written for the Wizard.

Mike Langdon and his Colt.

It was the day before the ordination of
Rev. Mr. Holt, the second pastor of the
Old South Church, and while active prepa-
rations were going forward for that event,
that our story begins. Everybody in the
village was busy in preparation; all the
booths and tents were already erected
about the meeting-house for the sale of
gingerbread, cake and other more solid
edibles, together with flip, egg-nog, ale
and even stronger stimulants. The fid-
dler had also been engaged for the evening
ball, which in those days always followed
an ordination, and everything gave prom-
ise of a great festival. The Council din-
ner was also in course of preparation,
and many were the birds, beasts and
creeping things which were that day
slaughtered for the bodily comfort of the
officiating divines.

In the midst of all this preparation, the
committee made the discovery that the
invitation addressed to one of the Council
by some mistake had not been forwarded.
This was regarded as a very unfortunate
omission, as the gentleman was one to
whom an important part in the ordina-
tion services had been assigned. The
clergyman lived in Andover, to which
place there was no special conveyance,
and a special messenger must be pro-
cured as the letter must go that evening.

The question now arose who should be
this Envoy Extraordinary? It was decid-
ed by appointing one Mike Langdon,
an old hanger-on at the Bell Tavern, and
the proud proprietor of a spavined horse,
blind of one eye, lame, vicious and as
broad as he was long. This horse Mike
imagined to be perfectly sound, and he
always called him, from the power of
early associations, his colt. The two had
grown up and lived together in the utmost
harmony for a quarter of a century, and
as the discipline of the beast had been
altogether after the modern system of
moral suasion, the colt always felt at lib-
erty to do as he pleased without regard to
the will of his master.

It was late in the afternoon that Lang-
don mounted his charger, having first taken
a strong potation with the host of the
inn. Being inwardly refreshed, he
commenced his journey with the inten-
tion of delivering his message that night,
and returning the next morning in season
for the solemnities and festivities of the
day. He now jogged on as fast as his
heavy beast was pleased to carry him.
After a few miles had been travelled, Mike
began to be thirsty and was anxious to
arrive in good season at the next inn,
which was in Middleton. He endeavored
to coax the colt, but the beast had ar-
rived to the years of discretion, and chose
not to quicken his pace. On the con-
trary, seeing some nice herbage on the
side of the road, he concluded, without
consulting his master, to partake of it,
which he did in a manner as leisurely as
if the journey was of no kind of im-
portance. His master, knowing it was
of no use to urge him against his will,
patiently dismounted and sat down to see
him crop his food. At last the beast
seemed satisfied, was again mounted by
his master, and they jogged on.

The colt had been so long in taking
his refreshment, that they arrived late at
the tavern in Middleton. The beast pro-
ceeded directly to the stable, and Lang-
don to the bar-room, which was of small
dimensions, and low ceiling, black with
smoke, and smelling strong of peat and
the fumes of rum and tobacco smoke.—
Our messenger here found companions
suited to his taste, and joined them in
their libations at the bar. He kept no
account of the mugs of flip which were
emptied by the company in the bar-room,
as his companions settled the bill with
the landlord in consideration of the in-
telligence he brought from the village.
At length he thought of his errand, and
ordered his horse to the door. He at-
tempted to mount, but the horse-block
seemed affected with a kind of St. Vitus'
dance, and he found it difficult to gain the
top of it. He requested the landlord to
hold it still, as unless he could reach the
top of the block, he never could find his
way to the back of the colt. At last he
was safely vaulted into the saddle, and
once more resumed his journey. Even
before he started he thought the colt was
going at a pretty smart canter, but mak-
ing no progress forward. When they
were fairly on the road, he thought he
had never travelled with such lightning
speed. Trees, houses and fences were all
in full motion. At one time he saw a
farm-house in full chase after a barn,

which, however, went with such speed as
to keep just so far in advance of its pur-
suer. Trees were dashing along at a fu-
rious rate, and all the fences appeared to
be playing at hide-and-seek. Two moons
were visible in the heavens, and those
were dancing a jig together. Notwith-
standing this rapid rate of travelling, it
seemed to him that he never should arrive
at the end of his journey. Andover, he
thought, must be a great way off. Still
the colt, contrary to his usual custom,
kept right on, and never offered to stop.
Langdon not only thought he never went
so fast, but that he never travelled so easy.
There was a gentle, undulating motion
that was quite delightful to him. At last
he observed the same phenomenon that he
had noticed at the tavern in Middleton,
namely, the easy canter, without any on-
ward progress. He looked up and saw a
barn, then a house, and near it a sign
post with something swinging like a tav-
ern sign at its top. A confused

Butler's Brigade.
ON BOARD STEAMSHIP CONSTITUTION,
Gulf of Mexico, Dec. 2, 1861.
DEAR WIZARD:—I send you a few scraps
from my journal, and if you think they will
be of sufficient interest to your readers to
warrant them a place in your columns, you
may use them for that purpose; if not, they
will be found to contain combustible material
enough to serve as lighters for those excellent
"seagulls" which the editor "puffs."

CAMP CHASB, Lowell, Nov. 19.
Orders were received from headquarters to
break camp and prepare to march on the fol-
lowing day.

20th.—Packed everything in as small a com-
pass as possible, and left camp at 10 A. M.
Received many hearty cheers from the re-
mains of the Brigade as we passed out, and
were repeatedly requested to "take care" of
ourselves. Left Lowell for Boston immedi-
ately, and on our arrival were marched to Long
Wharf, where the steamer Constitution awaited
this addition to her living freight. The
Constitution is the largest steamship afloat
except the Great Eastern, and was built by the
Pacific Mail Steamship Company, to run on
the western end of her route. She is 370 ft.
long, 49 broad, 31 ft. 6 in. deep, and measures
3500 tons, although her actual tonnage is es-
timated at 5500. There were already on board
two regiments—the Mass. 26th, Col. Jones, and
the Conn. 9th, Col. Cahill—and thousands of
their friends crowded the wharf to take a final
glance, and many were the tearful partings.
Such was the crowded state of the vessel, and
so great the confusion, that we were not
provided with quarters until late in the evening.
In the night, the steamer hauled into the
stream to prevent the escape of the men.

21st.—Thanksgiving day. Feel blue—almost
within smelling distance of the annual family
dinner, and obliged to dine on "salt horse" and
cold water—not even a "murfy." Well, don't
say much about it, but keep up an awful
thinking. About 2 o'clock weighed anchor,
fired a salute, and put to sea, bound for Port-
land. Received cheers from the soldiers in
the forts, and returned the compliment. Seven
o'clock, off Isle of Shoals, and nine-thirty of
the 2100 men sea sick. An awful state of af-
fairs—strong wind, heavy seas, men depositing
the contents of their stomachs wherever they
happen to be, with no regard to the propriety
of so doing, and then reeling to their bunks to
growl out a most miserable night. Thank
Heaven, I have smelt salt water before. Can
hardly find a person in a condition to con-
verse. The state of affairs is the same in the
cabin as among the men. Four of the officers
have their ladies with them, and the occasional
glance of even so small a representation of the
fair sex will be quite cheering.

22d.—Arrived at Portland at 2 A. M., and
fired a salute to notify the Maine troops of our
arrival. A steamer came along side in the
forenoon, with the Maine 12th Regiment, Col.
Shipley, who were to have accompanied us;
but after an inspection of the steamer and its
facilities for accommodating his men, he or-
dered them to return to the city. To-day
Paymaster Usher came aboard and paid the
Battery six months' advance, and I am proud
to say that over \$1000 of that money was sent
to the families of the men. This will serve to
make many a heart and home happy.

23d.—At 2 A. M., weighed anchor, and at
daylight had lost sight of land. We are
bowling along merrily. I am sorry to note the
fact that we have on board men who are not
scrupulously honest. Boxes of bacon, barrels
of sugar, fish and butter disappear with mar-
vellous rapidity. Even the camp equipments
and private property of the men are not ex-
empt from the encroachments of these light-
fingered gentry. Dippers, plates, knives,
forks, spoons, pans and pails are taken, and last
night one of the men lost the strings from his
shoes, on his feet, while he was asleep, and
another had the buttons out from his coat—de-
noting proficiency in the art. But I am happy
to state that as yet not one of the Massa-
chusetts soldiers have been found guilty of so mean
an act as to pilfer either from a brother soldier
or the vessel. A very heavy sea to-day; the
vessel pitching at a terrible rate, the cargo
being badly stowed in consequence of the little
time used in loading. But men have been
busy shifting the cargo aft, and already she
rides much easier. Three or four seas were
"whipped," deluging the bows of the boat, and
sending great quantities of water into the
berth decks, two of which also have under the
main deck.

24th.—The monotony of a sea voyage was
broken by the sight of a sail, which proved to
be a barque, under close-reefed topsails, bound
in the direction of Boston. Could not help
thinking of home, and the usual Sunday morn-
ing meal. But was obliged to be contented
with "merry a bean."

25th.—Had a good run all day, and in the
night dropped anchor inside Fort Henry. As
the lights have all been destroyed by seces-
sionists, it was deemed imprudent to attempt
to run farther.

26th.—At daybreak, got under way, stood up
Chesapeake Bay, and anchored in Hampton
Roads, off Fortress Monroe. As we passed
the Frigate Minnesota, the yards were
"manned," and we received three rousing
cheers, the band on board playing national
airs. The same honors were paid us by those
on board the Commodore's frigate (Roanoke),
astern of which we anchored. The Roanoke
was armed with vessels of all sizes and descrip-
tions, composing the blockading squadron, and
in the employ of Uncle Sam for other pur-
poses. But two miles from us could be seen
the rebel flag flying from the secession bat-
teries on Sewall's Point. The "big gun" Union,
of which so much has been said, frowns de-
cisively upon the rebels from under the walls of
the fortress. A rebel steamer came down
James river with a flag of truce and held an
interview with one of our government vessels
a short distance from us. The steamer Merri-
mas, which the rebels captured, also came
down within sight of us. She has been entire-
ly encased in iron, and presents a formidable
appearance; but she will hardly be able to run
the gauntlet of the blockade. No one allowed
ashore but the Colonnels.

27th.—All hands anxious to know the result
of the interview on shore, and find, if possible,
their place of destination. It had always been
the belief of Capt. Manning, and the hopes of
the men, that we should be stationed, for a
season at least, at "old Point Comfort," but
our hopes were blasted, and we were informed
that the end was not yet. The commissioned
officers were allowed the privilege of drawing
lots to see who should visit the fort, and the
fortunate ones—Capt. Manning and our first
Lieutenant among the number—left in a steam
tug. A sutler came alongside in a small tug,
and was doing a fine business in the pie line,
when he was driven off by Col. Jones. Brig-
Gen. Phelps, of Vermont, who is to take com-
mand of the Brigade until the arrival of Gen.
Butler, came on board about noon, and soon
after we weighed anchor. An obliged to
leave without the much desired privilege of
visiting the interior of the fort. Learned from
the soldiers who visited us from shore, that
there were encamped in and about the fort,
some 18,000 or 20,000 troops. As we steamed
out the bay, the yards of the frigates were
again manned, and cheer after cheer rent the
air, while the voices of our "bull dogs" made
the woods resound with their echoes. As we
weighed anchor, a funeral procession passed
along the beach from the fortress to the bury-
ing place, bearing the remains of one of their
comrades shot the night previous by one of the
guard. The deceased, being outside the pick-
ets, was called upon for the countersign, when
he retaliated, and was immediately shot. As
yet, no one knows our destination. Orders
are to be opened when 12 hours out.

28th.—Air mild, sea smooth, and every one
enjoying himself. Our great coats becoming
useless, are thrown one side. Groups of men
seated on deck in every nook which will afford
shelter from the blazing sun, playing cards,
chess, checkers, &c. Numerous schools of por-
poises are gamboling about our bows, and
occasionally a huge shark rolls himself over near
us, exposing his huge fins above the surface of
the water.

29th.—Weather very uncomfortable. Men
running about deck in shirt-sleeves, and many
bareheaded. While our friends at home are
stamping their feet, blowing their fingers, and
bundling themselves in overcoats and mittens,
we are suffering with heat. Heat lightning in
the South this evening.

30th.—"Land ho!" was cried out by the
lookout forward about noon, and reiterated for
and aft by thousands of voices, and as many
pair of anxious eyes were strained to catch the
first glimpse. Soon it was distinct y visible—
a long, low, sandy beach, with no signs of habi-
tation. Later we got on a well wooded point,
and ran along its side all day. It is the east-
ern coast of Florida. Birds, in great variety,
and many unknown to me, are flying about us
in vast numbers. Occasionally a pelican or
"blue-bird" may be discovered among the large
peepers. To-day the "infant" (Cottontail) is act-
ing as butcher, slaughtering and dressing a
couple of beavers for to-morrow's dinner. Ja-
cob's branny arm soon brings the unsuspecting
victim to the floor, and his ill-fated knife quick-
ly prepares the flesh for the hand of the cook.

Sunday, Dec. 1.—The Florida coast still in
sight, and our vessel measuring the miles with
astonishing ease and rapidity. Passed several
light-houses and beacons, and numbers of small
vessels (supposed to be wreckers) are visible
near the shore. No religious services to-day,
though the vessel has been unusually quiet.
The Tortuga light about midnight, and
rounded the cape.

2d.—Ploughing along the Gulf of Mexico
with nothing in sight but the "deep blue sea."
I will here state that all the cooking on board
is done by steam. Yesterday our men were
served with 1500 pounds of bacon, about three-
quarters of a pound to a man. Our "compos"
consist of a row of large easels on each side
of the gallery. Steam pipes are led into each
easel, the victuals put in, and steam let on un-
til they are sufficiently cooked. Our coffee is
made in the same way. We use daily about
150 lbs. coffee, 12 lbs. beef, and 25 lbs. crack-
ers. This is in addition to our "a la mess," for
which there is another cook house with bakery
attached.

3d.—To-day we learn that we are bound to
Ship Island, Miss., and it is expected that, with
good luck, we may reach our anchorage some-
time in the course of the afternoon. Every
one is on the *qui vive*, and many are the specu-
lations in regard to the appearance of the
Island, and the facilities it affords for enjoy-
ment. Hundreds have already commenced
letters to their friends, to be sent by the steam-
er on her return. Anchored at 6 P. M.

4th.—Got the first glimpse at the Island, and
a most barren waste it looks. Nothing to be
seen for miles except white sand, which gives
to the island the appearance of one vast snow-
drift. Two large gun-boats are anchored off
the island, for its protection, and immediately
below the island are two Mississippi flat boats,
two schooners, and one sloop—all prizes, cap-
tured within a fortnight. Early in the morn-
ing, preparations were made for landing the
troops, and here the prize steamers rendered
valuable assistance. The beach making off
very shoal, and a heavy surf running most
of the time, it is almost impossible to land with-
out our getting more or less wet; but these flat-
bottomed boats, drawing but a few inches of
water, were able to run close in, and a tem-
porary platform being thrown out, we were
landed in fine style. Ship Island is situated
in Mississippi Sound, Gulf of Mexico, about
ten miles from Mississippi city, and is about
twelve miles long and half a mile wide on the
average. About one half is composed of very
fine, white, shifting sand, and the other of a
densely wooded swamp, although there are
many little patches of grass land scattered
about, sometimes appearing upon the surface,
and at others covered with sand. Formerly,
the island contained a considerable number of
inhabitants, thirty or forty dwelling houses,
and the largest hotel in the Southern States,
used as a summer resort by the citizens of Mo-
bile and New Orleans. On the western end
of the island was situated one of the largest
and best fortified forts (Fort Sprague) on the
coast, built of very thick double brick walls,
filled in with sand bags. Near the center is a
good-sized lighthouse and a few wooden build-
ings. Now, everything is in ruins. A few
weeks since, the gun-boat Massachusetts made
her appearance off the fort about sunset, with
the intention of storming it next morning; but
before sunrise everything was destroyed, and
the island vacated. Nothing remains of the
fort but a small pile of brick, the lighthouse
is demolished, and nothing remains but the
dwelling formerly occupied by its keeper. All
over the island may be seen the ruins of dwell-
ings, and the remains of their contents. The
rebels ran to the eastern extremity of the
island, and made their escape. The fort is now
called Fort Massachusetts, and is in command
of Lieut. Duchanman. She mans four guns of
large calibre, and two abram ones (large logs
painted black). The fort has been repaired in
some parts, but I believe it is not intended to
rebuild it at present. On our arrival, we
found the fort occupied by about 160 marines,
who have held possession since its capture.—
There are running at large upon the island a
great many head of cattle and a number of
hogs, left by the rebels. Upon a smaller is-
land, but a short distance from us, oysters and
quahogs are found in abundance. On our ar-

ival, our first care was to build a cook-house
and pitch our tents, and this we succeeded in
doing just as darkness came upon us; and af-
ter a cup of hot tea, and a hard cracker, we
slept our weary bones for the first time on the
soft of secessia.

5th.—Got up this morning feeling a little
stiff, after a night's rest on the bare sand. To-
day we are in hopes to get settled so that we
may be able to commence our drill. As soon
as the marines can be got on shipboard, our
company is to take command of the fort. All
the boys are in good spirits, and are deter-
mined to make the best of everything. I forgot to
mention that the prizes captured have proved
quite valuable—one steamer being loaded with
sugar and molasses, the other with pitch and
turpentine, and the schooner with lumber.

Yours truly,
G. L. SKERRY.

CAMP HOOKER, Budd's Ferry, Md.,
December 7th, 1861.
DEAR WIZARD:—War matters go on about
as usual. Vessels run the r-b-t blockade
every night, and in the daytime when the wind
is favorable. Rebels fire whenever they can
see anything worth firing at. The last shell
from rebel hand struck within a few hundred
feet of the camp, but did not burst, and was
dog up by one of the boys and sold for three
dollars to a Boston gentleman. I mean to get
a piece or a whole one, if possible, and send it
home. The balloon was filled down by the
river about a week ago. Day before yesterday
it was sent up five times. The rebels have a
strong force on the other side. A party of
contrabands, about a dozen in number, march-
ed through the camp, probably on their way to
Washington. It is said that they came from
the other side. It is said that one of the rebel
pickets deserted, and came over last night.—
The story goes thus: He came over in a boat,
armed and equipped; several others started
to come with him, but were caught by one act.
He says they have a force of about 25,000, and
are expecting an attack every day. They are
fed and clothed well, but get no pay. A lieuten-
ant of another regiment passed here this
forenoon, having in charge a man said to be
the one who came over. There was a great
rush to see him, and I fell into the crowd, and
was about six feet in height, quite stout, and
would probably weigh nearly 200 lbs. Heavy
black whiskers and mustache. I have doubts
as to the identity of the individual. He did
not appear like a Southern man. He is said
to belong in Prince Frederick, Md., the place
where we found the secession flag. He does
not resemble the people whom we met there.

There has been a great deal of talk here
about our moving. One story is that we are
going to Washington to guard the city.—
Another, that we are going South with an ex-
pedition. We have to keep ourselves
cleaned up for several days past, because the
inspecting master is expected to call. Other
regiments in this division have been inspect-
ed—some of them to-day.

Dec. 8th.—I am now seated on top of the
hill overlooking the river, and within hearing
of the rebels. Some men on the shore are
having quite a talk with them, but I cannot
discern what is said. It is perfectly calm
to-day, and the water is as smooth as glass.

Dec. 9th.—Great excitement here to-day.—
This forenoon two gun-boats from the upper
Potomac came down to Free-Stone Point, and
shelled a rebel camp. At two o'clock this af-
ternoon, several large buildings were fired and
entirely consumed. At the same time an en-
gagement going on between our battery
and that of the rebels opposite Quantico Creek.
I was in a place where I could witness both
engagements. It was a splendid scene.

Yours, &c.,
H. WHITTEMORE.

The Wizard.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1862.
Postponement.
We regret extremely that we were not able
to issue our paper on the 1st of January, the
regular day of publication. The difficulties
attending the removal and starting of our
Power Press were greater than we anticipated
and our readers will see by the date that our
New Year's day comes on the 8th. The next
paper will appear promptly on the 15th. We do
not intend that our subscribers shall be
losers, as we shall issue 32 numbers during
the year. Our office will soon be regulated so
that the paper and the job work will go on with
more than its usual regularity.

Our Enlargement.
It will be seen that we have increased the
size of our paper materially, and present it to
our readers to-day in an improved form, and
with a greater amount of reading than ever
before. With its increase of size, we trust it
will have an increase of patronage, at least in
proportion to its enlarged dimensions. We
shall aim to make it more worthy of public
support, by giving it the character of an earn-
est, patriotic, live and conservative journal,
and at the same time one which shall be pro-
gressive in its tendency. We shall endeavor
to make it attractive in the family circle by
articles and paragraphs giving it variety
and liveliness, and to all, by such notice of
local matters as transpire and are interesting
to our whole population.

The New Year.
Standing on the threshold of a new year,
we may now look back on the eventful past,
and although a thick cloud has hung portent-
ously over our country, we think we may look
forward to the present year in a well ground-
ed hope that ere its fleeting months have
passed, the clouds will be dispelled, and victory
and peace perch on our national banner. We
have come at last to the realization of the
magnitude of this great, but causeless rebel-
lion, and our efforts have been graduated to
the demands on the country for suppressing it.
A few more weeks of persevering action, a
few more heavy blows at the heart of the in-
surrection, and the work will be accomplished.
Until that time, all discussion of future policy
in dealing with the secession territory, and its
inhabitants, will be premature. Let us go
into the new year with more active exertion,
more earnest hopes, and an unwavering faith
that its close will witness the Union flag
waving and respected in every section of this
great Republic.

CONTINUUM.—Why is the weather at this
season like John Dill? Because it is bluster-
ing and cold.

Poor Old England.
The people of the British Islands are in a
state of terrible excitement about the matter of
the Trent. From Land's end to John O'Groats'
house, they are all as mad as March hares.
They are in a tempest of passion, while we are
as calm as a summer's day. We deprecate the
idea of any quarrel with our ancient mother
country, as there should really be no ill feeling
existing between us. Rivalry there may be,
there may be jealousy, but there is diversity of
interest in minor matters, but as a whole, there
should be international peace and good will.
We are glad therefore, that the vexed question
is likely to be settled, and that too without loss
of national honor to either party. If freedom
from search is thus to be established as a prin-
ciple of the law of nations, it will be an abso-
lute gain on our part.

War between the two nations would be disas-
trous to both. We should be badly beaten at
the outset, inasmuch as Great Britain is always
ready for war, and we are always getting ready.
She would have California, Oregon and all
our Pacific possessions, in three months. She
would take or damage our cities on the coast,
sweep our commerce from the ocean and block-
ade our whole coast.

On the other hand we should probably take
Canada and other provinces, and injure her
commerce on the sea by our privateers. Both
nations would be involved hopelessly in debt
and financial suffering. The conduct of the
English in this war has exhibited some blots of
national character which we would rather not
have seen. We have always known England to
be proud, arrogant, grasping and unscrupulous,
but we were not prepared to witness such depth
of meanness, such want of honor, such over-
bearing insolence, as has been too painfully ap-
parent in the progress of recent events. Hold-
ing up her hands in holy horror at the very
name of slavery, she turns about and carresses
her abettors. Cotton obliterated commerce, and
Bretter hall, as well as St. James, sympathizes
with the Southern slave-holders and breeders.
She takes advantage of our untoward circum-
stances to seek a quarrel, and disregards the
proclamation of her sovereign and the preced-
ents she herself has established, to promote
it.

We intended to make some comparison be-
tween the present condition of our army and
navy, and its situation in the war of 1812, but
our space will not permit it. The following is
an extract from the *London Times* of March 13,
1813, which will give some idea of the prowess
of our little navy of that day:
"The public will learn with sentiments which
we shall not presume to anticipate, that a third
British fleet has been struck to all American."
This is an occurrence that calls for serious re-
flection—this and the fact that Lloyd's list con-
tains notices of upwards of five hundred British
vessels captured in seven months by the Ameri-
cans. Five hundred merchantmen and three
frigates, (Aye, and three sloops of war.)
"Can the statement be true? and can the
English people hear it unmoved? Any one
who had predicted such a result of an American
war this time last year, would have been
treated as a mad man or a traitor. He would have
been told, that long ere seven months had
elapsed the American flag would be swept
from the seas, the contemptible Navy of this
United States annihilated, and their maritime
arsenals rendered a heap of ruins."

Yet down to this moment not a single Ameri-
can frigate has struck her flag. They insult
us, and laugh at our want of enterprise and
valor. They leave their ports when they
please, and return to them when it suits their
convenience; they traverse the Atlantic, they
beset the West India Islands, they advance to
the very chops of the channel, they parade
along the coasts of South America—nothing
checked, nothing intercepted, nothing engages
them, but to yield them triumph."

Peabody Lyceum Lectures.
The Scientific lectures of the present course
were brought to a close on Thursday evening
last week. Prof. CHADBOURNE has the rare
faculty, for a lecturer on Scientific topics, of
interesting a mixed audience in subjects with
which they have little previous acquaintance.
His manner is familiar and enthusiastic, so that
the attention of his auditory is kept upon the
matter under consideration. It is as much owed
to the liveliness of manner and ready tact,
as to the nature of the subject he lectures upon,
that he retains the attention of the people.—
These are the *tentacles* by which he holds them
to their seats to the end of each address. No
course of lectures by one man has been so well
attended at the Institute since that by Prof.
Hitchcock, and we fear it will be a long time
before we shall find another who will possess
in so great degree as these lecturers, the essen-
tial requisites for the difficult task of instruct-
ing and at the same time pleasing a popular au-
dience. We have some views on this matter of
courses of lectures which we may present at a
future day, but for which we have now no room.
The next lecture will be on Monday evening
next week, by Rev. A. L. Stone of Boston.

EFFECTS OF COAL GAS.—Great excitement
and alarm was felt on Tuesday evening at the
Methodist Church, caused by the escape of coal
gas from one of the furnaces into the large ves-
try, where the congregation had assembled to
attend religious exercises appropriate to the
close of the year. Its first effect was to pro-
duce an involuntary coughing and oppression
about the head, then faintness. In the midst
of the sermon, the interruption was so great
that the meeting was dismissed. The effect of
the noxious gas upon those coming into the
cold air, seemed to be aggravated, and many
persons, mostly women, fell prostrate on their
way home, and were carried into the nearest
houses, or assisted to their dwellings. Some
were so affected by the poison of the gas as to
vomit severely before relief came, and some
are still afflicted. On the whole, it may be
considered fortunate that the results were no
worse. If the people had remained but a brief
time longer, the consequences must have been
fatal to many.

The cause of the escape of the carbonic acid
gas was a diversion of the draft of air into the
room instead of its proper course by the chim-
ney. There are two furnaces, and in a certain
state of the wind, the first fire kindled should
be in the one which has the best draft.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.—At
about 1 o'clock, New Year's day, a son of Mr.
Samuel Davis, about 6 years old, while sliding
on the mill pond near Gardner's bridge, broke
through the ice and fell into the water. After
struggling and rising two or three times, a young
son of Mr. Joseph Poor had the presence of
mind and courage to approach the drowning
boy, and with a hockey stick, placed it under
his arms, by which he was kept up, and he
then told young Davis to grasp the stick, which
he did, and was thus drawn out, but in a
dreadfully chilled condition from which he has
not yet fully recovered. He suffered much the
night following.

Laughter.
In the closing lecture of his course, Prof.
Chadbourne informed us, that the distinguish-
ing line separating the human from the brute
creation, reason from instinct, was, that the
former was capable of pursuing an end in life.
That may be so, but we think a simpler theory
would be, that man was made with the power
to laugh, which was denied to the brute.—
Laughter is denied by Providence to unreason-
ing animals. The laughing hyena is no ex-
ception and Mother Goose told a fib when she
said the "little dog laughed." We believe there
is nothing of the wag about a big dog or a lit-
tle dog—but his tail.

Laughter, then is closely allied to reason.—
Milton says:—
"Smiles from reason flow, to brutes denied."
The Creator never implanted it in man to be
totally suppressed and extinguished. Reason and
scripture both tell us there is a time to laugh
as well as to weep, and the lives of all true hu-
manists inform us that there is a close relation
of smiles to tears. Cowper, Blanchard, Lamb,
Hood, Irving, Shillaber—you may extend the
list as far as you will,—and you find their
sighs and smiles, their mirth and melancholy,
their lightest drolleries and deepest thoughts,
separated only by thin partitions or mingling
together in cordial sympathy.

We might say much of the beneficent power
of the ludicrous side of life and of the benefits
conferred by satire, but this we shall omit to
defer to a future time. Our object now is to
show the innocence of well regulated mirth,
and exhibit some of the causes and provoca-
tions to laughter. We are not unaware of the
danger of excess here as well as in other good
things, and we know that a habit of unseason-
able levity should be discouraged. One great
cause of laughter is incongruity. Putting the
right word in the wrong place; humbly, but
apt illustrations; coupling gay things with
grave; smart, apt sayings, like those of Syd-
ney Smith, applied in an unexpected manner,
as when he said, "the object of all good gov-
ernment is—most union, potatoes and a stout
constable." Or, as Carlyle said of the popu-
lation of England, that the country contained
12,000 souls—mostly fools."

Effective wit must, of necessity, be broad,
and the most telling is frequently coarse. Re-
fined wit is best, so be it that its effectiveness
is not lost. Save us from that refinement of
wit which refines away all its pitch and point
and leaves nothing but "the little end of noth-
ing writtled down." Some of this melancholy
fun is most exasperating. Better take the brain
with the meal than bolt out all its sweetness.
We laugh in private and in the social circle at
the quips and quicks and drolleries and incon-
gruities which come suddenly upon us, and we
cannot help it. It is the safety-valve for the
pressure of gladness which wells up too pow-
erfully for restraint. Why not laugh in pub-
lic? We fear there is not a little of affecta-
tion in the unwillingness to confess to the plea-
sure really felt by the sallies of wit from the
humorist. We admit the pleasure derived from
the wit of Sydney Smith, Dickens, Hood and
Punch. We cherish Sam Slick, Jack Down-
ing, Mrs. Partington and Ike, Sam Weller,
Uncle Toby and other creations of humorous
fancy, as real beings, and we laugh at them
and with them. Why not own it openly and
honestly, when the same or similar incongrui-
ties are repeated to us from the rostrum.—
Why not laugh for the very sake of laughter,
without any pretence of instruction or improve-
ment? We have known genuine humorists
apologized for and somebody has attempted to
derive moral lessons from Hogarth's pictures,
just as if he thought of any other effect than
gratifying the eye by the exhibition of the
mirthful side of life. Let us be always thank-
ful to that good Being who has so distinguished
us above all his creatures by giving us this out-
let for the exuberance of joy and gladness.—
Does it not seem a species of wickedness to ig-
nore it or refuse to value and acknowledge it?

Sturtevant.—There are some horses as well
as some men who go of their own accord,
but who refuse to be driven. We had a good
illustration of this in front of our office last
Friday morning, when a horse belonging to
Mr. S. F. Reed took a notion to stand stub-
bornly still, against the wishes of his master. Not
an inch would he budge, and he told his driv-
er so plainly as a horse can speak. He
shook his head with an emphatic NO at every
attempt to induce him to move. If his master
threatened him, he was answered by a loud
and derisive horse-laugh. This was too much
for our express-man, who has been a police-offi-
cer, and so has been accustomed to be obeyed.
He told the stubborn beast that he should go,
and proceeded to attach a chain to the animal's
neck and another horse to the chain, to drag
him along. Even this did not succeed. He
planted his corked heels in the ice, and the
whole strength of the other horse was insuffi-
cient to make him move. He would have had
his head pulled off first.

Here was a fix! The horse himself was a fix-
ture. In utter despair, Mr. Reed proceeded to
take the chain from his neck, when the beast
threw up his head and rolling his big eyes
around on his master and the spectators, as
much as to say, "you can't compel," then start-
ed off of his own accord, as quiet and obedient
as a lamb—and so has continued ever since.

Fire.—Last Friday night, about ten o'clock,
our citizens were alarmed by the cry of fire
and a bright light in the neighborhood of
Aborn street. The alarm was caused by the
burning of a barn in the rear of the residence
of A. L. Pearson, Esq. The wind was blow-
ing a gale at the time, but it blew the flames
from the house, which otherwise would have
been in great danger. In another place will
be found Mr. Pearson's card of thanks to the
firemen and citizens.

Another!—On Tuesday evening at about
nine o'clock, a fire broke out in a store house for
carriages situated in rear of the wheelwright's
shop of the late Samuel Noah on Boston Street.
This building and another one belonging to the
same person, was destroyed.

Robbery.—Last Sunday night the branch
Book and Stationery store of D. B. Brooks &
Brother in Allen's building, was entered by
false keys and robbed of paper, albums, gold-
pens, books, and other articles to the amount
of about ten dollars. The perpetrator must have
known precisely where to put his hands upon the
goods, by previous visits to the counter.

Another!—The same store was entered on
Monday night and other articles stolen. The
thief, who appears to have an exquisite taste
for ornament, returned the Album which was
taken the night before and exchanged it for
another with more showy colors.

**Diplomatic Correspondence—Con-
tinued.**
Earl Russell, the premier,
To Lyons by steamer
A messenger sent;
With true British mettle,
He told him to settle
The case of the Trent.

So, all in a bustle,
With the message of Russell,
The Minister went;
Of Seward requested,
The rebels who rested
On board of the Trent.

Says Seward to Lyons:
For these rebel seions
I care not a straw.
This denial of search,
Leave you in the lurch,
Under National Law.

With this case of the Trent
We are fully content,
Its benefits reaping;
For these ministers foreign,
The rogues at Fort Warren,
Are not worth their keeping.

KITE FLYING.—It was a paper kite which
first brought down the lightnings of heaven at
the will of man. It was a kite that carried
across the scathing Niagara, the string which
drew the cord, which drew the rope and then
the cable, and then established the steam high-
way from nation to province. A few days since
we saw from our office window another feat
performed with a paper kite. Some scape-
grace, had stolen a small flag from the front of
Mr. Flint's shop, and by means of the halyards
upon the flagstaff on the square, had hauled it
to the top of the staff. It was fastened to the
end of the halyard so that from the ground it
could not be pulled down. While men were
deliberating whether to climb to the dizzy
height or take down the topmast to remove it,
some boys sent up a kite, and after many abor-
tive trials finally succeeded in attaching the
kite string to the object and then drawing it to
the ground. The obstacle being thus removed,
the large flag was sent up to its appropriate po-
sition.

The Foster Guard.
We have just received the following letter
of thanks, written by Lieut. MULLAR, which
will be gratifying to the ladies of the Aid So-
ciety who so promptly responded to the call of
our South Danvers soldiers:

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
CAMP ANDOVER, Baltimore, Jan. 1st, 1862.
MR. EDITOR:—As an application was made
through your columns to the charitable ladies of
South Danvers, for stockings and mittens, it is
certainly right for us, having received them to
return thanks in the same manner. As the
Capt. said we were much in want of the arti-
cles, and but for their opportune arrival should
have suffered greatly, for nothing is more nec-
essary to the comfort and health of a soldier,
than dry and warm feet, the ladies can con-
gratulate themselves on having prevented much
suffering; such favors as that, we can and do
appreciate. The Capt. having resigned since,
at his request, I took the liberty of distributing
the articles, (an operation with which the
ladies will). With the exception of stockings we
were well provided with good comfortable cloth-
ing, and now we are made whole. Barracks are
being built which will enter the latter part
of this week, and then we can have but little
to complain of even as compared with our home
life.

We have distributed several pairs of stock-
ings according to a request found in the box.
Lieut. JOHN E. MULLAR,
Com'dg Co. B, 17th Reg. Mass. Vols.

RESIGNATIONS IN THE ARMY.—We learn that
Capt. Sidney C. Bancroft of the Foster Guard,
attached to the 17th regiment, has resigned,
and we are sorry to say, on account of ill
health.

Lieut. Robert B. Bancroft of the same com-
pany has also resigned and returned home, pre-
paratory to accepting an appointment as Capt.
of Cavalry in one of the Maryland regiments.

Letters received from the army of the Potomac
and of Maryland speak of the visit of
several of our townsmen at the camps.

SHILLABER of the Saturday Gazette says—
All animals from man down to the lowest in-
sect, pray upon each other. The idea is some-
what antipathetic but it is mainly true, as who
hasn't seen people who looked good enough to
eat?

The same authority says that the average cost
of serious to a single hearer is just the value
of a cigar. A smoky estimate.

DREB, in London, England, Mr. Albert
Saxe-Coburg, aged 42 years.

Mr. Saxe-Coburg was born in Germany, and
was married at an early age to his young
cousin, Miss Alexandra Victoria Guelph.
She is now left a widow, with nine children
dependent upon her for support.

**The Protestant world, in general, en-
tains a decided prejudice against Popes; but
this feeling ought to have its limitation. We
have at the present time a very creditable Pope
out in Missouri, who is doing a good work in
his vineyard there, in clearing out the heretical
despisers of Uncle Sam's church.**

B. P. STEVENS.—The Banks have suspend-
ed specie payments, but our friend Stevens
continues to deal out gold and silver in their
most attractive forms, as Holiday Gifts. His
articles always have value, and he is dispos-
ing them freely to numerous callers. Don't
pass by his window without calling upon him.

J. P. PEABODY.—Ladies! just look at Mr.
Peabody's advertisement. You will recognise
it at once by the parallel lines, but the cheap-
ness of his goods is without a parallel. What
a grand place to select New Year's gifts. We
know somebody who would gladly accept one
of those beautiful handkerchiefs.

A great game at bowls, between the
Federal and Confederate Clubs, is expected
soon to occur at Bowling Green, in Kentucky.
When the match takes place, all lovers of the
Union must fervently hope that the latter will
be most effectually bowled out, and lose the
game.

THE "DISPATCH" is anxious to know how
flourishes the recruiting for Artemus Ward's
corps of Saphs and Minors, in this town.—
We can gratify him by the information that
there are yet a few vacancies left for people out
of town.

Why is Gen. McClellan like a stingy old
father whom

Selected.

The Wolf Slavery.

A mother fled from Moscow in a sledge drawn by an Arab steed. At her breast, folded warm from the cold of the bitter night, she held her babe. Then came the wolf upon her track, with its terrible howl; fast and faster sped the sledge over the frozen snow, but the hungry wolf gained on her. Piece by piece she cast behind her the provision she had; the wolf devoured each, but with hunger only whetted, rushed onward after the mother and her child. And now, when it was close upon her, she unwrapped the babe that nestled so near her heart, and cast it to the wolf.

Unnatural mother! Would it not have been better than thus to have purchased for thyself a life of shame, to have turned thyself to grapple with the wolf, and committed thy babe and Arab steed to God?

'Tis but a picture of America, with hungry Slavery howling after. Swift and relentless, it has pursued her: to it she has cast territory after territory; to it she has cast her treasure and much of her best blood: she has seized from weaker nations around her that which she thought to satiate the monster; she has seized the panting fugitive, there with halo of Divinity about him, and torn him from the horns of God's altar to cast to the wolf. Unsatisfying, it presses nearer, and prepares for the final leap.

And now the question is, shall America cast to the wolf her own sacred child, Liberty?

No! O my brothers, a thousand times No! Let the mother, let America, turn and cope with Slavery, though she be assailed, but let the holy child Liberty over all be saved!—(The rejected Stone, by M. D. Conway.)

Singular Optical Illusion.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times states that a gentleman living in Brussels, somewhat troubled by cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of extract of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs had gone, but the worse outer face of the world had changed. "His newspaper, which had been panned by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rung the bell, and his stout servant wrenched had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years. He got up in a great fright, and looked after his clothes—they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he easily got into them. He found his wife, and children at the table, the former a dwarf, and the latter a row of dolls.—

He hurried off to his physician; the horse he met looked like dogs, the dogs like rats. Everything was Lilliput and Cinderella. Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Broidnag returned, bringing back the cobwebs and spots. This phenomenon, called *microscopia*, does not seem to have occurred more than half-a-dozen times, though it may be brought on at will by the employment of certain substances.

A man in Essex, of rather unsteady habits, recently informed his wife that he should be absent all night. The good lady being rather timid, invited a maiden neighbor to sleep with her. The husband returned unexpectedly, and very stealthily at a late hour crept to his usual resting place, and did not awake his bedfellows till he gave utterance to a tremendous snore. They sprang to the floor making such a racket that the whole family were alarmed. After procuring a light, all three might be seen looking at each other, with their hearts fluttering like a butterfly in a bushel basket.

The Russian army at the present time is about 850,000; the Austrian, 740,000; the Prussian, 720,000; the French, 826,000; the English pretend to muster 534,000, but this includes 218,000 blacks in India, 18,000 Cossacks, and 64,000 military and yeomanry, 140,000 volunteers, 15,000 pensioners, and 12,000 constables.

Good Advice.—An exchange remarks pathetically, "Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship." This is all proper enough; but then in case you haven't got any sister of your own, take some other fellow's sister and love her. The effect is just as good, and sometimes better.

"Dead as a Herring."—The herring is a delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak, and immediately expires; and though it be thrown instantly back into the water, it never recovers. Hence the proverb, "Dead as a herring."

The Bangor Times thinks if the patriotic South Carolinians, who are burning their cotton fields to keep them from the Yankees, would use their Confederate bonds to light the fires with, they would enjoy the advantages of cheap kindlings.

John Bull, ahuy!—Keep an eye to Beward.

Advertisements.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL FOR 1862.

The New England Newspaper!

The trying times of the nation's history in which we live render a

LIVE NEWSPAPER

an indispensable necessity to every man who would keep himself informed of the important events which are daily transpiring. To furnish a paper which will meet the just expectations of the public in such a time as the present requires an amount of labor and of extraordinary expense of which the community at large have no conception. The proprietors of THE JOURNAL have spared no efforts or money to make it all that its readers could reasonably expect. Besides improving and strengthening their home force during the past year, they have, at great expense, sent several of the best Reporters and eliter writers in the country with the Army and Navy, and have frequently given the New England public the first and fullest accounts by telegraph and by mail of important events at the Seat of War. The Only Special Reports from New England at the Hatteras and Port Royal victories was THE JOURNAL Reporter, and his reports of these events, with those of "CAUTION" of the Bull Run fight, "PARRY'S" letters from Washington, "DAR STARS" from the Upper Potomac, and THE JOURNAL'S letters from Missouri and Kentucky, are universally acknowledged as among the best reports and letters published by the American Press. What the proprietors of THE JOURNAL have done is but an earnest of what they intend to do, in order to give its readers the earliest and best accounts of every event of interest connected with the rebellion, and at the same time have THE JOURNAL maintained its reputation as THE BEST GENERAL NEWS-PAPER IN NEW ENGLAND.

The increase in the circulation of THE JOURNAL during the year is the best evidence of the extent to which the New England public rely upon it for the news of the day. Its circulation now ranges from

SIXTY THOUSAND TO EIGHTY THOUSAND per day; and it has frequently during the year in times of excitement, reached over 100,000 per day—testifying the capacity of our own Press to supply the demand.

The following are the prices of the several editions of THE JOURNAL:

THE BOSTON DAILY JOURNAL, Morning and Evening, Circulation five times as large as that of any other paper in New England. Paper of the class in New England. Six Dollars a Year; Single Copies 2 cts

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL, Tuesday and Friday Mornings. Three Dollars a Year.

TO CLUBS.

Five copies, one year.....\$12 50

Ten copies, one year.....20 00

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Published on Thursday Mornings.

One copy, one year.....Two Dollars

Two copies, one year.....Three Dollars

Five copies, one year.....Six Dollars

Ten copies, one year.....Ten Dollars

And one to get-up of club.

Twenty copies, one year,....Twenty Dollars

And two to get-up of club.

As an Advertising Medium

The JOURNAL has no equal in New England. Its prices are uniform, and the Advertisements are set up in a clear and conspicuous manner, judiciously arranged and classified under appropriate heads, and appear in both the MORNING and EVENING papers without extra charge.

Its Circulation

is more than FIVE TIMES that of any "two cent" or subscription paper in New England. The public are reminded that no drummers for advertising are ever employed by this establishment.

The Cash Principle.

In all cases the "cash principle" will be adhered to, and no notice will be taken of any orders not accompanied by the money. All papers are discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

THE JOURNAL is for sale at all the newspaper depots, and on the railroad throughout New England. All orders should be addressed to

CHARLES O. ROGERS, JOURNAL BUILDING, 118 and 120 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES.

AMOS MERRILL

WILL sell the balance of his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, including

Dress Goods, DeLaines, SHAWLS, HOODS, UNDERSLEEVES, UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS, Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Hats, &c.

Also, at low prices, New Styles Prints, bleached and brown Cottons, Flannels, Opera Flannel, Crashes, Cassimeres, Yarns, &c., With the usual variety of SMALL WARES and FANCY GOODS, at the

WARREN BANK BUILDING, South Danvers, Feb. 13, 1861.

PERUVIAN SYRUP

A SUPPLY of this invaluable article constantly on hand, and warranted genuine. Bottles of two sizes at \$1.00 and \$2.00. See circulars for particulars.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH, Agents for Salem and vicinity.

LONDON NAUTICAL MAGAZINE.

THE Nautical Magazine for July, 1861, is received. Contents: The Reefs of Pernambuco; The Exploring Voyage on the Yangtze River; China; The Strength of Iron Ships; Iron Ships and their Dock; Japan, the Orient, and the Pacific; Saxby's Lunar Equinoctials; Lights recently established, &c. Published in London, monthly, price 6s a year.

Subscriptions received at the Bookstore of G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH, 190 Essex st.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER, ONE PRICE

HAT, CAP & FUR STORE, 281 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST

JOHN MOULTON, LIVERY & STABLE, Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

1861. Fall and Winter. 1861.

PRESBY & FEARING,

ARE now offering better bargains in all kinds of

DRY GOODS,

AT THEIR NEW STORE, 161 ESSEX STREET, (Museum Building.)

AMONG WHICH ARE

175 pieces DRESS GOODS, that cost to import from 17 to 27 cts per yard; we offer them all at 12 1/2 cts.

60 ps DEERINGS, worth 12 1/2-2, for 6 1/4-4. 75 ps PRINTS, fast colors, 6 1/4-4.

Best Merino and Pacific PRINTS, 8 1/2-10. 25 ENGLISH PRINTS, 10 cts.

100 ps best Pacific DEKAINES, one shilling. 7 cases DRESS GOODS, just bought in New York, all latest styles, 17, 20, 25, 33, 37 1/2-2e 17 ps plain All-Wool DEKAINES, 25c.

CLOTHS for Men and Boys' wear at bargain. Cloths for Ladies' Capes in black and drabs. 200 doz Gent's Wool UNDERSHIRTS and 200 doz Gent's Wool UNDERWEAR, from 50c to \$1 25.

40 doz Gent's Half Hose from 12 1/2-2 to 42c. 40 ps FLANNELS, in grey, red and blue, plain and twilled, from 25c upwards.

100 ps WHITE FLANNELS, fm 12 1/2-2 to 75c. New Styles

Ladies' Shawls and Capes, At very Low Prices.

Best CHECK SQUARE SHAWLS, (Black and White) for 60.

100 BALMORAL SKIRTS, extra full and long, \$2 and \$2 50.

60 doz WATCH SPRING SKIRTS, from 37c to \$2.

MISSIE Watch Springs, 25 cts.

120 ps AMOSKOP CAMBRIGES, best, G 1/4-4. Yard Wide COTTON FLANNELS, 12 1/2-2e.

Best BATTING, 12 1/2-2e per pound.

150 RED MANTLES, price 60c, 75c, \$1, 1 25, 1 50, 2 00, 2 50, 3 00, 3 75, 4 00, 4 50, 5 00 and 6 00.

WATER PROOF CLOTHS & CAPES.

Unbleached and Bleached COTTONS, from 6 1/4-4 up—bargains.

Best BELGIAN, 10 cents.

Pure LINEN HOSIERS, G 1/4-4, 8, 10 & 12 1/2-2e.

60 ps BLANKETS at bargain, prices from \$2 50 to \$5 per pair.

Ladies' WOOLSTED HOODS, fm 12 1/2-2 to 50c.

100 ps White Blankets, extra fine, fm 8 to 20c per yard—some extra bargain.

Ticking, Denime and Stripes at the old prices.

And all other Goods at

Bargains. Bargains.

PRESBY & FEARING,

161 Essex street, Salem.

Rich Fall and Winter Goods.

A FULL assortment of Fall and Winter

Hosiery. Plaids for Children's wear, from 1c to \$1.

Figured Alpaca, at 15 cents.

Very neat Prints, at 8 cts—for sale by ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

Carriage Painting.

JOHN C. BLANEY

WOULD inform the Citizens of SOUTH DANVERS & VICINITY, that he has opened a Shop in the building known as

Crowningshield's Mill, NEAR LOWELL DEPOT,

WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE

CARRIAGE PAINTING BUSINESS, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

REPAIRING, In all its branches, promptly attended to.

South Danvers, Dec. 6, 1860.

CUSTOM MADE

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber would respectfully in-

quire his friends and the public, that he is prepared to furnish CUSTOM MADE

BOOTS and SHOES of every description, at short notice. All those in want of a good article will do well to call and get measured by his German Boot Maker. All of his work will be warranted to fit, and made of good stock.

REPAIRING Done expeditiously, and in a neat and workmanlike manner.

FRENCH CALF SKINS. And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale.

SALE BOOTS AND SHOES. Consists of y on hand, and for sale at the lowest cash prices.

JOSEPH MORRISON, Central street, opposite Old South Church, South Danvers, June 6—tf

GEORGE H. CURRIER, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, 22 Washington Street, Salem.

Also Agent for the "Patent Vulcanite," or the inserting of Artificial Teeth on hard rubber, which is superior to any other method yet known, and for beauty, durability and health, (economy also considered,) cannot be surpassed.

DENTISTRY in every style of art promptly and faithfully executed, and satisfaction given in every case.

CURRIER & MILLETT, Dealers in

Furniture, Chairs, MATTRESSES, FRATHERS, &c.

259 & 261 ESSEX ST.

Salem, Dec 14—ly

E. F. BURNHAM, SARGENT & CO.'S

MAGIC SOAP, For South Danvers & Salem.

OFFICE—Central St., opp. Lowell Depot, at Burnham's Express Office, So. Danvers.

Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs. Orders sent by mail or otherwise to So. Danvers will be promptly attended to.

Book & Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Executed with Neatness & Despatch AT THIS OFFICE.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM, FURNISHING UNDERTAKER, Central street, South Danvers, Having provided himself with a

NEW HEARSE, Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Warerooms Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood

COFFINS and CASKETS, of all sizes and prices.

METALLIC Cases and Cases furnished. PLATES—Silver and Plated. SHROUDS—Thibet, Cashmere, Muslin and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c.

TIGHT AIR PRESERVERS for preserving. Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, &c.

All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.

All orders from neighboring towns will be promptly attended to.

B. F. STEVENS, WATCH & MAKER, AND DEALER IN—WATCHES, Clocks, Gold and Plated Jewelry, SILVER and PLATED WARE, CUTLERY and FANCY GOODS.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly cleaned, repaired and warranted.

16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK, SOUTH DANVERS.

POWER'S MARBLE WORKS, 11 St. Peter Street, Salem, Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Basin and Table Tops, Shelves, and Brackets.

AND every description of MARBLE and SOAPSTONE work, furnished promptly and reasonably. Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find them as well as here as in Boston.

W. A. TOWER, PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES, Rooms No. 175 Essex st., Salem, (Devotion's Block) Portraits, Miniatures, and Views, by the Ambrotype, Daguerrotype, Photograph and Stereoscopic process—finished in Ink, Oil and Water colors. Particular attention paid to restoring old photographs, and other pictures—and making enlargements, highly finished.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen OF SOUTH DANVERS.

JOHN J. ASHBY, Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS, of all kinds.

No. 5 CENTRAL ST., SALEM, MASS.

Repairs of every description, done in the best manner. Also, for sale—the Improved Rubber Boots, which have been fitted up expressly for his business, and which will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of

Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware in the newest and most desirable style, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York.

Grateful to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, the subscriber will, by strict attention to his business, fair prices, and a desire to accommodate, endeavor to merit a continuance thereof.

THE subscriber would respectfully call your attention to the fact that he is fully prepared to effect INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, to any amount, at current rates.

Dwelling Houses, Barns and their contents, Stocks, Stores of Goods, Furniture, &c., &c., and on buildings in process of erection, And that he is the authorized Agent for the following responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz: Thos. Insurance Co. (Stock) Norwich, Conn. Capital—\$500,000. Amos W. Prentice, Pres. Oliver F. Rice, Sec'y. Conway Insurance Company, (Rhine) Boston. Capital and Surplus—\$250,000. James F. Whitely, Pres. David G. Rogers, Sec'y. City Insurance Company, (Rhine) Boston. Capital—\$100,000. Samuel P. Hayward, Pres. Austin W. Benson, Sec'y. Hamilton Mutual Insurance Company, Salem. Capital—\$100,000. Wm. G. Prescott, Pres. John T. Burnham, Sec'y. Eagle Fire Insurance Company, Boston. Capital—\$1,000,000. Henry Earl, Pres. E. T. Underhill, Sec'y. Mutual Safety Insurance Co., South Reading. Capital—\$100,000. Horace P. Wakefield, Pres. D. F. Wheeler, Sec'y. Also, will effect Insurance on the LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS, for one year, seven years, or for the whole term of life, on the

Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., Springfield, Mass. Capital and Assets—\$1,750,000. Caleb Rice, Pres. Wm. H. Harn, Sec'y. William Mack, M.D., Medical Examiner.

WM. ARCHER, Jr., 18 Washington st. and 34 Front st., Salem.

Choice Fall Figs for Sale.] THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of Muckle Poline, and a few more of the same breed, of which the Muckle took the First Premium at the late Cattle show. Prices reasonable.

WILLIAM GODDARD, Near Napley's Brook, South Danvers, March 27, 1861.

MISS F. A. HENDERSON, MUSIC TEACHER, 14 ST. PETER ST., SALEM, MASS.

Miss H. would announce to the citizens of this town that she could accommodate a few more pupils every Tuesday and Friday. Having a large number of scholars, she is prepared to give them the best of instruction in her profession as a Teacher of Music, she feels confident that she can give perfect satisfaction. Orders left at her residence or at this office.

South Danvers, July 21.

WHITE OPEN WORK JOSE, 12 1/2-2e. Very nice unbleached open work do, 45c, former price 62c.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

Book & Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Executed with Neatness & Despatch AT THIS OFFICE.

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NO. 2.

STANLEY.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1862.

NO. 3.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday Morning, at Allen's Building, corner of Main and State Streets, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD, FITCH POOLE, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
If a Square, 3 wks. 1 year.
1 square, 1.50 2.50 5.00
2 squares, 2.50 4.50 9.00
3 squares, 3.50 6.50 12.00
4 squares, 4.50 8.50 15.00
5 squares, 5.50 10.50 18.00
6 squares, 6.50 12.50 21.00
7 squares, 7.50 14.50 24.00
8 squares, 8.50 16.50 27.00
9 squares, 9.50 18.50 30.00
10 squares, 10.50 20.50 33.00
11 squares, 11.50 22.50 36.00
12 squares, 12.50 24.50 39.00
13 squares, 13.50 26.50 42.00
14 squares, 14.50 28.50 45.00
15 squares, 15.50 30.50 48.00
16 squares, 16.50 32.50 51.00
17 squares, 17.50 34.50 54.00
18 squares, 18.50 36.50 57.00
19 squares, 19.50 38.50 60.00
20 squares, 20.50 40.50 63.00
21 squares, 21.50 42.50 66.00
22 squares, 22.50 44.50 69.00
23 squares, 23.50 46.50 72.00
24 squares, 24.50 48.50 75.00
25 squares, 25.50 50.50 78.00
26 squares, 26.50 52.50 81.00
27 squares, 27.50 54.50 84.00
28 squares, 28.50 56.50 87.00
29 squares, 29.50 58.50 90.00
30 squares, 30.50 60.50 93.00
31 squares, 31.50 62.50 96.00
32 squares, 32.50 64.50 99.00
33 squares, 33.50 66.50 102.00
34 squares, 34.50 68.50 105.00
35 squares, 35.50 70.50 108.00
36 squares, 36.50 72.50 111.00
37 squares, 37.50 74.50 114.00
38 squares, 38.50 76.50 117.00
39 squares, 39.50 78.50 120.00
40 squares, 40.50 80.50 123.00
41 squares, 41.50 82.50 126.00
42 squares, 42.50 84.50 129.00
43 squares, 43.50 86.50 132.00
44 squares, 44.50 88.50 135.00
45 squares, 45.50 90.50 138.00
46 squares, 46.50 92.50 141.00
47 squares, 47.50 94.50 144.00
48 squares, 48.50 96.50 147.00
49 squares, 49.50 98.50 150.00
50 squares, 50.50 100.50 153.00
51 squares, 51.50 102.50 156.00
52 squares, 52.50 104.50 159.00
53 squares, 53.50 106.50 162.00
54 squares, 54.50 108.50 165.00
55 squares, 55.50 110.50 168.00
56 squares, 56.50 112.50 171.00
57 squares, 57.50 114.50 174.00
58 squares, 58.50 116.50 177.00
59 squares, 59.50 118.50 180.00
60 squares, 60.50 120.50 183.00
61 squares, 61.50 122.50 186.00
62 squares, 62.50 124.50 189.00
63 squares, 63.50 126.50 192.00
64 squares, 64.50 128.50 195.00
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The Model Nurse.

Never argue with a sick man. I don't know whether you are wise in ever doing so with any one, under any circumstances; but it is positively cruel to do so with a man who is weak and ill. I have, however, known people prove that a patient is better, to his teeth, when he affirms otherwise. Now, what can be the good of this? If he is better, he is better; if not, you certainly make him worse. Any argument with him, however reasonable, however clear, is only selfish indulgence on your part. The only atonement you can make is to set the logical top spinning again for a few minutes, and allow yourself to be cleverly beaten.

Next to helpfulness in a nurse, I would say that decision is necessary. Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive, if no one suspects that you are so at all. It is the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is the same decision more blessed than in the sick room.

Where it exists in its genuineness, the nurse is never contradicted, never coerced; all little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true; there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper. She never walks tip toe; she never makes gestures; all is open and above board. She knows no diplomacy or finesse, and of course her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, it is true, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were tracking a nut in the hinge. She never looks behind her. She never peeps. She never strikes the fire skilfully, with firm, judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physis, which, however, she shows at the right time how to conceal. In short, she is hearty, decisive, tender and hopeful.

WATCH YOUR NEIGHBORS.—Take care of them. Don't let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad, but you may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it hadn't been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and their families a long time ago. Therefore don't relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business, that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him, perhaps he contemplates stealing something some of these dark nights; there's no knowing what your fancies he may have got into his head. If you see any symptoms of anyone's passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else you can see, and let every particular to see a great many.

If after all your watchful care, you can't see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if people found out what they were after a while, and then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one will take the hint and begin to help you after a while. Then there will be music in the air, and all will work to a charm.

HOW MUCH WAS A PENNY A DAY?—Much better wages than it sounds to us. In an agricultural paper says, in the time of Christ a penny was about equal to fifteen of our cents, and as money was ten times as valuable as now, a penny a day was as good as 150 of our cents; that the man who worked in the vineyard for that, got as good as men now generally have in harvest time. The gift of the good Samaritan of two-pence to the landlady for the care of the man who fell among thieves, in addition to reinment, the oil and the wine, was equivalent to about \$3 of our currency, which would probably pay for his board two weeks in a country where board was very cheap.

A HONNY.—There is a deal of sound sense sometimes in the remarks of insane persons. At the South Boston Asylum, some time since, a patient was asked if he was fond of riding horseback. "No, sir, I ride a hobby." "There's not much difference between the two," carelessly remarked a gentleman.

"Oh, yes, there is," said the patient, "and it is this: If you ride a horse, you can stop him and get off; but when you mount a hobby, you can't stop, and you can't get off."

A GOOD HINT.—A volunteer and some citizens were talking about the war, a few days since, when a difference having arisen, some persons proposed to settle it by taking a drink. "No, no!" said the volunteer, "that is not the way to talk." You and all other men, who can possibly leave home, should at once agree to enlist. This war must be fought out and settled with all possible dispatch. Drinking won't settle it; for if it would, our officers would have settled it long ago!

Mrs. Baxley, the Baltimore widow from Dixie, with letters sewed in her undergarments on being consigned to quarters with Mrs. Green how, refused to sleep under a blanket marked U. S. After being confined she sent to an officer for different ones. She soon received notice to sleep under them or go without.

A man when asked what induced him to make a lawyer of his son, replied, "Oh, he was a lying little fellow, and I thought I'd honor his leading propensity."

What is the difference between a bad boy and a postage stamp? One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

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1861. Fall and Winter. 1861.

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200 doz. Gent's Wool UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, in plain and ribbed, from 40c to \$1.25.
40 doz. Gent's Half Hose from 12 1/2 to 12c.
40 yds. FLANNELS, in grey, red and blue, plain and twilled, from 25c upwards.
100 yds. WHITE FLANNELS, in 12 1/2 to 75c.
New Styles

Ladies' Shawls and Capes,
At very Low Prices.

Best CHECK SQUARE SHAWLS, (Black and White) for \$1.50.
100 BALMOORAL SKIRTS, extra full and long, \$2 and \$2.50.
50 doz. WATCH SPRING SKIRTS, from 37c to \$2.
MISSES' Watch Springs, 25 cts.
120 yds. Amosong CAMBRICS, best, 6 1/2 cts.
Fard Wide COTTON FLANNELS, 12 1/2 to 20c.
Best RATTING, 12 1/2 to 20c per yard.
150 RED MANTLES, price 60c, 70c, \$1, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.75, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00 and 6.00.
WATER PROOF CLOTHS & CAPES.
Unbleached and Bleached COTTONS, from 6 1/2 to 10c—bargains.
Best SILK CUPS, 10 cts.
Pure LINEN DRESS, 6 1/4, 8, 10 & 12 1/2 cts.
50 yds. BLANKETS at bargains, prices from 25 to 50 cts per pair.
Ladies' WOOLSTOCK COATS, in 12 1/2 to 50c.
100 yds. White Drillings, just rec'd, 6 to 8 cts per yard—some at 50c.
Tickings, Denims and Stripes at the old prices.
And all other Goods at

Bargains. Bargains.
PRESBY & FEARING,
161 Essex street, Salem.
oct 16

CUSTOM MADE
BOOTS & SHOES.
THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from 242 Essex Street, to the New and Spacious Store, No. 3 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex St., Salem, which has been fitted up expressly for his business and where will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of
Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware
in the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York.
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JOSEPH J. RIDDER,
2 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex Street.
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Dwelling Houses, Barns and their contents, Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c., and on buildings in process of erection,
And that he is the authorized Agent for the following responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:
—Charles Insurance Co., (Stock) Norwich, Conn.
Amos W. Pratt, Pres.
Oliver P. Rice, Sec'y
Convoy Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston.
David C. Burpee, Pres.
James P. Whitney, Pres.
David C. Rogers, Sec'y.
City Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston.
Samuel P. Hayward, Pres.
Austin W. Denton, Sec'y
Hamilton Mutual Insurance Company, Salem.
Capital—\$50,000.
Wm. G. Prescott, Pres.
Edw. T. Burdham, Sec'y.
Essex Fire Insurance Company, Boston.
Capital—\$50,000.
Henry Earl, Pres.
J. H. Underhill, Sec'y.
Mutual Safety Insurance Co., South Reading.
Capital—\$100,000.
Horne P. Wakefield, Pres.
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Also, with first Insurance on the LIVES OF INSURED, for one year, seven years, or for the whole term of life, in the
Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., Springfield, Mass.
Capital and Assets—\$250,000.
Caleb Rice, Pres.
Wm. Mack, M.D., Medical Examiner.

FRENCH CALF SKINS.
And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale.
SALE BOOTS AND SHOES.
Constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest cash prices.
JOSEPH MORRISON,
Central street, opposite Old South Church.
South Danvers, June 5—11

CURRIER & MILLETT,
Dealers in
Furniture, Chairs, MATRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.
259 & 261 ESSEX ST.,
Salem, Mass.
SOLE AGENT FOR
SARGENT & CO.'S
MAGIC SOAP,
For South Danvers & Salem.
OFFICE—Central St., opp. Lowell Depot, at
Berkshire Express Office, So. Danvers.
Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs.
Orders sent by mail or otherwise to So. Danvers will be promptly attended to.
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FALL AND WINTER GOODS
AT REDUCED PRICES.

AMOS MERRILL
WILL sell the balance of his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, including
Dress Goods, DeLaines, SHAWLS, HOODS, UNDERSLEEVES, UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS, Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Hats, &c.
Also, at low prices, New Styles
Prints, bleached and brown Cottons, Flannels, Opera Flannel, Crashes, Cassimeres, Yarns, &c.,
With the usual variety of SMALL WARES and FANCY GOODS, at the
WARREN BANK BUILDING.
South Danvers, Feb. 12, 1861.

PERUVIAN SYRUP
A SUPPLY of this invaluable article constantly on hand, and warranted genuine. Bottles of two sizes at \$1.00 and \$2.00. See circulars for particulars.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
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Carriage Painting.
JOHN C. BLANEY
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Crowning-hick's Mill,
NEAR LOWELL DEPOT,
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CHARLES S. BUFFUM,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Central street, South Danvers,
Having provided himself with a



NEW HEARSE,
Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Warehouses
Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood
COPPINS AND CASKETS,
of all sizes and prices.

METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
PLATES—Silver and Plated.
SHROUDS—Thibet, Cashmere, Muslin and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c. All the Trappings necessary for preserving. Boxes to incase bodies for transportation, &c. All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.
All orders from neighboring towns will be promptly attended to.
aug 7

To the Ladies and Gentlemen
OF SOUTH DANVERS.

JOHN J. ASHBY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
of all kinds.

Leather, Black and White Boots and Shoes, of all kinds, made to order, at short notice.
No. 5 CENTRAL ST., SALEM, MASS.
Repairing of every description, done in the best manner. Also, for sale—the Superior Toiletry, for Children.
2 SILVER Plated Tea-Cups for \$1.—at
WILKINS, 138 Essex st.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
WILLIAM J. WALTON,
91 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,
HAS now on hand, and intend to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at

REMOVAL.
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HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.
TWENTY House Lots of good size, on land of the subscriber, leading from Aborn street, being a continuation of Pleasant street. The situation is pleasant, and on high ground and easy access. Land in its vicinity is rapidly increasing in value and a good opportunity is now offered to obtain a good house lot at a cheap price and on easy terms. Application may be made to the Subscriber, house lot at a cheap price and on easy terms. Application may be made to the Subscriber, house lot at a cheap price and on easy terms.

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South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1862.

NO. 4.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD,
FITCH POOLE, Editor.
TERMS—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Half a Square, 3 wks. 1 year, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
One Square, 1.50 3.50 10.00
Quarter of a Column, 1.00 2.50 7.00
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.
61 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements or notices of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Danvers, Dec. 4, 1861. 1 y

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
Jan 4—1 y

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
December 7, 1860.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
December 7, 1860.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
January 1, 1860.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
NO. 37 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
JAMES B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.
December 7, 1860.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.
Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings
at his home office, near his residence in So. Danvers.
December 7, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
DENTIST,
4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge
W. L. BOWDIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market)
Residence—No. 37 Washington street.
11—1 y

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Milton and Holyoke, Salem; Bagle, Bos-
ton; Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Grainer, Glazier and Paper Hanger,
GROVE STREET.
WINDOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
ch6-tf

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Ready Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
In Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church.
NATH'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Furniture, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
32 Front Street, Lawrence Place,
13 SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
1 y

SAMUEL DAVIS,
CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aeroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
Keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
108 Essex street, Salem. may16

JOHN MOULTON,
VERY STABLE,
St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

Original Poetry.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME. BY GEORGE H. STONE.

There is music in the gentle breeze,
As it falls upon my ears.
There is magic in the sound of home,
That I hold forever dear;
There is rapture in the silent groves,
There is pleasure on the sea.
But the sweetest spot on earth beside,
Is Childhood's Home to me.

And I love that quiet homestead,
Where so many happy hours
I have spent amid the foliage,
Among the birds and flowers,
Where my brothers and my sisters,
In the pebbled walks did play;
With tones of glee, ringing out so free,
Throughout each summer day.

And I love that gentle father,
Whose heart beats fond and free,
For the children that in infancy
Played round that parent knee.
Hope's brightest flowers bedeck our way,
And in our hearts do reign,
That we may meet as oft of yore,
And live them o'er again.

And, too, that blessed mother,—
She's the star to guide my way,
Unto the heavenly portals
Of that never fading day.
And her blessings o'er shall lead me,
When this storm of life is o'er,
To our Father's glittering mansion,
On Heaven's eternal shore.

And oh! where are the brothers
That lately sought our bowers?
Have they, like fragile things of earth,
Perished with summer flowers?
One seeks Virginia's sunny land,
To meet a patriot's doom;
And two translated are in Heaven,
In paradise to bloom.

My loving sisters, two, and all,
Forgotten cannot be;
While memory, like a spell of love,
Comes flitting back to me.
In dreams, I see that Childhood's Home,
Fast through my falling tears:
And weep that such sad changes come,
In such short space of years.

JANUARY 17, 1862.

[Written for the Wizard.]

THE FLOWER OF ESSEX.

March of the Mass. Eighth Regiment.

FANEUIL HALL.

April 22, 1861, the Marblehead Co. C, marched early in the morning, the first company of State militia to respond to the call of Gov. Andrew and the grand old Commonwealth for national defenders. The doors of Faneuil Hall flew open, and our steps echoed through the empty rooms of the ancient egg shell of freedom, whose brood were now gathering once more to defend their glorious mother in her utmost need. Not long empty were they, or long peopled by one bay town's company. Streams steadily poured down the labyrinthian streets, and the firm decided step of the Massachusetts soldiers rung on floor and stairway. Continually it was a study to see the grave, earnest faces of the noble citizens who were taking their lives in their hands freely, willingly, gladly, for the liberty, law, schools and government they had enjoyed, and were now determined to sustain. Aye, if life were the forfeit in the struggle, mechanics, artisans, farmers, fishermen, the "mudsills" were the men for the emergency. The features of the men looked as though they had counted the cost, and now leaving the pattering little feet and blue eyes of their children, the earnest and sobbing embraces of wives, tearful, yet willing to give all for the nation in need, marched like martyrs to the unknown ordeal. All Massachusetts was there, ready for the work. The floors and galleries were carpeted with straw mattresses, too hard for men just from the feathers of home, but which we were destined to deem softer than down. The 3d, 4th, 6th and 8th Regiments assumed their warrior's garb and proportions rapidly. The annual musters, target excursions, armory drills and company parades, were but the debris of the solid reality of war, yet all needful, all counting well now they were needed.—How pitiful now seemed the sums expended on the militia, once deemed worse than wasted, the theme of moral writers, evils of encampments, profligate and wanton waste of money on military peace establishments, fair weather troops, pretty to see but useless for war, etc.—How cheap now would have been millions from the coffers, had the Commonwealth ability to march for the nation's guardianship twenty regiments, 1000 men each, armed, equipped and provisioned, with ambulances and teams, as they might have been. No, the militia were in disgrace and disfavor, and had been since

the fugitive slave case; but now, when suddenly popular and in demand, they, like ancient minute men, left the plane on the half-smoothed deal, the iron half hammered on the forge, the paint unsquared on clapboard, the plough rusting in the sward.

Faneuil Hall is a glorious memento of the past, and was fitly and patriotically chosen as the State clan-gathering; but we were not sorry to leave it nevertheless holy as the hall may be. A destined end in view, we wished to pursue it. Our food was excellent, and many a regretful thought went back, three days after we left, to the bountiful table of the old Cradle of Liberty.

THE PARTING.

To men of cold yet strong and earnest thought who weigh carefully cause and effect, then dare all for the right, farewells are most pathetic. Never shall I forget the earnest hand-grips as the 3d, 4th and 6th regiments left us. "God bless you," "Remember the good old Commonwealth," "Aye, comrades, we trust we shall," "God bless her," "We think we shall hear good words from you." There was no boasting, no bragging tongues; but our hopes—were they not prophecies?

The cold and earnest North blood is noble when roused in a worthy cause.—You know every word is true, but vigorous as it may be, it is weaker than the deep reality and meaning beneath. Parting with the loved ones at home is painful, but to look in the brown features of men, strong and vigorous, but on the same perilous path, with danger looming up in the future, that indescribable feeling of hope that the same emotions that animate your soul may carry them through, and the eager scanning of faces of other countrymen you never knew before, yet whom this deadly treason has made more than brothers, dearer than twins, elicits an earnest love, surpassing that of woman.

ALONE.

The memorials of their departure, the mattresses they had occupied, the fragments of their meal were left, and a sad, lonely feeling took the place of the thundering huzzahs and the cheerful benedictions. We were alone; there was more room, but we longed to go. The crowds who had begged to enlist, and craved chances in the ranks, turned sorrowfully from the door, for our ranks were full, our cartridge and cap boxes had been taken away, we had two hundred unarmed men in our ranks, we were the first to enter and the last to leave. Even that baker's dozen of militia could not be armed.—Late in the afternoon we took our grub and gladly filed from the lonely hall into the densely crowded streets. This living flood settled round us, till we were obliterated in the living element that settled a vast lake about us.

"March!" The drums rolled out the time, and through the yielding density of the crowd we advanced to the State House. There was our good Governor, whom time, trial and worthy service has proved a worthy pilot in a fearful storm, and whose name will right worthily consort in History with the Puritan Rulers, as able, as zealous for good law and liberty, without their (I regret to say it) fanaticism and blindness even in a good cause.

THE MARCH.

The Governor came out, and in his earnest, manly manner, commended to our keeping the State flag, sadly dilapidated. Gen. Butler also made an oration, and we once more marched to our old quarters. The Salem Light Infantry here joined us, and we moved for the cars. The country towns had poured forth their loyal hundreds, and deafening shouts and cheers greeted every step of our progress.

THE TRAIN.

If the cheers of the townsmen who had come to Boston were not enough to assure us that "Massachusetts was sound;" and if the almanac did not say "in Boston, about this time, expect much backslapping and great storms of cheers," the country towns gave us the seal loyal.—Every Union flag was set wherever there was a cottage, hamlet, village or city.—Lovely Yankee girls, in groups or crowds, hastened to greet us, and returned the hand kisses or loud huzzas that drowned the shriek of the engine as we rattled up to the stations. And more than one who had never seen us before—bless their tender souls—turned to hide the tears that sprang to their eyes as they watched the rough and hearty "Eighth" bounding on to their unknown destiny. God bless them! may they live a thousand years

and their roses never fade—a rather posterous wish, by the way. But that same Needham, where we met them, is the particular rosette in which are engraved on the memory of the Eighth the most vivid national colors.

SPRINGFIELD.

Here we were joined by the Allen Guard of Pittsfield. Many of us had never taken such a trip so far from home, and as in gloom and darkness we rushed into Springfield, we were agreeably surprised at the bountiful baskets of sandwiches, pitchers of ale, and other refreshments brought into the cars by the red-shirted firemen of that good place. Blessings on them! We ascertained that the food of Worcester county was met for Essex consumers, and I guess they thought if our hearts were as earnest as our teeth, we were all right for the race. A field-piece gave us a lively welcome.

NEW YORK.

What a nation in a focus! As we were detached from the faithful locomotive,—concentrated extract of ten thousand horses, as an Oriental might express its manifold mightiness,—that had so brave-borne us on its centipede wheels from the Bay State, and were rapidly drawn by powerful teams through the streets, for the first time in my life, New York was presented to us. The multitudinous array of little shanties and cottages, where goats, pigs, poultry, ducks, geese and little children, proved that all could have, however homely, a home.

I have found that the real necessities of life are a knife, fork, spoon, tin plate and dipper, a tent and clothes, a blanket for a bed—no more, no less. Sleep, sweeter than ever visited a bed of down, has been mine. I believe there is as much happiness in a ten foot cottage with wooden chairs and humble cook-stove or open fire-place, as in the grand avenue palaces where silk, wool, wood and marble, each of the choicest and rarest perfection, are too often the superb caskets of deceased joy and happiness, where cankering care and festering anxieties fret out the really soul poverty stricken and poor in all but worldly goods they do not enjoy. Often a penny dip may shed a halo around scenes of home comfort that the brilliant chandelier does not in the saloon. And to my idea the city that is perfectly willing to give the poor laborer his ten foot as well as the rich man his hundreds—that allows God's earth and air to high and low, vicious or virtuous, is the most worthy a Republic, a true democracy.

THE PARK.

As we marched to the Park, all sorts of locomotion had its representation. On the crowded streets we were flanked and enveloped on all sides with all sorts of curious vehicles, carriages with low back and high front wheels, odd looking drays, and everything new, novel, unique and picturesque. The police in flaring caps and close frock coats—no doubt effective, but not to my mind so fine, manly, handsome or fearless a set of men as the Boston Police—kept the way clear for us to the Park and City Hall.

ASTOR HOUSE.

"Places we read of in books" were certainly becoming realities. We dined at the Astor. Whether it was polite to drink out of cup or saucer, to eat with knife or fork, to talk, laugh and joke, or look gloom, the good Eighth inquired not, but they did do astonishing justice to that glorious house. I may never sit there again, or be served by its obliging waiters, so prompt, civil and alert, but I will endorse this for the Astor and its entire company, chiefs and subordinates: Were all the taverns, hotels and public houses shuffled in one pack, I should suppose the Astor would be the winning ace. We descended to the basement, where the Daughters of Erin asked some of our men what State we were from, and expressed great astonishment at our resolute, cheerful deportment. One Boston merchant in New York declared the march of the Eighth through Broadway was worth half a million to Massachusetts. Certainly never a more resolute earnest or manly battalion marched to their nation's aid in time of need. Fishermen, farmers, mechanics, they were not the style of humanity to be frightened easily. Once set on an earnest purpose, already the men had dropped the company titles and began to speak of the regiment; for as the different corps composing the battalion had been always drilled in separate armories, meeting but seldom together, at parades, &c., only by companies, a local idea had taken the place of the collective dignity of Regiment. But the men were fast learning

to look with equal pride at right, left and centre, and feel as keen regret for a mistake made by another company as their own.

Superfine cloth is not military goods, as we most woefully discovered. Most of us wore black pants and blue, grey or red coats for uniforms, and the way the few days' service began to tell on the sable color was alarming. Rents, rips and holes spread through the uniforms like an epidemic, and we already began to look like a second edition, with all the modern improvements, of Falstaff's celebrated Ragged Battalion. But we were not to be moved by trifles, well knowing that the loyal hearts at Washington would welcome us, even as we were, in their dire distress.

New York treated us kindly, and with many a hearty cheer and God speed we moved down to the Jersey City Depot.

(To be Continued.)

Tales and Sketches.

The Fugitive Lieutenant.

It was during the War of Independence, while the American army was freezing and starving at Valley Forge, and the British army was luxuriating in Philadelphia, that a lame, dirty, beggarly-looking fellow, walking with a crutch, approached the northern outposts of the royal forces, and with a simple, idiotic laugh and leer announced his intention of entering the city and taking the British General prisoner.

"Indeed?" then I shall be under the necessity of arresting you!" said a young subaltern, winking at some of his companions, and assuming a serious air. "He! he! he!" laughed the idiot; "just you try it, that's all!"

"Why, my good fellow, what would you do?" "Do?" exclaimed the other drawing himself up with an air of defiance; "why I'd tell the great General Washington."

"Then I am afraid to venture on your arrest. So, pass on; you will probably find General Howe prepared to receive you."

The idiot suddenly looked troubled, glancing about him warily and suspiciously, as if he feared he might meet the General he was so boldly going to capture, but finally hobbled off towards the city. With some such silly dialogue he got past the different sentries, who seemed to give him no thought beyond the amusement of the time. By night he was fairly within the town, and kept on his way, sometimes humming snatches of old songs, and in general not noticed by any. Through one street after another he continued to hobble forward, till he came to one of no great length, containing a row of three-story, respectable looking houses,—which might be occupied by persons in middling circumstances. This street was not lighted and appeared deserted; so that when he stopped before one of the dwellings he was not perceived. He knocked at the door, and a woman's head appeared at the second-story window.

"Won't you give me something to eat, ma'am? I'm nearly starved!" said the idiot.

"Yes, poor fellow!" replied the woman, in a kindly tone; "in a minute I will hand you something."

Soon after a low shutter was pushed a little back, and a hand containing some bread and meat was thrust out.

"Mother!" said a low voice.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the female within, in an agitated tone.

"Hush!" returned the beggar, in a guarded whisper.

A moment after the door was thrown open.

"Yes, ma'am—thank you—I don't care if I do," said the beggar, as if in reply to an invitation to come in, at the same time crossing the threshold with an appearance of deep humility.

The moment the door closed behind him, the man dropped his crutch and threw his arms around the woman, fairly sobbing.

"Mother! dear, dear mother!"

"William!" she exclaimed, pressing the ragged mendicant to her heart; "oh, my dear, dear William! what is the meaning of this—and how is it I find you here in this sad plight?"

"I have passed the British lines in this disguise, playing the fool to the sentries. But tell me how you are, dear mother, and how you fare in these troublous times?"

"Indifferently well, my son. The British are our masters here, but so far I have little to complain of in the way of personal treatment. Provisions are scarce and high, and only by the strictest econ-

omy shall I be able to live through, if they continue to retain possession of the city any considerable length of time.—Your sister Mary is at your uncle's in Delaware and will deeply regret that she has missed this opportunity of seeing you."

"And are you alone, mother?"

"No: two English gentlemen are boarding with me."

"Do they belong to the army?" inquired the young man quickly and uneasily, "and are they now in the house?"

"No; they appear to be private gentlemen of some means, and neither is within at present. But you look troubled; have you anything to fear, my son?"

"If detected, I may be hung as a spy?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mother, in alarm; "you terrify me! Are you here without permission—without a pass?"

"Yes: did I not say I played the fool to the sentries, and so got past them?"

"But I thought that was for your own amusement. Oh, William, if you should be discovered! Why did you venture in this desperate manner?"

"I could not get a pass, and I was so anxious to see you and Mary, that I resolved to risk all."

"Quick, then, come up stairs, and let us fix up a hiding-place at once, before anything happens. Oh, William, I am so alarmed!"

Both hastened up stairs to the third story, and after considering several places decided that the loft close under the roof might be the best for concealment, as the trap-door leading to it could be fastened underneath, which would tend to blind a search; while the young man, if pressed, could escape to the roof, and by means of a long rope fastened to the chimney could lower himself into either the yard or the street. This would not ensure his escape, but it was the best plan the two could think of, and served to render both less fearful of detection and its serious consequences. Having provided the rope, the mother hastened to bring up a large quantity of food, which her son began to devour with a ravenousness that showed he had told no untruth, when, in the character of a beggar, he had declared himself in a state bordering on starvation.

While he was eating, his mother plied him with questions concerning the army at Valley Forge, in which he held a lieutenant's commission, and which he had left on a furlough; and the answers of the young soldier depicted a state of destitution and suffering that caused his hearer to weep for very sympathy. Three thousand soldiers had been down on the sick list at one time, and, without the common necessities of life, had perished by hundreds; while of those capable of doing duty, scarcely one had a blanket to cover him at night, or food enough to keep soul and body together. Pale, emaciated, ragged, and dirty, many with bare feet upon the frozen earth, they walked shivering through the camp by day, and crowded themselves together at night, to get what little warmth they could from each other's bodies, the most forlorn and wretched set of beings that ever a nation called to arms.

"God help us all!" exclaimed the mother, in a dejected tone. "I suppose, after all our hardships, we shall be compelled to succumb to our tyrannical foes?"

"Never!" cried the young officer, "while there is a thousand men left in our country to make a last desperate stand. We can only be conquered by annihilation; and if it is God's will that a tyrant shall rule over this broad continent, not a single true heart will live to feel the oppression and degradation. Ere that time, dear mother, I for one shall be beyond the reach of earthly monarch!"

"God bless you, William!" cried the mother, enthusiastically, grasping his hand. Your father's spirit speaks in you! He died on the battle-field with those sentiments in his heart; and I freely give you—my only son and hope—to the glorious cause which his blood and that of thousands of others has hallowed."

For several days the intrepid young officer remained concealed beneath his mother's roof, his presence supposed to be known only to themselves. But one evening, near the end of his furlough, when he was beginning to think about preparing for his secret departure, an officer with six men appeared at the door, and said he had orders to arrest one William Ruggles, supposed to be somewhere in the dwelling.

"Why, that is my son!" said the widow, in great trepidation.

"So much the more likely that he should be here, then," was the unfeeling reply.

"And for what would you arrest him; and what will be done with him if found?"

"We shall take him for a spy, and found guilty he will be hung, of course as every rebel should be. Here, Badger and Wilcox, guard the back door: you, Bent and Wallers, begin the search; and you, Jones and Johnson, remain where you are. Sharp, now, all of you! Let the fellow be taken alive, if possible—but alive or dead, let him be taken."

Now, good woman, if he is in the house of which we are very strongly assured let him appear, and save yourself much trouble, otherwise the consequences be on your own head.

"If you think my son is in the house search to your heart's content!" returned the mother, externally calm, internally suffering.

And forthwith the search began.

Meantime the young lieutenant, who had heard enough to comprehend his danger, had set about effecting his escape, but not altogether in the manner first intended. He went out on the roof, and tied the long rope to the chimney, casting one end down toward the street, but this only as a blind. He had seen that the dividing wall between the house occupied by his mother and the two adjoining buildings had been loosely put up, and his present design was to remove a few of these, crowd through into the loft of the other house, and then replace them. This purpose he effected before the soldiers searching for him came up near enough to hear the little noise he was compelled to make. The open trap-door of the roof, and the rope around the chimney, served to mislead them, as he had hoped, and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that he heard them announce the manner of his escape. Immediately after, the whole party left in haste, first threatening Mrs. Ruggles with subsequent vengeance, for harboring, concealing, and conniving at the escape of a rebel spy, even though the man was her son.

When fully satisfied that all the soldiers had gone, young Ruggles attempted to return into his mother's dwelling by the way he had left, but in again displacing the bricks for this purpose, one of them slipped and went through an open trap-door upon the floor below, making a loud noise. Immediately after a light flashed up through the opening, and a timid female voice demanded who was there.

Here was a dilemma. Should the reply, he would be exposed; and should he keep silence, a search would probably be made, which might prove even more serious in its consequences. What was to be done? A sudden inspiration seized him. It was a woman's voice, and women are seldom stooped to pity. He would make himself known, appeal to her sympathies, and throw himself upon her mercy.

"Lady," he began, in a gentle tone, calculated to re-assure his fair hearer, "be not alarmed. I am a friend in distress, the son of your next door neighbor. I am hunted as a spy by British soldiers, if found, my life will be forfeited. If you cannot pity me, for God's sake pity my poor mother, and assist me for her sake!"

He presented himself at the opening to the loft, and boldly descended the steps leading down from it, directly before the lady, a sweet, beautiful girl of eighteen, who stood with a light in her hand, and seemed dumb and motionless, with a commingling of fear, surprise, and curiosity. The young man continued to speak as he descended, and hurriedly went on to narrate all that had occurred, concluding with the search of the soldiers, and his escape into the loft above.

"Thank God, it is in my power to aid you, sir!" were the first words of the girl, spoken with a look and feeling of sympathy that made the heart of the soldier bound with strange emotions.

She then went on to tell him that a cousin from New Jersey, about his size and build, and looking not unlike him, was then on a visit to the family, having a pass from General Howe. This pass she had that evening been looking at, and by accident it was now in her possession, the cousin having gone out with the rest of the family and forgotten it.

"Take it, and fly, and may God preserve you!" she said. "I can arrange it with my kinsman," she continued; "I can have lost it, and he can easily procure another."

She hurried him down stairs, throwing a cloak on his shoulders on the way, which she insisted upon his wearing, saying it had belonged to a deceased brother, and he could return it at any future time.—She then hastened to get the pass, which she placed in his hand, and urged him to go at once.

"If I could but see my mother for a moment!"

'No, no—leave all to me; I will explain all to her—go while you can before it is too late.'

'God in heaven bless you, sweet lady!' he said, impulsively seizing her hand and touching it with his lips; 'I will never forget you.'

The next minute he was gone. He escaped. And true to his declaration he never did forget the sweet girl who befriended him in his hour of peril.

Years after the honored wife of General Ruggles was many a time heard to tell of her first romantic meeting with him she loved, then a hunted fugitive from the Continental army.

TYING THE KNOT.—A young fellow was taking a sleigh ride with a pretty girl, when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for tying the knot matrimonial at short notice. He stopped him and asked hurriedly: "Can you tie a knot for me?"

"Yes," said the minister, "I guess so; when do you want it done?"

"Well, right away," was the reply; "is it lawful, though, here in the highway?"

"O yes, this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow," shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, fearing lest the minister, in his profane wrath, should fall from grace.

The Bull Run of Port Royal.

Oh, did you hear the martial tread,
Of the Rebel Run at Hilton Head?
And did you see them fighting hard
As fast they left Fort Beaupreard?
And did you view the brave retreat
Of Tamm's three musketeer fleet?
It was a grand and famous battle,
And how the shot and shell did rattle!
As fast they fell and fiercely flew
Amid the valiant rebel crew,
How brave they fought at Bearfort Bay,
And then, like heroes, ran away!
Each negro-nursed Palmetto boy
Both trouble with a thrill of joy;
A joy sublime his heart doth feel
At thought of breasting Yankee steel!
The chivalry, 'tis very clear,
Were born susceptible to fear;
With courage strong to highest pitch
They swore to "never leave the ditch!"
Would stick till none were left to kill,
And not a red drop left to spill.
Did they not swear that they would fight,
"Till each invading Lincolnite
Each plebeian mudsill Yankee knave
Was dead, and in his bloody grave?"
"The Stars and Bars shall float on high,
And will the Stars and Stripes defy
Till each Palmettoe loses breath
And yields his valiant soul to death."
Now what a strange result we see
O'ertook this high born chivalry,
They proved themselves to be fast talkers,
But left the fort much faster walkers.

Triplets.

The Newburyport Herald says that Mrs. "Miss, of Belleville, is the happy mother of three healthy children (two girls and a boy) born on the second of July last, and are consequently more than six months old. They are a great curiosity, and visitors have come even from Boston to see them. Mr. P. Coombs, of this city, has been very successful in taking both a *carte de visite* and a stereograph of this interesting group, and the specimens at Mr. Mosely's are very attractive. Mr. John Q. A. Stone, formerly one of the proprietors of the Herald and now editor of the Windham County (Ct.) Transcript, is one of triplets, two of whom are still alive, and all of whom lived about thirty years. When they were born they came near being blessed with beautiful names. The Bible was searched diligently to find suitable names, and it was well settled that they should be called Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; but just then worldly thoughts entered the parents' minds, and they were baptized George Washington, John Quincy Adams, and Andrew Jackson.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.—The following report was made by a barrister who assumed temporarily the place of law reporter in Lord Eldon's Court. The case was dragging its slow length along, and he penned his report in the following lines:—

Mr. Lord made a speech.
Avery, next and wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was presy, thill and long;
Mr. Parker made it darker,
Trying to find it out;
Mr. Cook quoted his book,
And the Chancellor said, "I doubt."

CORRESPONDENT.—The Newburyport Herald says: "A gentleman has changed his residence from Newbury to Newburyport, who in doing so did not move out of the house or change a thing in it. There is another house similarly situated, in which the dividing line of the town runs through a bedroom occupied by a man and his wife; and the bed is situated so that the man sleeps in the town where he votes, and his wife sleeps in this city."

Before the last annexation of territory from South Danvers to Salem, the line ran through a house on Main street, through a bedroom and across the bed, so that the heads of the occupants were in the city and their feet in the country.

The Martinsburg Republican calls upon the rebel government of Virginia to arm the slaves, saying that at the battle near Bath, the rebels were met by 700 negroes on the Union side, who killed three rebel officers, two privates, and wounded 50 members of the German Southern regiment.

Miss Roselyns says she does not think that the passage of a man suite into upon one clock, turn to him the other also, was intended to turn to kissing between the sexes, or if it was, she would not be willing to construe it so, unless the offender was "a very nice young man."

Nothing reliable has yet been received from the Burnside expedition.

Answer to the Riddle in our last. A thorn. Because he could not find it, he brought it home in his hand. Do you see it?

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1862.

AGENCY OF THE WIZARD.—Mr. PORTER G. MARSHALL, of the Salem and Danvers Express, is the sole Agent of the Wizard, and the receipt of no other person, out of the office, will be valid.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We publish two communications to-day, elicited by the article in our last, signed "Amicus." We do not happen to agree fully with either of the writers, but as the ground they occupy is debatable, we admit their articles to our columns, that each reader may be able to form his own judgment after being in possession of their views.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have received from our Representative D. W. King Esq., the Annual Report of the Adjutant General of the Commonwealth, for which he will please accept our thanks.

The Lecture Room.

A correspondent complains bitterly that the regulation, forbidding children under fifteen years of age attending the lectures, is disregarded. His language is quite too severe and personal for publication, yet we cannot deny that his position is right. His difficulties are that the breach of this rule by others, "makes trouble to those who observe and keep it" and that his children are always teasing to be allowed to go, "because other girls and boys of their own age go." This is a trouble others experience as well as himself. Children very well know who their associates go to the Institute, and they are very apt to ask the question, "if others of my age can go, why not I?" They then cease their parents to allow them to attend, and as their fathers and mothers are not able to answer the logic of the question, they sometimes permit their children to break the regulation.

Now we do not believe, with our correspondent, that it is necessary to "repeal the regulation" or "give notice from the platform and then let the constable take out all the offenders before the lecture proceeds." Neither do we recommend to adults to "take the intruders by force and send them out of the house." We think that a simple regard for justice on the part of parents ought to correct the evil. The rule is acknowledged to be a good one. It has been publicly and repeatedly announced from the rostrum and people are supposed to know it. Now, if there are any so selfish or pigish as to permit their children to go to lectures and crowd out older persons from seats to which they are entitled, and from which other parents out of respect for the regulations keep their children, we think some exposure is necessary. Perhaps it may be expedient to adopt one of the measures suggested, but we hope not. Yet we should not be so very delicate to the feelings of a boy or girl who sees where they have no right to be, and with brazen effrontery allow old men and matronly women to seek in vain after seats. We hope those who in future intrude in this way, will be questioned and remonstrated with by those who happen to sit near them at the lectures. Perhaps they may be shamed into propriety of conduct.

THE BEST MILITARY PICTURE OF THE SEAS.—Gen. Scott and his Generals, from photographs by Gurney—consisting of Generals McClellan, Wool, Banks, Fremont, Dix, Lyon, Sigel, Sherman, Butler, Rosecrans, Anderson and M'Call, arranged on either side of the enlarged principal figure, the veteran and venerable Scott, is to our eye the very best specimen of military portraiture the war has produced. Each countenance is so distinct and well defined, so animated and life-like, so full of individuality and expression, that you seem almost to be looking at the originals. The general effect of the arrangement of the portraits is also good, and the whole effect of the picture is pleasing. It is a most reasonable and desirable ornament for the office or the parlor. It is one of those pictures which never tires the eye.

The above noticed beautiful engraving, issued by Conant & Rogers, 122 Broadway, New York, is for sale by T. A. Sweetser, Apothecary, 37 Main street. Call and see it.

CAMP PHOTOGRAPHS.—Since the introduction of Photographic Albums, there has sprung up a great demand for these card full-lengths—Snell, who operates at his splendid saloon on the site of the old Mansion House in Salem, is very successful in taking beautiful pictures of this kind. We do not see any of these of Paris which surpass his best work. Stillaber says it is a great tax upon good looking editors and he sometimes wishes he was no handsomer than other people, that he might be spared the necessity of having a dozen a week, to supply the demands of appreciative friends.

Good looking people would do well to call upon Mr. Snell who will give them a picture worth preserving, and at a low price.

LECTURE BY JOHN B. GOUGH.—There was a large crowd at Mechanic Hall last Monday night, to hear this popular speaker, and some hundreds were there from South Danvers. He kept his audience in mute attention or in roars of laughter as he pictured scenes and persons in London, from the Houses of Parliament, the Tower and Westminster Abbey, down to the cellars and lanes frequented by the coster-mongers. His sketches of leading statesmen and historical scenes were strikingly vivid.—Gough is unapproachable in his power over a popular audience. There is but one Gough, and lecturing is his profit.

GOV. ANDREW AND GEN. BUTLER.—In common with the great mass of the community, we regret that any controversy exists between these functionaries, and more that it should be made public. This is the sort of strife which should be abandoned before it is meddled with. We have no patience with it and do not care to go into it, only to express our regret at its existence. We hope the War Department will make short work of it by a prompt decision of the matter.

A correspondent condemns both parties and we are half inclined to agree with him, but we do not like to agitate dirty water.

EARTHQUAKE.—The shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt in this town and neighborhood, on Wednesday evening about 8 o'clock. The shock in some places caused the shaking of doors, windows &c., and lasted for near a minute. The Traveler says it shook the houses in Marblehead. This was what Byron called a "young earthquake."

Church Music.

We have received the following response to the inquiry in our last paper. The writer is a thorough adept in the art of music, and his opinion has the weight of authority, confirming our own impressions. We ask attention particularly to his remarks on chanting. Let any one attend mass or vespers at a Catholic church, and he will come away fully satisfied that chanting is too much neglected in our Protestant houses of worship. We might enlarge on the aids to worship when the congregation can follow in thought and inward sympathy the words of the psalmody, but these are too obvious to need remark:

MR. EDITOR.—As you would like to know my opinion in regard to Church Music, whether or not it is essential to good music to give expression to the words sung, I would say, that in my opinion, the words ought to be spoken, and the steps made in singing as in good reading. A piece of music sung without having the words distinctly articulated, fails of its purpose. For, what is church music? It is to give expression to the words by musical sounds. Ancient composers consider that a piece of music sung without the words being distinctly heard is like a lady without a soul, trying to conceal both the meaning and language of the poet. It seems to be a general fault among singers to pay too close attention to the musical sounds, to the almost entire neglect of the distinctness of the words. For instance, how would a chanted sound without the words being distinctly understood? I think that chanting is too much neglected, as the practice of chanting would learn singers to speak their words more distinctly. As a counterpart to the story referred to in your paper, allow me to add another, which is not less ludicrous. A story is told of a person who was startled to hear all the women in the choir break out at the end of the third line with an earnest cry—

O for a man—
O for a man—
O for a man—

And the surprise only abated when the whole choir chimed in, and converted the song into a more spiritual prayer of—

O for a mansion in the skies!

List of Curiosities.

And how old relics to be added to the show case at the Peabody Institute.

A figure belonging to one of the gates of Gaza, carried off by Samson.—Presented by Dr. Winslow, a descendant of the family.

A hub from the tree on which the rebel Abraham committed unintentional suicide.—Presented by Jeff Davis.

A deceased bed bug found in one of the rooms of the Marshall House in which Ellsworth was murdered. Also a brick from one of the chimneys.

Some of the pepper with which Com. Hollins "peppered" the Federal fleet at the South West Pass.

A screw from the "vice" in which Gen. McClellan is said to hold Beauregard and Johnston.

One of the horns of the rebel ram Manassas. Presented by Commodore Hollins.

A bottle of Port—Royal!

The only perfectly healthy man in one hundred thousand, alluded to by Dr. Winslow in his late lecture at the Peabody Institute. Also the one woman in half a million.

A piece of the blockade broken off and presented by the Editor of the London Times.

The last three inches of the tail of Two Cities.—Presented by Charles Dickens.

A few ounces of Bowling Green.

Some feathers from the right wing of the rebel army in Kentucky.—Presented by Gen. Schoepff.

A letter from Dr. Russell to the London Times, in which some truth and candor in regard to the Federal cause accidentally found admission.—Presented by the Editor of that paper who refused it a place in his columns.

A scale from the "sacconda" which is tightening its folds around the Rebellion.

A lock of hair from Hilton's Head.

A pint of salt from Secessia, if the rebels can be induced to spare as much, or a little quinine instead, or the value of either in money.

One of the horns which Commodore Hollins hauled in after the truth respecting his great naval victory became known.

A strip of Ball's life taken off during the war of 1812.—Presented by Gen. Scott.

A portrait of the "reliable gentleman" who has ascertained the number of rebel troops at Manassas.—Presented by the Editor of the New York Tribune.

A dull page in the Continental Monthly if it can be found.—To be presented by Artemus Ward.

Lastly an English newspaper displaying some geographical knowledge of the United States, if such a one can be discovered.—To be presented by Lord Lyons.

The above curiosities and relics will be on exhibition the first of April next.

SOUTH DANVERS AND BOSTON EXPRESS.—Mr. S. E. Reed got on another rattle last Friday evening, and he never carried a more valuable freight in all his experience in the Express business. His goods were done up in handsome packages and delivered in excellent order. We had some pity for his powerful horse, but he found good quarters, although he subsisted on a single berry. Mr. Reed did more than he agreed to, as he only engaged to carry his load, but he generously consented to return it.

DANVERS.—Number of births in town for the year 1861.

Ma's, 151
Females, 69
Deaths, 63
Marriage certificates issued, 100
Marriage certificates returned, 46

[It will be noticed that the number of male births greatly exceed the female. This was formerly considered a sure "sign" of coming war.]

THE LONDON TIMES.—This journal has come round directly against the Rebel emissaries, Mason and Slidell, and says Englishmen ought to take no notice of the vagabonds. The last accounts represent John Bull as quite amiable and on good terms with Brother Jonathan. This is all right and well timed for him, and we should so conduct our diplomacy as to give no occasion for a future rupture.

WHAT IS THE USE OF A SENT OF WAR TO A STANDING ARMY? That is the question.

Dramatic Entertainment.

On Friday evening, last week, the Bowditch Club of Danvers held one of their dramatic entertainments at Gothic Hall in that town. That spacious and elegant room was thronged, many being present from this town, the members of the Irving Association, with their ladies, going in a body. Through the politeness of the Club and the attention of Mr. STEPHEN P. REED, (who volunteered to give a pung-ride to all the witches and wizards connected with the Wizard office,) we were enabled to be present and witness the performances of the evening. It was muscled as well as dramatic, and included a concert with its intervals, very acceptably, by the Glee Club of this town.

The first piece introduced was called "Crab Apples," and was a humorous travesty of John Bull calling upon Miss Columbia, in a great rage, to claim two crab apples (Mason and Slidell) which had been taken by one of her pupils, Master Wilkes. Bluff John Bull, partly and overbearing, was faithfully and characteristically represented, and Miss Columbia, in her role of stars and stripes, well sustained her name and part. This piece was well received by the audience.

After music by the Glee Club, the curtain rose to the performance of the tragedy of the "Idiot Witness." This is not an easy drama to represent by amateurs, by any means, and this was a first attempt. Its success was complete. All the parts were well sustained, and it gave great satisfaction to the audience. Some of the parts were admirably represented. The best was the principal part, Gilbert, the witness, who was so changed in appearance as not easily to be recognized by his nearest friends. It was a mystery to us, how he could assume that vacant, idiot stare and imbecile manner, and then instantly throw it off and speak out in the words and tones of eloquent invective suited to a strong intellect. The parts of the fahannai and his wife and daughter, were well conceived and carried out. The dame's part was as natural as life, only more so. She was certainly an affectionate mother and good housewife, and proud of her dumpings. Walter Arlington and the Earl of Sussex, as well as the darker characters of the tragedy, were well personated. Doubtless at another representation it might be improved, but it was well performed at its first, and was well applauded.

The third and last performance was "Slasher and Crusher." This lively piece went off with much spirit and animation, all the parts being admirably well sustained. The audience was delighted, and kept constantly in a roar throughout the piece. The parts of Christopher and Sampson were well conceived and executed. They displayed a talent for gentle comedy which we were not prepared to expect in private theatricals. The humor and naturalness of Slasher were irresistible, and we do not see how the part could be improved. Old Blomhard and his neices were well carried out in the representation, and the "terrible comat" between Slasher and Crusher established forever their reputation for courage. This performance, with a piece from the Glee Club, closed the entertainment, which seemed to give delight to all who attended.

After having received so much pleasure from this evening's entertainment, it may seem ungracious to criticize, but we wish to make a remark or two, in no unkindly spirit, for the consideration of the Club which has done so much for improvement and entertainment in Danvers. It struck us, as we witnessed the performance, that it might have been quite as effective if the costumes of the characters had been nearer our own time. For instance, we would have had Earl Sussex in the same phili, gentlemanly costume in which we lately saw the Duke of Newcastle when in this country. We would also have had Paul Tressell, the fisherman, look more like the fishermen of Beverly and Marblehead. It would not only be more appropriate, but take better with the audience. Dime Tressell and Jeanette were modern costume, and they seemed natural and at home in it. There was no machinery in having the dress of the husband and father belong to a remote age. It therefore seems, to our unpracticed eyes, that if the cost of theatrical wardrobes was entirely thrown aside, the performance would be improved. It would also relieve it, in part, from the objections urged by some honest people, of its tendency to evil. It should be borne in mind that these objections are not made exclusively by the narrow-minded, but that they are shared by the liberal and sound minds of every community. So true is this, that unless the utmost care and vigilance is used to divert these entertainments of every appearance of evil, they will not be long sustained by the general sentiment of the community. Another, but minor consideration, is the expense, and if this can be avoided, it is well worth attention.

Dr. Winslow's Lecture.

Every body has heard of the marvelous feats of strength performed by Dr. Winslow, and many had read his history, and his mode of acquiring strength, in his interesting and easy article in the January Atlantic. Consequently the hall of the Institute was densely thronged and the lecturer was heard with close attention. The Doctor has delivered the lecture and performed his experiments of strength in other places, and we copy an account of it in part, from the Roxbury Gazette.

The Doctor dwelt much upon the necessity of teaching gymnastic exercise in our schools, or in connection with them, arguing that by the system now pursued, some faculties of the body were educated or developed to the total neglect of others. Health and strength, he said, were curative with each other, that a strong man necessarily implied a healthy man, and a healthy man a strong one. He thought it the duty of every man and woman to increase their strength as one of the surest promoters of health. This he would have done by the practice of gymnastic exercises, and for this no one need plead want of time as an excuse, for a half or three quarters of an hour a day would be amply sufficient for this purpose. As one of the essential requisites of health, he strongly enjoined the necessity of breathing pure air, such air as has the benefit of a free circulation and the light of the sun, when that light is to be had. Sleeping apartments should especially have the benefit of a free ventilation, and should not be less than fifteen feet above the ground, or fifty feet if near a marsh, or water tract, and the sleeper should be not less than two feet from the floor of his apartment.

The doctor gave an interesting account of his own experience in accumulating strength, stating that his own strength was constantly on the increase, the ratio of which had never been greater than during the last fortnight.

He had already succeeded in lifting over twenty one hundred pounds—that his strength was still increasing, and that he had set three thousand pounds as the amount which he expected to be able eventually to lift. He strongly recommended the practice of lifting to every person, commencing with what one is reasonably able to accomplish, if only one hundred pounds, and daily increasing the amount, and warranting, if the exercise was properly conducted, an increase of health and strength. He especially cautioned inexperienced gymnasts against the practice of making a hobby of any one exercise, as such a practice would tend to a deformation, rather than a symmetrical development of the body, but if any one exercise were to be practiced to the neglect of the rest, lifting was preferable.

At the conclusion of his lecture, the doctor gave some practical exhibitions of his strength before the audience. For this purpose he had constructed an apparatus of frame work, consisting of four nearly upright beams seven or eight feet in height, five or six feet apart at the bottom, and slightly inclining toward each other at the top, where they were surmounted by a smaller framework about three or four feet square, which was the doctor's stand. Through the centre of the upper frame work, descended four ropes, diverging to the several corners of a platform suspended beneath.

The doctor now invited eight or ten gentlemen to come forward upon the rostrum. At first there was great hesitancy, but at last the ice was broken by Mr. James Perkins, who was first to ascend the platform. After this there was no trouble and a sufficient number came forward. Each person was weighed under the inspection of Mr. T. M. Stimpson and Mr. Francis Baker, and eight of them were asked to mount the suspended platform.

The doctor then adjusted over his shoulders a wooden yoke, made for the purpose, from each end of which was suspended a short chain, which he connected with the apparatus, which again connected with the ropes, and placing his hands upon the rails of the frame beside him, and firmly bracing his feet—the silence of death in the meantime pervading the audience—he put forth the strength thus brought to bear. The machinery was heard to creak, the ropes observed to tighten with a tension apparently near to snapping asunder, the platform and men were seen to ascend and to come down again with a thump and a jar that must have disoriented every vestige of skepticism, if any there had been. The success of the experiment was attested by instantaneous applause, much all the more effective by the stillness that preceded it.

The experiment was repeated by the addition of more weight, and again, by the whole eleven men, making an aggregate, with the apparatus, of over a ton weight! The whole were raised and let down with a bounce that shook the rostrum.

We annex the weight of the eleven, who would make a very respectable board of Aldermen when we have our City charter. In more than one sense they are men of weight in our community.

James Perkins,	154 lbs.
Joseph R. Patterson,	170 "
L. O. Wiley,	140 "
A. A. White,	150 "
Wm. H. Little,	208 "
John McNeil,	163 "
Stephen Fernald,	170 "
Alfred McKenzie,	158 "
Eben S. Poor,	167 "
John Bailey,	172 "
Thomas Trask,	185 "
Weight of sleds, platform,	127 lbs.
Total amount lifted by Dr. Winslow, 2004 lbs.	
Average weight of eleven men, 170 7-11 lbs.	

The Danvers Ladies' Musical Aid Association.

Nowhere in the wide, wide world can there be found such a diversity of associations, benevolent, literary, financial or festive, as in New England. More especially do these thrive in the old Bay State, whose sons and daughters are continually exemplifying the practical value of the old adage, "union is strength," far in sharing, they multiply their joys—in joining their mites and their labors, they increase and utilize their charities—by uniting in their literary pursuits, they add to their facilities for acquiring knowledge—and, like true Yankees, they put their little sums into a common fund, hoping to reap much where they have sown but little, and to thus provide for the necessities of that day of all others most dreaded in Yankeeedom—a "rainy day." And so the young ladies of the religious society of which Dr. Braman was sometime the pastor, (now, alas! like sheep without a shepherd, wandering in darkness, bewildered by stranger voices) not willing to be singular when combinations may enjoy the luxury of doing good, some two years since formed themselves into a society, which was called the Ladies' Musical Aid Association, the objects of which were, first, to accumulate a fund for the purchase of an organ for the church of the First Congregational Society; and secondly, to have a "good time" and enjoy their weekly meetings.

The second of these objects, has, we think, been accomplished to the satisfaction of all interested. The prospects of the first seem a little more dubious. And as your correspondent is neither a prophet or the son of a prophet, he would not presume even to attempt to see the dim vista of the future, wizard-like to shadow forth the promise of its fulfillment. And still, the deposit in the Danvers Savings Bank of the few hundreds of dollars that they have accumulated, by the cunning workmanship of their hands, by their weekly collections from the young men in attendance at their gatherings, and by the profits of the several fairs, which have been held by the Association, does hold out to us the cheering promise that at some time in the distant future we may listen to sweeter strains and a more thrilling harmony than have of late regulated our longings, wondering ears.

But for the last two months, the labors of this Association have been diverted from their original object, to one not less worthy, and that called for immediate action. The report of the pressing wants of those sons of old Danvers, who, with strong arms and brave hearts, in the first hour of danger sprang forth in response to their country's call, and within the breasts of these fair maidens all the patriotism of their noble natures, and inspired their circle with a new life and energy.

Since then, long years have engaged their attention to the exclusion of sweet strains, while the thoughts of harmony from metal tubes have given place to the music of their knitting pins. And the hearts of our soldiers have been made glad by the reception of their benefactions.

The first box of goods sent by this Association, consisting of hose, mittens, blankets, &c., was received by Company C, (Capt. Fuller).

He had already succeeded in lifting over twenty one hundred pounds—that his strength was still increasing, and that he had set three thousand pounds as the amount which he expected to be able eventually to lift. He strongly recommended the practice of lifting to every person, commencing with what one is reasonably able to accomplish, if only one hundred pounds, and daily increasing the amount, and warranting, if the exercise was properly conducted, an increase of health and strength. He especially cautioned inexperienced gymnasts against the practice of making a hobby of any one exercise, as such a practice would tend to a deformation, rather than a symmetrical development of the body, but if any one exercise were to be practiced to the neglect of the rest, lifting was preferable.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 1, 1862.

THURSDAY.—I received your letter yesterday. The clothing therein mentioned arrived this morning. The company were much inured, and very thankful for it. They have drawn no under-clothing from the time of their first arrival in Baltimore until now. Our uniforms are worthless, and we are told at headquarters that they will be condemned and replaced by a new and better article. We received 76 pair hose and 26 pair mittens, and I am sorry there could not have been enough to have given every man a pair of each. I have distributed them where they were most needed.

The blankets are not so useful to us now, as in our new barracks each bunk, accommodating two men, is furnished with two rubber and four woolen blankets, and a tick filled with straw. I will therefore retain the blankets sent, to be loaned to such members of the company as, through sickness, may need them.

You write that the ladies will send more stockings. Assure them that they will be thankfully received. I will write you more at length in a few days.

Yours respectfully,
N. F. FULLER,
Commanding Co. C, 17th Reg.

We would say that a part of the contents of the box sent were furnished by the ladies of Rev. Mr. Fletcher's society. The ladies of the Musical Aid Association have another box nearly ready, which will be forwarded in a few days.

[For the Wizard.]

The Attack on the Capitol.

"Amicus," in the last Wizard, alludes to the prevalent practice of disparaging the ability and patriotism of Congress. His remarks are just, and worthy of notice. As there ever has been, so I suppose there ever will be, a class of persons seeking to give importance to their own sayings and doings, by connecting them with important things or important persons.—And as such people are generally incapable of signifying themselves by illuminating the subject they treat of, their only alternative is to blacken it, if they can. They have to make up in abuse what they lack in wit. "Towers are measured by their shadows; great men by their calumnies." Third rate minds catch at this proverb by instinct. Despairing of being towers, they are content with being the shadows, though the shadows lie athwart the slanting paths of intelligence and manhood. If we had temples of Diana amongst us, we should witness their calumnies. There are Extraneous now in America as in Asia Minor at the birth of Alexander. Anything for an impression. Next to burning a wonderful temple would be an effective scathing of the American Congress. This certainly must be the idea of immortality as conceived by the modern Kromastri. Ever since the writer was born they have had on fire their torches, either of slang or spite, and have been busy brushing them at and against the Capitol. The only thing, it is believed, they have thus far accomplished is to demonstrate their utter inability to do, or to be encouraged in doing, much of anything else or about the Capitol. This is what troubles them. It is not the Capitol or the Capitol, which disturbs their peace. It is that they are not capitalized, and that they don't see any prospect of being so. That the people should tolerate and even be a little pleased with the gibes and slurs at their Congress, is not surprising. That is one of the follies of democracy, and prerogatives as well. At the same time there is in democracy a singular spirit of justice which, while it tolerates and is pleased with abuse of its own creations, takes care that the abusers shall not be the victims of similar abuse themselves. It contrives to

"—keep the sin, yet love the sinner,
And hate the offender, yet love the offense."

Forrangers are shocked at the apparent contempt in which we hold our national legislature. They are dumb with amazement when they consider the violence of our resentment if they venture to accept our own apparent estimate of ourselves. Hence, when they get back home and recover their senses, they sneer at the New World, and call it a sham and a monster. The foreigner needs to understand these things:

1st, Americans are democrats.
2d, That democracy breeds a race of men whose logic is "pull down and climb up."
3d, That this race of men, of all others, democracy most despises.

These three immutable truths must be understood in order to judge of the New World. Ignorance of them is the rock on which all foreign books on America, except Dr. Tuequeville's, have split.

Did I not think it would be to no purpose, I should deprecate the practice of beating the Great and General Court at Washington. As it is, I think the practice permitted will be the cheapest and most convenient way of spying out who those foxes are that despise "our grapes."

I.

S. M. Hewlett at Peabody Hall.

Next Monday evening, this champion of the Temperance cause will again appear at the Institute, and give one of his stirring addresses. Hewlett is said, by some of his admirers, to be the equal of Gough. Certainly he has kept audiences here spell-bound by his eloquence and convulsed with laughter by his clowning. This is to be a free lecture, we look for a very crowded house. Let none stay away on account of the collection to be taken at the close of the lecture.

FIRE IN SALEM.—By the report of Chief Engineer Sanborn, we learn that the number of fires in the city the past year were 14; fire alarms out of the city, 14; burning chimneys, 32. The amount of loss has been very small, viz: \$4,000 00, of which \$2,726 00 is insured.

"Tom, why don't you drop in and take tea with us some time? My wife would be pleased to have you." "Well, Dick, I seldom go a visiting, for I think that if I find better fare, it will make me discontented at home, and if it should be any poorer, it wouldn't be much of an object."

The amount of fishing bounties paid in Portland district is \$11,000.

ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

CAMP NEAR MUDDY BRANCH, Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1862.

NAVY CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. SHIP POTOMAC, Mobile Bay, 1861.

Mr. Editor.—There is not much excitement here at present. Monday, Dec. 9th, we saw a can waning a white flag, near the light-house, a signal of distress. The captain ordered a boat to be lowered and manned, and westward of the shore. We kept out of the way of the fort, and rowed along to the shore where the man was. He proved to be a contraband who escaped from the fort. He says five of them started, but two of them were shot and the other two were killed by dogs. He was glad to get aboard.

We are anchored about five miles from the fort. They fired at us, but did not hit us. We went out on a coal expedition in the night, and were gone till morning. The night was foggy, and we went near enough to the fort to hear the sentry call. We got back without any trouble. We have got boats on board that will hold a hundred men.

One of the crew has been court-martialed for stealing a watch from one of the officers. Some of the men have just returned from the island. The Massachusetts 26th regiment, and other soldiers, have arrived there. They took a rebel steamer and some privateers, and one female slave, who washes for the officers. They had wild oxen, cows and pigs, and brought aboard one old sow with her six young pigs. We have built a pen for them, and they are bought a great deal of by the men. They send two men there, one with his throat cut and one with a rope round his neck. They also found a large gun.

The 14th of December a ship called the Fishhawk, from Boston, with one hundred and thirty horses on board, passed by us, going to the island. She has had bad luck and bad weather. Sixty-nine of the horses had died on her passage. They were sea sick, and I do not blame them for dying; I came very near it myself.

Dec. 21st, the steamer Niagara came in here with the Commodore. He came aboard, and the whole ship's crew had to drill before him, and then he went away. The mail steamer came at a hard time of it. She did not get here till last night. Night before Christmas we expected to be attacked every moment. All hands were called for action. Two rebel steamers came from the fort and fired at our steamer, the Huntville. She showed fight, and before we could get her anchor up, the rebels put her back behind the fort. We saw what their game was. They thought we should follow them, and the guns at the fort would have a chance to attack us; but they don't come that. The Huntville is a smart gun-boat. She put one all through the rebel steamer, and threw many a quantity of shell. It was a splendid day, and they fought well. I pity them if they come within range of our guns, as we have got a heavy battery on board.

The sailors have just caught a shark eighteen feet long, a regular Southern rebel.

Yours truly, T. S. HOWE.

Census of 1860.

By the following table of the population of the cities and towns of Massachusetts, having over 6000 inhabitants, we find that South Danvers stands the thirty-second. Taking out the cities, she is the eighteenth town in the State and the fourth in the County. This is a very respectable position when we consider that there are over 800 cities and towns in the State.

1. Boston,	177,818
2. Lowell,	36,837
3. Cambridge,	26,000
4. Roxbury,	25,337
5. Charlestown,	25,063
6. Worcester,	24,960
7. New Bedford,	22,300
8. Salem,	22,292
9. Lynn,	19,483
10. Lawrence,	17,639
11. Taunton,	15,734
12. Springfield,	15,139
13. Fall River,	14,096
14. Newburyport,	13,401
15. Chelsea,	13,395
16. Gloucester,	10,904
17. Haverhill,	9,925
18. Danvers,	9,769
19. Weymouth,	9,132
20. Abington,	8,567
21. Newton,	8,383
22. Pittsfield,	8,045
23. Somerville,	8,025
24. Fitchburg,	7,605
25. Weymouth,	7,742
26. Marblehead,	7,646
27. Chicopee,	7,241
28. Adams,	6,424
29. Northampton,	6,778
30. Quincy,	6,778
31. North Bridgewater,	6,584
32. South Danvers,	6,519
33. Waltham,	6,367
34. Dedham,	6,367
35. West Roxbury,	6,140
36. Weymouth,	6,287
37. Plymouth,	6,572
38. Beverly,	6,154
39. Nantuxet,	6,094
40. Attleboro,	6,600

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is still on the track, and his speeches to John Bull are certainly full of hard meat. He has lately been defending our Napoleon from the unjust suspicion of Englishmen, and he did it well. He thinks the Emperor made a mistake in not allowing him to introduce horse railways into Paris, but nevertheless he believes in the Emperor, and entertains a high opinion of his peaceable intentions. It is said that such is the reputation of G. F. Train in England that he has invitations to speak every night in the week, and they really refer to hear his rattling thank-God-I-am-an-american oratory to the dull speakers of their own island.

We have received from a boy correspondent some lines "Addressed to the Wizard," of which the following is the first stanza. We hank him for his good opinion of us, but as the verses do not come up to this, we do not publish them:

cheerful friend I meet you with gladness,
our pages so pleasant drive away sadness,
always do greet you with feelings of pleasure,
and put away tools and work at my leisure.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC.—This annual for 1862 is received from Mr. Wilkinson, and makes pamphlet of 75 pages. Anybody who means to keep posted on political matters ought to have it. Its price is only 15 cents.

"Perley" says that the prisoner taken by Capt. Merritt of the West Newbury company, turns out to be a captain in the rebel army, from the Provost Marshal has been looking for some time.

SCHOOL SATCHELS.—John P. Peabody has just opened a lot of Twine Satchels to sell for 25 cents, only about half the regular price—at 220 Essex Street, Salem.

Lyceum Lecture.

Mr. Editor.—It is refreshing to hear something out of the common course, even if it does cause some fluttering. Your correspondent in your last, after having listened to the able lecture of Mr. Murray, a few evenings since, and assenting to most of the sentiments advanced, yet makes exceptions to some of his most important ones. He thinks that great men should not be put in places of power and trust simply because they were great, because some great men have been bad men. Now we are not to suppose that great men are perfect, but are they less liable to be correct in their views, or are they more likely to be dishonest than men of smaller minds? He illustrates his idea by comparing Caleb Cushing to Abraham Lincoln, the one the greatest mind in the country, the other a strictly honest man. Now Caleb Cushing needs no encomium from any one. There he is, and there he has been for the past ten years, the target for all the politicians in New England to fire at. But the people are new seeking their great minds to pilot us through the angry storm, and his name will shine and grow brighter long after his traducers have flashed their brief hour, and have passed away and are forgotten. Abraham Lincoln all believe to be an honest and faithful man, fighting nobly for the Constitution and the laws which he has sworn to uphold.

These are times, if ever, when great minds are needed in the councils of the nation. What satisfaction is it for us to know that our legislators are honest, if they make unwise laws? Would it satisfy us, after being defeated in some diplomatic controversy with the great minds of Europe, to know that the man composing the Cabinet were very honest men? Now our great men are the pillars of the nation; we should rally around and support them—being charitable, rather than magnify their failings.

Webster, Clay and Douglas had their faults, but how dim they appear when compared to the great thoughts and works which they have left as rich legacies to us. Amicus thinks it is not to Congress that we are to look for our redemption. True we are to look to our brave soldiers for victory on the battle-field, but after victory, when the rebellion shall have been put down, when the halls of Congress shall again echo with the voices of those who meet as equals from all parts of our country, does not much depend on the kind of men we send there, whether we are to continue our republican form of government? Have we not had enough of criminality and reprobation. He thought it had taste in the lecturer to compare the army with Congress assembled; that after looking at the faces of our brave soldiers he should feel strong and confident; and then to despair as he listened in the halls of Congress to the "glittering generalities" of those who had only to speak to show the capacity and drift of their minds. Also, too true; most of our Representatives and Senators are men that have been brought to the surface by the agitation of the slavery question, men whose minds have been absorbed in that, and that alone.

I do not wish to lessen the magnitude of slavery in our country. It is a great, a momentous evil, left us by our fathers. But no man who sees nothing but this at all times, in season and out of season, are the ones to legislate for this republican government, where all are equals, and entitled to just and equal rights. They are not the men we as individuals would employ if we had important business of our own to transact. The people are waiting and longing for the great and noble minds in our country to come forth in this time of need, and save us all is lost.

UNION.

AGILITY.—We have a young man in town who prides himself on his agility, and frequently amuses our citizens by his extraordinary feats. Last Saturday, when snow and "splosh" were all the rage, he was seen quietly standing up in his puge, when, with a sudden movement, he went out, heels over head, performing, if eye witnesses are to be believed, some thirty or less comers without stopping. "Charley" thinks Charles has considerable "beef"—sometimes.

The rebel loss at Drainsville is believed to have been eight hundred men.

LECTURE ON RIFLE PRACTICE.—Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland will deliver a lecture on this subject, at Granite Hall, Danvers, at 7 o'clock.

GRAND JUROR.—Mr. William Price has been drawn to serve on the Grand Jury for the current year.

Our store will be closed at seven o'clock every evening except Saturday, until further notice. J. P. PEABODY.

OMNIBUS NOTICE.

On and after this date, the 7 1-2 A. M. coach for Salem, and the 8 1-2 P. M. coach from Salem, will be discontinued. Persons wishing to be called for, are requested to leave their orders at least half an hour before the time of leaving. H. M. MERRILL, Proprietor. South Danvers, Jan. 23, 1862.

LOST! On the night of December 31st, 1861, in the vicinity of the Methodist Church, a FUR VIOLETORINE. If the finder will leave the same at the shoe store of Mr. Wm. J. Walton they will greatly oblige. M. N. STARK. South Danvers, Jan. 15, 1862.

Marriages.

In Salem, Jan. 21, by Rev Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Samuel H. Buxton to Miss Angeline Larrabee, both of South Danvers.
In Salem, Jan. 20, by Rev Mr. Wilcox, Mr. John C. Samuel to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Genl Joseph Anderson, all of this city.
In Newburyport, Dec. 31, by Rev Mr. Hamblet to Miss Mary L. N. daughter of Capt Nicholas Pierce, in Swampscott, Jan. 23, Mr. Augustus A. Blaney of S. (a member of the Union Guard of Lynn, 23rd Mass.-chaser), to Miss Sarah E. Cummings, of Groveland.
In Beverly, Jan. 16, Mr. Samuel H. Buxton, to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Genl Joseph Anderson, all of this city.
In West Newbury, Jan. 23, Robert Brown, 61 years, 4 mos. "Friend Brown" belonged to the sixth regiment of the same regiment, and lived to see the old flag.

Deaths.

In Danvers, Jan. 24, Mrs. Joanna, wife of Mr. James Troy, 36 years.
In Salem, Jan. 20, Mary Ann, daughter of John and Joanna (Tedes), 10 mos.; Adolphus Feinert, 19 years; 21-1, Mr. Rufus D. Fugere, 20 yrs; Mrs. Mary Cross, 78; 22d, Mrs. Harriet A. wife of Mr. John A. Buxton, 20 yrs; 23d, Mr. D. Beckford Morgan, 68 yrs; 24th, Elizabeth, daughter of John and Mary Murphy, 14 yrs.
In Beverly, George Nathaniel, son of Nathaniel A. and Harriet M. Horton, 4 yrs 1 mon and 4 days.
In West Newbury, Jan. 23, Robert Brown, 61 years, 4 mos. "Friend Brown" belonged to the sixth regiment of the same regiment, and lived to see the old flag.

JOHN TYLER—Ex-President of the United States—died at Richmond on Friday night, after a brief illness. No flags at half-mast here.

January 1, 1862.
All bills due the Subscriber are now read for settlement.
On and after date, my terms are POSITIVE CASH on delivery.

GEORGE P. DANIELS.
South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

Young Men's Union Lectures.
The Government of the Young Men's Union, desiring to accommodate as far as possible the numerous applicants for tickets, will sell at the door on the evening of each lecture, a limited number of tickets at twenty-five cents each, entitling the purchaser to a seat in the rear of the platform, where chairs will be provided.

Per order, CHAS. S. OSGOOD, Rec. Sec.
Salem, Dec 4

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen how
Take HERICK'S PILLS

Should friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never be adverse;
There is a cure for such—
Take HERICK'S PILLS.

Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure balm of little cost—
HERICK'S PILLS.

Should sudden illness visit thy guest,
Should cruel landlords turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shoot,
Take HERICK'S PILLS.

These remarkable Pills started whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infirmity, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sold in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 34 page.

Advertisements.
To the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court now sitting in Salem within and for the County of Essex.

The petition of Jonathan King, of South Danvers, in said county of Essex, and Ezekiel Gile, of Norwich, in the state of Vermont, respectfully represents that said King and Gile are interested in and hold in common with certain other persons to your petitioners unknown, a certain parcel of land situated in South Danvers aforesaid, containing about seven and a quarter acres, bounded as follows: Northerly by Lowell street, easterly by Franklin street and land of George P. Tilton, southerly by land of Dustin's heirs, westerly by land of Emerson, and King. The share of said Jonathan King in said premises is one sixth of the same, and the share of said Ezekiel Gile in said premises is one-ninth and one-sixth of another ninth of the same, they being seized in fee of their respective shares.

And the said petitioners are desirous that their said shares be held separate and divided from the shares of the other owners.

Wherefore your petitioners pray, that partition thereof be made and their aforesaid shares be set off and divided from the shares of the other owners by metes and bounds.

Dated at South Danvers this twenty-sixth day of December, A. D. 1861.

JONATHAN KING,
EZEKIEL GILE,
BENJ. C. PERKINS.

By their attorney,
Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ESSEX ss. At the Superior Court begun and held at South Danvers within and for the county of Essex, on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1861. Upon the foregoing petition, ordered, that the said petitioners give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of their said petition, and of this order of court thereon, to be published in the South Danvers Herald for thirty days at least before the next term of this court, to be held at Lawrence within and for the county of Essex, on the first Monday of March next, that they may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

A. HUNTINGTON, Clerk.
The foregoing is a true copy of said petition and of the order of court thereon.
A. HUNTINGTON, Clerk.
South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
In Insolvency before Hon. Geo. F. Choate, Judge of Probate and Insolvency in and for said county. The subscriber has been duly appointed assignee of the estate of JOHN V. STEVENS, of South Danvers, tanner, an insolvent debtor.

The second meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Salem, in said county of Essex, on the twenty-fourth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may prove their claims.

JOHN V. STEVENS, Assignee.
South Danvers, Jan. 22—2w

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.
THE Independent New York Observer and Evangelist, published weekly, by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH, 100 Essex Street, Salem.

THOMAS DAVIS,
ADVERTISING AGENT.
For the principal New England Newspapers, remains at the old stand, No. 23 Cornhill, Boston, where you will find him still loyal to the Constitution, the Laws, and the rights of the Union.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.
CROCKERY, China, and Glass Ware, Wooden Ware, Hard Ware, Plated and Britannia Ware of the best quality, and every description of House-keeping articles, offered for sale at
JAN 29 S C & E SIMON'S, 32 Front St., Salem.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
WILLIAM J. WALTON,
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,
HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at as satisfactory prices.

Repairing expertness and neatly done.
WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main St.
South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

J. J. HEYLINGBERG,
Fashionable Hair-Dresser,
No. 24 Main street.

Constantly on hand a good supply of Razors, 6 Rops, Hair Brushes and Combs, Marrows, Perfumery, Hair Dye, &c.

HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED.
Particular attention paid to cutting Children's Hair.
January 1, 1862.

GEO. E. MEACOM,
Dealer in
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,
126 MAIN ST. 126
Nearly opp Danvers Bank, . . . South Danvers
January 1, 1862.

Herick's Kid Strengthening Plasters
Cures, in five hours, pains and weakness of the breast, side and back, and rheumatic complaints in an equal short period of time. Spread on beautiful white kid skin, these are subject to the wear to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 125 cents.

Herick's Sugar Coated Pills and Kid Plasters are sold by Druggists and Dealers in all parts of the United States, Canada, and South America, and may be obtained by calling for them by their full name.
DR. L. R. HERICK, N. Y.

Sold in South Danvers, by T. C. SWETTES, 212 Essex St., and D. P. HARRISON, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 163

who may wish to avail themselves of this
city are invited to call.
ANN R. BRAY, No 76 Federal st.

casion of the memorable overwhelming of Pompeii, this small vaulted niche afforded momentary shelter to the brave soldier who was stationed at the adjoining so-called Herculean gate. The distance between the gate and the little building is not five paces. When the hot pumice began to fall, the soldier doubtless stepped into the niche. Thousands fled by him, and he too might have mingled, unnoticed, with the crowd, but no order came from a superior officer to relieve him from his duty. And then he went to his fate. Faithful to his trust he stood as guard to the gate, and when the gathered night of ages began for Pompeii, there he still remained until the excavations showed the skeleton of the Roman soldier fully equipped, with his helmet on his head, and his hand still grasping his lance. His helmeted skull is to-day a more affecting monument than any of those marble structures which excite the traveler's attention in the silent street of the tombs. Whatever failings the Romans may have had, dereliction of military duty was not one; and the Christian and patriot of the nineteenth century cannot help confessing that the sight of the heathen sentinel of Pompeii arouses within him emotions of the moral sublime.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1862.

AGENCY OF THE WIZARD.—MR. PORTER G. MARSHALL, of the Salem and Danvers Express is the sole Agent of the Wizard, and the receipt of no other person, out of the office, will be valid.

Choeering.

All the later accounts from the fields of operations show favorably for the Federal cause, and disastrously for the rebels. Three victories in succession on the northern line and Sherman and Burnside cutting off the southern communications and threatening Savannah, Charleston and even Richmond; all this must be discouraging to the rebels. There comes upon them the loss of their fond hopes of foreign intervention. We agree with the Newburyport Herald when it says:

"The War News from all quarters is of the most encouraging character. The army is everywhere active and full of spirit; the rebels everywhere show signs of weakness; and though they are strong and will fight hard, and we may not hope for their immediate subjugation, there is a constant gathering upon them that will at last reach the spot for a final and fatal blow. The victory at Somerset is complete; the Zolliecoffer force is totally disorganized and dispersed. The next blow will be on Bowling Green, and that shortly; and in two weeks or so we may expect to hear of the attack on the river batteries, and the entire clearing out of the rebels from Kentucky.

No new movements appear in Virginia, nor are any necessary. The way is open from Somerset to East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, where the President wants a railroad built, which he can commence now as soon as Congress and the Kentucky legislature will vote it. That success followed up will cut off the railway connection between the Southwest and Richmond. Then Gen. Burnside has landed on the Eastern coast of North Carolina, to attack Newbern, from which the women and children are fleeing to day, and the men will be running to-morrow. Here we anticipate aid from the Union men, which, if it appears, will render a march of fifty miles to Greenborough easy, and gain command of the Wilmington railroad; and then fifty miles further will carry him to Raleigh, where the last railroad link between Virginia and the South can be secured.

If these movements are successful, the rebellion will at once be swept down to South Carolina and the Gulf States, and those are to be stormed from the sea coast. An advance has already been made from Port Royal towards Savannah, where bloodshed is expected early, and the success of the federal arms in the North will open the way from Ship Island to New Orleans. If the forces are moved slowly and carefully, risking nothing, but making success sure by overwhelming strength, the main part of the fighting may be over in the next six months. But we must take the liability of defeat, and if they occur they will lengthen the struggle. To-day, most certainly, everything promises not only eventual success, but speedy victories.

Physical Training.

We learn that it is in contemplation to have a bowling alley in this neighborhood. If sufficient interest is manifested in the project—This is a good kind of exercise, and it has lost the stigma which once belonged to it on account of its perversion by disreputable persons. Now it is considered a good and appropriate exercise for the clergy of all sects, and it is said to give life and energy to their public exercises.

Dr. Lewis and Dr. Winslow have shown, by their writings and example, how much of health, strength and vigor may be secured by proper exercise. There have been many converts of late to the doctrines of muscular Christianity, but we are inclined to follow its gospel according to St. Lewis rather than according to St. Winslow. Both approve of the bowling alley.

A CHANCE FOR CLOTHING.—Look at the advertisement of Mr. R. D. Symonds before you buy clothing and see the opportunity for saving your money. These bargains are only to be had now, just to clear out the stock, as in a regular course of business it would be impossible to sell so low. Mr. Symonds has but just begun to sell out, and we hear of great bargains being made there by purchasers. Compare his regular prices with what he now sells for, and see the saving made.

It will be seen that Mr. Symonds offers to make a discount to all who pay the bills he now holds against them, of 10 per cent. We wish we owed him a bill.

A correspondent introduces a piece of poetry to us with these words:—"The following lines were written more than fifty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his own amusement."

British Maliginity.

We have no desire to have any but the most friendly relations exist between our country and the British islands. We think these relations should be cultivated on account of our common origin and language and the fraternity of free institutions. We have always lamented the course adopted by a portion of the American press, in fomenting divisions and jealousies between the two countries. Bad and reckless as those have been, they do not approach in malignity and abuse, some of the late utterances of the trans-Atlantic press. We have a notable specimen of this in the January number of Blackwood's Magazine, a publication well known for its high Tory proclivities. The paper is entitled "Convulsions of America." It is written with much ability but with a fiendish hatred of our country and its institutions, which it does not attempt to conceal. It is classical in language but ferocious and vindictive in its spirit. The language, after all, is only a refined killing-gate; its tone is purposely aggravating and insulting. It seeks to stir up the British mind to enmity to this country, and is jubilant at the prospect it thinks it sees, of its dismemberment. Its venom oozes out in its declared sympathy for the rebels, its vituperation of our public men, its comparison of Commodore Wilkes to Capt. Kidd, (with its preference for the latter), and its general complimentary epithet of "savages" applied to our people. It however withdraws the compliment, by saying that the comparison is a disgrace to the savages of Central Africa!

The reader may gather something of the spirit of this contribution to one of the principal literary periodicals of Great Britain, by the above remarks which are truthfully stated, but it requires a reading to get the tone of arrogance and hate that pervades it. Its atrocious unfairness and malevolence break out in its remarks on the affair of the Trent, the operations of the Stone fleet and its compliments of Jeff Davis and the people of the South.

It may be said that the publication in which this tirade of abuse appears, does not reflect the opinions of the British people. We are happy in the assurance that it does not. Yet it expresses the views of the aristocratic portion of that country, of the party which has often been in power and which has managed the foreign policy of the government. Lord Derby may yet come into power, and if he should, we have an inkling of what his course would be. Our object in making these remarks, was to show that the press of this country, as bad as it is, cannot come up (or rather, go down) to the British standard of deep rooted enmity. We hope it will not deem this article in Blackwood "worthy of imitation" in any sense. Such bitterness of invective often defeats its own vile ends by the disgust it creates. We therefore trust that the article referred to will fall harmless upon the British public now that one source of trouble is removed.

A Strong Government.

Whatever may be the final result of the struggle in which the country is now engaged, it is certain that in order to a continued existence of the Republic, entire or mutilated, it must be strong at its center. We must think more of the Federal and less of State sovereignty. Let the latter attend only to its local objects and surrender all matters of national interest to the central government. Make it strong. It will be watched with enough of jealousy by a free people to prevent its deterioration to monarchy or despotism. The problem now in the course of working out, is watched with the most intense interest by the nations of the earth. Republicanism has but little of their sympathy, and it must stand alone and by its own strength. Its strength is really in the virtue and information of the masses.—They will soon have the wisdom to see that it is essential to the preservation of their political institutions to concede to the government more of their rights, reserving at the same time more of liberty than is enjoyed by any other people on the face of the earth.

If we had possessed a strong government, this rebellion never could have lived a month under the blows which would have been inflicted upon it from its powerful hand. The great political study will now be, to find out how much power can be granted to the government, consistently with the liberties of the people.

Visit to the Navy Yard.

Great activity prevails at the Navy Yard in Charleston, as we had occasion to see on a visit there on Monday last. Every where about that extensive yard was heard the sounds of busy labor and words of command. Strapped, shell and solid shot and kegs of cartridges were in constant transmission to the ships in waiting. There loomed up the tall masts of the Vermont, showing her single row of teeth, and here by the wharf lay the black hull of the noted San Jacinto. The gun boat, Iro, lay in the stream, already for sailing, and in the Dry Dock was a steamer, surrounded by a busy swarm of men, nailing on copper sheathing with a stinging clatter of hammers. The fleet of naval vessels now at the yard is larger than ever before, namely:—Twelve steam gunboats, one sloop-of-war, one ship-of-the-line, one steam corvette, and one side-wheel gunboat (light draught). Two steam gunboats and one side-wheel steamer are now on the stocks, and will be ready to launch by the first of March. Two merchant ships chartered for special service are also at the yard.

We happened to meet our friend, Captain Cassady of the Iro, who was superintending the shipment of his ammunition, and he very politely called for his cutter and accompanied us to his ship. He says she is a good craft, but does not sail like his favorite "Flying Cloud." She is armed with a pivot rifle gun, six 32 pounders, and two 42 pounders.

OSIAN E. DODGE.—This mirth-provoking and eccentric vocalist, so well and favorably known, not only in this vicinity but throughout the country, after a residence of eight years in the "Great West," returns to the field of his former triumphs, to win new laurels and fresh triumphs. Mr. Dodge will give one of his laughable, instructive and interesting entertainments at the Town Hall, South Danvers, on Thursday evening, Feb. 6th, on which occasion he will be assisted by the celebrated balladist, William Hayward, pronounced by the press and public, wherever he has sung, to be the best ballad singer in America. A full house awaits Mr. Dodge, and those who wish a good seat should go early.

Mr. Dodge will sing in Danvers on Friday evening, Feb. 7.

"Don't cry little boy. Did he hit you on purpose?" "No sir; he hit me on the head."

Visiting Schools.

We are afraid, from the observations we are enabled to make, that there is a falling off of visits of parents to our common schools. No exertion of teachers, no faithfulness on the part of Committees, can compensate for this neglect of parents. Teachers will tell you, with glowing countenance and earnest language, that the short but frequent calls of the parents give interest to the recitations and stimulate the pupils to new exertion. We find some good remarks on this subject in the Andover Advertiser, which we gladly adopt:

"Parents do not always manifest that wisdom and consistency of practice in regard to the best interests of their children, which is seen to characterize them in the management of their secular affairs. No agriculturalist would think of hiring a laborer to take the charge and management of his lands, or his herds and flocks upon his farm, without occasionally visiting the scene of his operations, and know something as to the faithfulness and skill of his workmen. But are there not as great and vastly more important interests at stake in the work with which the teacher of our youth is intrusted, in training and moulding the pliant mind? If parents rightly view the importance of these interests, it would bring them occasionally into the presence of the school, that they might obtain some personal knowledge of its practical workings.—Where parents frequently visit the school-room, though only for a brief half hour, it not only impresses the scholar with a higher sense of the importance of the school, encourages the teacher, and stimulates the scholar, but affords to the parent more reliable information as to its actual condition, than can be obtained through reports of scholars.

In this connection we would say, that notwithstanding citizens give their influence to sustain the order and wholesome regulations of our schools, yet, in some instances, there could be more combination of effort to discourage those who know of wrong in the school, whether around or within the school-room, and disprove the course of those who would play the truant, they would essentially aid the success of their schools. When scholars shall find on one outside of the school-room to sympathize with them in acts of misbehavior, and all parents shall hold their children accountable for their conduct while at school, many sources of existing evil will be removed, and scholars' complaints about teachers will be less frequent, and the teachers' labors far less difficult of performance.

Bully for our South Danvers Boys.

The following extract from a letter by Capt. Austin, shows the enduring bravery of one of our young men which is highly honorable to him and his town. Mr. Bly has, for a young man, been abroad and seen much of the world, and improved himself in the hardships and dangers of the seaman's vocation. His is the kind of pluck we want in our country's defenders.

"Just as we were ready to start from Fortress Monroe for home, the captain of the canal boat which we had in tow, refused to go to sea in her, outside of the Cape, and consequently was put in irons. Col. Stevenson then applied to me for three men to volunteer to go on board of her to steer her; so I called up three, all sailors, and asked them that they were not obliged to go, as I would not ask any man to go in such a dangerous place. They assented and went on board. The first night the weather was bad enough, the canal boat pitching about awfully, and the fog so thick as almost to prevent them from seeing our lights, and only held by a small flag; for if they had gone ashore we could not have got them again. Yesterday morning we asked them if they were willing still to stay on board any longer, as the captain of the steamer thought of cutting them out from under the boat. They said they would risk another three men; still they said yes. Things continued about the same until last night, when we got almost to Hatteras, when we came to an anchor, and the 'dunkie,' as we called her, was pitching and rolling tremendously. Captain Vail then rigged a purchase on her hawser and drew her up to the steamer's stern as near as practicable, threw them a small line and told them one by one to tie around the hawser, and if they could not come on board by the hawser, hand over hand, to jump overboard, and we would pull them up. My three men came in, hand over hand, while the other poor devil that belonged aboard of her tried it but dropped overboard, and we pulled him up from seeing our lights, and at 3 o'clock we got ready to start, and the captain of our steamer was not going to tow the dunkie any longer, but leave her there anchored until smoother weather, but my men said they would risk it again; according to their lights, and only four men at our helm; they said they would not come yet, for when we got to Hatteras Shoals you can't imagine what a sea was rolling there. They were all covered with white breakers, and the sea was so high that they could not see their heads; they were all holding on by their hair, and the water was holding on boys for fear of being knocked down. But the poor fellows behind us! sometimes they could not see them; at other times it seemed as though the dunkie would roll over and over, and they would stand up straight and picked over; at other times they would bury into the sea all under, and we would hold our breath until we saw her come up again. Still her low-linehatched fast, not I believe by its strength, but the kind and ever helping hand of God. At last we got through the breakers safe; every one was all right and relief and felt thankful not only for ourselves but for those three brave souls on the deck. We made up a purse immediately of \$21 for them, and they came ashore and to see us. Luckily for them, Gen. Burnside has just been on board and to-morrow he is going to make them a present of \$50 apiece—\$25 for him and then two; it is no more than a just reward for merit. I feel quite proud myself for they belong to Co. B. Their names are Daniel M. Bly of South Danvers, and John S. Oldham and David A. Perry of Wareham, Cape Cod, and they deserve a notice of it from the press."

SOUTHERN SHIP PLASTER.—The New Orleans Delta jokes pleasantly of the hard times, and seems disposed to put the best face on bad matters. In a late number, it says: "The old table of school days—'ten miles make one cent, ten cents one dime, ten dimes one dollar'—is played out. A dime or a dollar in hard splendor, is a sight good for diseased optics, and five minutes' survey of ten dollars in specie would cure the most hopeless case of Asiatic cholera. But we have a new table of currency, and it is published here free of charge, for the benefit of those who choose to cut it out and post it up for reference:—

10 omnibus tickets make half a dollar.
6 beer tickets make a drink if invested in lager.
10 Kro's beer tickets make one city ship plaster.
1 handful of (ship)plaster with the pictures worn off make a map case.
40 beer tickets, 10 omnibus tickets, 1 handful of shipplasters, and many half dollar will make an honest man steal. If they don't we would like to know what will.

MILITARY.—At a meeting of the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry, Capt. E. H. Staten, held in their Armory, on Monday evening last, it was voted to parade on the afternoon of Feb. 22, in their army overcoats.

Married life often begins with rosewood and ends with pine. Think of that my dears, before you furniture your parlors.

In a committee of ladies, whatever is voted, is, no doubt, always carried by a handsome majority.

The Franking Privilege.

The following remarks of the Newburyport Herald on the use and abuse of the Franking privilege, we cheerfully adopt as our own.—The fact is, the great metropolitan papers have too much influence in making and unmaking the Franking laws. The N. Y. Tribune is especially officious and impudent in this matter.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE has been abolished so far as the passage of the bill in the House is concerned; and for their vote the Representatives deserve the thanks of the country. Now, we are told, it will be amended in the Senate, so as to retain the privilege to the National Departments. This disagreement may lose the bill altogether, and is wholly unfeeling for it would be just as well in the appropriations to pay postage on official correspondence, and then each department would show what it needed, and what it expended. There is no reason why the Post Office Department should carry letters for Congress and the State Department; and none in the world why each individual in the country, high or low, should not pay his own postage. In England the Queen has to pay her letters, as much as a fellow-sinner in Billingsgate; and that is right.

We have no personal interest in the abolition of the frank, for it is most liberal to the press. First, all papers have exchange papers and magazines free; next, bills and receipts in publication, are free; and, third, weekly papers may be sent within the country where they are published, free; and all of this falls in the bill that has passed the House; but it is right. Publishing is a business designed to profit those who invest time and money in it. There is no more reason why editors may exchange their papers free of postage, than clergyman should their sermons; that publishers should frank bills and receipts more than dry goods dealers; that weekly papers should go free, more than putative Leteverly business papers; that support itself or die. When it cannot pay, it is evident that the public good is not promoted by it, in the estimation of the people. For our own part we neither wish to belong to a privileged class or have other people belong to one that we do not. Let all people and all business stand upon the same level before the government and under the laws, and let the burden of supporting the government morally, physically and financially rest equally upon all as is possible.

With the abolition of the franking privilege comes another bill, which ought to pass, but which probably will not, for want of moral courage on the part of the members of Congress to withhold the opinion of publishers; we refer to Mr. Colfax's bill prohibiting the carriage of publications outside of the mails.

THE Mill Spring battle continues to excite comments in the Southern papers. Some of them are following the example we set them after the Bull Run affair, and attribute their defeat to a wise and merciful dispensation of Providence for their good, though how it is so to result is not apparent. We hope that Divine Providence will continue to favor them in the same way. Others take a more worldly view, and say the fight was made on false intelligence, by one Johnson, whom they denounce as a traitor, and by whom they were led into battle against a force ten times stronger than they expected to meet.

Their whole force has fallen back to Paris and Knoxville, with Gen. Carroll in command. Crittenden, with his staff, had escaped, and was with him. The munitions of war were being forwarded that they might make a stand against our troops, who were following up, with a fair chance of penetrating Tennessee. There is great alarm among the people of that whole region.

APPOINTMENTS.—Joseph Davis Wood, of Salem, has been appointed Master's Mate in the United States Navy, and ordered to the receiving ship Ohio. Young Wood, the Newburyport Herald says, is a son of Dan Wood, Esq., of Salem, was educated at Dummer Academy, and has been considerable sea service. The government is fortunate in securing the services of such young men.

George P. Farrington, Jr., of Salem, has been appointed Surgeon's Steward, and J. Frank Dalton, Yarmouth, in the U. S. Navy, and ordered to report on board new gunboat Kataldin, at Charleston.

Capt. Joseph Moseley, of Salem, netting master has been ordered to new gunboat Kineo.

SOUTH READING BRANCH RAILROAD.—By the annual report of the Eastern Railroad, it appears that this Branch Railroad had an income of \$10,458.85 for the six months ending Nov. 30, the expenses in the same period being \$8,801.83. This shows the earnings of the road in that period of \$1,657.02. Although the result is doubtless partly owing to the travel to and from Camp Schenler, it indicates that if the road was in the hands of a Corporation independent of the Eastern Railroad, it would be excellent productive property, and pay good dividends.

FIRST PARTY OF THE SEASON.—Here it is in the first week of February, and the first party of the season is yet to be held. It comes off on Friday evening next at Sutton Hall. The music is to be by Hyman, Tiney and Paterson's full Quadrille Band, and tickets but 50 cents, admitting a gentleman and ladies.

The following are of the Committee of Arrangements: Messrs. John Dane, Chas. Roome, Thos. Hansen, Wm. Trask, C. P. Pierce, S. Reed and William Denney.

NON-RESISTANCE.—In the year 1856, a business man of this city failed in his company with his creditors by paying them fifty cents on a dollar, receiving a full and free discharge. Since then he has prospered, and is now engaged in paying the remaining fifty cents, to the utmost farthing, with interest from the time of his discharge. This unselfish and unexpected payment bespeaks an honest and honorable debtor, and is worth mentioning as a notable example in these hard times.—Salem Register.

THE London Times, speaking of Mason and Sidel, says England did no more for them than she would for two negroes under similar circumstances, and hopes they will receive no favors from the English people. It is estimated that the release of these commissionaires has already cost John Bull some ten millions of dollars.

THE South Danvers Wizard is informed that the "first and last verses" which he writes to the Budget, does not belong to us. We're honest, you see, and don't like to take any other publisher's thunder.—Woburn Budget.

Upon reading the lines a second time, we do not wonder that the Budget repudiates such "rhunder." We give it credit for honesty nevertheless.

MILITARY.—At a meeting of the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry, Capt. E. H. Staten, held in their Armory, on Monday evening last, it was voted to parade on the afternoon of Feb. 22, in their army overcoats.

Married life often begins with rosewood and ends with pine. Think of that my dears, before you furniture your parlors.

In a committee of ladies, whatever is voted, is, no doubt, always carried by a handsome majority.

School Teaching in the West.

We have been allowed to print the following extracts from a letter of one of our townsmen, now at Illinois, which gives his experience of a few days in teaching, and also describes the condition of education in the sparse settlements of the new States:—

"I went to the Director, or Committee-man, and introduced myself as the person engaged to teach the school, and requested information about a boarding place. After resting myself, and having some talk in relation to the school, I started to find a boarding place. I went to several places, but found none who would board me. After walking about five miles, I inquired at a house which I determined should be the last, or the last but one, and made out to receive a better answer. I was told I could stay a few days. I then rode to town with the Director. You may believe that I was homesick that afternoon, when I looked into the school-room, for it was in a very bad condition.

I went to the school-house early Monday morning, and after chopping some wood, built a good fire and swept the room, which made the house look more cheerful. At nine o'clock I had three scholars, and during the day twelve. I have now a list of twenty-six scholars, twenty-one of whom were present one day. Some have not learned the alphabet at the age of nine, and some at sixteen cannot read an ordinary piece of prose. The best class in arithmetic don't know how to write numbers as high as a million, and none in school can add correctly. Is not this encouraging? Certainly, I am encouraged now when I find they know their alphabet. But I expect some better scholars as soon as corn-picking is over, perhaps next week.

The school-house is small, but has a good stove, and plenty of air holes in it, and the heat from the stove does its best to reach the ends and corners of the house, but has hard work. The seats are all common benches except two, which are uncommon ones, having backs to them, and they reach nearly the length of the room, so that the scholars on either side of the house face each other. On each side is a desk running the whole length of the room, for the scholars to write upon, and the teacher's desk looks more like a pulpit than anything else, being very high, and the front part containing a chest for books, &c., with a high bench back of it for the use of the teacher. School keeps five days in the week, so you see I have tried it one week, and to-day have a day of rest.

I am boarding about five miles from town when the roads are good, and six and a half when they are bad."

Resignation.

We regret to hear that Rev. A. W. Chaffin, of the Baptist Church in Danversport, tendered his resignation as pastor of that people, on Sunday last, the same to take effect on the first of May next. This announcement was received with much surprise and regret by his people, who have had the intelligence to appreciate the ability, earnestness and devotion to their best interests which has characterized their pastor. It is not often that a people can be blessed with so much of kind, constant and constant good feeling has been maintained through a term of twelve years, as has existed in the parish of Danversport towards their minister. Knowing, as we have had an opportunity of doing, by a pleasant acquaintance of several years, something of his genial nature, the strength of his social attachments, and his deep interest in his people, we believe the separation must be as painful to him as it appears to be to his people. As the separation must be made, it will be a source of great gratification hereafter to reflect that they have so long walked together in the pleasant paths of mutual aid and good will. It will be fortunate for both, if in the future they can establish connections as pleasant as those which have existed in the past.

Tax upon Information.

There is a project mooted in Congress to lay a stamp duty on newspapers. This is but a dodge to take the place of the abolition of the franking privilege. Let our Representatives look to this. The great city papers are interested in breaking down the country press, and they would retain the franking privilege and tax the papers so as to enjoy a monopoly. It is an outrageous, unjust and iniquitous measure. If adopted, it will prove a death blow to newspaper enterprise in this country, and deprive the people of the advantage of a cheap and free press. It will fetter and crush out every newspaper not owned by heavy capitalists, subject the press to the dictation of power, and will tend to the building up of a monopoly in the newspaper business, dangerous alike to the liberties and interests of the people.

The project is one which should secure the united opposition of the press of this country; and with timely and proper efforts, on the part of all interested, the evil may be avoided.

FAMILY DYE COLORS.—The ladies now may dye their own goods at home by the use of Pat Dye Colors which can be obtained of Mr. Geo. B. Mencon, who has the agency for this town. These dyes are put up in neat packages, and you can have them for 25 cents each, and color more goods than would cost, otherwise four times the sum. Try these colors and save your Dye-house bills.

GOOD BUTTER.—We refer our readers to the Advertisement of Mr. P. D. Perkins, who keeps good, sweet butter and all the good things of the dairy; also, Eggs, Beans, Potatoes and other produce.

Mr. Perkins sells his goods at the lowest going prices and is careful of their quality.

HARPER FOR FEBRUARY.—We have received from Wilkinson, Harper for February. This number contains the continuation of an illustrated description of the making of coin in the U. S. Mint, and is otherwise attractive. To be had of Wilkinson.

THE mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing; if packed with things that had better been left out, it is worse than when empty.

HEAVY GIRLS.—There is a gentleman in Newburyport, who has three daughters of the ages of 14, 17 and 20, whose aggregate weight is 630 pounds.

The strike at the Philadelphia Navy Yard has ended and the men gone to work again.—The loss was all on the side of the "strikers," as usual.

S. M. Hewlett.

Peabody Institute was crowded on Monday evening last, on account of the announcement that there was to be another lecture on Temperance, by the above-named distinguished lecturer—"seats free." Long before the time for the lecture to commence, the gallery was crowded by a small army of young lads, and we regret to say it, lasses, who seemed to take great pride in making demonstrations of which well behaved children would feel ashamed.—Aside from the unnecessary noise and confusion in general, the attempt to "cough down" our public speakers has been carried quite far enough, and we trust that hereafter some more effective means will be devised by which good order may be maintained.

After an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Barber, Mr. Hewlett proceeded to deliver his lecture; and although he was nearly three hours in its delivery, there seemed to be no disposition on the part of the audience to have him bring it to a close. We wish it were possible to give a sketch of his remarks; but we feel that we could not do him justice. Like his emancipator, Gough, he must be heard to be appreciated. Suffice it to say, he was decidedly original, not only as regards his remarks, but in his delineations, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter most of the evening.

We feel compelled to say another word in rebuke of the indecorous conduct above referred to, as its tendency, if unrestrained, will be to spread and manifest itself in the regular lectures of the Lyceum. This should be guarded against, if we would have the exercises at that hall such as its founder desired and expected. It would have undoubtedly been better for all concerned, had the same rules been applied in relation to children as at our Lyceum lectures.

Rules for Skating.

As it is the season for this delightful exercise, a few plain rules for beginners, whether male or female, may not be inappropriate at the present time:—

1. Get your skates.
2. In putting them on, be sure and pay the small boy who bores a hole in the heel of your boot, a half dime or a toy.
3. Having put on your skates, pull on to a friend while you try to rise, and hold him down as the skates run away with your limbs.
4. Pick yourself up again. Get into an upright position as soon as you can, and then slide away with your skates, unless you intend they shall slide away with you.
5. If likely to fall, don't fall backward, as it gives a ringing sensation in the head, nor forward, as the ice may strike your nose, but go down in a lump.
6. In selecting a place to fall, choose one in front of other fast skaters, and then you will have a larger heap.
7. Never select a place to fall on thin ice, as it is inconvenient to swim with skates on.
8. In falling, if a lady, utter a shrill scream, and the gentleman beside you will attempt to save you. Your feet will knock his from under him, and as he is between you and the ice, it will break the force of the fall materially.
9. If the skates of the new beginner take a notion, as they sometimes will, to run away from each other, it is best to sit down as gracefully as you can.

The Length of the War.

Whatever we may think, it is evident that the English look upon the war as a long one; at least that it will not be terminated this year. The prediction at the end of the following lines, which we copy from an English paper, may be verified, but we hope not:

The Times will eat its share of dirt,
And varying nonsense utter;
Pierce Garibaldi, red of shirt,
Perhaps may cause a flutter;
And war will rage twice North and South,
Across the wide Atlantic,
Till hotter grows the cannon's mouth,
And stameter grow more frantic.
King Cotton will make his subjects quake,
And we fear, whatever men do,
That the quarrel begun in '61
Will not end in '62.

COFFEE.—This common article of use in domestic economy is rising in price on account of the higher duties imposed by Congress. We advise all who can afford it to continue its use, and aid in supporting the government; but to those who cannot afford the luxury, there are many substitutes. Rye, wheat, peas, and even crusts of brown bread, make an excellent substitute for coffee, and physicians tell us they are more harmless to health than coffee from the real berry. There is an article in the shops, done up in pound papers, which can be bought for 12 cents, which well takes the place of coffee. The storekeepers pretend that there is some coffee in it, but we don't believe it. It is not reasonable to suppose that the manufacturers would adulterate the article they make with real coffee. It is only a pretence just to raise the price. Tell them there is no duty yet laid upon rye or peas.

TOWN MEETING.—It will be seen by the Warrants posted at the usual places, that a Town Meeting is called to meet at the Town Hall on Monday evening next at 7 o'clock.—Its object is to provide further means for paying the bounty to the families of Volunteers. It is now pretty well understood that whatever is paid from the town treasury under the law, is reimbursed from the State.

Let there be a full attendance. All who have friends in the service should be sure to be there as the town by-laws require 100 to be present and vote for the measure. TOWN OUT, one and all!

RELICS OF THE WAR.—We have in our possession a twelve-pounder shell designed for a Parrott gun. It was brought from Hall's line in Virginia, (which is the outside of our lines next the enemy,) by one of those of our friends who have recently returned from the seat of war.

This shell is, in its outward shape, like a Minnie bullet, but it diminishes in size at both ends. At the point of the shell which first comes from the gun, is an opening curiously contrived to explode a cap, which explodes the shell on the instant of its striking the object aimed at. The opposite end of the shell is covered by a paper mache covering which gives it steadiness as it passes out of the gun.

LECTURE BY MR. GOUGH.—We are glad to learn that the Christian Association realized a very handsome sum (not far from \$200) by the lecture of Mr. Gough.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[We have been permitted to copy the following extracts from a private letter received from a member of the Thirteenth Regiment. His views in relation to sutlers are endorsed by a large majority of his fellow soldiers.]

WILLIAMSPORT, Md., Jan. 29, 1862.

We have not had much snow out here yet. There was a very little fall last week, but it soon went off. There is no snow on the ground at the present time. It is very muddy now in camp.

The paymaster came into camp last night and is busily engaged paying the boys to-day. Some of them do not get much, as they have spent a great deal at the Sutler's. One fellow in Company A has spent \$27 since last payday! What do you think of that? There are two fellows in our company who have spent half their wages. I wish there had never been such a thing as a Sutler, for they are a curse to a regiment.

We are expecting to make a forward march before long, if the roads are hard enough to march on. They are so muddy now that it would be impossible to move the provision trains.

There have been six pieces of artillery here in camp with us, but two of them have gone to Hancock this morning.

Yours truly, Geo. P. Boyce.

George Peabody.

It will be seen by a paragraph in another part of the paper that Mr. Peabody contemplates giving a round sum of money for the permanent relief of the poor and destitute in habitants of London. Those who heard that late lecture of Mr. Gough in Salem, will be satisfied that London needs this

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1862

NO. 6.

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CHARLES D. HOWARD,
FITCH POOLE, Editor.
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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Square, 1 mo. 3 mo. 1 year
50c 1.50 3.50 12.00
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in sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the
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Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
1861, 1y

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
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Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
4-1y

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
1860, 1y

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
1860, 1y

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
1860, 1y

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
the formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
107 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
HENRY B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.
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Insurance effected in the following offices:
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JOSEPH & SIGN PAINTER,
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Original Poetry.

LINES

TO A FRIEND IN THE ARMY.

My heart is sad, dearest friend, as I gaze
On thy picture now, and think of past days,
When thy own loved form was hovering near,
And words of endearment fell on my ear.
Sweet days of the past! when will they return?
Ah! for thee, dear one, does my fond heart yearn.

Metethinks on thy brow are the lines of care,
And sad are thine eyes, which smiles used to wear.

Alas! my dear friend, thou art far away,
While I for thy welfare can only pray.
Oh! may He who doth note each sparrow's fall,
Preserve and protect thee from dangers all.

Faithful to thee is my warm, loving heart,
And ever will be till death do us part.
Whate'er our portion—come trial, come woe—
Unchanged towards each other our affections flow.

Though we're parted now, my thoughts are of thee;
My heart bids the warrior return to me.

But selfish desires I'll drive far away,—
Our Country's Call thou hast gone to obey;
Let me rather seek thy spirit to cheer,
Which often must droop with sad thoughts, I fear.

With longings for home, for the dear ones there,
We all think of thee—in thy longings share.

Still would I urge thee, be brave to the end
Of this glorious cause, our flag to defend!
Its bright Stars and Stripes are destined to wave,
Triumphantly o'er "the land of the brave!"

Firm mayst thy tread be on the battle-plain,
Even though around thee lie comrades slain.

May the Father of all thy life preserve,
And give thee arm strength the Country to serve.

Till our blessed land shall forever be free
From the servile yoke and from tyranny.
When oppression is ended, war shall cease,
Then our nation great shall rejoice in Peace.

Salem, February, 1862.

THE LADY TO HER LOVER.

As sinks the gorgeous sun to rest,
And gentle evening steals on fast,
As hushes the ocean's gentle breast,
In hope expiring, all forlorn,—
Gazing in silence on the scene,
As love upon the placid sea,
I fondly, gently, sink to rest,
And only wake to think of thee.

As high the surges on the shore,
Beat with puissance loud and free,
So does my heart, so fondly lost,
In ardency, beat high for thee.
Like, as the twinkling stars at eve,
That gaze with brilliancy on me,
So would I calmly mark thy love,
So would I fondly gaze on thee.

Gently I swoon beneath thy gaze,
And sweetly fall upon thy breast;
Faint comes the throb of my lost heart,
When thy fond lips to mine are pressed.
Through all life's ills, I cling to thee.
Nor would'st thou turn from me thy view,
Then press me to thy loving heart,
And tell me that thou lovest me too.

Bright is the lustre of thine eye,
That murmurs love in accents clear;
Soft is the music of thy voice,
That falls so sweet upon my ear.
In silent grief, with love combined,
Tossing in hope upon life's sea,
Forever blest, I fondly seek
A thine love, returned by thee.

GEORGIE.

[Written for the Wizard.]

THE FLOWER OF ESSEX.

March of the Mass. Eighth Regiment.

(CONTINUED.)

MARCH TO THE DEPOT.

If the good people of the city had any doubts of our starting for Baltimore, they were now certainly dispelled, as company after company marched into the streets and formed platoons. As the doomed men, (for so they considered us, as they had before told us,) moved forward, and the drums beat the march, from the windows once more the lovely faces greeted us: not with cheers, but more touchingly, gazing earnestly at our ranks, scanning each face, and detecting no sign of cowardly fear, no look disheartened. The tears sent the cambric to a different direction than the air. I am not, perhaps, a perfect judge of human nature, but I think that nothing excites a true woman's admiration more than manly courage. At least it was so here. "Good boys! That regiment will fight! I'll bet on you! Bully for Massachusetts! You are worthy of your State!" &c., were among the many expressions of the crowd.

NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Who has not heard of it? Neat, tasty, well-fitting grey jackets and pants, the uniforms trimmed with black—fine, noble looking men, with an off-hand, dashing, free-and-easy air—the regiment a thous-

and strong. They hailed us cordially.—They were splendidly equipped, with polished rifles, a full complement of cartridges, and more potent still, two howitzers to throw grape, cannister, and shrapnel. Our first question was, "Are you bound to Baltimore?" "We suppose so; we have received no orders, but no doubt we shall," was the reply.—"Good! let them bring on their famous 'Plugs.'"

STARTING FOR BALTIMORE.

We were now ordered to file into the cars. We obeyed with alacrity; but long and tediously the hours dragged their lagging length. It has been well said that the most trying and awful moments of a naval engagement are when the sawdust is sprinkled on the decks, to absorb the blood not yet proffered to Mars. Thus sat we, seeing the preparations for the passage to Baltimore. The fascines (bound with straw,) the pick-axes, shovels and crow-bars—thinking, with feelings better imagined than described, the use they were to be put to before night.

At last, with a mighty effort, the train,—amid shouts, cheers and handshakes,—slowly moved from the depot. We shall not soon forget one lady, whose tearful eyes attested her sincerity when she bade us farewell, saying: "God speed and save you, my dear Bay State men.—This is the first time in my life I ever regretted being a woman. If I were a man, how gladly would I share your peril in Baltimore." "Never mind," said the staunch Marbleheaders, "we will do your part." "Yes, I see by your faces you are worthy the dear old Bay State. God protect you." The tears streamed down her cheeks afresh, the train gained speed, and the last we saw of that true-souled Massachusetts patriot, she was alternately waving her handkerchief to us, and putting it to her eyes. How little did we dream that her prayer for our salvation would be soon harvested! "Man proposes but God disposes." The train moved on apace until we nearly reached Perryville.

THE REPORT.

As the train slowly moved to the Susquehanna river, a horseman dashed by the cars and shouted, "Three thousand rebels from Baltimore, with artillery, are awaiting you by the river!" The effect produced may be imagined, but cannot be described. Baltimore could not wait for us, then. But, trying as these hours of anxiety had been to citizen soldiers, only one man, a sergeant, thought of retreat. He leaped from the cars and fled. "Take him, alive or dead; bring him back," was the order. But he was not caught. Some said he was crazy—that his pluck was as good as that of any man in the regiment.

An officer came through the cars, and, in an abrupt and needlessly offensive manner, addressed us: "Company C, the Salem Zouaves and Capt. Briggs' company of Pittsfield will be your flanking companies. If the Salem company retreats, you will take no notice of them; but them fall back without molestation.—But if Capt. Briggs' company retreats, fire on them. If you retreat, the company behind you will receive orders to fire on you, and so on through the regiment!" This was the most unprovoked insult we had ever received. But I supposed he thought Massachusetts mechanics and working men were of his own stamp for courage and nerve. But it was never forgotten.

The train stopped. The setting sun shed a path of radiance over the hills as we filed from the cars and moved into platoons. We looked back for the trim grey uniforms of the New York Seventh Regiment. We were alone! Only 560 men to face 3000 traitors with artillery! We were without a field-piece, and with but from four to ten rounds of cartridge apiece, the enemy suddenly in front, the Seventh and the howitzers ruled out!

The men fell into line, and with a fervor I never before heard, drew their caps over their eyes, and earnestly exclaimed, "God have mercy on us." Our good captain drew his sword, newly sharpened the night before, (for we were the first and front company of the battalion, and if danger was to be met, we were sure to have the first dash at it,) casting his keen eye athwart the ranks, and firing with his own ardor the daring hearts of the old Rock Town, he shouted, "Men, remember old Marblehead! double-quick! march!" We dashed up the hill whose crest was, we supposed, to hurl grape and cannister on our devoted heads.—"Over the intervening ground we sped, the blue waters of the Chesapeake, sparkling in the setting sun, at its confluence

with the Susquehanna. We had never seen it before, with its magic beauty and picturesque banks. We glanced over the field of vision. A steamer lay at the river bank, which fell an easy prize, uncontested, to the Zouaves. But no foe polluted the loveliness of the landscape; and after the nerving up, we had a feeling strongly akin to disappointment.

We marched aboard the Maryland railroad ferry-boat, and settled in swarming groups, like bees, on its dirty, coal-dusty decks. The wheels revolved with alacrity, and the "Flower of Essex" floated on the Chesapeake. In the hazy distance, towards Baltimore, rose a rolling, indistinct vapor, dimly blending with the horizon line. It was the smoke of the burning bridges of Bush and Gunpowder river, burnt to prevent our passage.

DOWN THE CHESAPEAKE.

"We are past Baltimore," said a sailor comrade. "We are not bound there. I have entered this puddle often enough to know. We are bound down the Bay;" and in the darkness we sped, lying so thickly on the wet smutty decks that no one could step a foot without finding his foothold intruding on somebody's hand, arm, head or leg. Those who could not sleep, in the early morn saw sudden signals rising in air, in the shape of rushing rockets, and presently a sail boat came along side, at a safe distance, and we heard part of an earnest conversation. But it was not till morning that the slumbering hundreds on the Maryland were aware how near that slumber was to their last, and that the broadsides of double shotguns of a stout United States frigate would have roared the requiem of the sinking "Flower of Essex." Yet so it was. Expecting a descent of rebels from Baltimore, the vigilant captain had trimmed the guns to bear on us, and two minutes of further progress would have checked our career forever, and we, escaping the peril of mob and massacre, would have perished by the bolts of the very Union we had come to save. Verily, He who doeth all things well, saved the unconscious battalion in that hour of mighty peril.

THE CONSTITUTION.

We thronged to the decks above in motley groups of red, blue and grey-coated militia. The middies—fine, noble little nautical sprigs—came to the side and began to converse with us. While we were explaining positions, the captain of the old Ironsides and Gen. Butler were arranging matters for extricating the good craft from her bondage to Annapolis rebels. First went the sappers, who manned the capstans and began to lighten her of her ball-dogs. They were extracted like hauling very sound teeth, and six of them swung aboard the steamer.

Never shall we forget that Sunday's work—the more than willingness of the men, the circling lines of troops on gun and spar decks, grasping handspikes, with eager will and vigor—the gentlemanly officers, who gave no orders, but always prefaced with "If you please," or "If you are a mind to."

But the Eighth needed no martinet. At one time, just as the deep embedded anchor was started from its inertia, and the braided feet and straining muscles in vain struggled for further success, the skilful fides suddenly struck up Yankee Doodle. With a wild, eager cheer, the men sprang like grey-hounds, and leaping at the stanch bars, disabled a half dozen of them at a bound; but the anchor yielded, and shot up without a pause at the Yankee scum.

The little middies and the few tars aboard aided on other service more pertaining to their vocations; but what we could do, men never did more earnestly and well, setting along on the deck, as the anchor was drawn in, black, slimy and foul with muck. We hauled the massive hemp in, befouling the last necklace of the unlucky, neat fitting frock coats of Massachusetts.

The Ironsides now floated free. She was indeed herself again, and, best of all, the country that first built England's Terror, of which she was the duplicate, had the honor of freeing her from a more dishonorable fate than surrender—the accomplice of treason. It would be hard to aim a Yankee gun at Ironsides; and Essex Countymen saved to the navy its most glorious memento of the past.

(To be Continued.)

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—A shop-keeper, in recommending a piece of goods to a lady, remarked, "Madam, it will wear for ever, and make you a first-rate petticoat afterward."

A STORY.

We find the following in Harper's Weekly. The author remarks that it is derived from a credible source, and is well known at first hand to individuals still living.

Some few years ago a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady F—— to paint a portrait of her husband. It was settled that he should execute the commission at F—— Hall, in the country, because his engagements were too many to permit his entering upon a fresh work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employers, the arrangement was satisfactory to all concerned, and on the 13th of September he set out in good heart to perform his engagement.

He took the train for the station nearest to F—— Hall, and found himself, when first starting, alone in the carriage. His solitude did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London a lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him. She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and sadness in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and sensibility. For some time neither uttered a syllable. But at length the gentleman made the remark usual under such circumstances, on the weather and on the country, and the ice being broken, they entered into conversation. They spoke of painting. The artist was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his doings. He was quite certain that he had never seen her before. His surprise was by no means lessened when she suddenly inquired whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person he had seen only once, or at most twice? He was hesitating what to reply, when she added, "Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he could. "Then, said she, 'look at me again.' You may have to take a likeness of me." He complied with the odd request, and she asked, rather eagerly, "Now do you think you could?" "I think so," he replied; "but I cannot say for sure."

At this moment the train stopped.—The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the painter and bade him good-bye, adding, as she quitted the carriage, "We shall meet again soon."

The train rattled off, and Mr. H—— (the artist) was left to his own reflections. The station was reached in due time, and Lady F——'s carriage was there to meet the expected guest. It carried him to the place of his destination, one of the "stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him. A kind greeting passed, and he was shown to his room; for the dinner-hour was close at hand.

Having completed his toilet and descended to the drawing-room, Mr. H—— was much surprised, and much pleased, to see, seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, spoke to him two or three times, mixed in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home. Mr. H—— had no doubt of her being an intimate friend of his hostess. The evening passed away pleasantly. The conversation turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H—— was entreated to show some of the sketches he had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them.

At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning, early, Mr. H—— was tempted by the bright sunshine to leave his room and stroll out into the park. The drawing-room opened into the garden. Passing through it, he inquired of a servant who was busy arranging the furniture, whether the young lady had come down yet?

"What young lady, Sir?" asked the man with an appearance of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night."

"No young lady dined here last night, Sir," replied the man, looking fixedly at him.

The painter said no more—thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. So leaving the room, he sauntered out into the park.

He was returning to the house when

his host met him, and the usual salutations passed between them.

"Your fair friend has left us?" observed the artist.

"What young friend?" inquired the lord of the manor.

"The young lady who dined here last night," returned Mr. H——.

"I can not imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, very greatly surprised.

"Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H——, who in his turn was beginning to wonder.

"No," replied his host, "most certainly not. There was no one at a table but your self, my lady, and I."

The subject was never reverted to after this occasion, yet our artist could not bring himself to believe that he was laboring under a delusion. If the whole were a dream, it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the rail-way carriage, so surely had she sat beside him at the dinner table. Yet she did not come again; and every body in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence. He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

For two whole years he followed up his profession, growing in reputation, and working hard. Yet he never all the while forgot a single lineament in the fair young face of his fellow-traveller. He had no clue as to where she had come from, or who she was. He often thought of her, but spoke to no one about her. There was a mystery about the matter which imposed silence on him. It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

Mr. H—— was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his—whom I will call Mr. Wilde—resided there. Mr. H——, being anxious to see him, and having only a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as he reached the hotel, begging Mr. Wilde to call upon him there. At the time appointed the door of his room opened, and Mr. Wilde was announced. He was a complete stranger to the artist; and the meeting between the two was a little awkward.—It appeared on explanation, that Mr. H——'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentleman now face to face with the artist was another Mr. Wilde; that the note intended for the absentee had been given to him; and that he had obeyed the summons, supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The first coldness and surprise dispelled, the two gentlemen entered into a more friendly conversation; for Mr. H—— had mentioned his name, and it was not a strange one to his visitor. When they had conversed a little while, Mr. Wilde asked Mr. H—— whether he had ever painted, or could undertake to paint, a portrait from mere description? Mr. H—— replied never.

"I ask you this strange question," said Mr. Wilde, "because, about two years ago, I lost a dear daughter. She was my only child, and I loved her very dearly.—Her loss was a heavy affliction to me, and my regrets are the deeper that I have no likeness of her. You are a man of unusual genius. If you could paint me a portrait of my child I should be very grateful."

Mr. Wilde then described the features and appearance of his daughter, and the color of her eyes and hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H—— listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy for his grief, made a sketch. He had no thought of its being like, but hoped the bereaved father might possibly think it so. But the father shook his head on seeing the sketch, and said,

"No, she was not like that."

Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were pretty well, but the expression was not hers; and the father turned away from him, thanking Mr. H—— for his kind endeavors, but quite hopeless of any successful result. Suddenly a thought struck the painter; he took another sheet of paper, made a rapid and vigorous sketch, and handed it to his companion. Instantly a bright look of recognition and pleasure lighted up the father's face, and he exclaimed,

"That is she! Surely you must have seen my child, or you never could have made so perfect a likeness!"

"When did your daughter die?" inquired the painter, with agitation.

"About two years ago; on the 13th of September. She died in the afternoon, after a few days' illness."

Mr. H—— pondered, but said nothing. The image of that fair young face was engraved on his memory as with a

diamond's point, and her strangely prophetic words were now fulfilled.

A few weeks after, having completed a beautiful full-length portrait of the young lady, he sent it to her father, and the likeness was declared, by all who had ever seen her, perfect.

The Fire Old Nick Built.

Intemperance—This is the fire Old Nick built.

Moderate Drinking—This is the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Rum Selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

The love of Money—This is the stone that whets the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Prohibition—This is the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that whets the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Sons of Temperance Meetings—This is one of the blows we quietly deal to fashion the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that whets the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

The Temperance Movement—This is the smith who works with a will to give force to the blows we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone that whets the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Eternal Truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still, that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows we quietly deal, to fashion the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that whets the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

SINGULAR VISION TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO.—A friend has shown us a copy of the Christian Freeman, dated May 28, 1841, in which we find the Report of a Lecture on Slavery, delivered by one Wm. H. Parker, a seceder from the Shaker Society at Enfield Conn., containing the narration of several "visions" among the Shakers. One of the visions narrated—that of a little girl—is of so singular a nature, when taken in connection with the unholy rebellion, that we copy it for the perusal of our readers. It is as follows:

A girl, 14 years of age, went into a trance and remained three days, and to all appearance was insensible of feeling, for the lance and electricity had no effect upon her. On coming to, she related what she had seen in the world of spirits. Among other things which she saw there was a person who took her by the hand and told her many things. She saw all the Presidents who have died, and also Bonaparte—thousands of spiritual things and birds of paradise. Her guide informed her that ere long five Nations would unite for the destruction of North America, and that God was angry with the people, especially the Southern portion of them, and that the South would be entirely destroyed, and that the shores of the ocean will be a little south of pleasant Hill, Ky., and of North Carolina.

THE SAMARITANS WHO NEVER MARRY.—This ancient race will probably ere long have ceased to exist, as it has long been gradually but surely diminishing.—At the present time the whole tribe consists of not more than one hundred and fifty persons, and, as their laws forbid them to marry except among their own people, there are now twelve young men who cannot find wives. They dwell at Sechem, and every Easter go up with their tents to Mount Gerizim, where they keep the passover, with precisely the same ceremonies which accompanied its celebration two thousand years ago. Like the Jews they slay the paschal lamb, and with loins girded and staff in hand they eat it with bitter herbs. Unlike the modern Jews (with whom they have no dealings whatever) they have their high priest, and this office has ever descended in the same family. The present venerable man will be succeeded by his nephew, who is now a rabbi. Besides these two officiating priests there are six slayers, whose duty it is to kill the sacrificial lamb. Not only is the passover celebrated as of old, but every rite mentioned in the Bible is adhered to with the greatest exactitude and minuteness.

The Volksblatt states that it lately received a message from Gen. Sigel, through a friend to this effect: "When you see me again, it will be once more as a schoolmaster."—[Exchange.]

We trust however that it will be in the school of the soldier, teaching the rebels their duty to their country.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

SHIP ISLAND, Miss., Jan. 1, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—But few items of interest can be obtained in an isolated place like this, therefore I shall have but little to trouble you with. As yet, no more troops have arrived, but the Illinois is hourly expected. The ships King, Fisher, George Green, Bullion and Idaho, all from Boston, have arrived the past week, with horses, equipments and stores for the brigade.

A large number of contrabands have recently made their escape from the opposite shore and landed here. They appear to be of the better class of slaves, most of them being young, smart, intelligent men. They report that the whites are all leaving the sea-coast, and taking their slaves back into the interior to work in the swamps, where there will be less opportunities for their escape. They are told that the Northerners intend selling or holding them in a more savage bondage than that already imposed upon them, where they will be ill-used, poorly clad, and half starved. They report that but little attention has been paid to agricultural pursuits in Mississippi, and in consequence provisions are very high and the slave population poorly fed.

Several small prizes have been taken since I wrote last—three schooners and two sloops—nearly all fishing vessels. The rebel steamers run within sight of us occasionally; but the instant one of our gun-boats makes for them, they turn tail and retreat. They are very anxious to know how we are situated here, and what our number is, but do not care about exchanging "cards." Their boats are flat-bottomed, with light draft of water, and hence they have the advantage of our gun-boats, the water being very shoal for three miles from shore.

The steamship Niagara, the flag ship of the Gulf Squadron, arrived here on the 21st ult., and has since remained anchored off the island. Her hull and upper works are all sound and complete—hence the rumor of her being "completely riddled" at the fight at Pensacola is entirely false. But two shots struck her, and she received no injury from them. On the 24th, Commodore McKean came on shore, and was received by Brig. Gen. Phelps with due honors—a salute of thirteen guns from the battery, and both regiments and the battery parading before him.

Christmas day passed off finely, and to the satisfaction of most of the men. Many of them dined off roast fowl, and "plum duff" was freely served to our men. Many passed the day in the woods, and "raking among the oyster beds." Your humble servant, in company with another "type" and one of the 26th, visited several of the gun-boats and transports lying at anchor here. The most of the afternoon we spent on board the gun-boat Massachusetts, or Boston, in which the rebel prisoners are confined. There are some forty or fifty aboard, mostly officers of the vessels which have been captured in this vicinity. The greater part of them declare themselves Union men, and many of them have taken the oath of allegiance. They say the rebels are determined to make a decided stand at New Orleans, and if defeated there, all their hopes will be forever crushed. They report that an immense force will be collected there, but admit the inability of their standing a long siege. The prisoners are allowed the liberty of most of the island.

Yours truly,
G. L. SKENEY.

P. S.—I send you a small sample of the cargo of the schooner "Capt. Spedden" of New Orleans, captured as a prize by the gun-boat New London, on the 29th ult.

G. L. SKENEY.

SHIP ISLAND, Miss., Jan. 4, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—On the 26th ult., the fort (Massachusetts) was vacated by the United States marines, and command taken by Capt. Manning of the Fifth Battery. Already bricks and timber have arrived for its repair, and the work will be commenced immediately by men sent from Boston for that purpose.

On the 31st, the gun-boats New London and Water Witch, with the prize steamer Lewis, started for the Mississippi shore to make a reconnaissance, and "cart out" a rebel schooner loaded with lumber, which was reported, by the contrabands, as lying at the city of Boloxi. About dusk, the vessels returned with said schooner in tow, and next day I collected the following facts from one of the crew of the Lewis.

The landing was effected in small boats without any resistance. The so-called city was found to be a fine little town, with houses for the accommodation of some five or six thousand inhabitants. Most of the dwellings were large and well finished, but nearly all were vacant. Two or three negro stores were found well stocked, but their keepers had seen no customers for a long time. Only ten or twelve negroes were seen in the town. Many females were left, and they received the marines and men with the cry of "Ship Island Pirates," and applied other epithets, most anything but lady-like or flattering. But one Union man was found, and he claimed to be a British subject. An excellent sand battery was found, containing two guns—24 and 6-pounders.

The guns and the schooner above mentioned, were taken in charge, but nothing else was discovered. Very liberal offers were made for ten and coffee, of which the town was entirely destitute. One man offered a box of sugar or a barrel of syrup for a single pound of either. A few weeks since, the battery was garrisoned by 800 men, but they had left for New Orleans, and the planters had taken their slaves to the interior. It is rumored that, upon the arrival of more troops, a new depot will be opened at Boloxi.

A large French steamer has been lying here for repairs the past week. She was seen by the Rhode Island, on the night of the 31st, and on being signalled neglected to answer; and upon posing her to be a rebel, the Rhode Island, in attempting to run alongside to board her, stove one of her wheel houses, and was forced to tow her in here. The action of the Frenchman is looked upon by some with considerable suspicion. To-morrow she leaves here with a flag of truce for New Orleans, to take passengers for France.

To-day many of the men of our company have visited the ship Hullion, for the purpose of getting a peep at the Captain's wife, she being the first white woman any of us have seen for over six weeks.

The weather continues fine, and the health of the troops is good. But very few cases of sickness are reported, and most of those are slight.

Nothing, as yet, has been learned as to our destination; but most of the officers think our first move will be in the direction of Mobile.

Yours truly,
G. L. SKENEY.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1862.

AGENCY OF THE WIZARD.—MR. PORTER G. MARSHALL, of the Salem and Danvers Express is the sole Agent of the Wizard, and the receipt of no other person, out of the office, will be valid.

Dr. Chapin's Lecture.

Peabody Hall was densely filled, last week, on the occasion of the delivery of a lecture by this distinguished individual. A light snow was falling, but more sought admittance than the hall would hold, and many, after seeing the seats and aisles filled, went away disappointed. The subject of the lecture was "The People." It was an elaborate and finished performance, and, in our own estimation, it was a decided advance beyond any previous lecture we have heard from him. It was pregnant with thought, and an able and exhaustive discussion of a subject which has engaged the minds and pens of the best historians and publicists of the civilized world. Parts of the discourse were characterized by considerable power and eloquence in the delivery, and the attention of the audience was riveted to the speaker until it closed, when he was handsomely applauded.

We have heard in some circles, and from former admirers of Dr. Chapin, a feeling of disappointment expressed upon hearing this lecture. The reason probably is, that they were expecting something of a more popular, showy or sensational character. Dr. Chapin could doubtless have pleased them in this respect by a more popular treatment of his theme, but we think he did right in finishing his work thoroughly, by a full development of his argument, instead of being tempted from it to efforts for display. We are glad, on his own account, for this, as it would now be simply absurd to charge him with shallowness. This lecture will go far to give him a higher niche in the temple of an enduring fame than he had before reached. His reputation as a thinker has increased, while as an orator it has not diminished.

It is often said of Chapin that he resembles Beecher. We do not so see it. We see no striking likeness between them, except a largeness and generous sympathy for their kind, which makes them brethren. Both have great power over an audience, but it is of a different kind. Chapin convinces and overpowers, Beecher charms and magnetizes. Chapin's is the heavy tread of the elephant, tramping through the cane brake, Beecher's the cafter movement of the leopard in the jungle. There is an individuality as well as greatness in each, and there are points where comparison fails. Chapin seems to arrive at results by deeper thought, and Beecher by intuition. Beecher is quicker and brighter, Chapin slower and surer. Put them both in the same class at school and we might put Beecher at the head, but not without some apprehension that Chapin would, in time, get above him.

Self-made Men.

We think this term is often misapplied. We have seen books designed for the use of children, filled with the legends of what are called self-made men. In many cases they are men who have risen to notoriety by the worship of ambition or mammon. They present the example of devotion to a single purpose, not always the most worthy, early assiduity and untiring industry, to make either money or political capital. They are generally men who sacrifice all the pleasures of domestic life and the social feelings, to their one pursuit.

They seem to have none of the feelings of brotherhood, which ought to make them sympathize with their kind. Their lives are embodied in a round of selfish desires and attainments. Is it not a misnomer to call such men self-made? Grand is one of them. Living a life of constant, earnest labor, a very slave of avarice, shutting out of his sordid heart all the domestic affections, all the pleasures of friendship, the amenities of social intercourse, and the hopes of a better life beyond this stage of existence, he lived the life of a recluse in the midst of society. In no agreeable sense can we call such a life self-made. In all the essentials of good living, it is no life at all. It is not made, it has no finish. So far as it is made, it is a perversion of that life and those talents given by the Creator for a better use. A true life supposes, among other requisites, a generous sympathy for others, self-help and self-sacrifice, but not selfishness; faith in God and trust in man. Let our youth, then, have higher examples of really self-made men, not those who are unmade. There are more of them in humble life than in conspicuous station. Let them understand that to make themselves, their efforts do not depend chiefly on worldly success.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the man for all that.

Death to the Rebellion.

The backbone of the rebellion was broken just December, and we are now witnessing its final throes, immediately preceding its dissolution. Our armies have had four victories in rapid succession, and 'em repulse. They have assed the enemy's line, reached Tennessee, seized the railroads and divided the rebel forces.

On the Atlantic and Gulf Coast, a panic reigns in their chief cities, and discontent is all through the interior. Manifestoes from some of the chief rebels confess the weakness of their cause, and Union men among them are beginning to utter their sentiments. We have fairly reached the summit level of the contest, and now we have a down grade, and no turns. It is all up with the rebels, sharp curves, deep cuts and retrograde action. They must "look out for the engine while the bell rings," or they will be crushed beneath its ponderous wheels. The only question now with the rebel leaders is, whether they choose to "hang together," or hang separately.

QUANTING.—Congregational singing, it always seems to us, has the true spirit of devotion in it, and though a gifted quartette may charm the ear, the heart is better charmed by the aggregate song. In Scotland the prose psalms are chanted with excellent effect by whole congregations.

We are glad to find that clumping is being introduced into our churches. It has always been regarded by the congregations as a pleasant part of public worship, and it has only been in obedience to some whim of the choir, that it has been discontinued.

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Eruptions.
Vesuvius, they say, is now in a state of fiery eruption. So is the Rebel Confederacy. We beg pardon of the mountain, (for we always had great respect for the crater,) for making the comparison, but it seems to us that there are some points of resemblance between them.—They are alike in their inflammatory tendencies, and both delight in smoke. Sometimes they will behave well and quietly for a time, but the perturbation is sure to come. Vesuvius prays upon itself. So does the Confederacy. The mountain destroys its own cities and people, and so does Secession. Both are suffering badly from inflammation of the bowels. Spemennati may be good for an "inward bruise," but here it will have no healing effect.

The Confederacy and the Volcano are alike in nursing their own internal fires. They both delight in casting up stones and in displaying their fiery dispositions in the face of the world. It is humiliating in the old mountain, and its new initiator already shows signs of approaching mortification. It is attacked with gripping pains, which even Dr. Frye's celebrated Pain Curer fails to reach. Poor Vesuvius! Unhappy Secession! It is hard, thus to continually vomit up lava, and find no relief. We can apologize for the old Volcano, as its disease is known to be constitutional, but as to old rebellion, it is suffering from a vital violation of a good Constitution, and it must bitterly repent in the dust of the ashes of its own crater.

SETTLEMENT OF AN INSURANCE CASE.—A decision has been given by John A. Loring, Esq. Lincoln and Charles White, referees in the case of John O. Poir et als., assignees of Samuel Walcott & Co., shoe manufacturers of Natick, vs. Shoe and Leather Dealers' and fifteen other Insurance Companies.

Wolcott's manufactory, with its contents, was burned in November, 1860, and the insurance on stock in the above offices, amounting to \$48,000, was claimed, but payment refused on the ground that there was no considerable amount of property in the factory at the time of the fire.

After the estate passed into the hands of assignees, the matter was, by agreement, referred to the gentlemen named above, by whom an award was last week rendered in the Superior Court of Suffolk County, against the various companies, amounting to \$44,000, and their proportionate share of costs, \$3,283 16, and costs of court, making in the aggregate a fraction more than the written policies. Owing, however, to the fact that a portion of the policies were in mutual offices, which pay only on three-fourths of the value of property destroyed, the amount accruing to the assignees is reduced to \$42,000.

The various offices have also to pay, in addition to the above sum, their own counsel fees, committee charges, and witnesses, amounting to about 10 per cent. on their policies—thus showing conclusively that it would have been not only justice, but much the better policy on their part, to have paid the loss promptly when application was made.

THE DANCE.—On Friday evening last, the first dance of the season came off at Sutton Hall. There was a very large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, who improved the opportunity to join in the merry dance. Everything passed off pleasantly, and to the entire satisfaction of all—the managers did not allow their power to make the occasion one of real pleasure to all who participated. We understand that the managers have decided to give one more; if so, they may be sure of a good party.

Since the above was in type, we learn that another party will be given on Thursday evening of next week.

THE FOSTER GUARD.—Lieut. Mulhally has been home on a short furlough, and is looking finely. He speaks in high terms of his Company, who are in excellent discipline and good health and spirits. Only one of their number was in the hospital. He represents the men as strongly desirous of more active duty, and thinks they will soon be ordered on some one of the expeditions going South. The Company had under great obligations to the Ladies' Aid Society, for their kind attentions, and they are now well provided with soldier comforts.

TOWN PUNS.—It is said that a litter of pups has fallen into the possession of the Town authorities, and that there are some new questions as to how they are to be disposed of. The Senate have it under consideration, and although some of them think they belong to the School Committee as a literary production, others say they are among the destitute, and under the protection of the Overseers of the Poor. The majority, however, are disposed to father them on the Selectmen, as the Fathers of the town.

IN TROY.—A marriage was renewed between two who had separated years before in a pet, and were legally divorced. After courtship, which, it is said, was carried on with all the intensity of first love, they married again.

IT IS THOUGHT by many that Franklin was the author of the words, "United we stand, divided we fall." They are also imputed to Mr. Millard, who wrote a very beautiful song, of which they form the burden.

We remember a variation of this motto in the case of an imberbute who clung fast to a post on Main Street. (His version of it was—"United we stand, divided I fall.")

MARRIAGES, Births and Deaths in South Danvers in 1861.

Whole number of Marriages,..... 34
Births,..... 198
Deaths,..... 122

Of the Deaths, 58 were children under five years of age; 14 persons who died were over 70, the oldest being 88.

TOWN MEETING FOR THE SOLDIERS.—There was quite a spirited meeting of citizens at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, and \$4,000 were voted for the families of the absent soldiers.

LATEST CASE OF ASSAULT ON MIND.—A gentleman of this town, one of these cold mortals, came into his house and began to warm his hands at the looking-glass. He found out his mistake when his wife told him to look into the stove and adjust his dicky.

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Appropriate Committees.
As the time is fast approaching for the Annual Town Meeting, we venture to recommend that Standing Committees on all sorts of subjects be appointed, and with a view to dispatch of business, we suggest the following Committees, and names to constitute them, appropriate to the duties to be performed:—
Moderator.—Mr. Waitt.

STANDING COMMITTEES.
On Discharge of Business.—Mr. Galloup.
Highways.—Townie, Rhodes and Lane.
Bridges.—Stane, Mason.
Fire Department.—Hardy, Waterman and Armstrong.

Reservoirs.—Lake, Pade, Welles and Brooks.
Ventilation.—Ayer.
Schools.—Reed and Wright.

Discipline.—Cross, Ladd, Stuart, Whipple.
Foreign Affairs.—English, Scott, elch, French and Dane.

Horticulture.—Green, Bowers, Gardner and Fair-field.
Agriculture.—Moreland and Fields.
Topography.—Hill and Dale.

Meteorology.—Rayne, Frost, Snow and Hale.
Ornithology.—White, Swan, Gray, Chick, Webi Drake.

Locomotion.—Wheeler, Walker, Carr and Sheldon.
Town House Lot.—Littlefield.
School House Lot, Center District No. 2.—Noland.

Retrenchment.—Bynum, Lowe, Price.
Town Boundaries.—Mansfield and Townsend.
Titles.—Pope, King, Prince, Earle, and Dale.

Military Affairs.—Mars, Sargent, Trainor, McCannan.
Cemeteries.—Graves and Rust.
Night Watch.—Dodge, Hyde and Knapp.

Watch-house.—Knight, Shackley, Tighe, Demeritt.
Police Court.—Bond, Fellows.
Soldiers' Aid Society.—Hart and Wirth.

Alms-house.—Shepard, Friend and Nourse.
Supplies out of the house.—Poor, Mann, Needham.
Provisions in the house.—Frye, Roache, Cook, Ham and Murphy.

Fuel.—Cole and Woodman.
Granular Fuel.—Small, Bush, Hackett and Burnham.
Religious Services.—Bishop and Parsons, Neil and Gray.

Town Clock.—Ring, Fuller.
Peabody Institute.—Little, Moore, Rhome.

We trust none of the above-named gentlemen will decline serving, as it would be difficult to find names as appropriate to fill their places. Although they are standing committees, they will be allowed to sit.

Returned from Captivity.

MR. GEORGE W. GRAY, who was so terribly wounded in the first battle at Bull Run, on the 18th of July last, arrived in this city on Thursday, on a visit to his friends. His wife, it will be recalled, died in August last, at the residence of her father, Mr. MOSES KIMBALL, in this city, leaving two small children. Mr. Gray was released from Richmond three weeks since, and arrived in Chelsea, which was his home at the time of his enlistment, on Tuesday last. He is able to get about on crutches, and though somewhat pale, is looking quite robust, considering what he has undergone. He was wounded on the right leg, by what is supposed to have been a piece of shell, which struck him behind the hip, and passed diagonally downwards, inflicting a wound sixteen inches long by four in breadth. He also received another slight wound on his back, which ultimately caused him much suffering for want of attention. The company of the First Regiment, to which Mr. Gray belonged, was on the retreat at the time he was struck. He laid on the field for half an hour, and was then taken some distance to a wood, where he remained some time, and from thence was conveyed in a small house at Centerville where he remained when our troops retreated, on the night of the second battle. Few thought he could survive, but a robust constitution and good habits saved him. During the interval that elapsed between the battles at Manassas and before the retreat of our troops from Centerville, Mr. Gray was visited by Hon. JONAS B. ARLEY, whom he did, and several other citizens of Lynn, whom he did not know, of whose kind attentions and sympathizing words he speaks with feelings of the warmest gratitude. After remaining at Centerville for three weeks, Mr. Gray, with other wounded men, was removed to Richmond, where he was placed in the general hospital. There he received every attention from the Sisters of Mercy, who appeared to have entire control of the place. As soon as he had recovered so far as to be able to move, he was carried to one of the tobacco factories to often spoken of, where he remained until his release, with one hundred others, mostly sick and wounded men, as mentioned above. He finds no fault with his treatment at Richmond, but says it was better than he expected to receive.—Lynn Reporter.

The Reporter is mistaken when it says that Mr. Gray was, at the time of his enlistment, a resident of Chelsea. He, with his family, resided in South Danvers at the time, and went to Chelsea to enlist, as he could not wait for a company to be formed here.

Mr. Gray paid a visit to South Danvers on Saturday last. In honor of his arrival, our beautiful flag was thrown to the breeze, and he was received on the Square by an enthusiastic crowd who gave him three rousing cheers.

SUPREME COURT.—Criminal Term.—Our neighbor town of Danvers makes quite a figure in this Court.

James Reynolds, of Danvers, was arraigned for maintaining a common nuisance for the sale of spirituous liquors, and pled not guilty.

Thomas McCarty, of Danvers, was also arraigned for the same offense, and pled guilty. Moses Hunt and Walter S. Perry, of Danvers, for an assault, pled not guilty. Recognized in the sum of \$500 each.

Edmund Sullivan, of Danvers, pled not guilty to violation of the liquor law.

Patrick Crow, of Salem, for stealing 100 pairs shoes in Danvers. Verdict guilty.

James Kelly, of South Danvers, for an indecent assault on his niece, a child of six years of age. Verdict guilty.

HORSE KILLED.—On Friday afternoon, a valuable horse, worth \$200, belonging to Mr. E. L. Littlefield, of Salem, was killed in Beverly. He was frightened by the approach of the cars, and ran in near the old depot, where he was struck by the train and so badly injured that it was found necessary to kill him.—Bey.

HAND-KNIT SKATING HATS AND HOODS AT PEABODY'S.

Letter from Boston.
Boston, Feb. 5, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—The dangerous condition of many of the sidewalks in the metropolis, at the present writing, is a constant source of annoyance to all who are obliged to thread the narrow, croaking thoroughfares of the city.—One can scarcely take up a daily paper without seeing a list of accidents resulting from falls upon the ice and snow from the streets, with, in a certain time after the snow has ceased falling, seems to be entirely forgotten by those whose duty it is to enforce the laws.

The Hatters prisoners, recently confined at Fort Warren, are to be exchanged for Union prisoners, and will be sent to Fortress Monroe, on board the bark Trinity. One of them, in a farewell note to a daily paper, expresses his love for Massachusetts, and declares that the majority of the prisoners will never take up arms against the Union, unless forced to do so.

At the last weekly meeting of the Board of Aldermen, an order was passed limiting the number of men composing the Harbor Police, to one captain, one lieutenant, two sergeants, and twelve men, all of whom shall be hattermen; and also an order authorizing the Police Committee to consider the expediency of providing a station-house near the water.

The Horse Railway question is being agitated, as usual during the sleighing season, and the ideas of both sides of the dispute are being extensively aired. The discussion in the Board of Aldermen culminated in the following order, viz: "Unless the Metropolitan and Union Horse Railroad Companies comply with the rules governing street railroads in this city, within forty-eight hours after serving this notice, this Board will remove such portions of their tracks within the city, as it may deem necessary." The City Solicitor says "the railroads are a convenience, not a necessity; and their use of the streets must be subordinate to public convenience," and that "the City Government has the right to take up their rails if circumstances demand it."

Our citizens are favored with an opportunity of examining two excellent exhibitions of pictures. One, the "Janes collection of old masters," at Williams & Everett's gallery. This collection, made at vast labor and expense, is probably the finest art-lovers have ever had the privilege of beholding. It is the wish of many of our "solid men" that the collection should remain in Boston, forming a nucleus for an art gallery superior to any in the country.

The other exhibition, at Studio Inn, is well worthy the attention of connoisseurs in the world of art. They are mostly the productions of Boston artists, and are the result of their labors during their summer rambles among the mountains and valleys of New England. "The Vale of the White Hills," by Bricher, re-produces a beautiful scene, and is greatly admired by all.

Announcements are "lively," as we the vernacular of the Broker's Board, and our enterprising managers meet with handsome success in their efforts to please.

At the Museum, Miss Buteman, of the famous Buteman children, is drawing large and fashionable audiences. She is admirably supported by the stock company of the theatre, many of whom are "stars" in their profession, and she is nightly called before the curtain to receive the applause of appreciative listeners to her rendition of the scenes of the standard dramas.

At the National Theatre, Master Alfred Stewart is the leading attraction. A large company of performers are engaged, and the popular prices ensure a "full house."

The Aquarial Garden stage still holds first of the "Car of Yams," an aquatic spectacle of the first water. Miss Emma Leone is the leading actress, and drives the whale through the central tank in a graceful and fearless manner.

The Nubian Theatre of the Morris Brothers is overflowing nightly. A suit of clothes taken from a real contraband, and forwarded to the manager, is worn by Lou, orris in the piece entitled "The Contraband's Visit."

The Haverd Athenaeum re-opens on Monday next, and the Boston Theatre on the following week. For the former, an excellent company has been engaged; and at the latter, the "star combination" will appear, including the Boston artists.—Mrs. Barrow and Mr. E. L. Davenport.

Yours truly,
S. D. W.

DANVERS. Accident.—On Thursday last, two young ladies, Miss Fickett of Danversport, and a young lady of Beverly, had a very narrow escape from being killed by the horse which they were driving taking fright at the cars, near the Georgetown depot, at the Plains. The horse reared up, tipping the sleigh over, breaking part of one runner and some of the harness. The young ladies were both thrown to the ground, one of them having a very narrow escape, as the horse fell on her; but she miraculously escaped with a slight wound on the arm, supposed to have been made by the cork of the horse shoe. The horse and sleigh belonged to Beverly.—Gay.

DANVERS SAVINGS BANK.—The following list of officers were elected at the annual meeting of this institution on the 28th ult:—
President.—Rufus Putnam.
Vice Presidents.—Philemon Putnam, Robert S. Daniels, Gilbert Tapley, Wm. N. Cleveland.
Trustees.—Nathaniel Tapley, Stephen Wilkins, Nathl. Boardman, Joseph Adams, Jacob F. Perry, Moses Burman, Buxford, Wm. G. Choate, Salem; Chas. P. Preston, Chas. Lawrence, Saml. Preston, Moses J. Carrier, Francis P. Merriam, Middleton; Wm. L. Weston, (one vacancy).
Finance Committee.—Rufus Putnam, Chas. P. Preston, Wm. L. Weston.
Secretary and Treasurer.—Wm. L. Weston.

DOG STORIES.—We copy the following from the Boston Evening Gazette, whose Omnibus column is a perpetual source and temptation for editors to steal from. We find by our exchanges that some of them have fallen into it, (not the column but the snare), and we have barely escaped. Now let us go to the dogs:—
"A dog in Hartford lately picked a ten dollar bill from the mud in that city, and after drying it by the stove, put it into its master's hand. This is very well for Hartford, but we get a dog's worth of meat, which is secured against him, and one day seeing the butcher make two marks instead of one, he said nothing about it, but, watching his opportunity, he seized a double amount and ran home with it in a state of great glee."

Our dog Fido thinks that. He counts paper money like a bank teller, and when he comes to an innumerable bill, he lays it one side and barks at it.

To Close.—Ladies see advertisement.

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To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received several contributions, which we are compelled to defer for want of room.

From Prentice.
We suppose that Prentice would be very happy in his illustrations of Humphrey Marshall after the recent exploits of that truly great man—and thus with the Louisville Journal!

Who would have supposed that so fat a man as Humphrey Marshall could have made so fine a run as he did up in Eastern Kentucky the other day.—*New Albany Letter.*

Fugitives from the South say that the troops there are very loose in their habits and discipline. No doubt they are loose fellows generally. They can obtain nothing to get tight on.

Since the rebellion broke out, our navy has had over 200 vessels added to it, with 2000 cannon and nearly 20,000 sailors. This has caused a large increase of our "floating" debt.

A Bowling Green letter to a Nashville paper suggests that one of the fortifications at the former place is too large in its area. Never mind, Gen. McCook can reduce it.

If Great Britain is bent on war with the United States, the sooner she unbends herself the longer she will be likely to live.

When the telegraph tells its biggest lies, we should like to know who pulls the wires.

The London Star and Daily Mail, alluding to Mr. Seward's despatches to Mr. Adams, pays a well deserved tribute to the Secretary:
"The despatches of the United States have always been eminent for literary and political ability; but we doubt whether any foreign Secretary since the Revolution has penned despatches more luminous and convincing than those of Mr. Seward. His instructions to the various courts of Europe, though characterized as a whole by a firm adherence to that venerable maxim of American policy—'Friends with all, allies with none'—exhibit individually an admirable adaptation of the power it is designed to influence."

The attention of Farmers is called to the advertisement of the Lodi Manufacturing Co.'s Poudre. Nothing is of more importance than to know where to obtain the best fertilizer at the lowest price. This company manufactures all the night soil from the City of New York into a fine odorless powder, and at a price far below any other fertilizer in the market. They have been in successful operation 22 years, with a constantly increasing demand, which is a sufficient test of the value of their Poudre.

A PLEASANT VISIT.—Between thirty and forty members of Henfield Division, of Salem, met on Thursday evening, in Smith & Manning's new boat, "Gen. Scott," to visit Union Division, of East Cambridge, and enjoy a very agreeable and profitable passage. The party was met by a large number of friends, and as the company was made up of cold water men, no great damage was done. The party was received in a truly fraternal and hospitable manner by their East Cambridge brothers, who furnished them not only with a rich intellectual feast, but also with a bountiful supply of refreshments for the physical man. The Union Division Hall is a very fine one, while the ante rooms are arranged in good style, and the library is quite valuable. Henfield and Union divisions are two of the oldest in New England, and this visit was the occasion of some very interesting speaking by members of both divisions. The party was met by a large number of friends, and as the company was made up of cold water men, no great damage was done. The party was received in a truly fraternal and hospitable manner by their East Cambridge brothers, who furnished them not only with a rich intellectual feast, but also with a bountiful supply of refreshments for the physical man. The Union Division Hall is a very fine one, while the ante rooms are arranged in good style, and the library is quite valuable. Henfield and Union divisions are two of the oldest in New England, and this visit was the occasion of some very interesting speaking by members of both divisions.

MARLBOROUGH.—The War and the Town. The baleful effects of the present war on the business of our community must be parent to the most casual observer; the principal business of the town for the last twelve years has been the shoe manufacture, and many men inspired by a desire to possess a me of their own, invested their little all in estate, relying upon the receipts from their industry for the means of support, and to pay the mortgages upon their homes, which income is now, in many cases entirely cut off, or greatly reduced as scarcely to afford the means of subsistence, much less to pay taxes of interest, while real estate has fallen fully a-third in value. In view of these facts, it comes our citizens at the approaching town meeting to use all honorable means to reduce town expenses, by curtailing in every direction, the expenditures of the next year.—*dgr.*

Our store will be closed at seven o'clock every evening except Saturdays, until further notice. J. P. PEABODY.

OMNIBUS NOTICE.
On and after this date, the 7-12 A. M. ch for Salem, and the 8-12 P. M. coach to Salem, will be discontinued.
Persons wishing to be called for, are requested to leave their orders at least half an hour before the time of leaving.
H. M. MERRILL, Proprietor.
South Danvers, Jan. 22, 1862.

January 1, 1862.
All bills due the Subscriber are now ready settlement.
On and after date, my terms are POSITIVE—CASH on delivery.
GEORGE P. DANIELS.
South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

Marriages.
Salem, Jan 31, by Rev Dr Emerson, Mr Joseph P. to Miss Anna W. Dale, both of Wrentham.
Wrentham, Jan 2, by Rev Mr Sewall, Mr J. Lafay. a Bachelor of W, to Miss Mary H. Thomas of Wrentham.

Deaths.
South Danvers, Feb 2, Jeremiah, son of Dennis E. to Mrs. Mary P. 2 years 2 mos.
Danvers, Jan 28, Hannah Ellen, eldest daughter of Samuel P. Nourse, 24 yrs 5 mos.
Salem, Feb 3, Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Mr. S. W. 82 yrs 4 mos 6 days; 5th, Catherine, daughter of the late Mr. William Clancy, 14 years 10 mos; 6th, Mr. Ebenezer Barnham, formerly of Ipswich, 60 yrs 10 mos; 7th, Mr. Edwin Augustus Dow, 27 yrs 10 mos; 8th, Mrs. Hannah Brown, widow of the late E. Herdby, Esq, 84 yrs 24 mos; 9th, Mrs. Mary B. wife of Mr. James B. 24 yrs 10 mos.
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LOST!
On the night of December 31st, 1861, in the vicinity of the Methodist Church, a FUR VICTORINE. If the finder will leave the same at the shoe store of Mr. Wm. J. Walton they will greatly oblige.
M. N. STARK.
South Danvers, Jan. 15, 1862

To Choose.—Ladies see advertisement.

Young Men's Union Lectures.
The Government of the Young Men's Union, desiring to accommodate as far as possible the numerous applicants for tickets, will sell at the door at the evening of each lecture, a limited number of tickets at twenty-five cents each, entitling the purchaser to a seat in the rear of the platform, where chairs will be provided.
Per order, CHAS. S. OSBORN, Salem, Dec 1 Rec. Sec.

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.
Take HERRICK'S PILLS
Should friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never more caress;
There is a cure for such distress,
Take HERRICK'S PILLS
Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure helm (of little cost),
Take HERRICK'S PILLS
Should sudden illness hint of grief,
Should cruel lameness turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout,
Take HERRICK'S PILLS
These remarkable Pills started whole communities
from their wonderful care. Adapted to infancy, youth,
manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish,
French and German directions. Elegantly coated
with sugar, perfectly vegetable, and sell in large family
boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

Advertisements.
100,000 BARRELS OF THE
LODI MANUFACTURING CO'S
POUDRETTE.
For Sale by Lodi Manufacturing Company,
125 Commercial St. Boston, Mass.
This Company, with a capital of \$150,000, the most
extensive works of the kind in the world, and an ex-
perience of 22 years in the manufacture of a reputa-
tion long established, having also the exclusive con-
trol of all the night soil from the City of New York,
are prepared to furnish an article which is without
doubt, the CHEAPEST and VERY BEST fertilizer in
the market.
Price \$7 75 barrels and over \$5.50 per barrel, or only
\$15 per ton. It greatly increases the yield and ripens
the crop from two to three weeks earlier, at an ex-
pense of from \$2 to \$4 per acre, and with very little
labor.
A Farm-Yard, containing all the information neces-
sary, with letters from 11 acres of Garden, 2 of 11 Wal-
ter, and hundreds of farmers who have used it ex-
tensively for many years, may be had FREE by send-
ing a single letter to the above.

E. A. BESSOM.
Having taken the room formerly occupied by SAMUEL
DANIELS, has re-opened it as a
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

THE GENESEE FARMER!
ESTABLISHED IN 1831.
THE FARMER'S OWN PAPER.
The cheapest Agricultural Paper in the world.
Only Fifty Cents a Year.
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

ACCURATE MARKET REPORTS
Of the London, New York, Philadelphia, Rochester,
Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati and Toronto markets are
given in each number. The leading features of the
American journals are received, and special pains are
taken to give the latest and most reliable information
in regard to the state of the crops at home and abroad.
A copy of the paper sent free to all who wish to
examine it.
Add to
JOSEPH HARRIS,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
Rochester, N. Y.

FRESH SUPPLIES OF
JOHN HENRY, by Major William H. Holmes, Mar-
shal of the 8th Maine; Leslie's War Maps;
Tales of the Day, new number—
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S.

WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.
MANUFACTURED BY JOHN HENRY, gives the best
satisfaction and has proved profitable for several
years—price reduced—
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

BUY YOUR GOODS
At prices to correspond with the times.
THE Subscribers, being about to make a change in
his business, offers his entire stock of
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
&c., &c., &c.,
At a great reduction from usual prices, for
CASH, AND CASH ONLY.
THE WHOLE TO BE SOLD IN
THIRTY DAYS!
AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
Coats selling for \$5.00, usual price \$10.00
" " 3.75, " 6.00
" " 2.25, " 5.50
Pants " 2.25, " 5.50
" " 2.00, " 3.50
Balmain's Shoes " 1.00, " 1.75
Vests " 1.00, " 1.75
Hats " 1.50, " 2.50
" " .60, " 1.00
Caps " .50, " 1.00
Boots, calf, " 2.50, " 4.00
" heavy kip " 2.00, " 3.00
Balmain's Shoes " 1.00, " 1.75
Balmain's Shoes " .50, " .75
Rubber Boots " 2.25, " 4.00
Men's Overs " .75, " 1.00
Women's Overs " .60, " .75
Other RUBBER GOODS, &c., in proportion.
Call early and judge for yourselves.
R. S. D. SYMONDS.
South Danvers, Feb. 1, 1862.

COAL CRADLES
AND Coal Stoves; Coal Stuffers and Coal Shovels, at
S & C & A SIMONDS, 32 Front St., Salem.

Drugs & Medicines,
Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,
126 MAIN ST. 126
Nearly opp Danvers Bank, . . . South Danvers
January 1, 1862.

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Shirt Patterns—Cut.
Linen Shirt Fronts and Cuffs.
ADAPTED to the Patterns, for sale at the Lowest
Prices.
Superior qualities of SHIRTS and COLLARS,
made to order.
SILK and SATIN STOCKS, in stock and made to order
by GEORGE S. WALKER,
Dealer in Gent's Furnishings, 228 Essex St., Salem,
Feb 12 Opposite Eastern Railroad Station.

**Gentlemen's Under Gar-
ments.**
AND HALF HOSE, selling at Reduced Prices.—
My Winter stock.
GEO. S. WALKER'S,
Gent's Furnishing Store, No 228 Essex St., Salem.

NICE BUTTER!
HAS on hand and is constantly receiving a
good supply of BUTTER. Also Cheese,
Eggs, Beans, Poultry, etc., which he is pre-
pared to sell at prices as low as the lowest.
South Danvers, Feb 6, 1862. tf

P. D. PERKINS,
ON LOWELL ST., SO. DANVERS.
HAS on hand and is constantly receiving a
good supply of BUTTER. Also Cheese,
Eggs, Beans, Poultry, etc., which he is pre-
pared to sell at prices as low as the lowest.
South Danvers, Feb 6, 1862. tf

FAMILY DYE COLORS.
FOR dyeing, Silk, Woolen and Cotton Goods,
Shawls, Scarfs, Ribbons, Dresses, Feathers,
Bonnets, Hats, and all kinds of wearing ap-
parel, with perfect fast colors, at a saving of
EIGHTY PER CENT.
These colors are put up in packages, at 15
and 25 cents each. For 25 cents you can color
as many goods as would otherwise cost five
times that sum, and all within the space of
three hours.
Ladies, call and examine samples of Rib-
bons and Yarns at the store of
GEORGE E. MEACOM,
126 Main St., South Danvers.
Feb 5

Executor's Notice.
PROBATE OFFICE, February 1, A. D. 1862.
Joseph Poor, Executor, having presented for
allowance his account of administration of the
estate of SARAH POOR, late of South
Danvers, in said county, widow, deceased, tes-
tate:
ORDERED, That the first Tuesday in March
next, nine of the clock before noon, be assigned
as the time for considering said account at a
Court of Probate then to be holden at Salem
in said county; and that said executor give
notice to all persons interested, by causing an
attested copy of this order to be published
three weeks successively in the South Danvers
Advertiser, printed in South Danvers, the last
publication to be before said time, that they
may be present, and show cause, if any they
have, why said account should not be allowed.
GEO. F. CHOATE,
Judge of Probate and Insolvency.
A true copy of record,—attest,
Feb 5 A. C. GOODELL, Register.

Administrator's Notice.
PROBATE OFFICE, February 1, A. D. 1862.
Joseph Poor, Administrator, having pre-
sented for allowance his account of adminis-
tration of the estate of DANIEL W. POOR,
late of Danvers, in said county, tanner, de-
ceased, intestate:
ORDERED, That the first Tuesday in March
next, nine of the clock before noon, be assigned
as the time for considering said account at a
Court of Probate then to be holden at Salem
in said county; and that said administrator give
notice to all persons interested, by causing an
attested copy of this order to be published
three weeks successively in the South Danvers
Advertiser, printed in South Danvers, the last
publication to be before said time, that they
may be present, and show cause, if any they
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GEO. F. CHOATE,
Judge of Probate and Insolvency.
A true copy of record,—attest,
Feb 5 A. C. GOODELL, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
DESIGNED has been duly appointed as-
signee of the estate of
JOSEPH FAIRFIELD, of South Danvers,
in said county, trader, an insolvent debtor.
The second and third meetings of the credi-
tors of said insolvent debtor will be held at
the Court of Insolvency at Salem, in said
County of Essex, on the twenty-fourth day of
February instant, at three o'clock in the after-
noon, at which meetings orders may be pre-
sented and proved their claims.
feb 3, 1862. H. O. WILEY, Assignee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
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Miscellaneous.

Melange.
It is not in brutes that we find brutality.
"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" the engine whistle said to the stoker.
The worst of all kinds of eye-water is a coquette's tears.
"Let me collect myself," as the said when he was blown up by a der-mill.
"Don't marry an attorney; it must be something to be hung to a limb of the

Railroad trains are protected from fire as houses are from lightning—wood conductors.
It is not so pleasant for nations to single their blood in battle as by marriages.
Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the wedding guests are getting into.

It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are not on the wheel.
"What blessings children are!" the parish clerk said when he took the christening of them.
"I'll take the responsibility," as the said when he held out his arms for a baby.

What is that which makes all women equally pretty?—Putting the candles on the other side, there is.
"Pat, you are wearing your stock-sock wrong side outward," "Och, and I don't know it, to be sure; there's a on the other side, there is."

Take away my first letter—take away my second letter—take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—The Manhattan.
Experimental Philosophy.—Ask a young lady to marry you. Natural Philosophy.—Looking indifferent and saying you were only in fun when she refused.

At an infant school examination, two days ago, the examiner asked, "What do the little ones?"—"The big ones," answered a little urchin.
Whatever you have to do, do it simply, and if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, whether any one sees it or not.

Some elderly gentlemen will please form the public whether the pain is later when a man cuts his teeth, or when his teeth cut him? And whether is more disagreeable to have an appetite one's dinner, or no dinner for one's appetite?
It is said that printed declarations with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the forms—and, of course, no sensible man in a hurry signing them.

"My dear, what shall we name our baby?" said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day. "Why, huz, I've settled on Peter." "Peter! I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter who could earn a salt."—"Well, then, we will call him Pimpetree."

Two Ohio lawyers got into a warm dispute in Court, when one called the other a prevaricating double-dealing wretch.—The latter replied as follows: "I will not make notice of personal language here: I will settle that by-and-by, outside.—I will discuss law, chop logic or split hairs with you in Court, that's all." "If you will split hairs, split that," said the opposing lawyer, pulling out a hair from his head and handing it toward the speaker.—"Can't do it,—didn't offer to split brains!" as the reply. Everybody in Court laughed out loud, of course.

Russell said the mob would come to Lincoln to retain Slidell and Mason and go to war with England. The Times' Own must look toward home, for the London Morning Post affirms that, "If the banking and commercial classes have sufficient interest with the Government, peace is tolerably secure; but if the mob is to have its way, the worst may be apprehended."

THE GREAT MAN.—The great man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unflinching.—Channing.

Drs. South and Sherlock were disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused the other of using wit in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

One of the latest juvenile stories is of a little girl and boy in Akron, Ohio. They had been cautioned in their morning's strife after hen's eggs, not to take a little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother! Susy, she's been and got the egg the old hen measures for!"

The ladies are introducing a new and beautiful ornament for the parlor mantel or centre table. They take large pine burs, sprinkle grass seed of any kind in them, and place them in pots of water. When the burs are soaked a few days, they close up in the form of solid cones, and then the little spears of green grass begin to emerge from among the laminae, forming an ornament of rare and simple beauty.

SOUTH DANVERS VOLUNTEERS

REVISED AND CORRECTED.
First Regiment, Col. Cowdin.
(Co. H—Capt. Carruth.)
David W Osborne George B Miller
George W Gray Robert Andrews
(Co. K—Capt. Chamberlain)
Harrison Whittemore
Second Regiment, Col. Gordon.
(Co. C—Capt. Cogswell.)
D Fuller T Woodman
E Hyde George H Tucker
J Murphy Samuel Woodman
(Co. G—Capt. Cary.)
William Andrews
Ninth Regiment, Col. Cass.
(Co. A—Capt. Gallagher.)
John Manning Daniel Sweeney
Daniel Nulane Philip Smith
John Murphy John Maher
John O'Connell
(Co. B—Capt. Plunkett.)
John Curran John Fitzpatrick
Michael Gleason James Rarick
John Martin
(Co. D—Capt. Gurney.)
James Brown
(Co. E—Capt. Teague.)
Richard Bush
(Co. F—Capt. O'Leary.)
James Kelley Edward Goren
John Daly 3d James M Laughlin
M Murphy Dennis McGinn
Cluck Burke James Powers
Hamphrey Moynihan
(Co. I—Capt. Macarty.)
William Connell John Fitzgibbon
John Connors David Mulcahey
Francis Curran Michael Roche
Eleventh Regiment, Col. Clark.
(Co. K—Capt. Stone.)
Augustus W Forbes
Twelfth Regiment, Col. Webster.
David Crowley Luke Gilman
Fourteenth Regiment, Col. Greene.
(Co. G—Capt. Draper.)
Alpheus B Mason
(Co. D—Capt. Buxton.)
Frank W Taggart John H Manning
Charles W Peasey Charles G Marshall
Frank E Farham Charles O Maxwell
Ass Bushby Thomas J Putnam
James G Campbell Matthew H Robinson
James G Demeritt E A Foster
H H Demeritt Henry J Southwick
E A Foster Charles B Taggart
Frank Gardner George A Webber
Joseph E Hodgkins A W Wilson
E A Hutchinson John A Enos
Austin A Herriek John A Enos
S S Hart John A Enos
Frank Johnson Benjamin Stone
John A Messer S A Ferguson
Frank B Messer J Webber
(Co. I—Capt. Wardwell.)
Thomas Maione Oliver A Plummer
John Westcott George Plummer
(Co. K—Capt. Rolfe.)
John Castellona
E G Newhall
Sixteenth Regiment.
Seventeenth Regiment, Col. Amory.
(Co. B—Capt. Tomkins.)
H R Arrington Richard Marley
Sidney C Bancroft Hugh McKenny
John McCormack John Mahoney
Abraham H Bond Michael McCormick
William Bayle George A Beckett
George A Beckett Michael Buckley
Michael Buckley Abraham Barrett
George Huxton George Huxton
Jeremiah Carroll Edward Cassidy
James Clark John Chambers
John Conway John Conway
Riley Davis Joseph F Dakin
Edward Dake Henry M Dix
Eben H Davis Edwin H Farnham
George E Farnham George A Farnham
Robert M Field Terley Galacia
David Galacia David Galacia
Aaron Gifford Aaron Gifford
Stephen Howard Stephen Howard
Cornelius Harrigan David B Hackett
Herbert E Larrabee Henry L Larrabee
(Co. C—Capt. Fuller.)
James M Woodward Malcolm Sillers
George B Elliott William Sillers (dead)
Jonas S Monroe Darling Lowe
(Co. D—Capt. Morrill.)
Charles M Goldsmith, wagoner.
(Co. E—Capt. McNamara.)
John O'Brien
(Co. G—Capt. Kenney.)
Franklin Elliott
(Co. I—Capt. Weir.)
Thomas Riley
Nineteenth Regiment, Col. Hinks.
(Co. A—Capt. C M Merritt.)
Charles S Mansfield Theron P Newhall
(Co. F—Capt. Rice.)
Moses Shackley Harvey Putnam
Nathaniel C Harris Nathan Morrison
David Taggard
(Co. H—Salem Light Infantry—Capt. Charles U. Deveraux.)
Charles B Warner Taylor Mudge
George B Symonds Joseph Wacknell
George F Shaw Timothy O'Connell
Benjamin F Larrabee Benj F Oliver
Francis McKenney Horace D Perry
Benjamin P Bailey Thomas Riley
William H Bailey Samuel Roberts Jr
Charles A Brown Patrick Scamell
Enoch Bryant Jr Mark M Morrow
John Smith
Albert F Davis Benj A Stone
William Delany David Carlton
Henry C Farrington J Warren Newhall
John H Giles Samuel W Stone
Henry Goodell Geo S Trank
Benjamin Larrabee Levi Trank
Gustavus Larrabee Samuel Roberts
Henry Larrabee John A Williams
J H Larrabee Wm. Woodman
Joshua Verry George Woodman
S G Southwick
(Co. I—Capt. Plympton.)
Timothy Smith
Saunders Sharp-Shooters.
Charles A Gardner John H Ayers
Joseph S Ingals John Price, 3d
Leonard Reed Joseph Gray
Joseph B Maxwell Samuel W Williams

Twenty-Second Regiment, Col. Wilson.
(Co. A—Capt. Sampson.)
Samson W Bowers Jonathan Proctor
(Co. F—Capt. Thompson.)
Thomas Woodman Melzer A Williams
Daniel W Larrabee Thomas Nugent
(Co. I—Capt. Paine.)
E Putnam Townsend
(Co. K—Capt. Williams.)
Horace C Straw Thomas Kanney
Wentworth's Sharp-Shooters.
David N Jeffrey Charles F Plinkham
Winsor M Ward Benjamin F Woodbury
George W Knapp Albert J Crane
Charles Lewis
Twenty-Third Regiment, Col. Kirtz.
Charles Brown, band A J Hood, teamster.
(Co. A—Capt. Brewster.)
John L Waterman O Parker
George W Grant M C West
Leicester Poor B C Goldwait
H W Vary John Upton
(Co. B—Capt. Martin.)
John G Estes James Milay
Charles Sawyer John B Knowland
Martin Murray George T Morrill
Samuel Wiley David N Reed
Hersey D Larrabee Terence McSweeney
Charles H Putnam Levi H Curtis
R S Chute Henry A Williams
(Co. C—Capt. Center.)
Elbridge H Hildreth Joseph H Lord
John S Upton William A Prescott
(Co. F—Capt. Whipple.)
Samuel Bernard Eben N Johnson
Henry E Kniffin
(Co. I—Capt. Hobbs.)
John H Montgomery
(Co. K—Capt. Har.)
Donald Sillers
Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Col Stevenson.
(Co. B—Capt. F A Austin.)
Charles W Trask William B Hammond
William B Hammond Edward McCom
Charles H Brooks Frank Plumer
William F Wiley Alfred Friend
L Dexter Cobb Augustus H Sanger Jr
David G Lake Daniel M By
Frederick Mudge George H Upton
Stanley R Whipple George H Upton
Franklin Osburn, Jr.
(Co. K—Capt. Maker.)
Kirk Stark Benjamin H Millett
Nelson Stark
First Battalion, 11th U. S. Infantry.
(Co. B—Capt. Chipman.)
Benjamin Beckett Jr Alpheus Raton
Maine Second Regiment.
Charles A Gardner Jr John H Tibbets
Maine Fourth Regiment.
Henry K Boynton Leverett S Boynton
Fourth Massachusetts Battery.
Warren W Brown E Brown
Capt. Manning's Artillery.
George W Taylor David A Sheen
Albert P Jull Albert Dickinson
Wm J White
Essex County Zouaves—Capt. Deveraux.
Horace Poor
Miscellaneous.
Cyrus Thompson, Twenty-Fourth Regiment.
Jeremiah Murphy, Co. A, 28th Regiment.
Eben S Daniels, Timothy H Lord, Charles E Tucker—Recruits for 14th Regiment.
Henry Galacia, George Jeffrey, E Stone, S Barrett, C Kennedy, Joseph Campbell, Christopher Campbell, John Gannon—Recruits for 17th Regiment.
John B P Wheeler—Snappers and Miners.
H O Merrill—Moline Cavalry.
G Stickney, C Woodman—Regular Army.
Robert D Haverhill—Maryland Cavalry.
H Bowers, Philip Glover, Charles Barrett, Augustus Brown, Samuel Galacia, Charles Woodman, Fred Stone, David Goldwait, T Williams, Jr., Herbert Davis, Benjamin F Larrabee, Jonathan D Larrabee, Benj. Stone, Jr., No. of regiment not known.
John A Hart, Hospital Dep't., Mo. Reg.
Israel Clough, 7th U. S. Infantry.
Navy.
John M Kny, in the Preble.
John F Winchester, in the Monticello.
George S Brimmer, in the Santee.
Lemuel W Mason, in the Potomac.
T Sylvester Hays, in the Iowa.
John W Byrington, in the Ino.
Charles P Lowe.
Charles A Smith.
George W Wilkinson.
William H Southwick, in the Colorado.
Andrew Keefe, Minnesota.
D Murray
Total, 340

NEW HEARSE,

Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.
He furnishes at his Warehouses
Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood
COFFINS AND CASKETS,
of all sizes and prices.
METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
PLATES—Silver and Plated.
SHROUDS—Thick, Cashmere, Muslin and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, Ke. Art Tissue Preserving for preserving.
Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, etc. All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.
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Samuel P. Hayward, Pres. Austin W. Benton, Sec'y
Hawthorn Mutual Insurance Company, Salem, Capital—\$100,000.
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Salem, dec 14-1y
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REPAIRING
Done expeditiously, and in a neat and workmanlike manner.
FRENCH CALF SKINS.
And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale.
SALE OF BOOTS AND SHOES,
Consists of, on hand, and for sale at the lowest cash price.
JOSEPH MORRISON,
Central street, opposite Old South Church.
South Danvers, June 6-1f

Choice Fall Pies for Sale.

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BYRON GOODELL,
South Danvers, March 27, 1861. tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT REDUCED PRICES.
AMOS MERRILL
WILL sell the balance of his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, including
Dress Goods, DeLaines,
SHAWLS, HOODS, UNDERSLEEVES,
UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS,
Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Hats, &c.
Also, at low prices, New Styles
Prints, bleached and brown Cottons,
Flannels, Opera Flannel, Crashos,
Cassimeres, Yarns, &c.,
With the usual variety of SMALL WARES and FANCY GOODS, at the
WARREN BANK BUILDING.
South Danvers, Feb. 13, 1861.

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Central street, South Danvers,
Having provided himself with a
NEW HEARSE,
Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.
He furnishes at his Warehouses
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COFFINS AND CASKETS,
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METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
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WILL sell the balance of his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, including
Dress Goods, DeLaines,
SHAWLS, HOODS, UNDERSLEEVES,
UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS,
Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Hats, &c.
Also, at low prices, New Styles
Prints, bleached and brown Cottons,
Flannels, Opera Flannel, Crashos,
Cassimeres, Yarns, &c.,
With the usual variety of SMALL WARES and FANCY GOODS, at the
WARREN BANK BUILDING.
South Danvers, Feb. 13, 1861.

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Central street, South Danvers,
Having provided himself with a
NEW HEARSE,
Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.
He furnishes at his Warehouses
Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood
COFFINS AND CASKETS,
of all sizes and prices.
METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
PLATES—Silver and Plated.
SHROUDS—Thick, Cashmere, Muslin and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, Ke. Art Tissue Preserving for preserving.
Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, etc. All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.
All orders from neighboring towns will be promptly attended to.
To the Ladies and Gentlemen
OF SOUTH DANVERS.
JOHN J. ASHBY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
of all kinds.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds, made to order, at short notice.
No. 6 CENTRAL ST., SALM, MASS.
Repairing, of every description, done in the best manner. Also, for sale, the Copper-Tank Boston, for Children.
2 SILVER Plated Eggs—Cups for \$1—at RIDGE'S, 188 Essex st.
REMOVAL.
JOSEPH J. RIDER, would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from 242 Essex Street, to the New and Spacious Store, NO. 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX ST., SALM, which has been fitted up expressly for his business and where will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of
Zephyr, and Silver Plated Ware
in the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York.
Grateful to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, the undersigned will, by strict attention to the business, fair prices, and a desire to accommodate, endeavor to merit a continuance thereof.
JOSEPH J. RIDER,
Feb 8 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex Street.

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JOSEPH J. RIDER,
Feb 8 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex Street.

Are you Insured?

THIS subscriber would respectfully call your attention to the fact that he is fully prepared to effect INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, in any amount, at current rates, on
Dwelling Houses, Bams and their contents.
Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c., &c., and on buildings in process of erection.
And that he is the

NO. 7.

but want of food. She is better now, thank God!

"Do not distress yourself my poor child," said Miss Wilmot, kindly. "My only wonder is, that you should have withstood the temptation. It must be dreadful to see a parent want bread! I could not have imagined it possible that any one could be so very poor."

Never before had Miss Wilmot witnessed such a sight. The apartment was almost wholly destitute of furniture, and the younger children, squalid and half naked, clung around their pale hollow-eyed mother, who was still too weak to leave her bed. The father it appeared, was lately dead, and it had taken all he was worth to bury him, and Mary was at present the sole support of the family. Miss Wilmot said but little, for her heart was full, but her fast flowing tears bespoke her sympathy and compassion, and quite won the heart of the grateful Mary.

"You will come again?" said she, as she followed her to the door. "Oh, this has been an angel visit to us!"

Miss Wilmot smiled and pressed her hand in silence. No wonder she lost her way going home; but it was a wonder to hear her utter no complaint against the close crowded streets, and poor inhabitants. She was beginning to reverence as well as to sympathize with the poverty of her fellow-creatures.

That day commenced a new era in the life of Clementine Wilmot—ay, and of little Mary Elford, who was soon afterward taken into the service of the former—and a very gentle service it was. One of Mary's sisters supplied her place at dress-making; and the boys were apprenticed out; and Mrs. Elford, whose strength was soon restored by good nourishment and careful nursing, resumed her old trade of ironer and clear-starcher, in which she is assisted by her youngest daughter, and able to earn a very comfortable maintenance.

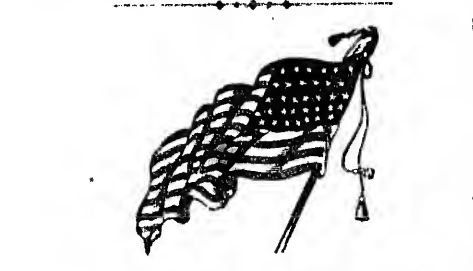
Neither Mary nor her young benefactress will, in all probability, ever forget the Two-penny Omnibus.

Should ever the benevolent old gentleman meet Mary again, it is ten to one that he would not recognize her she is so much altered for the better; but she would know him in a moment, she says, by his smile. Perhaps they may meet some day. Ours is a strange world but a beautiful one, for the most part, and full of kind words and smiles, and deeds of which fame keeps no record.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1862.

AGENCY OF THE WIZARD.—MR. PORTER G. MARSHALL, of the Salem and Danvers Express is the sole Agent of the Wizard, and the receipt of no other person, out of the office, will be valid.



OUR VICTORIES!

- HATTERAS.
- PORT ROYAL.
- DRAINESVILLE.
- MILL SPRING.
- FORT HENRY.
- ROANOKE ISLAND.
- FORT DONELSON.

Secretary Stanton.

We think it safe to say that much of the success now attending the national cause is owing to the labor, skill and indomitable energy of the new Secretary of the War Department. In a variety of ways he has exhibited the qualities most wanted in an executive officer. His own promptness and vigor has been infused into all the movements of the army. We cannot resist the conviction, that had he been at the head of the department at the outset, the rebellion would have, by this time, been completely quelled. His strong will would have felt in an earlier removal of rebel sympathizers from the clerkships of the department, in the detection and punishment of spies, and in rebuking the sordidness of government contractors.

One of his recent acts is especially praiseworthy, when he expelled an unworthy representative of the press, who had intruded himself into the department to get information from the archives of the government to spread abroad the country. This intruder sought to effect his end by threatening the wrath of the New York Herald on the head of the Secretary. The latter spoiled this game by making public the act of expulsion, and giving the cause of it. This published order laid the poor reporter flat upon his back, entirely powerless for evil. It showed also what means are resorted to by that unprincipled journal to obtain information to spread before the rebels as well as our own people. It will be remembered that this same paper published all the particulars of the Hatteras expedition before it sailed, and it was in possession of the rebels the next day.

The press, as well as the people, of the country ought to be thankful to Secretary Stanton for this wholesome example to intermeddlers.

SALT.—It is said that 40,000 tons of salt are absolutely needed at the South.

Rejoicings for the Victories!

The Governor has issued a General Order from Headquarters, for public rejoicings, to take place this day. Many towns had demonstrations yesterday, and it will be seen, by the following recommendation, that this town will not be an exception to the general joy. We omit the General Order for want of room:

TOWN OF SOUTH DANVERS, SS.
Feb. 18, 1862.

In obedience to the spirit of the above Order, it is recommended that the bells of the town be rung an hour at noon on the day designated by the Governor, and that the citizens unite in such demonstrations of joy and gratitude as the occasion is calculated to inspire.

WM. WOLCOTT, Selectmen
M. G. STANLEY, of
N. H. POOR, South Danvers

The News.

The last week has been one of considerable excitement on account of the favorable intelligence from our forces in Kentucky and the coast of North Carolina. These are glorious ten-strikes for our cause and the exhilaration we feel at their successes, is equalled only by the depression it causes to the rebels.

It is difficult to say which of these great movements have caused the greatest consternation among the rebels. Burnside's expedition, about which so much anxiety had been felt, has not only secured an important point for future operations, but it has captured a little army, and made them prisoners of war. It has vindicated the prowess of our troops, most of whom never before were under fire or had much opportunity to acquire habits of discipline. We rejoice that Massachusetts troops had so large a share in the achievement of the victory. Some of our own townsmen were witnesses and actors in the scene.

The capture of Fort Henry is one of the best strikes that has been made against the rebels since the war began; it creates a wide opening to the Confederate territory which they cannot close, and it followed by victories in other engagements that must immediately take place, will give Tennessee into the hands of the federal army, and place the Mississippi river at their command. We wish we could give a map of the territory and of the rebel line of defense, but if any one will consult the map it will at once be seen that the bars are absolutely down, and the whole field opened for greater achievements. Fort Henry is within a dozen miles of Fort Donelson, and it commands the Tennessee river, as that fort does the Cumberland. With these places in our hands, we cut off communication between Bowling Green and the rebel fortifications on the Mississippi river. All these are outlandish and may be evacuated to save their garrisons; if not they can be taken by the same courage and determination which gave us Fort Henry.

Since the above was in type, we have the further glorious news of the fall of Fort Donelson and the capture of its garrison of 15,000 men including four rebel Generals. The rebellion is evidently ebbing in, but the end is not yet. Savannah will soon fall, and Burnside will penetrate North Carolina and Price be driven away from Missouri or captured. *Laus Deo!*

Peabody Institute—Vital Statistics.

As it is now the tenth year since the foundation of the Institute, it may be interesting to look back on the records of mortality as connected with those who have taken a more or less prominent part in its establishment and operations.

Of the thirty members of the Board of Trustees, present and past, only one has died, Mr. Joseph S. Black, who was a member of the original Board.

Of about the same number who are or have been on the Lyceum and Library committee, two have died, Dr. Andrew Nichols and Mr. Thomas B. Hinkley, both of whom felt great interest in the prosperity of the institution.

Among those who were principally engaged in the erection of the building, there has been great mortality. Rufus Bond, Esq. the architect, the contractors, and Mr. Jonathan W. Osborne, who did the painting, are all deceased.

Sylvester Proctor, the early friend of Mr. Peabody, who acknowledged his friendship by many kind acts to the end of his long life, died before the foundations of the building were laid. He was designated by Mr. Peabody, and invited by vote of the town to lay its cornerstone. On hearing of his decease, Mr. P. requested his friend Hon. Abbott Lawrence to perform that act. He is now also dead, and of those who were present on that occasion and addressed the people, Hon. Benjamin Seaver, then Mayor of Boston, and Hon. Judge White of Salem, have since died.

We come now to the dedication of the edifice to the uses designated by its founder. The address by Hon. Rufus Choate on that occasion will be long remembered and his memory deeply cherished in the town which adopted him.

Yesterday was the anniversary of Mr. Peabody's birth-day when he arrived to the age of 67. We learn that he is still in the enjoyment of his usual health and largely prosperous in all his business undertakings, that he is still laboring and still receiving, thus illustrating the scriptural maxim, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth" and "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

His birth-day was observed last evening by the usual festival at Simonds' Hotel, where a bountiful and excellent repast was spread by the landlord, Mr. Washington Simonds. There was also a Birth-day Ball at Sutton Hall, and we believe the occasion was also remembered by the Webster Club, and by the Everett Association.

Peabody Lyceum.

The course for this season closed last evening by a lecture from George William Curtis of New York.

The lecture last week was delivered by Rev. Mr. Welman of Newton. Its subject was, the "Life and career of Frederic Perthes," the celebrated German Book-seller and philanthropist. The lecture was a well-drawn, condensed narrative of the childhood and manhood of this remarkable man, taken mostly from a memoir published and translated a few years since. By excluding much which related to the literary and political life of Germany, and retaining what bore directly upon Perthes' life, character and doings, Mr. Welman constructed a very interesting, instructive and useful lecture. Perthes was a notable example of a self-made man, in the best sense of the expression. He was a true life. Mr. Welman closed his lecture, which was attentively listened to during the hour of its delivery, with such moral lessons as such a life was likely to suggest.

Ratio of Patriotic Effort.

The following table gives, in their order of population, a list of thirty-five cities and towns in Massachusetts of over 4000 inhabitants, with the number of men they have sent to the army, and also the ratio as compared with their population. It will be seen that South Danvers has sent the largest number according to the number of its inhabitants, and is entitled to the honor of being the banner town for patriotism. Salem, Marblehead and other seaports may have sent more to the navy; but even including those, we are still in advance. Our sister town of Danvers, which is not included on account of its population being under 6000, sends the same proportion of men as our own town:—

Boston	4151 or one to 43 inhabitants
Lowell	869 " 43
Cambridge	536 " 47
Roxbury	572 " 44
Charlestown	378 " 67
Worcester	693 " 35
New Bedford	291 " 76
Salem	534 " 41
Lynn	664 " 29
Lawrence	436 " 40
Taunton	409 " 37
Springfield	267 " 57
Fall River	396 " 35
Newburyport	219 " 61
Chelsea	218 " 60
Groton	267 " 42
Haverhill	341 " 29
Dorchester	226 " 43
Milford	210 " 43
Arlington	92 " 93
Newton	94 " 92
Pittsfield	95 " 91
Somerville	90 " 89
Fitchburg	224 " 35
Weymouth	187 " 41
Martinehead	295 " 26
Adams	202 " 33
Northampton	163 " 42
N. Bridgewater	159 " 43
South Danvers	328 " 20
Waltham	197 " 32
Dedham	116 " 56
Woburn	229 " 27
Plymouth	188 " 33
Beverly	146 " 42

Below we give the names of several of the towns in this county with less than 6000 inhabitants showing the number of their soldiers and the ratio, that they may be compared with the above towns and cities:

Danvers	264 or one to 20 inhabitants
Middleton	63 " 16
Topsfield	43 " 30
Rowley	42 " 30
Swampscot	35 " 43
Nahant	0 " 63
Georgetown	84 " 25
Lynnfield	12 " 72

Spirit of our Soldiers.

We publish the following extract from a letter received in this town from a soldier at Ship Island, which expresses the feelings of a true patriot, who is concerned for the honor and welfare of the country. Let such be the prevailing sentiment of the army and the rebellion will not only speedily but thoroughly quelled:

DEAR FRIEND,—I can join you, most emphatically in your wish that peace and prosperity may once more reign over our lately happy land. But before high Heaven, I would spend the remainder of my three years service on this same barren spot, ere one word of compromise should fall from the lips of any man north of Mason and Dixon's line. I am not a warrior or one who delights in deeds of blood and carnage. I believe there is not a man here but would waste in blood his knees before he would allow the misguided South to succeed in their scheme of monstrous villany, the dismemberment of this, the fairest governmental fabric that ever the sun shone upon. May God avert such a calamity, and inspire us all, leaders and soldiers, with a spirit of heroism to resist to the last instant the damning attempt, and lead those at home to lend their aid to avert the evil. Let us unite in the hope that "The Star Spangled Banner" forever will wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave; and that that land and home may still be ours, un-abridged by the foul machinations of as graceless set of villains as ever polluted earth with their presence. I would again see America prosper, her people united and happy, her flag unsullied and her name a watchword for all lovers of Liberty throughout the world. But never the base yielding to an arrogant South, by a low, grovelling subservience to their behests. Sooner far let our sun set in blood, and we be entirely annihilated as a nation. I know actually nothing of the world beyond the reach of my vision; but a few days since a rumor was current here that the North had offered a compromise. What, compromise with outlaws and traitors! Compromise with rebels! Compromise with a set of thieves who have stolen all they could and now endeavor to rend asunder our glorious Union. Heaven forbid! Palsied and forever silent be the tongue that would utter, and darkened be the mind that would conceive such an expression or thought.

It would do my soul good to own a boat here, as there is a plenty of good fishing. Since the wharf has been built we catch an abundant supply of small ones. An order has lately been issued from Gen. Phelps that no one shall be allowed to leave the Island without a pass from him. A few days ago the doctor of the Ninth Connecticut, with a party of friends, left on a voyage to the farther end of the Island, and got lost in the fog. After being away all night they found themselves nearer the coast than they were, and hastened to leave the dangerous locality. A gun-bow was dispatched to look after and protect the lost sheep, and they finally returned in safety. Home the order. I steal away once in a while and go on board the ships, which there are some twenty-five about the island, steam and sailing.

A. W. L.

ADDITIONAL TOWN COMMITTEES.—As we do not hear that any of the gentlemen appointed on the Standing Committees have declined to accept the positions assigned to them, we name a few more:—

On Out-buildings—Barnes and Shedd.
Costume—Taylor, Spencer, Bibb and Tucker.
Colors—Green, White and Gray.
Occupations—Mason, Baker and Barber.
Beverages—Water, Porter, Perry and Goodale.
Military Affairs—additional—Flint and Steele.
Ornithology—additional—Crane.

All the committees will meet in the third story of Mr. Heylingberg's shop, Main street, on the 25th of the present month.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

ON BOARD THE GUIDE,
At Hatteras Inlet, Feb. 1st, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—We have once more received the sheet that cheers every one of the three hundred volunteers from South Danvers, more than any other paper that could be sent. It is of no use to praise you for your enlargement, for there are others, nearer home, to do that—and too much flattery, you know, is apt to spoil one.

Monday, Jan. 6th, we broke up our camp at Annapolis, and marched for the Academy, where we embarked for our expedition. We laid in the harbor till Thursday, Jan. 9th, when we started on our way to Fortress Monroe, and arrived there about eight hours in the fog. We lay at the fortress watching the proceedings of the gun-boats, Sewall's Point battery, the Rip Raps, &c., which presented enough of interest to prevent the mind from getting weary of our stay. The rebels at the batteries were amusing themselves by throwing shot and shell at a rebel steamer which came down the river, taking good care to fire at a distance to do her no harm. After a while one of our steamers started with a flag of truce, and after a friendly conversation together, they parted, the rebel going her way up river, and the Yankee coming back to her moorings at the fortress.

Saturday night, at about 12 o'clock, we started again, and at about four o'clock Sunday afternoon we have in a fog, some fifteen or twenty miles from Hatteras Inlet, and laid till Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock, when we pulled up our anchor again, and arrived at the desolate place called Cape Hatteras, just in season to avoid a storm at sea.

Tuesday, the City of New York, a store ship, and as fine a looking steamer as we had in the fleet, went ashore on the breakers, and is a Queen and a gun-boat are ashore, and the rest of the fleet that have arrived are thrashing together, breaking off their gun-boats, staving in wheel-houses, &c. After a storm comes a calm, and Wednesday, Jan. 15th, was a calm and pleasant day. The tide at this place runs in and out like a race-horse, and every time it turns, you have to look out for a smash up against some of the other craft. The water on board the steamer is manufactured from salt water, an engine of about one horse power doing the work of pumping it, but the principle of condensing I do not understand. The water has a sea-sick taste, and come to take raw salt pork and hard bread (our living now,) you cannot consider it a very welcome meal.

Saturday, Jan. 18th, the Suter was selling apples at eight and ten cents apiece. Sunday they were unloading horses from the steamer George Peabody. The distance from the steamer to the shore is about a quarter of a mile, and the way they unload them is anything but agreeable. There are two boats' crews, and they are trying to see which will get the most ashore. They tie a rope to one halter and give the horses a shove, and overboard they go, some turning a complete somersault, some striking on their back, some on their side, and after being under water some seconds they rise to the surface, and are pulled to the shore. Two of them slipped their halters, and it was hard to see them hmg round the steamer trying to get on board again. The horses belonged to the Rhode Island Battery, and some of them have since died from injuries received by their fall from the steamer.

Tuesday, Jan. 21, we were landed on the Island, and after pitching our tents on the sand, we took a stroll, visiting forts Hatteras and Walker. Fort Hatteras is quite a substantial little mud fort, built by slaves, and the mud of which it was built was brought about two miles—the place on which it stands being nothing but a sand bar, which is frequently covered by the water at high tide. The beach is literally covered with shells, many of which will no doubt adorn the shelves of Northern homes within one year from now. There are sand hills, some three hundred feet high, the tops and sides of which have the appearance of water lily rippled by the wind. The beach is far beyond Nantux in all respects.

Further back from the beach are trees of different kinds, but I find none that resemble oaks at home. They are all covered with foliage. There are many clusters of palm leaves, such as our fans are made of, and all they want is pressing and trimming to make a perfect fan. We traveled all the afternoon, and on our arrival back in camp, we made up our bed on the sand, and enjoyed a pleasant night's sleep.

Thursday, Jan. 23d, fourteen of the tent's crew took another stroll—visiting the camps of two other regiments—and on returning about three o'clock, found that the tide had risen so high as to drive us from our camp to the highest place on the beach, and over the graves of persons buried—both Rebel and Union. But this was not the worst, for about 12 o'clock at night we were awakened by the guard, who informed us that we should lay all night in a few minutes; and before we could get our things out, the tide had washed the sand away from the pine, and the tent fell over. All of Co. E, and part of Co. B, had to find other places for their tents; and after a weary night, morning dawned, with no better prospect ahead—for the forenoon tide swept the whole place, and we were obliged to wade ankle deep along the beach, the breakers washing entirely over.

During the night, the body of a seaman was washed ashore, presenting a sorry sight. After three quarters of a mile of this traveling, we arrived at Fort Clark, wet through to the skin. Here we took refuge for about an hour, when our captain told us if he would go about four miles further, he would find us comfortable quarters for the night. We consented to go (two companies, B and B). We had a head wind and hard traveling, and the two companies scattered along the line for three miles; but night found us in comfortable barracks, where we shifted our clothes and turned in for the night.

Friday our muskets had to be attended to; but we shall never make them look as well as before the storm, for the salt water has eaten into them and spotted them badly. This afternoon the storm broke up, and set the birds warbling, which makes it seem like May, instead of January.

We are now among the inhabitants of the island, who present the same appearance as did those of the Hatteras prisoners at Fort Warren. The houses are scattered here and there—some with windows and some with shutters which they open during the day; but if cold, they receive their light from the fire on the hearth. Some of the chimneys are wooden,

and all are built up at the end of the house. I have visited many of the families, and they seem to be anything but comfortably situated. The occupation of the inhabitants is chiefly fishing. The meeting-house is a shabby-looking place, and you can sit inside and watch daylight through the cracks. Paint was never known on the island.

Every family has its own grave-yard, and nothing would attract the curious more than the epitaphs on the plank slabs. The following is one taken from a slab erected in memory of Thomas Austin:—

"Thomas Austin was his name,
Heaven, I hope, his station;
Hatteras was his dwelling place,
And Christ is his salvation.
Now he is dead and buried,
And all his bones are rotten,
Remember him when this you see,
Lest he should be forgotten."

I have not seen an epitaph that I should not like to see published, for all have verses as strange as the one here given.

In my stroll over the Island, I had to take my shoes and stockings off three times to wade through the ditches, and I have no doubt but that is the reason why the inhabitants are so sickly as every time it rains, they are obliged to wade.

There are quite a number of graves, back of the chapel, of soldiers who have died here, and their comrades have fenced them in, and provided slabs, with their names and ages, in true New England style.

Sunday morning, we left our quarters and marched back to the beach, where we encamped again on the sand, and Monday we again went on board the Guide, which has got over the bar—and here we are, Saturday, Feb. 1st, waiting for the movements of our commanders.

Yours truly, Wm. B. HAMMOND.

FIRST MASSACHUSETTS HEAVY ARTILLERY, Battery D, at Fort Jackson, February 12, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—For a wonder, we are having a pleasant day to-day, and the wind, blowing quite fresh, will, I hope, dry up some of the mud which is in the fort nearly knee deep. We have been having dull, rainy weather for over a month, making bad traveling for teams of all kinds. The government teamsters have had a hard time lately, but not so hard as the horses themselves. They have to travel through mud up to their knees, and then, after their day's work is done, stand out doors, exposed to all sorts of weather. The travel has been so bad that the teams could haul but four barrels of hay or thirty bushels of oats to a load, which is only about three hundred to a horse. This is the hardest life a horse can live. He is bought and put out to a team. He is never carried, and is kicked and cuffed till death overtakes him, when he is thrown into the Potomac, or left to rot and make food for the crows.

The railroad is finished, and the trains run every night. There is a locomotive weighing twenty-seven tons, which does all the hauling over the bridge to the switch-off track at Fort Runyon; and when they get a decent train across, a larger engine takes them to Alexandria. Two trains of thirty cars each—one loaded with hay and the other with grain—went through last night. Some of our boys, under the superintendence of Corporal Wellman, have repaired an old hand-car that has been lying outside of the fort since we came here. This is calculated to carry the expired passes over to the regulars every morning, and to convey drunken and other criminals to the Runyon Guard House. "Our Wizard Correspondent" must have a ride, and so I was propelled up to Fort Runyon—not as a prisoner but as a guest.

For want of iron, the cranks to this car were made of oak wood and the cog-wheels of the same material.

Yesterday I visited Washington again. I have heard that Washington Market was not a very great place, but what I saw there yesterday contradicted that report. It was market-day and everything was there for sale, from a stick of candy to a drove of cattle. I cannot describe all there was to sell, but let me say that it put me in mind of Quincy Market in Boston. After spending an hour or so in the market, looking at the things, and passing our judgment on meat, butter and vegetables, we went to a photograph gallery, where my friend had some pictures taken. Here we had the gratification of seeing Gen. McClellan's baby, which was there with the nurse for the purpose of having its photograph taken. I will not say, as many would, perhaps, that the child was handsome, because her father was McClellan, but because she really was handsome.

We next went to the Capitol, and visited the Rotunda. Here I saw the new life-size portrait of Gen. Scott, on his splendid bay charger. It is hung on the stairway that leads to the dome. The scene is taken in Mexico, and the camp in the distance, under the shade of the splendid cactus trees, improves the painting considerably in my estimation.

Next we visited the House of Representatives. They were discussing the admission of Mr. Joseph Segar, of the first Virginia district to his seat. They had nearly all expressed their opinion that he ought to be admitted, when Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts and a member from Virginia, turned the scales, and he was expelled by a vote of 96 yeas to 40 nays. Then we took our way through the building to the Senate, where we found them discussing harbor improvements. After a stirring speech from Mr. King of New York, Mr. Lane of Indiana, and Mr. Wade of Ohio, the appropriation of six million and a half of dollars for making new improvements in forts was voted down.

While in the House, a member entered and read a document, which passed in the Senate, to have the Farewell Address of Gen. Washington read on the 23d of February in all places in the army and navy where it could be. As we came from the Senate, we thought we would take a look into the Supreme Court; but when we got there we found that they had adjourned. As we passed an ante-room, the door was opened, and there we saw a number of venerable, grey haired men taking off their black coats.

We were outside of the Capitol, and on our way down through the grounds to Pennsylvania Avenue, when I suddenly bethought myself that Capt. Langmaid, of our regiment, (who resigned last month,) was at work in the bakery, and so we turned about and went into the basement, where we found him. He took us through his department, which was the flour room. Here is stored some five thousand barrels. The captain then took us down stairs, where we found eight ovens, capable of holding three hundred loaves each. We saw the manner of making yeast and rising the bread, and even looked into the full ovens. We

stopped into the bread rooms, two in number, where we saw about eight or ten thousand loaves stacked, a thousand in a stack, or daily bread for a regiment. He broke open a loaf, and I can truthfully say it was Capital bread. They bake some six thousand loaves a day, using from 200 to 250 barrels of flour daily.

I send you a photograph of Prince Salm. He is on the staff, and second in command to Major Gen. Blouker.

Yours truly, W. H. SVOVE.

P. S.—News has come of the victories in Kentucky and North Carolina, and there is great cheering in camp.

[The following letter from one of the new recruits of the 14th regiment gives a picture of Soldier's life on the mired mud of Virginia.]

PORT ADAMS, Feb. 10th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The night is dark and gloomy without; heavy fogs lie around the camp so thick you can hardly see your hand before you; once in a while you can hear a sentinel swear, as he passes up and down his lonely beat; he has put his foot in a mud-hole nearly up to his knees. This is the "sacred soil of Virginia," which Wise swore "should never be polluted by the tread of Yankee Hessians," and its my opinion a great many Yankees wish they had never put "their foot in it." Shoe blacking and clothes brushes are at a discount. Nice young men who formerly prided themselves on their neat appearances, have come down to the stern necessities of the case, and officers and sergeants, corporals and privates, wander about in a penurious mass, floundering and splashing in the mud as if they had been used to it all their days. However, the men eat their rations, think of their sweetmeats at home, sleep warily in their barracks, stand in the mud on guard, shiver on picket, and make the best of their situations, occasionally wishing the war was over, and have slight hopes of furloughs in the future. Mud and glory are inseparable.

I like our situation very much; the fort is upon a very high hill which overlooks the cities of Washington, Georgetown, and part of Alexandria. There are also a number of forts to be seen from here, among which are Scott, Cameron, Richardson, Ellsworth. Gen. Blenker's Brigade is encamped to the west of us, while directly on our right is part of McDowell's Division. Our regiment being charged with the duty of sentry to Artillery, we have as much as any other wishes to do in pleasant weather, handling those large 24-pounders. We go through the loading and firing, dismounting, &c. To dismount the heavy siege cannon, we have to use the tackle and falls. I don't like it very much, as there is danger all the time of having your head smashed, or some of your limbs broken. The last time I tried it on, we were dismounting a 24-pounder howitzer; I felt pretty strong and took off one of the wheels rather quick, and it fell drop on to my right foot, when my great strength immediately left me. So much for my first trial on a howitzer. I think these guns were made to be used expressly by the Home Guard, where they could keep them mounted all the time.

I have had a bad cold for the last three days, so I have been excused from duty by the doctor. I had to visit the hospital three times daily for my rations of Congrat Drops, Epsom Salts, and Laudanum. We have got a dance in our barracks to night, and the boys go in as though they liked it, dancing to the music of two violins, guitar, and tambourine.

A rather curious circumstance happened to day at Alexandria, of which some of our boys were witnesses. They were there on a lark, and thought they would attend church; they went to the Episcopal, and while the preacher was on his knees praying very fervently for everything but the Union, a body of soldiers marched in, and he was drawn from the pulpit in a twinkling, and placed in a sluve-pen for safe keeping until further orders. The fact is, he has been constantly preaching secession for some time, and the Provost have had their eye on him. But Uncle Sam has now got him in his clutches.

This evening is a magnificent one; the moon shines brightly over the camp, and everything is lovely. I obtained a pass after supper, and walked nearly to Munson's Hill. I could hear the Bands of the 9th Mass. Regiment (Cass') playing, and it sounded beautifully. I must say give me "Ole Virginia" in good weather and the mud dried up.

Yours truly, N. L.

Occupy the Coast.

It is well to rejoice at their recent successes at the West, as it is exceedingly important to cut off communications between the two great armies of the rebellion. The taking of Fort Henry and penetrating into Tennessee, is a very important movement in the war. It leads to the opening of the Mississippi, and the capture of Memphis and New Orleans. Still it is more important to take and occupy the cities and harbors on the Atlantic and Gulf Coast. Only do this, and European powers may acknowledge the Confederacy, in welcome. There will be no blockade to break, and the rebellion will be virtually crushed. On this account we are looking anxiously for intelligence of the capture of important points by our naval expeditions.

Dry Goods.—James F. Almy, as will be seen by his advertisement in this day's paper, has an excellent and well assorted stock of Dry Goods in his store, well worthy the attention of those about to purchase, as he has marked his goods at very low prices. It will be seen that his store is on Essex street opposite Central street, which is the last stopping place of the omnibus. Ladies, therefore, will not have to walk far to make good bargains.

FUNERAL OF A SOLDIER.—We learn that the body of a member of one of our Massachusetts Regiments of the name of Daniel Freeman Brown, who died at Virginia, near Hall's Hill, was brought home last week for burial. He was Quarter-master Sergeant. Rev. Mr. Murray of Cambridgeport attended the funeral at Rockville. A detachment of Home Guard, about twenty in number, fired three volleys over the grave.

PROXY PAYMENT.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Cushing, whose property was destroyed by the fire in Beverly, on the night of Jan. 26, and insured by Wm. Archer, Jr., of this city, in the Thimble Fire Insurance Co. (Stock) of Norwich, Conn., to the amount of \$1000, has been promptly paid by him in full, without any hesitation or quibbling. Such an instance is refreshing and we would recommend the Thames Co., as a reliable one in every respect. —Register.

Letter from Boston.

"John Brent"—Andrew-Butler Correspondence
Sleighing—Neesboys' School—Dr. Russell's Visit—Amusements.

Boston, Feb. 17, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—"John Brent," by the late Major Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Dreeme," we are pleased to learn, is meeting

SOUTH DANVERS FEMALE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

An Exhibition of Gigantic Stereoscopic Pictures will be given at the Peabody Institute, for the benefit of the S. D. F. B. Society, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 25th.

Tickets 25 cts. A few reserved seats at 50 cts. may be obtained by an early call at the store of D. P. Grosvenor.

Entertainment to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Having witnessed the above mentioned exhibition, I can recommend it as well worthy the patronage of our citizens, aside from the benevolent object connected with it.

E. W. Upton.

DRAFTING SOLDIERS IN CONNECTICUT.—The drafting to fill up the Connecticut Regiments has been suspended, as enough volunteers have presented themselves to meet the required number to put the regiments on a war basis.

By accounts this suspension is extremely necessary in a sanitary sense, for a great many of the persons drafted, according to the Connecticut papers, though to all appearance sound and healthy before being drafted, have become possessed of all sorts of disqualifying ailments.

The *Courant* says that out of 310 men drafted in Hartford, 131 had slipped out from under the responsibility to protect their liberties and their families; and it thus explains the cause:

"The principal defect in those already reported is a stiffness in the joints. This difficulty is quite common, epidemic almost, and is becoming quite popular. We have no doubt but what every man in Hartford will have a lame knee before the 1st of March, even if he has to borrow one of a neighbor. The list shows a very general lameness in arms, fingers, hands or legs. Some men have been excused because, having eyes, they see not; and others who, having ears, hear not. One way and another the bulk of the people are exempt. Every man who ever had any disease happens just now to find it budding and blossoming with perennial vigor, cherishes it as a blessing, and refuses to let a physician into his house. And these are our country's brave defenders!"

Mrs. Fales. the lady so honorably mentioned in the following paragraph from the Washington Evening Star, is the person who has had the care and distribution of the various articles sent to the hospitals in Washington, by the Soldier's Aid Society of this place. She is well deserving of this tribute of respect.

Presentation at the India Hospital. The patients and nurses of this hospital, grateful for the kindness and philanthropy manifested by Mrs. J. T. Fales, whose devotion to the sick soldiers under treatment there, has been so constant, presented this lady with a beautiful set of silver spoons, costing upwards of thirty dollars, on the 4th inst. Mrs. Fales, for months, has been untiring and unswerving in her efforts of aid and goodness to the sick of this and other hospitals, enduring any and all sacrifices to make the sufferers of our army comfortable.

FEELING IN ENGLAND.—We have seen a letter from an American resident in Liverpool who speaks of the quiet and content which now reigns among the lately excited English people. Mason and Stidell now are nobodies, and they make no sensation at all.

The only notice of them, apparently, was an advertisement of a small dealer commencing thus:

Hi diddle diddle
Old Mason and Stidell
&c., &c., &c.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES.—David Brierly and Jesse Bamford were born in Rochdale, England, on the 29th of Feb. 1796, in the same house, and within the same hour. Mr. Brierly lived in North Andover on the first day of the present month, and Mr. Bamford in the same place on the 11th inst. Both were long in the mill of Mr. Sutton, though Mr. Brierly for one of the last years has been upon his own farm.

Mr. Bamford has been in the mill 26 years, and was employed there at the time Mr. Brierly in honor of his long and faithful services, his employer stopped his works on the day of his funeral, a tribute to humble merit honorable to his memory, and to the proprietor of the mill.

The above is from the Andover Advertiser. We learn further that these men who were born on the 29th of February, and so have had a birthday only once in four years, are now lying side by side in the same receiving tomb—it is indeed a most remarkable chapter of coincidences.

ROANOKE ISLAND.—Among the killed at the attack of Roanoke Island, was 2d Lieut. John Woodfin, Jr., of Marblehead, Co. B, 23d Reg., who was shot through the body by a cannon ball, while cheering on his men. He was but 35 years of age, of excellent character, and leaves a wife in Marblehead.

Among the wounded reported are John B. Ake of Topsfield, Co. F, Capt. Whipple, 23d Reg., in wrist; Matthew C. West of Danvers, on of the late Samuel West of Salem, Co. A, apt. Brewster, in thigh; Frank Howard of Waverly, Co. I, Capt. Hobbs, in thigh; Sgt. Amiel H. Morse of Marblehead, Co. B, Capt. Loring, in left side.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The number of its magazine for March is already received, and it more than sustains the interest excited by the two earlier issues. We regard this number as more lively and entertaining as well as more able, than the two former. There is rather variety and more life and vivacity in the articles. We do not enumerate them, but commend to our readers to procure the book at once and see if the performance does not meet up to our commendation. The "Cabinet Mission" reminds one of the "Notes." It is admirably done.

Gov. Andrew has issued a proclamation, arming the people of the State against being sworn into any military organizations not under the control or sanction of the State government. He shows that there are abundant opportunities for enlistment in Massachusetts regiments, and in all the branches of military service. The proclamation is accompanied by letters showing the evil results which have attended irregular enlistments, and which will serve as a warning to those about to enlist.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This valuable magazine for March, has come to hand, and this number, for its embellishments and literary contents, sustains the place of this periodical as the best Lady's Magazine in this country, perhaps in the world.

It is not too late to subscribe for it for the year, as Mr. Wilkinson is ready to furnish the back numbers.

TREASURY NOTE BILL.—The U. S. Senate, on Tuesday, after discussing the treasury note bill, refused to strike out the clause making the title a legal tender, by vote of 17 to 22. The bill was amended to allow the notes to be funded in two years, in bonds bearing 7 3/10 per cent. interest, and was passed, by vote of 30 to 7.

James F. Almy.

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188 Essex street, opp. Central street,
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Gerry Elizabeth N.
Greedy Ellen
Holman Emily

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Dean Joseph
Baird George H.
Balcomb George
Crowley Daniel
Cruze James
Daley Jeremiah
Ellen Otis
Elliot S. D.
Fitzpatrick John
Gifford Chas. H.
Goodwin John
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Per order, CHAS. S. OSGOOD,
Salem, Dec. 4

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen here!

Take HERRICK'S PILLS
Shall friends grow cold, or eyes oppress;
Should fortune never more caress;
There is a cure for such distress,
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Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure balm of little cost,
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Should sudden illness hint of goit,
Should cruel landlords turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout,
In HERRICK'S PILLS.

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Admired and admired, youth, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

Deaths.
In this town, Feb. 13, Laura Maria, daughter of Lauriston and Lucinda M. Sills, 9 yrs 4 mos.

"We have loved thee on earth,
We will meet thee in Heaven!"
15th, Michael Colman, 30 yrs.

In Danvers, 18th, Mrs Mary Ann, wife of Mr John Barker, 32 yrs.

In Salem, Feb. 9, William McMillan, Esq., formerly U. S. Consul at Zamboanga, 35 yrs 11 mos; Anastasia, daughter of James and Mary Powers, 3 years 8 mos; Moses H. son of John C. and Sarah B. Barnard, 3 yrs; Elizabeth, 2 yrs; 10th, Margaret A. Luntz, 59 yrs 3 mos; Mrs Susan Miller, widow of the late Hon John G. King, 74 yrs 5 mos 18 ds; Sarah, daughter of Oliver and Mary Martin, 2 years 9 mos; 11th, Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Joseph Rogers, 30 years 9 months; 13th, Mary C. wife of Henry Wheatland, N. D. and daughter of the late Eliza Hall, 45 yrs; 14th, Mr Peter Burns, 42 yrs; 15th, Mr Jared Putnam, 88 yrs 7 mos 31 ds.

In Danvers, 18th, Mrs Mary Ann, wife of Mr John Barker, 32 yrs.

In Essex, Miss Betty Barnard, 66.

In Charleston, S. C., Feb. 3, A. S. Wellington, editor and proprietor of the Charleston Courier, and probably the oldest editor on the continent, 84—a native of Massachusetts, a printer by trade, and the possessor of a large fortune.

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Your help—your refuge, you can shout,
In HERRICK'S PILLS.

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Admired and admired, youth, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

John P. Peabody.

220
ESSEX STREET, SALEM.

Worsted.
OUR black and white Worsted, 14 cts, and all high colors, 16 cts per doz. to close.

Clouds.
Nice Clouds closing at 68 cts—good colors.

Hats.
Our best Hand-knit Worsted Hats, 50c. to close.

Woolen Yarns.
Our Knitting Yarns at Reduced Prices.

Sleeves.
Our 75, 68, 60, and 42c. Sleeves—all now 25c.

Gaiters.
All our Gaiters marked down to 25 cents.

Mittens.
All our Army and Children's Mittens, marked down.

Hosiery.
Ladies', Misses' & Children's—all marked down.

OUR WINTER GOODS must all be Closed Out.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.
JOHN P. PEABODY.

THOMAS DAVIS,
ADVERTISING AGENT.

For the principal New England Newspapers, remains at the old stand, No. 23 Cornhill, Boston, where you will find him still loyal to the Constitution, the Laws, and Advancing Liberty.

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

WILLIAM J. WALTON,
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at sat isfactory prices.

Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.

WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main st.
South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

BUY YOUR GOODS
At prices to correspond with the times.

THE Subscriber, being about to make a change in his business, offers his entire stock of

CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
&c., &c., &c.

At a great reduction on usual prices, for

CASH, AND CASH ONLY,
THE WHOLE TO BE SOLD IN

THIRTY DAYS!

LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES,
AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES:

Costs selling for \$5.00, usual price \$10.00

Costs " 3.75, " 6.00

" " 3.25, " 5.50

" " 2.00, " 3.50

" " 1.00, " 1.75

Vests " 1.50, " 2.50

" " 1.00, " 1.75

" " .50, " 1.00

Caps " .60, " 1.00

" " .50, " .75

Boots, calf, " 2.50, " 4.00

heavy kip " 2.00, " 3.00

Balmoral Shoes " 1.00, " 1.37

Balmoral Shoes " .50, " .75

Rubber Boots " 3.25, " 4.50

Men's Overt " .75, " 1.00

Women's Overt " .60, " .75

Other RUBBER GOODS, &c., in proportion.

Call early and judge for yourselves.

R. S. D. SYMONDS,
South Danvers, Feb. 1, 1862.

N. B.—All persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to settle the same immediately. All those paying their bills within ten days, a discount of 10 per cent will be allowed.

R. S. D. SYMONDS.

THE GENESEE FARMER!
ESTABLISHED IN 1831.

THE FARMER'S OWN PAPER.
The cheapest Agricultural Paper in the world.

Only Fifty Cents a Year.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

PUBLISHED for thirty years in one of the best wheat and fruit regions of America, with correspondence in nearly every State and in Canada, it contains information of great interest and importance to every farmer, gardener or stock grower.

No Farmer can afford to be without it.

It costs only fifty cents a year! and contains more agricultural and horticultural matter than most of the two-dollar weeklies.

Price for 7 barrels and over \$3.50 per barrel, or only \$15 per ton. It greatly increases the yield and ripens the crop from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and with very little labor.

Original Poetry.

LINES

On the death of HENRY WILLIAMS, of 2d Co. Sharpshooters, who died at Bull's Hill, Va.

Oh! think that while you're weeping here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing;
And, with a voice as sweet and clear,
His ravensong soul without a tear
Its Saviour's praise is singing.

And think that his all pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever;
While he whose blood for man was shed
Has placed upon his servant's head
A crown that fades never.

And think that in that awful day,
When darkness and gloom are shrouding,
The form that met its kindred clay
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading.

Then weep no more for him who's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter;
Like that great High Priest alone,
Who can for guilt like ours atone,
Y own affections centre.

And thus, when to the silent tomb
Your lifeless dust like his is given,
Like faith shall whisper "and the gloom,
That yet again in youthful bloom
That dust shall smite in Heaven."

Mrs. B. ROBERTS.
South Danvers, Feb., 1862.

Miscellaneous.

A Highland Legend.

Once upon a time at Barr Glen on a wild winter's night, a farmer and his family and servants were comfortably seated around a peat fire, when the wind was howling terribly around the house, and the drifting snow was clogging up the door-ways. The farmer knew that his son and the servant maid were very much attached to each other, but he would not consent to their marriage. While they were all sitting around the fire on that winter's night, he thought of a plan by which the servant maid should be got rid of; so he said that if before the next day he would bring him a skull that was in Saddle church, she should have his son for a husband. The girl's love was so strong for the young man that she joyfully agreed to the proposal, although it was quite seven miles to Saddle and the road thereto lay over the Beinnan-Tuire. She knew the road well, and all its dangers and difficulties even by daylight, which would not be so much increased by the darkness of the night, the fierce wind and drifting snow, and the slippery rocks and swollen torrents. But she did not shrink from the danger, and at once made ready and went on her way. The farmer took good care that she went alone and that his son did not follow her. The brave girl went over the hill and glen, battling with the snow storm, and tracing her path with the greatest difficulty. She passed safely over the southern side of Beinnan-Tuire, and at midnight reached Saddle church. Its doors were open, burst open, perhaps by the violence of the wind.—She knew the place where the skull was kept, and she groped toward it in the dark. As she did so she heard a great, and peculiar noise, made up as it seemed of loud moans. There was a tramping of light feet over the pavement, and she heard forms rush past her; then a moment's silence, succeeded by more mysterious moans and sounds. Terrified, but not disheartened, the brave girl kept her purpose steadily in view, and groping toward the skull, seized it with both hands, and made for the church door. The tramping of feet and the moans continued and the forms pursued her. Grasping the skull she gained the door and shut it. As she did so she heard a rush against it but she turned and fled. By daylight she had regained her lover's home, and half dead with fatigue and excitement, placed the skull in the farmer's hand, and claimed the fulfilment of his promise. The farmer was amazed at her deed, but he was not so much surprised by seeing the girl, having hoped that she would have perished amid the snow and wilds. He would not believe that she had really been to Saddle, and taken the skull from the church on such a night; so he at once set out to Saddle with some of his men expecting to be able to disprove the girl's tale, by finding the skull still in its place in the church. When they got there and had opened the church door, they found within the building—not the skull, but a number of wild deer, who, having found the door open, had sought shelter from the violence of the storm. The girl had told him of the sounds she had heard within the church. Here was the cause; and much as he wished it otherwise, yet it was impossible for him to disbelieve her tale. There was nothing for him to do but yield with the best grace he might. He gave his consent to the match, and to make assurance doubly sure, the lover took his brave girl to Saddle church the very next day, where she replaced the skull in its position, and they were married off hand. And as some of the deer that had frightened her had been killed and cooked, they had a hearty wedding, and plenty of good venison at the feast that followed.

Bachelors.—In 1795, the town of Barnham passed an order, that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three crows while he remains single; as a penalty for not doing it, should not be married till he obeyed the order.

Why are seeds when sown like gate-posts? They are planted in the earth to prop-a-gate.

Border Scouts.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Among the most active and daring of the Union scouts in the Southwest, are four young men known as the Norrises and Breddins. Acquainted with every cross-road and by-way, they scour the country for a radius of seventy-five miles south and east of Fort Scott. Their very names are a terror to secession, and every plan that ingenuity could devise has been resorted to to effect their destruction.—Not long since the younger Norris was wounded in a skirmish near Shanghai, in which six out of a party of twelve under Lieutenant Lewis met with a similar fate, while contending against treble their number of the enemy. He is in the saddle, again, however, and ready for the field. These men formerly lived in Colon Grove, Mo., fifteen miles beyond Lamar, in the direction of Greenfield. The elder Breddin has a wife and family still living there. A couple of weeks ago, being anxious to visit his family, he took with him a party of six well armed and determined men and went down. Their arrival in the settlement known to some of his secession neighbors, and a plan was instantly set on foot to "take them in."

On the third night, being apprehensive of an attack, they assembled at a house in the settlement, where, after making all necessary preparations, they betook themselves to sleep. About 2 o'clock they were awakened by the approach of the enemy. They quickly took their places behind the fence surrounding the house, ready to give the foe a warm reception. The secession force approached to within 30 yards, halted, and most of them dismounted for the attack. "Now," said the captain, "creep up cautiously, and when I fire the signal gun, make a rush for the house and surround it." Breddin and his comrades lay quietly in their corners until the enemy were within a few yards of them, when they delivered their fire with terrible effect, just as the secession captain was about to fire his "signal gun." A prisoner whom the attacking party had with them, shouted as he heard the discharge, "d—d it, gentlemen, there's a good many signal guns there." For a few minutes the skirmish was a hot one, when four of our men, having emptied all their rifles and pistols, and fearing they might be surrounded, retired past the house into the timber, and made their way to Fort Scott on foot, leaving Breddin, Carpenter and Jones still at the fence fighting. Jones had nothing but a musket, but he made every shot tell. Carpenter, a boy of eighteen or nineteen years, had left his revolver in the house. After firing his Sharpe's rifle, he threw it down, ran into the house, got his revolver, and coolly closing the door after him, returned to his post at the fence. Astonished at the telling and rapid fire from the fence, the enemy became panic-stricken, and rushing to their house with loud cries of "we are whipped," "we can't stand the Minies," &c., fled in utter confusion on the Greenfield road, leaving two dead and six wounded—two of whom have since died—on the field. They continued their flight about three miles, when the captain succeeded in stopping a few of them; but the barking of some dogs started them again, and no more halts were made until they reached Greenfield. A messenger was immediately sent to Price for a regiment of troops to come and drive Breddin in of the country.

Eight horses were left by the enemy in their flight; these were captured by Breddin and his companions, and after scouring the country two days longer, they returned to Fort Scott, bringing two prisoners, and the horses left by their own party. The distance is about seventy miles. The secession party, by their own account, numbered not less than one hundred and thirty men. Breddin's whole force, as we have before stated, was but seven.—Leavenworth Conservative.

Advertisements.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES.

AMOS MERRILL

Will sell the balance of his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, including

Dress Goods, DeLaines, Shawls, Hoods, Undersleeves, Undershirts & Drawers, Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Hats, &c.

Also, at low prices, New Styles Prints, bleached and brown Cottons, Flannels, Opera Flannel, Crashes, Cassimeres, Yarns, &c.

With the usual variety of SMALL WARES and FANCY GOODS, at the

WARREN BANK BUILDING, South Danvers, Feb. 18, 1861.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

REDS and SHIRTS: A sermon preached in New York, Nov. 7, 1861, by O. B. Frothingham, D. D., at the request of the Board of Christian Missions, and published by subscription at a year, at 10 cts. per copy.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

JOHN RICHES: The Sutherland; Broken Engagement; Gulf Stream; Pilgrims of Fashion, etc. All the new books are put into the library as soon as published—subscriptions \$1 a year, at 10 cts. per copy.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

ONE CASE OF NOTE PAPER.

Just received, previous to the advance in price, for sale at small advance by

G. M. WHITPLE & A. A. SMITH, 190 Essex st.

CUSTOM MADE BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he is prepared to furnish CUSTOM MADE BOOTS and SHOES of every description, at short notice. All those in want of a good article will do well to call and get measured by his German Boot Maker. All of his work will be warranted to fit, and made of good stock.

REPAIRING

Done expeditiously, and in a neat and workmanlike manner.

FRENCH CALF SKINS.

And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale. SA E BOOTS AND SHOES, Constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest cash prices.

JOSEPH MORRISON,

Central street, opposite Old South Church, South Danvers, June 6—11

Choice Fall Hags for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of the variety of the Black and Chester County breeds, of which the Macks took the First Premium at the late Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

BYRON GODDARD,

South Danvers, March 27, 1861.

THE UNIVERSAL Clothes Wringer!

FOR Wringing Clothes, will do the work quicker, better and more thoroughly than any one can do it by hand. It has advantages over any other method now in use, as it will not injure the clothes, nor break, or strain in any way. It will also wring clothing dryer than any other method, thereby causing them to dry in less time than is usually required.

There are three sizes of these machines, viz: No. 1, price \$10; No. 2, \$7; No. 3, \$5. For sale by the subscriber, at his residence on FRANKLIN STREET, South Danvers.

W. B. RICHARDSON.

N. B.—Persons wishing to purchase, can have the privilege of trying one through a washing.

Dwelling House for Sale.

The elegantly situated and convenient two story Dwelling House, numbered 121 Boston street, being next east of the residence of Mr. Wm. Ford, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. Said house has corner lot, with garden and fruit trees, and it may be made convenient for one or two small families. Its situation within the limits of the old town of Danvers entitles its occupants to all the privileges of the Pea body Institute.

It is rare that such an opportunity offers to obtain such an estate on this main thoroughfare to Salem, and it is well worthy of the attention of persons desiring an eligible and convenient house. Apply to WILLIAM FORD, near the premises, or to J. P. HARRIS, at the office, 241 Essex street, Jan 11.

B. R. PERKINS,

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,

Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent color and picture plates, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when desired.

T. A. SWEETSER,

Druggist & Apothecary,

37 Main St., So. Danvers,

DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Lenses, Spectacles, &c.

Also, Imported Cigars of choice brands, Perfumery, Toilet Articles and Stationery.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared by experienced persons.

67 MAIN STREET.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers,

Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S

PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelor & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS-PORT,

DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL

Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand.

Franklin, Old Company's Loblitz, Locust Mountain, Black Locust, Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

Order box at South Reading Freight Depot, and post office, South Danvers, and at the post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,

J. Q. A. BACHELDER,

C. T. BACHELDER, July 10—11

Piano Fortes Tuned, Repaired and

Regulated.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of South Danvers that he has in his possession every Wednesday, and will attend to all orders entrusted to him, with promptness and care.

Order date at BROOKS & BROS' Periodical Store, this building.

Jan 30

THOMAS B. HOLDEN.

E. S. FLINT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

INNER SOLES,

AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.

2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

E. S. HOWARD,

DEALER IN CHOICE

West India Goods and Groceries,

81 Main, cor. Washington Street,

SOUTH DANVERS.

Jan 12—13

HOLIDAY GOODS.

WE have just received by direct importation from Leipzig, a small and choice lot of GARNET ORNAMENTS; CARVED BRACKETS; WOOD CARVINGS; BOULEMANS GLASS, &c.

G. M. WHITPLE & A. A. SMITH, 100 Essex street.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE ESTATE, No. 127 Lowell Street, consisting of a one and one-half story Dwelling House, with land under and adjoining. The house contains 8 finished rooms, and is in good repair, being nearly new. The land contains about 3-4 of an acre, well stocked with a variety of the best fruits grown and in a good state of cultivation. This estate is well worth the attention of any person seeking a snug home. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

M. H. ROBERTS, South Danvers, Jan. 1.

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM, FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

Central street, South Danvers,

Having provided himself with a



NEW HEARSE,

Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Warerooms

Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

of all sizes and prices.

METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.

PLATES—Silver and Plated.

SHROUDS—Thick, Cotton, Muslin and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c.

All Tincture Prescriptions for preserving.

Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, &c.

All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.

All orders from neighboring towns will be promptly attended to.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen

OF SOUTH DANVERS.

JOHN J. ASHBY,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

of all kinds.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds, made to order, at short notice.

No. 2 CENTRAL ST., SALEM, MASS.

Repairs of every description, done in the best manner. Also, for sale, the Copper-Tin Roofing, for Children.

2 SILVER Plated Egg-Cups for \$1—at

RIDGEBY'S, 188 Essex st.

REMOVAL.

JOSEPH J. RIDER, would inform his

friends and the public, that he has removed from 22 Essex Street, to the New and Spacious Store,

NO. 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX ST., SALEM,

which has been fitted up expressly for his business, and where he will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of

Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware

in the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York.

Grateful to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, the undersigned will, by strict attention to his business, feel proud, and a desire to accommodate, endeavor to merit a continuance thereof.

JOSEPH J. RIDER,

2 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex Street.

Are you Insured?

THE subscriber would respectfully call your attention to the fact that he is fully prepared to effect

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, in any amount, at current rates, on

Dwelling Houses, Barns and their contents,

Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c., &c., and on buildings in process of erection,

And that he is the authorized agent for the following responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:

Thames Insurance Co., (Stock) Norwich, Conn. Capital—\$500,000.

Amos W. Prentiss, Pres. Oliver P. Rice, Sec'y

Guaranty Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston. Capital and Surplus—\$300,000.

James P. Whitney, Pres. David G. Rogers, Sec'y

City Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston. Capital—\$1,000,000.

Samuel P. Hayward, Pres. Asahel W. Weston, Sec'y

Hamilton Mutual Insurance Company, Salem. Capital—\$500,000.

Wm. C. Prescott, Pres. John T. Barnham, Sec'y

Engle Fire Insurance Company, Boston. Capital—\$500,000.

Henry Earl, Pres. E. T. Underhill, Sec'y

Mutual Safety Insurance Co., South Reading. Capital—\$500,000.

Horace P. Wakefield, Pres. C. P. Wheeler, Sec'y

Also, will effect Insurance on the LIVES OF IN DIVIDUALS, for any year, seven years, or for the whole term of life, in the

Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., Springfield, Mass. Capital and Assets—\$750,000.

Caleb Rice, Pres. D. B. Hara, Sec'y

William Mack, M. D., Medical Examiner.

WM. ARCHER, Jr.,

18 Washington st. and 24 Front st., Salem.

PERUVIAN SYRUP

A SUPPLY of this invaluable article con-

stantly on hand, and warranted genuine. Bottles of two sizes at \$1.00 and \$2.00. See

circulairs for particulars.

G. M. WHITPLE & A. A. SMITH,

aug 7 Agents for Salem and vicinity.

RICH FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

A FULL assortment of Fall and Winter

clothing.

Fluids for Children's wear, from 1s to \$1.

Figured Alpaca, at 15 cents.

Very new Prints, at 8 cts.—for sale by

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

GEORGE H. CURRIER,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL

DENTIST,

22 Washington Street, Salem.

Also Agent for the "Patent Valenite," or

the inserting of Artificial Teeth on hard

rubber, which is superior to any other method

yet known, and for beauty, durability and

health, (especially also considered,) cannot be

surpassed.

Dentistry in every style of the art promp-

tly and faithfully executed, and satisfaction

given in every case.

SEP 25

CURRIER & MILLET,

Dealers in

Furniture, Chairs,

MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.

259 & 261 ESSEX ST.

Salem, Dec 14—15

E. F. BURNHAM,

SOLE AGENT FOR

SARGENT & CO'S

MAGIC SOAP,

For South Danvers & Salem.

OFFICE—Central St., opp. Lowell Depot, at

Burnham's Express Office, So. Danvers.

Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs.

Orders sent by mail or otherwise to So. Dan-

vers will be promptly attended to. tf-oct3

TWO NEW GAMES.

GAME OF ANTIQUE—price 25 cents;

GAME OF ANTIQUE & EVERYBODY,

ROSEBURY & NORTON—20 cents

Published by

Jan 21

(G. M. WHITPLE & A. A. SMITH,

PARIAN WARE.

PARIAN Pictures and Picture Plates—at

80 & 82 A. RICHMOND, 32 Front st.,

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1862.

NO. 8.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD,
FITCH POOLE, Editor.
Terms—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
1 square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
2 squares, 1.50 3.50 9.00
3 squares, 2.00 5.00 12.00
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5 squares, 3.00 7.00 18.00
6 squares, 3.50 8.00 21.00
7 squares, 4.00 9.00 24.00
8 squares, 4.50 10.00 27.00
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scued people from the trees situated on the river-banks. Some had been without food for twenty-four hours, and some for a longer period. The San Francisco Steamer have brought down thousands, and are coming in loaded every evening. The contributors from this city must have amounted to nearly \$100,000. Some estimate it at more.

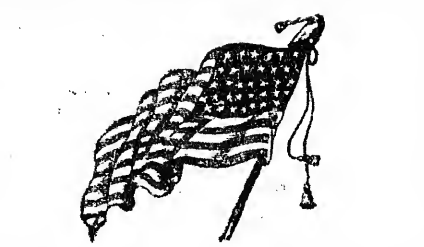
At Sacramento, there is a large Pavilion which is used by the Howard Relief Society, for the sufferers by the flood. This building stands very high, and thus it has escaped the fate of many others. The Society bid all those who have no home, or victuals, to come and be cared for, and they lodge and feed hundreds daily.

In San Francisco also, a committee has been formed, and a large public Hall, called "Platt's Hall," has been gratuitously tendered by the owner, Mr. Platt, for the use of this committee, who feed and clothe large crowds daily. Large tables are set in the dining department, and there one can see hundreds who but a few weeks ago thought themselves above want, and who would have scorned the idea of receiving public assistance.

I might continue to quote facts in relation to this sad calamity, but it is a description. I cannot describe, nor hard-ly imagine, the woe of the condition of the valley of Sacramento.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRU 26, 1862.



Washington's Birth-Day.

This anniversary was more generally observed than usual this year, on account of the peculiar situation of the country, and the recommendation of the President to the people to celebrate it by public gatherings.

In this town, the day was celebrated by the display of bunting, the ringing of bells, and the assembling of the people at Peabody Hall, to hear the Farewell Address and other exercises. We give the Programme below, with the intangible remark that, considering it was an impromptu celebration, and the speakers had no time for preparation, it was a most decided success. The Farewell was read by Mr. Furber, with much eloquence and appropriateness, to the emphasis, as well as the sentiment of that great state paper, being received with prolonged applause. The prayer by Rev. Mr. Furber, the addresses by B. C. Perkins, Esq., the President of the Day, and by Rev. Messrs. Barber and Barrows, and the pieces of music by the choir, led by Mr. Hanson, were all timely and especially adapted to the occasion.

The occasion was rendered more interesting by the presence, on the rostrum, of our fellow-citizen GEORGE W. GRAY, who comes back to us from a Richmond prison, wounded, and supported on crutches. The attendance of Mr. Gray called forth not only great applause, but much of emotion and sympathy in the audience.

The patriotic spirit of the performances was met by a sympathetic feeling in the audience, by ready applause of every good national sentiment. This applause was sometimes rather indiscriminate, but such was the prevailing patriotic expression of the speakers, that approbation could hardly come in a wrong place.

PROGRAMME.

- 1st. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Furber.
 - 2d. Music—Marcellus Hyman.
 - 3d. Remarks by Chairman.
 - 4th. Reading Washington's Farewell Address, by Charles E. Bradford.
 - 5th. Music—Star Spangled Banner.
 - 6th. Remarks by Rev. Mr. Barber.
 - 7th. Music—Glory Hallelujah.
 - 8th. Remarks by Rev. Mr. Barrows.
 - 9th. Music—America—Bard.
- REMARKS OF B. C. PERKINS, ESQ.
- YOUNG CITIZENS:—I have only a word to say by way of introduction to the exercises of this hour, and in doing this I need not remind you of the occasion which has brought us here. The day itself with its hallowed associations, calls up the sacred memories of the past, and gives new strength to our hopes of the future.
- One hundred and thirty years ago upon the shores of the Potomac, there was born a spirit, which for seventy years has been the inspiring genius of liberty in its struggles against Despotism. Ever since that spirit took the lead of our Revolution, Washington has been the model for the Hero and Patriot. His very name has become an inspiration. It is always pleasant to follow him from the shades of Vernon, under which he was reclining, when his country called him to lead its armies, to that day, when retreating from the duties of active life, he spoke those farewell words, which to-day, as then, are dear to every lover of Republican liberty; and amid the civil strife of this day, are they not our chart, which must guide us over rocks and shoals, that lie so thickly strewn in our path? May the spirit of that address inspire our brothers in arms to-day, so many of whom have gone from us to maintain that liberty which we have gained by the sword of Washington. We have one hero with us to-day who but yesterday went off in the full flush of youthful heroism, and to-day comes back wounded and fainting, and whose spirit is unbroken, and claims to already have been won by our soldiers, prove that the age of Heroes and Heroism has not yet passed away. If for us, the consecrated battle-fields of our Revolution enliven the sword of Washington, so from our children will thanks go up to Heaven for the Heroes of the Tennessee and Cumberland; and if we do not have another Washington, it will be because we do not need another; the necessity of the hour brings the man for the hour. The true hero is a Divine Institution, and not a human contrivance, and if need be God can raise up an army of Heroes,

and the time may come when every hill shall have been a Vernon, and every village have produced a Washington. But we hope not for such a necessity.

The clouds are already breaking, and sunlight is upon us. The ship of State, which so long has been driven by the tempest, I seem to see riding on the storm safely into harbor, with all once more on board shouting.

"One flag—one land—one heart—one hand one nation evermore."

REMARKS OF REV. MR. BARROWS.

The unanimity of the loyal States was the first heavy blow against the secessionists. They were disconcerted when New York sent troops to Washington and not to Charleston. No page of history bears out such a spontaneous uprising as was witnessed here in April 1861. These first indignation meetings were the nucleus of volunteers. The country seemed full of minute men. In provoking States to good words, Massachusetts led the way. As State after State seceded in the South, State after State adhered in the North and West. This was Union—the Union.

It is needless to say that Mr. Lincoln's election either sent the South or cemented the North. It did neither. It gave occasion for the declaration of the intentions of the secessionists. Their purpose long matured became apparent. They had an opportunity in this election to excite the people. Their hearts were gone from the Union when the prospect of serving themselves by the government passed from their grasp.

The North has been verging on its present united state for years. The morning star of the present glorious Union of heart and aim, took form and arose in the lamp of the Wide Awake in the campaign of 1860. Mr. Lincoln was only the subject of the choice of the Free States; he did not suggest their Union. We unbodied their principles, but did not originate them. The truth is that the national heart was sick of dictation and compromise. The fact that the country has been united by principle, and not merely by a spasm of antagonism, has been proved by the unity existing all through the struggle. It is safe to say that for all the delay and suffering in the army, for all the expense and vexation and grief at the loss of friends and brothers, for all that has passed and all that lies before, the loyal States are a unit still.

Over the graves on the banks of the Potomac and the Tennessee, may be written, "United we stood, United we fell."

The best proof of unity on the grand issue, is that Mr. Lincoln would be elected to-day were the ballot box open on the presidential vote.

The South did not frighten us; they only frighten away our doubts about their policy. The enthusiasm which has characterized the recent victories of both army and navy, is matter of congratulation.

There is a new significance in these days in Franklin's words to Chatham. "They (the British Parliament) may destroy our towns, they may cut off the superfluities, even the necessities of life; but we despise their power and do not lament the loss, while we have our goods and our liberty."

These words are of service; but it is of a negative kind; there must be live oak beneath the order to secure the highest success. The keynote of American success in commerce is traceable to the possession of "woods and liberty." The key-note of the recent victories is "Live oak and liberty." The enthusiasm of the recent engagements, is better than the victories themselves. "Close quarters and hot shot," mind Fort Henry. "I intend to move immovably on your works" was a sentence worth the capture of a battery of sixty guns. Without enthusiastic loyalty an army is a rabble, a very only rotten timber.

The signal development of the traitors and that is already manifest is worthy of notice on day like this. Here we have the ludicrous of rebellion presented. From this aspect affairs a laugh can be enjoyed. A certain illustrious General has afforded food for merriment. We are indebted to Floyd, that paradox of cowards, of whom it can be said that he put on a fleet foot, when neither foot nor feet were within reach of him. The hair will consider that laughing at Floyd is in order to-day. His escape from Fort Donelson, amidst one of the worthy farmers who in order to rid his barn of rats, caught one alive, slung it and let it go. The vermin disappeared.

The fire of the Illinois troops singed the valiant Brigadier, and wherever he has gone there has been a general dispersion ever since. It is little wonder. Contact with such a character is enough to disband an army any day.

But seriously, Cicero says that the man who loves his country shows that he loves parent, wife, child and friend. The betrayer of his country is accounted a disgrace to the very cause he serves. It is treated as a great streak of moral darkness for the grand son of Arnold to own his relationship anew in England. Arnold himself was shunned and condemned by all who knew him. He was pointed out as "Arnold the Traitor."

This country had need of a few historical characters in order to give it standing as an experienced nationality. It had no President who tried to subvert the nation that elevated him till Tyler took with him to his grave the unenviable distinction. We had no name that was synonymous with imbecility on the roll of Chief Magistrates (H) the returned functionary from Wheatland gave himself up to future historians as a sample of the pitiable in power.

There was no name, till Floyd appeared, among the officers of State, that bore the brand of robbery. I mean robbery public and avowed in the execution of his trust. But the Union has filled such gaps in its history. It is matter for congratulation that these men are what they are—not ruined arch-angels in dignity of intellect, by whose graves we would weep that they were presented on that one side of character only by which they fell. Not at all. It was not by majesty of talent, but by party success that any of them had the power to injure us.

The career of the gallant Brigadier who never fights, but flees, will be capital for some future Walter Scott or Fenimore Cooper to draw upon for the literature of romance in connection with our present war. They will delight to offset our Winthrops and Ellsworths with the Prices and Floyds, who ran because they could not die.

It is sweet to die for one's country; but they have no country, and cannot die as heroes. We needed an object of eternal contempt, and an outpouring Providence has produced it in Floyd.

We congratulate the country on the possession of the same before us in the day we celebrate.

brate. It is worth much. It will be worth much through all time. We boast that we have his Farewell Address, and that we can meet in the spirit of it to endorse it. Can it be read in Richmond to-day? They usurp his place, and publicly trample on his last farewell. They have surely chosen this day for inaugurating their chief, out of contempt to Washington's memory. The names and doctrines of the truly heroic will aid heroism in all coming time.

Madame De Stael heard Macintosh's speech on the freedom of the press, as if it were a voice from Heaven. It cheered her heart, and nerved her hand for future effort.

By keeping before our minds the last words of W. G. Gton, we will lend our aid to all who will yet struggle to be free.

Washington! the name is a treasure. America! the word is an inheritance. Many a soldier on his lonely beat, many a wounded combatant with wrong, many a prisoner of despot power, will muse on these words, and be encouraged to hope to the end. When the leaders of the armies of independence need a new inspiration, they will turn their eyes to the green slopes of Mount Vernon, and whisper the name of WASHINGTON.

REMARKS OF REV. MR. BARROWS.

After listening to this ever memorable address, I feel as a child receiving the last will and testament of a departed father. This farewell address of Washington may be regarded as the last will and testament of our country's great father. In the advice he gives for the conduct of its affairs, he comprehends all the possible dangers, foreign and domestic, to which the youthful Republic would be exposed, and points out the remedies for the evil, should danger threaten, and also specifies the great safeguards of national peace and prosperity.

We have just been reminded of the causes we have for mutual congratulation on this anniversary day. Let us examine for a moment our grounds of hope for the future.

A first ground of hope is in the people's political intelligence. It is of the utmost importance that a knowledge of the elementary principles on which our government rests be possessed by all the people. These principles should be studied, understood, and ever acted upon. It is a first truth in our government that all power resides in the people, and all authority is derived from them. They are sovereign. Possessing the power, they must have intelligence to wield that power, otherwise, politics become the business of the few and fall into disrepute, offices become the gift of demagogues and mercenary, and corruption and venality are the inevitable consequences. Had the people done their duty, we should have had no Floyd to laugh at. Watched by the eagle eye of a jealous executive, who had been elected by a people jealous of their rights and honors, government officers could not have carried out their gigantic schemes of iniquity and fraud.

Another ground of hope is in the people's love for country—in their true patriotism. In the corruptions which have developed themselves in all departments of politics, the wise and good have come almost to think that patriotism was a distinctive virtue of the past. The present terrible crisis has, however, demonstrated that the great heart of the people of this country is still true to its duty, and that in the eager rush to arms, of all classes, in every section, when the signal called for men to put down rebellion and treason. Nor were the enlistments made for mere pastime. Hard fighting was expected. Nor have our troops shrunk back when the hour of danger has come. At the capture of Fort Donelson, our gallant boys, some of whose companies were almost mowed down, with friends and comrades falling fast on either hand, while destruction and death were still dying all around them, stood firm, nay, pressed forward, at the cannon's mouth into the enemies' works.

A third ground of hope is in the people's recognition of the Supreme. Reverence for his laws and reliance on his assistance, are the only real grounds for national greatness and prosperity. Our government was founded by men of prayer. In the dark hours of our Revolutionary struggle, Washington was known often to hold sacred communion with the Lord of Hosts, from Him to receive direction and strength. In our unprecedented material prosperity, in our growth of territory and increase of national strength, we have become boastful and self-confident. The Being in whom our Fathers trusted, and in whose name our government was established, has been forgotten; and He has seemingly left us to our folly. The turning, however, of our rulers into the Lord is a cheering indication. We have not forgotten the parting request made by the President, of his friends and neighbors in Springfield; nor the affecting interview of our young General-in-Chief with the aged Gospel minister. And now we have our recent victories ascribed less to military sagacity and combination than to the spirit of God, the ruler of nations. "It is righteousness which exalteth a nation." When the people all learn to love and obey the laws of the Supreme Governor, will our nation, now distracted and torn, be again united, and have a true and lasting greatness.

NEW PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY.—In this Primary Geography, Prof. Allen has succeeded, as very few men have done, in the difficult task of coming down to the wants and capacities of little children. In this manual he has, unlike those who have gone before him, commenced at the beginning. Considering Geography as a view of Creation, he takes the young learner by the hand, and, by simple narrative, pictures of objects and outlines of the earth's territory, gives an insight into the varieties of the surface of the globe we inhabit. He also teaches him, or rather causes the child himself to learn, what are the principal productions of each country, by what race of men, and what varieties of animals it is inhabited. In this way, the study of Geography is made attractive, interesting and instructive, even to a child of tender years.

How frequently has it come under the observation of school superintendents and committee-men, that the minds of young pupils have been troubled and perplexed by unintelligible questions, seeking for impossible answers? How often do we see in our text books, questions that would puzzle mature minds, laid down as within the comprehension of little children? We hail the introduction of this new manual of Geography as an earnest that such follies and positive evils in our educational appliances are to be summarily abandoned.

Jeff Davis made his inaugural speech to a solemn crowd, on Saturday last, at Richmond.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

SHIP ISLAND, Miss., Feb. 2, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—We are all in a fit of despondency, in consequence of the rumor of the abandonment of the expedition which we had the honor of inaugurating. The news of any such name which would tend to a speedy crushing of this rebellion, and bring its subjects to the dust, would be hailed with cheers of delight by every member of our company. But to learn that the mighty army which is to crush this monster is about to move, and to know that we are in no condition to lend a helping hand, is truly humiliating to all of us. Here we are, with neither arms or equipments of any kind, and nearly destitute of clothing. Our boys, as they job round about the fort, present more the appearance of a squad of Cape Ann fishermen than so many members of the U. S. A.; and to see an mounted guard about the fort with pick-axe handles (for want of sabres), seems a mere mockery, as far as it is. If the persons who sent us from home in this destitute condition, could but get a peep at the scenes which are daily enacted here, it would heartily sicken them of ever repeating the experiment. A caricature of some of them would be a fortune to the proprietors of the "Comic Monthly" or the "Punchy Pellet."

Ship Island has greatly improved since our landing, and the barren and desolate island of eight weeks ago, presents, to-day, the appearance of a thriving Cape Cod village. Numerous buildings, for storage and quarters, have sprung up, and plank roads have been built. Already the pile-driver is at work on the extension of the wharf, and the tedious unloading of vessels by hand has been abandoned—a little engine, such as is in use in our Northern cities, quickly laying the cargo of a vessel upon the wharf.

A large "Pot Bakery," containing five huge ovens, now supplies all the inhabitants with good, fresh, light bread, which is now almost exclusively served. We have also three "batteries"—two regimental and one brigade. This latter is conducted on an extensive scale, and outwits even the "country store" in the variety of articles offered. Dry goods, clothing, rubber goods, boots and shoes, West India goods and groceries, and all the useful articles in camp life, (to say nothing of the useless ones) comprise the articles which are temptingly displayed upon the shelves and counters. This establishment is also provided with cakes and pies from the new bakery, which, with the harshest of hard cider, are in great demand.

This work of improvement is not confined exclusively to building and out-door adornment; but the tents of the soldiers, and the easements of the fort, present many comforts of home, the handiwork of our inventive Yankees. Almost every apartment has its tables, settees and closets,—and rudely built, though comfortable, beds are no rare sights.

On the 26th ult., the camp of the 9th Connecticut and 26th Massachusetts regiments was formally dedicated as "Camp Constitution," by the raising of a flag presented them by the captain of the steamer of that name, and bearing the tricolor motto.

Quite an excitement was occasioned, on the 26th ult., by the appearance in a steamer from the rebel shore, bearing an English color at her main peak, with a flag of truce was fluttering from her staff, forward. The gunboat Water Witch ran down to her, and held an interview with her commander. She proved to be the rebel steam Crescent City, having on board the English Consul at Mobile, who had come to claim the return of a schooner loaded with cigars, coffee and arms, which had been captured by the Rhode Island a few days before. The Consul was politely but emphatically informed, by Commodore McKean, that if he desired to retain possession of the vessels sailing under the flag of his country, he must warn them of the danger of sailing too near our blockading squadron, and especially of attempting to slip by them; and that it was perfectly useless, as well as preposterous, to ask the officer of a vessel found with contraband articles on board. The poor fellow was therefore obliged to leave, minus any consolation. The most probable motive of their visit was to get a sight at our naval and military force; and they could not possibly have come in a better time. We had at anchor here thirteen steam gun-boats, one frigate and fifteen transport vessels (nearly all ships); and the regiments were strung along the beach for their inspection.

The cruiser brig Bohes arrived here to-day. She mounts four large guns, and is commanded and manned exclusively by Marbleheaders. She stopped but an hour or two, as the men were "spilled for a fight," and Capt. Gregory, her commander, was not in the least inclined to restrain them, if one could judge from his manner and conversation.

We are having considerable rain, and the North winds are rather disagreeable as well as mischievous, for it is no unusual thing, after a "Norther," to see the steamers Lewis and Anson, and two or three sailing vessels "piled up" on the beach, and one of our prize schooners has gone to pieces.

The health of the men continues remarkably good, only two having died since our landing. What will be done with us, no one can say yet; but we are all disposed to make the most of our situation and circumstances, and, like the immortal Mianawar, patiently wait for "something to turn up."

Yours truly, G. L. SKIMMY.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—Last week was fruitful in accidents of various kinds. Mr. Alexander Lewis dislocated his left shoulder by a fall. Mr. Charles Porter adds another to the many in this town, who have met with severe fractures of the arm by being caught in machines for splitting leather. Both these cases were attended by Dr. Osborne.

Nearly the close of the afternoon service at the Old South Church on Sunday, an avalanche of snow and ice from the roof came down and crashed two sleighs, frightening and injuring the horses. The sleighs belonged to Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Wilson. The horse of Mr. James P. King, which was near when the accident took place, broke a shaft in his flight. We hear of several narrow escapes from these snow-slides.

A two-story flat roof building attached to Messrs. Finner & Brown's tannery near Main Street, was crushed by the weight of snow and ice, on Monday evening during the storm.

DEATH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—The President's son, Willie, eleven years of age, died on Thursday evening last, of Pneumonia, after a short illness.

Letter from Boston.

Boston, Feb. 25, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—The news of the recent victories achieved by the Union armies was enthusiastically received by all classes of our citizens. The "stars and stripes" were again hung to the breeze, bells were rung, the chimneys of the Arlington street church pulsed forth national airs, cannons were fired on the Common, and the opinion prevailed that the first blows of a vigorous war policy have at length been struck. The "forward movement" has indeed been finely inaugurated, and the grand army will, doubtless, soon be "marching on" to victory!

The anticipation could scarcely fail of having its attention arrested by the somewhat remarkable collection of the arms of the Crusaders and of knight-errantry, to be seen in the window of a military store on Washington street. Battle-axes, javelins, filchions, lances, &c., &c., curiously and elaborately wrought, form a portion of the collection, and are suggestive of Guths, Huns and Vandals, Spanish knights, etc., of olden times. The trophy is the property of a soldier in the American army.

The experiment of establishing Turkish baths at the Boston Sanitarium, has proved eminently successful. This luxury, combining the acquisition of health and the enjoyment of a pleasure which cannot be obtained in any other American city, is becoming a famous institution of the Modern Athens.

The Count Joannes has again appeared before our courts, to demand certain rights and measures which he considers necessary to his personal safety and reputation. In an eloquent speech, the Count said he "thanked God we had judges in Boston." He demanded "the continuance of any tampering of juries, as a disgrace to the intellectual centre of the United States."

In addition to the famous Jarvis collection, and Studio Hall exhibitions of pictures, the public are indebted to the proprietors of the Summer street gallery for the privilege of examining many fine paintings. The opportunity thus afforded is much improved by many lovers of the beautiful in art. The Boston Athenaeum will soon re-open. "The North," a picture of icebergs, by Church, will then be an exhibition. Report speaks highly of this production. "Indian Summer in Virginia" has been added to the collection at Williams & Everett's.

Mrs. M. Lizzie Bell and Miss Agnes A. Kenney, the Boston vocalist, gave an entertainment at the Melodeon on Thursday evening, the proceeds of which were applied to the uses of the "American Women's Association."

Father Kemp is to give a series of "Monday Popular Concerts" at the Tremont Temple.

The Hutchinson family will give a concert on Wednesday evening. Among others, Whittier's song of "We wait beneath the furnace blast," will be sung by them.

The Apollo Garden, conducted on the plan of the celebrated beer gardens of Germany, is well worth visiting by those who would witness the customs and habits of the Germans, as they exist in the Fatherland. Musical performances are given, and the audience—composed of Germans, their wives and children—listen or applaud while they imbibe unknown quantities of "lager" and other liquors which are said to "cheer but not inebriate."

The theatres are all in successful operation, and present attractions which seem to be unappreciated by citizens and suburban.

The Boston Theatre is under the management of H. C. Jarret, Esq., late of Nihil's Garden, New York. The company is superior to that of any in the country, and the standard tragedies and comedies are given on alternate nights.

The National Theatre company comprises nearly one hundred performers, including Galletti, the famous dancer, and an undoubted ballet troupe.

The Aquarial Gardens management have engaged the wonderful performing elephants, and they are exhibited in conjunction with the "Car of Venus."

The Ethiopian Theatre announces the sixth week of "New Year Calls"—a mirth-provoking play, and many new farces.

The Howard Athenaeum produces, this week, "Becket, III, or Boston in 1862," a play founded on Mrs. Otis' "Barclays of Boston."

The Boston Museum is thronged nightly. Miss Bateman has been re-engaged, and appears in the "Madonna of Art," a play written by her mother.

Yours truly, A. D. W.

George Peabody's Birth-Day.

This anniversary was only observed this year on the 18th inst. by a Supper at Simond's Hotel, at which Hon. Robert S. Daniels was called to preside. On taking the chair he made a brief and appropriate address, recounting the principle events in Mr. Peabody's career and the benefits conferred upon our own citizens by his generous and timely benefactions. He then called upon a number of gentlemen present who severally responded, expressing their views of the prominent place Mr. Peabody now holds in the two great commercial countries of the world, his influence for continued peace between them, his financial and diplomatic influence, his loyalty to his country and his efforts to promote international amity. All these were remembered with grateful appreciation, and drew forth hearty applause.

The occasion was pleasant and social and elicited much patriotic feeling. It closed with a sentiment in honor of our soldiers at the seat of war, and by the singing of Ansh Lang Syne.

There were no set speeches except those of Messrs. J. Sutton, Blaney, Jacobs, and Pinder, all of which we have in our possession, but they are omitted for want of room.

This was the sixth of these pleasant annual gatherings and the day was also observed by the other organizations. This fact shows the disposition of our people to keep in remembrance their benefactor. We think it also shows that a single gathering, including all who would like to join in it, would be a preferable mode of observing the day in the future.

THE WOUNDED OF SOUTH DAVENPORT.—Thus far we hear of none of our South Davenport soldiers being killed in action. Mr. John Price having died in camp. The wounded are Denison Moore and George W. Gray at the battle of Bull Run and Matthew C. West and George W. Grant at Komoko Island. Moore and Grant resided near each other on Holten street.

THE TRAITOR FLOYD.—This arch-rebel, so noted for his stealing propensities that he has cultivated thieving as a "fine art," is yet at his vocation. The papers say, that "he stole away at night from Fort Donelson with 6000 men." He may live to stretch hemp yet.

Peabody Lyceum.

The closing lecture of the course was delivered on Tuesday evening of last week, by George W. Curtis. Its subject was "The Times," and the discourse was worthy of the high reputation of the lecturer. The large audience listened with rapt attention to its close, only interrupted by manifestations of applause. His elocution style, elegant sentences and apt illustrations, together with his charming manner of delivery, and fine, poetic tone of voice, make Mr. Curtis one of the most popular speakers in the country. Thus has popular speakers of the most instructive and pleasant courses of lectures ever delivered at that place.

[Written for the Wizard.]

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in your paper a few weeks since that when you mentioned those that attended the State Normal School, from that town and from Danvers, that you expressed some regret that so few should avail themselves of the privileges so liberally furnished by the State.

It is an important inquiry at the present time why so few attend this school which is so easy of access by the scholars of our towns.

I will attempt to give some of the reasons why so few attend from this town. We feel that the course of study required there, has laid more than one of our most promising young ladies in an untimely grave; and most young ladies are unwilling that their daughters should study so hard as they are required to there. The text books used are different from those used in our grammar and high schools, and those scholars that are the best prepared to enter, are obliged to study at least, seven hours each day out of school; it is not so much the amount that is required, as the manner in which they are required to prepare it, that takes so much of their time. So many written examinations keep them continually in suspense and anxiety; having spent the midnight hours over their lessons, they must wait days and weeks before they know whether they are approved or not.

When you and I went to school, we heard nothing about hygienic; but my experience has taught me that my oxen and horses thrive best when they are contented and not kept continually worried; but I should think from the way in which this school is managed that the teachers thought that anxiety, dread, suspense, and uncertainty were conducive to the health of young ladies. I am aware that if the teachers do not require close study, that there will be many idlers that would feed upon the bounty of the state; and that it is the duty of the teachers to see that none waste the privileges that are provided at the public expense; yet, when so many are leaving the school, have not the public a right to inquire into the cause?

If my parents feel that their daughters are disposed to give too much of their thoughts to dress and personal appearance, I think a course through the Normal School would be an excellent remedy.

Danvers, Feb. 19th, 1862. Wm. H. PUTNAM.

Moral Influences in Camp.

[The following letter is from a Danvers soldier in camp near Washington.]

CAMP DANFORTH, D. C., Feb. 19, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—To-day we have had a "Norwester," which cleared some but with our drill, so I have some leisure time, and I will send you a portion of that time in writing to you. We still remain in the same "old sheep pasture," as the boys are pleased to call it. Do not suppose they intend to reflect upon themselves, when they speak of our camp ground in that manner. We have been very comfortably situated this winter, as every man has an extra blanket or quilt, and mittens have been abundant, for all which, our thanks are due to the good people of Western Massachusetts, and then the men have "board barracks," which they have erected at their own expense. The health of the regiment has been excellent, so we have much for which to be thankful.

The controversy between cotton and corn, has been settled here, by mind, who has snatched the throne, and until he himself is settled, there need be no more controversy. One Washington paper states, that "a man might buy himself as deep as the law requires, by lying, at full length, in the mud." When mud is de-throned, then we may make an advance upon Minutemen, Richmond and way stations, but until then it is an impossibility.

In my last letter, I mentioned the social condition and privileges of those who are about us. I will now allude to our own privileges. A few persons in Western Massachusetts have kindly supplied us with books, and our thanks are also due to two Sabbath Schools in the Eastern part of the State, for their donations of Soldier's Libraries. I refer to the Sabbath School connected with the "First Church in Danvers," and that connected with the "Eliot Church" in Roxbury. For a time we were supplied with religious papers, and the "Springfield Republican," but the money subscribed to forward them has been used, so that now we are without them. Sabbath afterwards we have a Bible Class, on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, prayer-meetings, and on Tuesday evening there is a Class meeting. Our meetings are very interesting, and we feel that our prayers and labors are blessed of God, for some who came from home, strangers to Christ, are now rejoicing in that they have found the Saviour. We who labor here feel strengthened, when we consider that Christians at home are praying for us. And there is nothing that touches the heart of the soldier, like allusions to home. At the mention of that word he is carried to some quiet village in New England, where he has always lived, and where every spot is familiar. He sees that Church, where, for so many years, he has listened to the preaching of God's Holy Word, and he remembers the instructions of a faithful pastor, and the teachings of an earnest Sabbath School teacher. Much as he loves to think of those Sabbath days in that pleasant church, he lingers but a moment, as he sees his home and that dear father and mother, and those sisters and brothers, all now, doubly dear to him as they assemble around the family altar, while the father pleads that God may bless the absent one, keep him from the temptations that surround him, and that, though far away from home, he may give his heart to Christ. This has no influence upon him for good, but as he sees that mother retire to her closet, but to gaze that mother for that beloved son, there he remembers the instructions he received in childhood, how upon his mother's knee he was taught to say "Our Father," and listened to the stories of the Bible, and there learned of Jesus who came to this earth and suffered and died that he might live, and the "still small voice" comes to him, and entreats him to listen to the teachings of

those childhood hours. A distant still small voice, that calls him to Christ, and that wanders returns, and the presence of that heavenly Father is fulfilled. In prayer he is able to say he should say, and when he is old he will not depart from it. In passing mothers will not see tears trickling down the cheeks could see the tears trickling down the cheeks of their absent ones, as some good blessing is made to home and a mother's teaching, they would feel well repaid for all that has been said and anxiety, in days that are passed. Let God be praised, that so many of our soldiers have praying mothers.

Yours truly, WALLACE A. PUTNAM.

Stereoscopic views.

This series of stereoscopic views, magnified, is a most wonderful exhibition of landscape, architecture, statuary and all other objects thus preserved to the human vision. The statuary especially is exactly copied from the marble as it comes from the artist. You travel all over the world, and see all that is worth traveling for, and it only costs a quarter.

This exhibition, the proceeds of which are to go for the benefit of the Female Benevolent Society, will be repeated THIS EVENING at the Peabody Institute, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Tickets, twenty-five cents single, or five for a Dollar—children under 14 years fifteen cents. For sale at D. P. Grosvenor's Apothecary shop and at the door.

Written for the Wizard.

Burial of Sir Jeff Davis.

Not a drum was heard or a life's squeaking note. As his curse from Richmond we hurried. We shed not a tear, we cared not a groat. As the carcass of Davis we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of the night, By the lantern, dimly burning. We buried him quickly away from our sight, So deep he's no chance of returning.

No needless coffin enclosed his breast, No planed him just as we found him. And laid him away to take his last rest, With the flag of rebellion around him.

Few and curt were the words that we said, And we had not a thought of sorrow, But quickly we turned away from the dead, And mused on events of to-morrow.

We thought of Fort Donelson's terrible die, The flies offered up on treason's red altar, How Johnson gave out and Buckner gave in, And Floyd ran away from a later.

We thought too of Beauregard, Ruler and Vice, Of Mason and McDowell away o'er the billow, Of Hollins and Bragg, so noted for lies, And the digger of ditches, the run-a-way Pillow.

We thought of McClellan, and Lincoln, and Scott, And how all the world would upbraid him, Of Burnside and Grant, and Sigel and Foote, And how for his treason they paid him.

Lightly they'll talk of the president gone, And jeer at his schemes of ambition, And faster and stronger will lay the blows on, The death-dealing strokes to sedition.

Patriotic Towns.—In our last paper we claimed for South Danvers the honor of being the banner town for patriotism among those exceeding 6000 inhabitants, as we send one soldier to every twenty inhabitants. This would not prove true if we should take into account the smaller towns of the Commonwealth. For instance, our neighboring town of Middleton with about 900 inhabitants sends seventy men or about one to thirteen. Well does Middleton! She leads Essex County if not the whole Commonwealth!

The Marblehead Ledger thinks we are a little fast in our claims as compared with Marblehead. We wish to accord all honor to that eminently patriotic town, but in our statement we did not include the navy or the three months men. Marblehead bends all creation on the salt water, we claim our supremacy of relative numbers on the land.

DEATH OF A SOUTH DAVENPORT VOLUNTEER.—By a telegraphic dispatch to Hon. William D. Northend, we learn that Mr. John Price, a member from South Danvers, of Capt. Saunders' company, of Andrews' Sharp Shooters, died and was buried at Cumberland, Md., on Sunday, Feb. 16th. No particulars have been received.

Mr. Price leaves a wife and four small children, between the ages of three months and eight years, whose only means of support was the State bounty of three dollars per week, and which, on account of his death, they will probably no longer be entitled to.

Mrs. Price is in very poor health, and we think her case is particularly deserving the notice of a benevolent public.

PARTIES.—The Essex Club celebrated the birth-day of George Peabody by a dance at Sutton's Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. The music was furnished by Upton's Quadrille Band, of Salem. They will hold another next Tuesday evening, for which tickets can be obtained of the managers.

The second Social Party was held at Sutton's Hall on Thursday evening last, which was well attended.

The third party will be given on Thursday evening, March 6th. Music by Upton, Tiney and Parson's full Quadrille Band.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This Magazine for March presents us with an attractive table of contents. Besides the continued articles of Agassiz, Mrs. Stowe, Lowell and others, Mr. Everett gives a valuable paper on "Taxation which is especially timely now. Mr. Cleveland of Danvers contributes an article on the Rifle, which is also appropriate to the times. The poetry of this number is excellent, as it well must be from such pens as those of Whittier and Holmes.

DANVERS.—The 22d was celebrated in Danvers by reading the Farewell Address, music and other exercises, in which Rev. Messrs. Fletcher, Putnam, Chaffin, and others, took part.

DOGS.—In 1861 the damage done by dogs to sheep cost Ohio \$86,795.05.

Original Poetry.

HAIR TO OUR CHIEFTAIN.

Hail! hail to our Chief!—with the war-trump
now calling
To arms! On to arms! all the youthful and
brave!
From the hill-side and valley, the forest and
mountain,
Re-echoes—Go forward, to conquer and save!
The voice of the nation,
From peace's long sleep awaking,
Again sounds the watchword—Our Union to
save!

Herald of hope—our full constellation
Is pouring its light to illumine thy way;
From our far Northern sky, every star is re-
volving
With the heart of the nation, around thee to-
day.
Hope of our Union,
Mid the night of rebellion,
We'll gather around thee, till the dawn of
peace's day.

For thee, noble chief, each star in its setting,
Of deeds wrought with valor, adorning the
field;
While the laurels of hope, wet with tears of
affection,
Encircle the gems that are clasping thy shield.
Where the crimson tide's flowing,
New England is offering
The gems of her household, baptized for the
field.

Our ensign of faith on the war-breeze is
floating,
Where glory and valor lie sleeping in death;
O'er each fortress mid rampart her stars and
stripes waving
The notes of thy praise, with the patriot's last
breath.
Mid the smoke and the thunder,
Blood, treason and plunder,
Still waving for Union, fanned by Liberty's
breath.

Hope of our night! our glad morning shall
crown thee
With the olive of peace, immortal in fame;
On the wings of the eagle in the bright air of
victory,
With the star of our Union ever shining
Our national banner,
Amid loud hosannas,
Re-set with each wandering star, home again!

March on to the combat! though war's rattling
tempet
Should sweep o'er the land, and swell to the
sky;
The God of our fathers still dwells on to con-
quest—
In his grasp, vile Rebellion shall struggle and
die!
To the God of our Union,
Our proud banner soaring,
Inscribed with deliverance and peace from on
high!

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. PARTINGTON MORALLY SPEAK-
ING.—"What makes the gas light so vacu-
inating?" said Mrs. Partington, endeavor-
ing to thread her needle as the gas light
rose and fell, now springing up to a bril-
liant flame, and now going almost out.
It became steady at last, when like
emerged from the collar. "Where have
you been?" inquired she, looking round
at him. "Been to try the meter wench,"
he replied. "What?" she screamed, in a
tone that raised the cap off her head;
"meet a wench, you disgraceful boy, how
dare you say such a thing? I am almost
tempered to take corrosive measures, and
punish you within an inch of your skin.
Such a fragrant outrage I never knew in
one so young. Boys that show such mor-
tarpentine never come to an end." She
ceased suddenly, like a horse, car-brought
up by a drawbridge, and rocked back and
forth much excited. "I didn't do nothing,"
said he; "only tried this thing that the
gas men gave me," and held out to her a
small wrench used to turn the gas off with,
which he had been trying in the cellar.
Mrs. Partington blushed, like a maple
tree in October, and patting the boy on
the head, she sent him out with a three
cent piece that he had been for an hour
teasing her for in vain.

Girls must think little, and talk
less, of matrimony. If they will look
upon marriage as the height of worldly
aspiration, as the grand source of earthly
happiness, we can tell them of a better
way to reach that goal than by frequent
discussions of the theme. Let them seem,
by assiduously cultivating the graces of
life, by attentions to the needs, tastes and
happiness of their associates, to forget
their own personality. Let them culti-
vate cheerfulness, physical health, indus-
try and the Christian graces springing
from conscientious devotion to duty, and
they are sure to become the objects of
that solid admiration which recommends
them for wives and mothers.

DIDN'T GO THAT WAY.—The Hud-
son-Gazette says that the popular steam-
er Oregon was delayed on the river by a
dense fog a few days since, and was com-
pelled to "lay to" for several hours. An
impatient passenger approached Capt.
King with the inquiry: "I say, Mr. Pilot,
ain't you going to start soon?" "As soon
as the fog clears up," blandly responded
the captain. "Well, but its staid
overload now," urged the passenger.—
"Oh! yes," replied the captain, with a
mischievous twinkle in the left eye, "but
we are not going THAT WAY!"

A Problem.—An Exchange proposes the fol-
lowing problem:
A man sells his watch for \$50, buys it back
for \$40, and sells it again for \$45. How much
did he get by his trade?
We would like to know how much the watch
cost him in the first place.

FIGHT ON A HOUSE-TO-TOE.—The partial
thaw of yesterday rendered leaky roofs
disagreeable, and in numerous localities
shovels and scrapers were called into re-
quisition to clear off the snow. Two Af-
ricans were engaged in this useful occu-
pation on the roof of a house near the
gas-works, when an altercation ensued,
which resulted in a fight, much to the de-
lectation of the spectators, who watched
the melee from the opposite sidewalk.—
After clawing at each other for a brief
space, one of them elevated his shovel
and whacked the other on the side of his
head, upsetting him, and causing a rapid
movement towards the eaves, over which
he presently slid like a rocket. With a
howl he descended to the ground, and
fortunately struck in a ditch which was
full of snow, with a good sized rivulet at
the bottom. The astonished Ethiopian was
submerged, and some minutes elapsed
before he dug himself out, with his mouth
full of snow, and his pantaloons full of
water. He looked at the elevation from
which he had descended, and then gazed
into the hole from which he had emerged,
with a bewildered air, and evidently failed
to grasp the extent of the calamity which
had befallen him. A small boy informed
him of the facts, whereupon he at once
instituted a bombardment of the roof
with stones, clubs and brickbats, which
brought the other darkey down in short
order. Having dropped his bird he
sought revenge, and an encounter ensued
which resulted in a second submerging in
the ditch. At last accounts the aggrieved
shade was industriously laboring at the
skull of his antagonist, and had mellowed
several paving-stones in the operation,
without producing any effect except a few
mild grunts from the victim.

BEECHER.—In Mr. Beecher's church the
service begins at precisely 7 1-2 o'clock.
By that time the crowd has long been
gathered and seated so long as it can be.
Agassiz was giving a lecture on "Science
and Religion," but Beecher had the crowd.
Mr. Beecher is manifestly more at home;
greater in his own pulpit than elsewhere.
I had heard him lecture, but never heard
him preach. He certainly is the ablest
minister in America. There are many
things which might be criticised in both
the matter and manner of his discourse;
he is frequently grotesque, often theatrical,
at times loud to the verge of ranting; but
withal there is a depth of human feeling,
a tone of tenderness, a luxuriance of il-
lustration, which make one forget his
slight defects. The pervading quality of
everything he says is a scorn of all mean-
ness, a scathing of all injustice. I can-
not imagine a young man in the habit of
listening to him going into baseness and
dishonesty. I know several ministers who
surpass him in special directions.
He has not that electric spark which
flashes from Darwin; he has not the clear
lightning of Cheever; he has not the
subtle expression of Bellows; he has not
the sustained fullness of manner
which Chapin has; he has not the refine-
ment and spiritual elevation of O. B.
Prothingham. But he has some of all
these excellencies, and he has a hundred
strong qualities these others have not.—
When the sermon was over, Theodore Til-
ton, one of the editors of the Independent,
in whose pew I sat, said, "You must not
think this is Beecher's best. He is at
times a whole army with banners in that
pulpit."—Cor. Cin. Gaz.

The Springfield Republican is re-
sponsible for this Home Guard duty:—
I am a son of Mr. A. and I've listed for the war
in the Side-walk Hussars, an officer am I;
I've boldly drawn the sword, and I've thrown
away the sword,
And I'll bleed for my country like a black-berry
pie!

Advertisements.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES.

AMOS MERRILL

Will sell the balance of his stock of FALL
AND WINTER GOODS at GREATLY
REDUCED PRICES, including

Dress Goods, Delaines,
SHAWLS, HOODS, UNDERSLEEVES,
UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS,
Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Hats, &c.

Also, at low prices, New Styles
Prints, bleached and brown Cottons,
Flannels, Opera Flannel, Crashes,
Cassimeres, Yarns, &c.,
With the usual variety of SMALL WARES
and FANCY GOODS, at the
WARREN BANK BUILDING,
South Danvers, Feb. 13, 1861.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.
SERMONS and Sermons: A Sermon preached in New
York, Nov. 7, 1860, by O. B. Frothingham, D. D., at
the request of the Board of Christian Missions.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex street.

ONE CASE OF NOTE PAPER,
JUST received, previous to the advance in price—
for sale at small advance by
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex street.

WAR MAPS!
ALL the varieties, from six cents upwards,
at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex street.

FLOWING BLUE,
AND Mulberry Tea, at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex street.

CUSTOM MADE BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber would respectfully in-
form his friends and the public, that he
is prepared to furnish CUSTOM-MADE
BOOTS and SHOES of every description, at
short notice. All those in want of a good ar-
ticle will do well to call and get measured by
his German Boot Maker. All of his work will
be warranted to fit, and made of good stock.

REPAIRING
Done expeditiously, and in a neat and work-
manlike manner.

FRENCH CALF SKINS.
And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale.

S. A. E. BOOTS AND SHOES,
Consign at your hand, and for sale at the lowest
cash price.

JOSEPH MORRISON,
Central street, opposite Old South Church.
South Danvers, June 6—41

Choice Fall Pigs for Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of the
Frisch Albert and Chester County breeds, of
which the Muckle took the First Premium at the
Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

BYRON GOODALE,
South Danvers, March 27, 1861

THE UNIVERSAL Clothes Wringer!

FOR Wringer Clothes, will do the work
quicker, better and more thoroughly than any
one can do it by hand. It has advantages over
any other method now in use, as it will not in
the least fear, wear or strain the clothing in
passing through the machine, no matter how
light or tender the fabric may be. Clothing
with buttons can be wrung with perfect
safety, as the buttons are simply pressed into
the rollers, without being broken, or in any way
injured. It will also wring clothing dryer than
any other method, thereby causing them to dry
in less time than is usually required.

There are three sizes of these machines, viz:
No. 1, price \$10; No. 2, \$7; No. 3, \$5.
For sale by the subscriber, at his residence on
FRANKLIN STREET, South Danvers.

W. B. RICHARDSON.
N. B.—Persons wishing to purchase, can
have the privilege of trying one through a
washing.

Dwelling House for Sale.
The elegantly situated and convenient two
story Dwelling House, numbered 151 Boston
street, being next door to the residence of
Mr. Wm. Poor, is offered for sale on accompaniment
of terms. Said house has been built with a large
garden and fruit trees, and it may be made con-
venient for one large or two small families. Its
location within the limits of the old town of Danvers
outlines its occupants to all the privileges of the Pea
body Institute.

It is rare that such an opportunity offers to obtain
such an estate on this small thoroughfare to Salem,
and it is well worthy of the attention of persons de-
siring an eligible and convenient house.

Apply to WILLIAM POOR, near the premises, or
F. P. B. at this office.
South Danvers, Jan. 30, 1861.

B. R. PERKINS,
241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,
Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent
oil pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the
improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, En-
gravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when
desired.

COAL CRADLES
AND Coal Stoves; Coal Sifters and Coal Shovels, at
S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

Boston Directory.
JUST published, the Business Directory, embracing
of the City, County, and State, and a General
Directory of the citizens—more than fifty thousand
names—for the year commencing July 1, 1861. Price
\$1.25. For sale at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex street.

GILT TEA SETS.
RICH Gold and Silver Tea Sets, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

WHITE CHINA
AND Lustre China Tea Sets, complete, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,
Wallis Street, South Danvers,

Are Agents for
GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S
PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,
CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND
PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,
(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS-PORT,
DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL
OF the various kinds usually kept in a retail
yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Lighthouse,
Leicester Mountain, Black Heath,
Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at low
prices can be bought elsewhere.

Order by South Reading Freight Depot,
and post office, South Danvers, and at the post
office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,
J. O. A. BACHELDER,
C. T. BACHELDER, July 19—41

Piano Fortes Tuned, Repaired and
Regulated.

The subscriber respectfully in-
forms the citizens of South Danvers,
that he has been engaged by the City of Danvers,
Wednesday, and will attend to all orders con-
fided to him, with promptness and care.

Order slate at BROOKS & BROS.' Periodi-
cal Store, this building.
JAN 30

THOMAS B. HOLDEN.

E. S. FLINT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in

INNER SOLES,
AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.

2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

E. S. HOWARD,
DEALER IN CHOICE

West India Goods and Groceries,
81 Main, cor. Washington Street,
SOUTH DANVERS.

JOEL 1-ly

HOLIDAY GOODS.
WE have just received by direct importation
from Leipzig, a small and choice lot of
GARNET ORNAMENTS; CARVED
BRACKETS; WOOD CARVINGS;
JEWELRY GLASS, &c., &c.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
South Danvers, Jan. 1

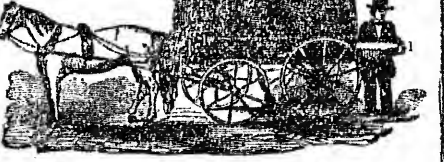
AT PRIVATE SALE.
THE ESTATE, No. 127 Lowell
Street, consisting of a one and
one-half story Dwelling House,
with land under and adjoining. The house
contains 8 finished rooms, and is in good repair,
being nearly new. The land contains about
3-4 of an acre, well stocked with a variety of
the best fruits grown in a good state of
cultivation. This estate is well worthy the at-
tention of any person seeking a snug home-
stead. For further particulars apply to the subscriber
on the premises.

M. H. ROBERTS,
South Danvers, Jan. 1

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM, FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

Central street, South Danvers,
Having provided himself with a



NEW HEARSE,
Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of
town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Warerooms
Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained
Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS,
of all sizes and prices.

METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
PLATES—Silver and Plated.

SHROUDS—Thibet, Cashmere, Muslin and
Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c.

ALL TRUNK PRESERVES for preserving.
Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, &c.

All of which will be furnished as low as at
any other establishment.

All orders from neighboring towns will
be promptly attended to.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen
OF SOUTH DANVERS.

JOHN J. ASHBY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
of all kinds.

Ladies' Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes, of
all kinds, made to order, at short notice.

No. 5 CENTRAL ST., SALEM, MASS.

Repairing of every description, done in the best
manner. Also, for sale—the Copper-Tined Boot, for
Children.

2 SILVER Plated Eggs—Cups for \$1—
RIDECK'S, 188 Essex st.

REMOVAL.

JOSEPH J. RIDER, would inform his
Friends and the public, that he has removed to
242 Essex Street, to the New and Spacious Store,
NO. 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX ST., SALEM,
which has been fitted up expressly for his business
and where will be constantly found a full and ex-
tensive assortment of

Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware
in the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices
as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or
New York.

Grateful to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity
for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, he
hereby calls attention to his business, and
prices, and a desire to accommodate, endeavor
to merit a continuance thereof.

JOSEPH J. RIDER,
2 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex Street.

Are you Insured?

THE subscriber would respectfully call your at-
tention to the fact that he is prepared to effect
INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, to any amount, at current
rates, on

Dwelling Houses, Barns and their contents,
Stores, Stock of Goods, Furniture, &c., &c.,
and on buildings in process of erection.

And that he is the authorized Agent for the following
responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:

Thames Insurance Co. (Stock) Norwich, Conn.
Capital—\$200,000.
Amos W. Prentiss, Pres. Oliver P. Rice, Secy.

Guaranty Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston.
Capital and Surplus—\$500,000.
James P. Whitney, Pres. David C. Rogers, Secy.

City Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston.
Capital—\$100,000.
Samuel P. Hayward, Pres. Wm. Weston, Secy.

Hamilton Mutual Insurance Company, Salem.
Capital—\$200,000.
Wm. C. Prescott, Pres. John W. Barnham, Secy.

Essex Fire Insurance Company, Boston.
Capital—\$100,000.
Henry Earl, Pres. D. P. Underhill, Secy.

Mutual Safety Insurance Co. South Reading.
Capital—\$200,000.
Horace P. Wakefield, Pres. D. P. Underhill, Secy.

Also, will effect insurance on the LIVES OF IN-
DIVIDUALS, for one year, seven years, or for the
whole term of life, in the

Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., Springfield, Mass.
Capital and Assets—\$1,700,000.
Caleb B. Rice, Pres. D. P. Underhill, Secy.

William Mack, M. D., Medical Examiner.

WM. ARCHER, Jr.,
12 Washington st. and 34 Front st., Salem.

PERUVIAN SYRUP
A SUPPLY of this invaluable article con-
stantly on hand, and warranted genuine.
Bottles of two sizes at \$1.00 and \$2.00. See
circulard for particulars.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
aug 7 Agents for Salem and vicinity.

RICH FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
A FULL assortment of Fall and Winter

clothing, for Children's wear, from 15 to \$1.
Figured Alpaca, at 15 cents.

Very neat Prints, at 8 cts.—for sale by
ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

GEORGE H. CURRIER,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,

22 Washington Street, Salem.

Also Agent for the "Patent Vulcanite," or
the inserting of Artificial Teeth on hard
rubber, which is superior to any other method
yet known, and for beauty, durability and
health, (economy also considered,) cannot be
surpassed.

Inserted in every style of the art prompt-
ly and faithfully executed, and satisfaction
given in every case.

CURRIER & MILLET,
Dealers in

Furniture, Chairs,
MATTRESSES, FRAMES, &c.

259 & 261 ESSEX ST.,
Salem, Dec 14—ly

E. F. BURNHAM,
BORN AGENT FOR

SARGENT & CO'S
MAGIC SOAP,

For South Danvers & Salem.

OFFICE—Central St., opp. Lowell Depot, at
Burnham's Express Office, So. Danvers.

Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs.
Orders sent by mail or otherwise to So. Dan-
vers will be promptly attended to.

Two NEW GAMES.
GAME OF ARTISTS—price 25 cents;
GAME OF ANTHONY & EVERYBODY,
ROMANOID & NOBODY—20 cents

Published by
JAN 25

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

PARIAN WARE.
PARIAN China and Butter Plates—at
S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

WHITE CHINA
TEA WARE, of the best quality, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st., Salem.

FRENCH CHINA.
RICH Gold China Tea Sets; Vases; Match Boxes;
Goblets; Blouses, &c., at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

RICH VASES.
PARIAN and Terra Cotta Vases—at
S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

THERMOMETERS.
A FULL assortment at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex street.



PRINTING
IN
EVERY VARIETY,
Neatly and Promptly
EXECUTED

At
The Wizard Office,
SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE,
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

POSTERS,
(LARGE AND SMALL,) WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT
IN THIS
VICINITY.

Ball Circulars;
TICKETS.

Orders of Dances.

BUSINESS CARDS,
Address Cards,
Wedding Cards,

Printed in the neatest manner,
And on the finest stock.

BILL-HEADS
For Manufacturing and Mercantile Houses.

BLANK RECEIPTS,
And all kinds of BLANKS of every description
Printed to suit.

EVERY DESCRIPTION
—OR—
JOB PRINTING

Done in the best manner, and at the
LOWEST PRICES.

—AND—
WARRANTED

To please or no pay, at the
WIZARD OFFICE,

Allen's Building,
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,
ONE PRICE

HAT, CAP & FUR STORE,
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

ELEGANT GIFT BOOKS;
CHILDREN'S BOOKS;
NEW PICTURE BOOKS;
BEAUTIFUL WOOD CARVINGS;
GAMES;
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS;
CARD PHOTOGRAPHS;
WHITTING CASES;
DESIGNS, &c., &c., at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S,
(Successors to Henry Whipple & Son.)
190 Essex Street, Salem.

Sign of Five Golden Books.

House Lots for Sale.

Twenty House Lots, of good size,
are offered for sale, on a new street,
on land of the subscriber, leading from
Albany street, being a continuation of
"Pierpont street." The situation is pleas-
ant, on high ground, and most of acres.
Land in its vicinity is rapidly advancing in value and
a good opportunity is now afforded to obtain a good
house lot at a cheap price and on easy terms.

Application may be made to the Subscriber,
WILLIAM BUFFUM,
South Danvers, March 26th, 1860

Cottage for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the
new COTTAGE, on TREMONT
STREET. This cottage is thoroughly
built of the best material, and is lo-
cated throughout in the best manner,
and will be sold on reasonable terms.
South Danvers, June 6.

For Sale.

THE DWELLING HOUSE situated
on Main street, nearly opposite the
Monument, and lately occupied by
Rev. James O. Murray. Apply to
AMOS MERRILL,
South Danvers, March 27.

Removal.

BOOK-BINDERY.

J. BIRLEY, Jr., has removed his Book
binding from 199 Essex street, to Chambers
over the Bookstore of H. Whipple & Son, en

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1862.

NO. 9.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every WEDNESDAY morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD,
EDITOR.
TERMS—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

NOTES OF ADVERTISING.
For one square, 10 lines, 3 months, \$1.00
For one square, 10 lines, 6 months, \$1.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$2.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$2.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$3.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$3.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$4.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$4.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$5.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$5.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$6.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$6.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$7.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$7.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$8.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$8.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$9.00
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$9.50
For one square, 10 lines, 1 year, \$10.00

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank
Danvers, Dec. 4, 1861.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem,
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
Jan 4-1y

B. O. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
December 7, 1859.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
December 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
January 1, 1860.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
JANUARY 18, 1862. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
DENTIST,
No. 4 MAIN STREET, So. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
eth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge

W. L. BOWDOIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Square—No. 57 Washington street.
an 11-1y

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Amilton and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Bos-
ton; Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Greiner, Glazier and Paper Hanger,
GROVE STREET.
INDOORS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
mch6-tf

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
1th Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
AN'L NEWMAN. NAT'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Sole, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
No. 32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
mch3

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
mch3

J. J. HEYLINGBERG,
Fashionable Hair-Dresser,
No. 24 Main street.

HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED.
artificial attention paid to cutting Children's Hair
January 1, 1862.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
1st India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Old and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aueroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
Rooms 168 Essex street, Salem, may16

JOHN MOULTON,
IVORY & STABLE,
a St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

Tales and Sketches.

ANNIE ELLERTON.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVIR.

Ever light-hearted and joyous was Annie Ellerton, the pet of our village. Never lighter step bounded in the dance at the village festival than hers; and the clear, silvery tones of her laugh rang out as merrily as the music of the eddying rivulets, whose sparkling waters played around her home.

They called her beautiful, yet hers were not the "jetty locks and bright black eyes" whose charms have elicited full many a praise from the poet's pen. There was a world of mischief in her laughing blue eyes, which peeped out roguishly from beneath the sunny curls clustering on her fair and intellectual brow! Every feature bespoke the kindness of her heart. No one was ever more rejoiced than was she, when, after long administering to the wants and comforts of those around her, she found that happiness had again taken up its dwelling by their hearthstone; but no one possessed more sensitive feelings, or was more quickly grieved.

Reader, didst thou ever mark the dark shadows of the clouds, as they lightly fall and chase each other across the greenward on a bright summer's day? If you ever observed them, then can you form some idea of the shadows of sorrow and sadness that would flit across her countenance whenever she was grieved; but she cherished not anger, for like the shadows, it vanished quickly away.

Mr. Ellerton, the father of Annie, had formerly been a wealthy merchant; and for a long time he prospered in all his mercantile pursuits, the tide of prosperity rolled in upon him in one steady, unbroken stream. Having never met with losses or misfortunes, he began to imagine that fortune would ever smile upon him, and in an unlucky moment vested a large amount of his wealth in a speculative enterprise, which he supposed would prove very profitable to him. But he was deceived; his wealth was soon scattered, and he was left in comparative poverty. Nothing could now be done in his business without money, and he at once resolved to proceed into the country, far away from his former home, and there escape the cold, scrutinizing gaze of the worldly ones, who formerly had appeared his truest friends, but now when their assistance was most needed, had entirely deserted him. To the country he soon went with his wife and child, and purchased a small cottage and farm in the little village of R—.

Annie was very young at the time of their removal from the city, and in a few weeks was quite as well contented, aye, and even happier in the humble cottage with its white-washed walls and neatly sanded floors, as with the noble mansion they previously occupied, furnished with all the gorgeousness that wealth could procure. She who had been the petted child of wealth, and whose slightest wishes had been gratified, soon found more pleasure than ever before, in roving with her village playmates out in the flowery meadows, and over the grassy hills that skirted the valley where reposed her father's humble cot. There was not a tiny grass spot far away on the mountain-side that her light feet had not pressed, nor even a shady nook in the old wood that she had not explored.

Annie grew toward womanhood amid the bright and blooming things around her, beautiful as a fresh spring flower nestled closely down among its leaves; and, think you, that she was thus lovely without exciting the admiration and love of all those around her? Oh no; for if village gossip could ever be believed, many were the suitors that had sued for her hand. But they pleaded in vain, for though many of them possessed riches that would at once have elevated her to a high rank, she firmly, but gently rejected all. But think not that Annie was wholly heart-free; else, where was the brother of Lizzie May, her most intimate friend? Harry May grew from childhood a playmate for Annie. When but a boy, he was distinguished for his rapid progress in whatever studies he commenced, and as he grew in years, his thirst for knowledge also increased. Although his father was not wealthy, he furnished Harry with the means of attending a distinguished academy, at some distance from the village, where he soon ranked among the first scholars. He soon was fitted to enter college, but a great obstacle was now to be overcome—where was he to obtain funds to meet his school bills? But he resolved not to despair, and at once endeavored to engage in some lucrative employment to obtain the means.

Hardly had he commenced in it, before an unexpected help came to him. He received a letter from his uncle, a brother of his mother, who had never visited her on account of her marrying one so much beneath her in rank as he supposed Farmer May to be, stating that he had learned from the preceptor of the academy of Harry's superior abilities, and offering to defray his school expenses. Harry thankfully accepted this timely assistance and at once made preparations to leave. He had now learned to regard Annie Ellerton in the light of one dearer than a friend, and when he left his native village it was with the happy consciousness of an affection returned.

Time passed on, and with it came many a change. Many had left, and many strangers had entered the usually quiet little village of R—, since we heard aught of its inhabitants. But hark! there is a busy stirring there to-night, and the merry tones of the church bells peal out in the calm, fragrant air. The village maidens are all robed in pure white, with freshly gathered wild-flowers twined into wreaths for their hair. Lizzie May is sitting by the open window of her humble chamber, but there is a shadow of sadness on her brow, and a troubled expression in her deep blue eyes. Reader, shall I tell you the cause of this sadness? It is Annie Ellerton's bridal night. And you ask, 'should one be sad at the bridal of a friend?'

Go with Lizzie May to the dwelling—to the room of Annie, and gaze upon Annie's still, pale but beautiful face; mark the expression of determination upon her closely compressed lips, and the convulsive working for her jeweled fingers; then will you receive your answer. See, there is a large tear-drop trembling in her eye, but she hastily dashes it away as Lizzie enters.

'You are quite ready then, dear Annie,' said Lizzie, as she entered.

'Yes,' murmured Annie, 'but would that this painful ceremony were past.'

The tears gathered in Lizzie's eyes as she quickly turned from her friend to avoid an answer.

Now follow the bridal party as they enter a gorgeous carriage waiting at the cottage door, and as it rolls rapidly away. It stops, and they alight and pass through the portal of the village church. Gaze at the couple that stand before the altar where the gray-haired pastor is reading the marriage service. There you will recognize Annie Ellerton robed in a costly dress with the hue of her sunny hair scarcely rivalled by the flashing gems half hid in its waves. But think you she is happy arrayed in those dazzling ornaments? No, the marble paleness of her face speaks that she is not. 'Tis true these are the gifts of the bridegroom—but look! surely that silver-haired man, whose head is bowed low with the weight of years, cannot be the once noble Harry May! Have you not heard it whispered among the villagers, that an old, but wealthy man, a Southerner, had seen and admired Annie Ellerton, and had sought of her father that Annie should become his bride; that she was told to regard him as her future husband notwithstanding the entreaties of herself, and her mother, who would rather sacrifice her own happiness than see her daughter suffer, and when Harry May came back to claim his bride, he was spurned from her father's cottage without even seeing or speaking with Annie.

'Twas true, Mr. Ellerton had sacrificed his daughter for gold; and Annie resolved to wed one she could not love, rather than to offend her father. For a long time she had endeavored to appear calm and collected, but she could not entirely conceal her feelings, and a keen observer might have seen that her heart was well-nigh broken. Deep within its hidden recesses, there still existed a strong affection for Harry May, which she could not subdue.

It has been said that 'flowers give their fragrance most profusely when trampled upon,' and so with the love of Annie's heart; and now when about to give up the loved one forever, it seemed bursting forth with renewed energy. As she stood before the altar, it was told by the crowd, gathering there, that she loved not the one now about to wed her; and it found a ready believer in Harry May. Yes, he was there; he had heard from the lips of Lizzie that though Annie should wed another, her heart was his, and he was present at her bridal although in disguise.

There was a stir among the crowd as a stranger passed from the church, for none knew that he was Harry; but ere Annie Ellerton returned to her father's cottage

as the bride of another, he was far on his way from his youthful home.

Annie Ellerton, now the bride of the wealthy Mr. Haywood, left her cottage home for one in the balmy atmosphere of the sunny south. Bitter were the tears that she shed, as with Lizzie May she revisited all the scenes of her childhood sports, and sad was the parting,—for she was going far away among those she knew not, and she felt that she should not be happy.

Mr. Haywood was not a keen observer, and as his young wife was always calm in his presence, he supposed her to be happy. He was proud of her beauty; and flattered by seeing the admiration of the fashionables around her. He surrounded her with every elegance and beauty that wealth could procure. Balls and parties were given, and everywhere her superior loveliness was acknowledged by all. Annie moved through her crowded rooms with a calm and dignified self-possession, and no one would have suspected that beneath the flashing gems that circled her waist there beat an aching heart; but to her the dazzling gorgeousness around her seemed but a mockery, when compared with the disquietude within. Many were the times that she would steal away from the giddy throng to the garden, where she could give way to her feelings free from all intrusion.

Her husband she could not love, but she repaid his kindness with gratitude, although his infirmities, which increased every day, were a source of much anxiety and trouble to her. Feeble as a child he seemed pleased with every attention that she rendered him, and she would sit for hours, reading, or singing to him some sweet song. But he was aged, and his strength was well-nigh exhausted, and at last, like the 'tired winds,' he breathed his last in her arms. Annie followed him to the grave with sorrow, for she was alone—all alone in the midst of wealth, and she knew that those who professed to be her friends were attracted more by her riches than from any regard they felt for her.

Then did a bright and fairy vision rise before her of her cottage home, and she longed once more to see it,—to greet all her old friends, and with Lizzie May walk over her old places of resort. Of Harry she had heard nothing since her marriage with Mr. Haywood, neither had his friends received any tidings from him.

After the estate of her late husband had been settled, Annie found herself in possession of a large fortune; part of the whole he having bequeathed to his relatives,—and as there was no ties to bind her to her southern home, she resolved to revisit the home of her youth, perhaps to remain; and two years from that day on which she left it a bride, saw her returning—a widow.

On her journey, she was attended by a gentleman of intimate acquaintance with Mr. Haywood, whom she highly esteemed. On arriving at the town of H—, through which they were to pass, this gentleman had some important business to transact, and here, where they remained a few days,—they everywhere heard the praises of a popular clergyman, who though young, was yet distinguished for his superior talents and eloquence. Annie felt a strong desire to listen to one upon whom so many liberal encomiums were bestowed, and with a friend, one Sabbath morning entered his church.

Every eye was turned upon the pale, but noble features of the young minister at his entrance; but judge of Annie's feelings when in them she recognized those of Harry May. She could hardly credit the evidence of her own sight, and it was by a great effort that she retained her composure. On his brow there was impressed traces of sorrow, but the holy expression of peace beaming from his eyes showed that all was harmony within.

There was a great curiosity among the inhabitants of H—, as to the reason of their young minister's sudden departure from them (for he had seen Annie, sought an interview, and learned all); but it was known to no one save Annie Haywood.

The gentleman who had thus far accompanied her, having finished his business, and supposed that his presence was no longer needed, returned to the South, while Annie soon safely arrived at her father's cottage.

The surprise of her friends at so soon seeing her was great, for she had arrived several weeks previous to their expecting her; and when they saw the now dignified Rev. Henry May, they could hardly realize that it was he whom they had treated with so much contempt when Annie

was about to wed another. Pale, and sad, he looked when he returned, but the bloom was on the cheek again, and the traces of sorrow vanished from his brow; and his parents supposed this change to be effected by the fresh, invigorating country air! but Lizzie thought differently, although she wisely kept her own counsel.

We need not tell the reader that there was soon another bridal at the village church, and among the villagers another festival; and although Annie now wore no dazzling jewels in her hair, but instead, a solitary rose-bud of purest white, and although attired in a robe of flowing muslin, yet she was far more happy than ever before, when she gave her hand away to Harry May—her heart's first, choice.

Thrilling Incidents of the Siege of Fort Donelson.

From a graphic description of the siege of Fort Donelson by a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, we make the following interesting abstract:—

DESPERATE REBELS.

Several of the rebels showed during the engagement a recklessness of life that proved their desperation. One of them mounted the breastworks in full view of our forces, and defied the d—d Yankees; but hardly had his defiance passed his lips before he fell pierced by a score of bullets.

Another remained outside of the rifle-pits after all his companions had retreated behind them, and fought with his sword against half a dozen of the Unionists who had surrounded him and were anxious to take him prisoner. They asked him several times to surrender, but he declared he would rather die, and die he did on the point of a Union bayonet; but not before he had slain one and wounded three of his adversaries.

One of the prisoners has since given me the history of this desperate Secessionist. He had inherited a large fortune; married a wife in Tennessee; squandered his means in riotous living and dissipation; separated from his spouse; became reckless; joined the army and declared his intention to live no longer than the first battle. He redeemed his fatal promise, and closed his wild career as a needless martyr to an unholy cause.

A third Secessionist, a private in a Mississippi company, left his companions in arms, and, with a horrid imprecation, rushed into the midst of one of our regiments, his hand grasping his musket barrel, and aimed a blow at an Indiana captain, but was shot dead with a revolver by his opponent.

UNION RECKLESSNESS OF LIFE.

Three members of the 8th Illinois rushed over the rifle-pits after the enemy had retreated, and perished fighting against a thousand foes.

On Saturday, a young man, James Hartley, who had lost a brother the previous day, swore to be revenged, and in one of the sorties by the rebels, attacked six of them single handed; killed three of them, and then lost his own life.

Corporal Mooney, an Irishman, seeing that the staff of one of the regimental flags was shot away, picked up the Stars and Stripes, and wrapping them around his body, rushed over the parapet of the outworks, and, crying "Come on, my brave boys," was blown to pieces by a shell.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

A Lieutenant-Colonel in an Iowa regiment, during the fierce contest of Saturday afternoon, had nine bullets put through his coat, and yet sustained no injury.

Peter Morton of the 13th Illinois, had the case of his watch, which he wore in his upper vest pocket, immediately over his heart, torn away by a cannister shot, and the watch still continued to keep time.

The life of Reuben Davis, of the Kentucky 5th, was saved by a silver half-dollar in his waistcoat pocket. He had borrowed that amount of a companion some days before, and offered to return it before going upon the field; but the companion told him to keep the coin, as he might stand in need of it before night.—He had need of it in his greatest need, for a rifle ball struck the coin in the centre, and destroyed the figure of Liberty on its face.

A VEXACIOUS OMEN.

Within the fort a small Secession flag was planted, and twice the pole supporting it was shot away. Same one picked it up, and said: "That is a bad omen; if it is brought down again, we will be defeated." Hardly had he spoken before a shell burst above his head, and a frag-

ment shivered the staff, and crashed through the speaker's skull.

I might relate a hundred such strange incidents of the three day's battle; but these are enough to show how truth often transcends the limit of fiction.

HEROISM OF OUR TROOPS.

Our troops fought like veteran soldiers (though most of them had never before been under fire), and under the most disadvantageous circumstances, having been without sleep for two or three nights, and without food for twenty-two hours.—Their retirement, even in the face of far superior numbers, is attributable to the firing upon them of Kentucky troops—surely enough to throw them into confusion, if not dismay.

Col. Oglesby led the Illinois troops, and though often amid a storm of balls, escaped entirely unhurt.

All the officers acted coolly and gallantly, and encouraged the soldiers by word and example. A lieutenant seized the colors of one of the regiments, after the ensign had been shot down, and bore them for a quarter of an hour in the thickest of the fight.

A captain of one of the companies received two balls through his hat and three through his coat, without being conscious of his narrow escapes until after the battle.

Three or four of the officers had the hair of their head and face grazed by musket balls, and in two instances the skin was removed from the ear by the leaden messengers of the rebels.

As an instance of self-sacrifice, I must not forget to mention that an orderly sergeant, seeing a rebel pointing a rifle at the captain of his company, he threw himself before his beloved officer, and received the bullet through his breast, and fell dead in the arms of the man he had saved.

The orderly sergeant, I learn, had been reared and very generously treated by the father of the captain, and had declared when he first enlisted that he would be happy to die to save the life of his benefactor's son. Most nobly and most gloriously did he redeem his promise.

EXAMPLES OF SPARTAN COURAGE.

I observed several soldiers who were half covered with blood about to go on the field again, and they would have done so had they not been ordered by the surgeons to the hospital. Even then, one of the determined fellows escaped, and carried his musket into another regiment.

Seven privates who had been struck in the arm and head went to the surgeons, and asked them to extract the balls as soon as possible, that they might again participate in the action. Their request was granted, and five of them returned to the field.

THE SCOLD.

There were not long since, two youths male and female, who were so affectionately attached that it appeared to them they could not live without each other, and, consequently, they soon honestly became husband and wife. During the first few days, all was peace and love. But it is always the case, with both men and women, that during courtship they keep concealed many little traits and qualities, which after marriage soon discover themselves, and thus the defects of the parties are both mutually known. The husband soon learned that his wife, with all her beauty, possessed also an evil and scorching tongue which the slightest causes would set in motion. She loved her husband with all her soul; and of this he was sensible; but he was of rather a choleric disposition and sometimes replied to his wife's upbraidings in a manner which he was afterwards sorry for. To free himself from the annoyance of her tongue, he gradually fell into the habit of absenting himself from home, and while wandering hither and thither in company with his friends, became addicted to the bottle.—

On his return at evening, after having depended upon the qualities of various wines, with swollen eyes and stammering tongue, one may well imagine the reception she gave him. As soon as she heard the key turn in the door, she would station herself at the top of the stairs and overwhelm him with a torrent of reproaches. He half stunned by her clamor, and stupefied with the wine in head, after some efforts at retorting in her own style, would sneak off to bed. Finally, the evil increased to such a degree that they saw each other but little, for the drunken husband slept by himself, and sometimes even did not come home all the night, but slept at the tavern. The wife in despair, went to a gifted lady and asked advice of her. From the dealer in forbidden knowledge she obtained a phial of

very limpid water, which she said had been brought from beyond the seas by pilgrim of the greatest virtue and holiness, with the instruction that when her husband came home, she must immediately fill her mouth with it, taking great care neither to swallow nor spit it out, but hold her mouth closed. The lady thanked her cordially and then hastened home to await the arrival of her husband and make trial of the virtues of the water. At length the husband with fear and dread enters the house, and is astonished to find his wife whose mouth was full of the charmed water, perfectly quiet. He addresses a few words to her; but she says nothing. The husband becomes pleasant, she says to herself, Behold the effects of the water! and is delighted.—The husband asks her what has happened? and she acts courteously and looks pleasantly, but makes no reply. Peace is soon made between them. The water lasted many days, during which time the husband goes no more abroad, but found happiness at home. But at last the phial was exhausted, and sooth again behold them in the field of domestic strife. The wife repaired again to the gifted lady, but this one said alas, the vase in which I kept the water is broken. What is to be done? asked the other.—Hold, replied the Sybil, your mouth exactly as if you had the water in it, and your success will be the same.

Every person similarly situated is advised to make the experiment. Every sort of water is believed to be equally good, and even without water it is thought the same may be attained.

COLD WATER.—I have known a swelling upon a child's forehead, as big as a pigeon's egg, occasioned by a fall, and because there happened to be no camphor in the bottle, the sympathizing mother had nothing to do but to sit down and cry over her child.—Now she should know that cloths dipped in cold water, or if in winter when it can be obtained, a snow ball wrapped up in a piece of cloth would do more good than a gallon of camphor.

I have known persons to heat rum to wash the face with, in violent headaches, when showering it with cold water, or a cap of snow will do a great deal more good, as we might expect.

I have known a good nurse to put bruised wormwood, steeped in boiled vinegar, on a bruised ankle to keep the swelling down, but according to the laws of our nature, all hot applications in such cases do hurt. We must apply cold to do any good. Let pitchers full of water be poured on such an ankle, and the inflammation will be very soon subsided.

THE WRETCH.—A young lady who has the misfortune to reside in a boarding-house in this city, and who is vain of her piano-forte playing, was recently entertaining a party of friends with a fashionable song, when an old bachelor boarded rushed out of his room to the head of the stairs, and shouted:—

"What are you hurting that pig for?—Turn him into the street!"

"What pig?" asked the lady, so astonished that she stopped singing.

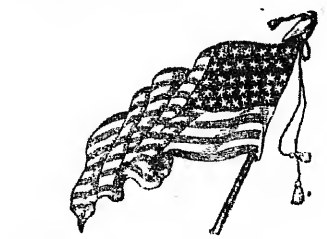
The old bachelor descended the stairs, looked into the room, and said, "I thought I heard a pig squealing in this room!"

The young lady thought him a wretch, and said so.—Worcester Spy.

A CURIOUS CASE.—The tribunal of a large town in lower Styria, Austria, has just had to decide on a singular case of breach of promise. The young, pretty, and rich daughter of a banker became enamored of a gallant Lieutenant in the army, and a marriage was soon agreed upon. The parents of the girl gave their consent, but on the express condition that their future son-in-law should give up his commission. This he agreed to, and hoped that the sacrifice would increase the affection of his betrothed; but, alas! with his glittering uniform departed all the love of the fickle fair one, who positively refused to ratify the engagement. The lover, having thus lost both his commission and his wife, brought an action for damages against the parents, and the court condemned them to pay him a life annuity of 525 florins—the amount of his pay.

The Louisville Journal says that within three months \$300,000 worth of impressed slaves in rebel camps have died in three Kentucky counties alone.

He who can swallow up the substance of the poor, will in the end find that it contains a bone which will choke him.



Town Meeting.

The Selectmen have issued their warrant for the annual Town Meeting which is to take place next Monday, commencing at 9 o'clock. The statement of the auditors is so far gratifying as it shows a reduction of \$1000 of the town debt, and a satisfactory condition of the town property. The debt would have been more largely reduced, but for expenses incident to the war.

Three members of the School Committee are to be elected, and two Trustees of the Peabody Institute. One of the Trustees whose term expires, is the Treasurer, and he has taken a deep and active interest in the institution. The town would do well to retain Mr. Osborne another term if he will consent to remain.

It appears by the warrant, that there are few special appropriations asked for which will draw severely on the town treasury. We hope Mr. Hammond will be paid for his care of the town's Time in 1859. Time should be well cared for, as he is sure, sooner or later, to take good care of us.

The Rebel Thermopylae.

Some bold spirits at the South appear to be discussing in their papers the proper location for a new Thermopylae where they can re-enact the deeds of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans. Quite a number of positions have, from time to time, been suggested. Fort Donelson, Fort Henry and Roanoke Island were at first favorably thought of, but were finally rejected as not being sufficiently mountainous to afford a "narrow pass" where, in the heroic martyrdom could be accomplished. It is a pity that the general aspect of the country accessible to them, does not more nearly resemble that of Greece. However, they would do well to consult several excellent Southern Gazetteers which have been published, and they may perchance light on a spot that will answer their purpose tolerably well.

The Stereopticon.

The magnified Stereoscopic views, which have given so much pleasure to our citizens the past week and at the same time aided the treasury of that excellent charity, the Female Benevolent Society, seem to bring home to our doors most of the wonders of art in sculpture, painting and architecture of eastern countries.—The astonishing roundness and naturalness of these views, especially in the pieces of sculpture, have raised the question in our own mind, whether the commonly received opinions of the cause of these effects in stereoscopic pictures are not erroneous. The strange deception practised on the eye is generally supposed to be caused by viewing the pictures in pairs—one with each eye.

In this exhibition we look at only one picture and yet we have the same effects produced. The question arises, whether the world has been deceived into this notion of double pictures, as necessary to produce such life-like effects. We do not feel qualified to answer the question, although we confess that we are staggered in our faith by witnessing the effects of this instrument. We wish the savans of the Essex Institute would examine and give an opinion upon it. The question is, whether a single picture, magnified by convex lens, would not, if viewed by both eyes, produce the same effect as is witnessed in the common stereoscope?—One mode of proving it may be, to close one eye and look upon a single picture and see if there is any loss of the stereoscopic deception.

The Stereopticon pictures were again exhibited, last night, under the auspices of the Irving Association, and notwithstanding the wretched traveling, the house was well filled. About 300 children of our High and Grammar schools were admitted free, through the liberality of one of our citizens.

A SEAL SHOT IN SALEM HARBOR.—Week before last, a seal was seen in North River, above the bridge, swimming up and down the stream. It was fired at twice by Mr. L. A. Smith, who lives in the neighborhood, the second shot making the water bloody and evidently killing the seal, which sunk and floated down the stream. The seal was taken near Carlton's wharf, on Saturday. It measured five feet in length, and weighed 134 pounds.

THE HERMITAGE.—The house of General Andrew Jackson is situated about twelve miles east of Nashville. The national ensign will ere long float over the scenes familiar to the patriotic hero, whose insight into the unholy designs of the Calhoun school of politicians was deeper than most of his contemporaries.

Skirmish at Blooming Gap.

This affair, which adds a new laurel to the fame of Gen. Lander, formerly of South Danvers, as a brave and courageous officer, has only been briefly alluded to in the telegraphic despatches from the Upper Potomac, and in the official recognition taken of it by the War Department. It was a very brilliant episode in our present exciting war-like history. It appears that on the 14th inst., Gen. Lander determined to move on Blooming Gap—a strong pass among the mountains, said to be held by Gen. Carson's brigade of 4000 men. On the morning of the 15th inst., by incredible labor, a bridge was built across the Cacasson, 180 feet in length, in four hours, and our force, consisting of 400 cavalry, with infantry reserves marched upon Blooming Gap. A correspondent of the Tribune thus describes what followed:

"Gen. Lander's intention was to charge through the Gap in the night, as the position of the enemy could not be turned, and then halt his cavalry on the east side of the town, and check their retreat toward Winchester until the infantry provided for a support arrived. But the enemy had retired beyond the town, and when, led by the General and his staff, the cavalry flew through the Gap and rallied beyond it, the birds had flown. Col. Anastanzel, who commanded the cavalry, was at once ordered to push forward on the Winchester road, reconnoitre, and if possible overtake and capture the baggage of the enemy.

Gen. Lander meantime brought up Col. Carroll with the 8th Ohio Regiment, and the 7th Virginia, Col. Evans, for a support. Col. Anastanzel encountered the enemy at the head of the pass, two miles from Blooming. He was met by a sharp fire, and halted his command, instead of pushing through it to the front. On hearing the firing, Gen. Lander came up and ordered Anastanzel forward. The men faltered before the musketry of the enemy, when Lander saying, "Follow me," halting at the head of the column only long enough to tell the men to remember their holy mission and follow their General to victory. His appeal was answered by one private named John Cannon, a Virginia refugee. Gen. Lander charged, followed by Major Armstrong, Assistant Adjutant General, Fitz James O'Brien, the well known poet, of his staff, and Major Bannister, Paymaster U. S. A., who had volunteered for the expedition. A group of rebel officers were distant about 300 yards, encouraging their men. Gen. Lander being mounted on his celebrated horse, outran the rest of the party, and cut off the retreat of the rebel officers. "Surrender, gentlemen," he said, and coolly dismounting, extended his hand to receive the sword of Col. Baldwin, whom an instant before he had appeared to outside observers to be riding directly over. Five of the rebel officers surrendered to Gen. Lander, and four more, immediately afterward, to the officers of his staff, among them the Assistant Adjutant General of Gen. Carson.

Col. Evans now came up with his regiment of infantry, and captured many more of the rebels. Col. Carroll now came up. "Go on," said Gen. Lander to Carroll: "we need you now—clean them out and take their baggage." Col. Carroll cleared the road as he went, both infantry regiments behaving admirably, following and engaging the enemy to the last, until ordered back. The pursuit was continued eight miles.

The result of this affair was the capture of eighteen commissioned officers and forty-five non-commissioned officers and privates. Thirty of the rebels were killed, with a loss on our side of seven killed and wounded. Col. Carroll drove the enemy beyond the limits of Gen. Lander's department and returned."

A BLOW.—A tremendous gale accompanied with snow occurred Monday night, 24th. Such a heavy blow has not happened since the late one experienced by the rebels at Fort Donelson. As might be expected, quite a number of accidents occurred in various places. The glass roof of the Congressional Library at Washington was blown off, and several of our townsmen lost their hats in the same manner. Some were recovered; others are still missing, but are supposed to have made a lodgement—somewhere in the vicinity of Hat-teras. One of our citizens stumbled and fell in the evening, breaking several ribs—of his umbrella.

CAEUS' OUTDORE.—We read in Don Quixote of an old saying current among the Spaniards, that when any one excelled in the art of pilfering, he was "as great a thief as Caesus," who appears to have been an ancient practitioner of great cunning in that science. If our rebellious friend Gen. Floyd had been born in Spain, the renowned Caesus would have been forgotten a long while ago, in the superiority of the American artist.

COLD COMFORT.—Some of the rebel papers are ingeniously contriving to extract considerable comfort from their late reverses, though the grounds of their consolation are not very apparent to anybody but themselves. They appear to hold with Shakespeare that—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Hides yet a precious jewel in his head."

South Danvers Soldiers on the Potomac.

It is well known that several of our citizens have recently visited our camps near Washington. We are glad to publish the following communication from one of them, the initials to which betray its origin to be from our friend Mr. James Perkins. In our conversation with others, we find the cheering views of camp life as given by the writer are confirmed.

MR. EDITOR:—Having recently returned from a short visit to the army of the Potomac, a sense of duty to our brave volunteers, impels me to solicit a place in your columns for a brief review of my excursion. On arriving at Baltimore, my indignation as I passed through the streets where the first blood in this unholy war was shed, was unbounded; and I hastened to the encampment of the Mass. 17th, which I found at the estate of Col. Stewart, who is now in the rebel army. I found them at morning drill, upon a rough piece of ground, and I was happily surprised to witness the improvement they had made since leaving South Danvers.—Our party were cordially received by the members of Co. B, the Foster Guard, and introduced by them to the officers, a set of noble fellows, who will never turn their backs upon the enemy. The guns of Nina's Battery were glistening in a grove near by, and the men were revelling in the parlors and halls of Col. Stewart's mansion. One of our party, who was a member of the Manchester (N. H.) veterans, stated that, when a few years since they were on their way to Washington, they were entertained by Col. S., and lighted up the shades of the grove with the gleam of their bayonets. By the politeness of Sergeant Larrabee, we were conducted to Federal Hill, where are fifty guns overlooking Baltimore, silently indicating to its inhabitants the tone of their voices should they be called upon to speak. The guns are worked by one thousand N. Y. Zouaves, who can be safely trusted with this important position. Well pleased with our observations, we bid farewell to the Monumental City, and set out for Washington. We took a moonlight view of Uncle Sam's house and its surroundings, and started to try the depth of Virginia mud. The mud at this time was slightly frozen, and we very prudently put our heaviest men in front, knowing that if he should be swallowed up, we, who were lighter, might make a safe retreat; for we had been told that the mud was three feet deep, and constantly rising.—But we soon concluded that yellow was as good a color for boots and pants, as black. We presently arrived at Gen. Lee's beautiful mansion on Arlington Heights, who has very kindly given us his quarters to McDowell, while he has gone abroad for lodging. We visited the grave of Geo. W. Curtis and wife who inherited a portion of Gen. Washington's estate, and whose daughter is the wife of Gen. Lee. The negroes were glad to see us, and conducted us into the garden and through the open groves, which are the glory of Arlington. Ascertaining here the direction of Minson's Hill, we started in a thick snow storm for the place of woodland notoriety, and arrived at the N. H. 1st Battery; and the welcome they gave us I have no language to describe. Capt. Gerrish gave up his spacious tent to our venerable leader, Mr. Sergeant, and we were constituted Lieutenants, with instructions to burn all the rebel rails that were needed during the night. The bugle call awoke us in the morning, and we arose and partook of a sumptuous breakfast, after which ten of their best horses were brought up, and, in company with seven officers with revolvers by their sides, we started for the pickets. We alighted at Falls Church, lifted our hats as we entered, in veneration of the God of battles; and as we seated ourselves in the pew formerly occupied by Gen. Washington, our hearts thrilled with gratitude for the Heaven directed hero. Arriving at the pickets, we were informed that we could advance no farther; but, meeting an officer of the Videttes, we were escorted by him over the lines and six miles along the narrow strip which divides the two armies. We visited a plantation just deserted by the owner, took a rebel hound prisoner, and brought him into camp where we arrived covered with glory and the sacred soil. We next visited the Mass. 22nd, encamped at Lulls' Hill, found all our South Danvers friends in fine health and spirits, and the gallant Col. Gove happy to see us. We returned to Munson's Hill, and resumed command of the N. H. Battery. Here we were presented by the mud sills with specimens of their ingenuity, to be deposited in the Peabody Institute. Next morning started in a decided rain for the Marshall house and the slave-pen of Alexandria. The next day we shook hands with our old friend, the Lowell House steamer Argo, which stemmed us down the Potomac forty miles to Mat-tawoman Creek. Here we landed, and waded our way through extremely muddy ground three miles to the Mass. 1st; stood guard with friend Harrison Whittemore, till forced to retreat before the pouring rain to Lieut. Chandler's comfortable house. The rain had not only wet our clothes to the skin, but had dampened our prospects of seeing the rebel batteries which are directly opposite this regiment. The next morning we were aroused

ed by two guns from the opposite shore, and arose happy to find the sun shining brightly, and the fog completely dispersed. We took a glass, and went to the bank of the river, caught our first sight of the rebel flag and soldiers, and noted the effect of six shots thrown across into Virginia by our own batteries. We were informed that the Mass. 1st had formed a regimental church, established a literary society, and collected quite a large library. In the afternoon we returned to Washington highly delighted with our excursion. Our next plan was an expedition to Virginia over Long Bridge which is guarded by our good friends from South Danvers and Salem, to Fort Jackson, the quarters of the gentlemanly Essex Cadets; thence to Fort Albany, where Adjutant Tuggard showed us special favor. We visited Fort Albany with the last recruits from South Danvers who gave us a soldiers' welcome, and who are in the most comfortable quarters to be found throughout the army. We were conducted back to Fort Jackson, by our friend, Mr. Adams, and invited by Capt. Buxton and Lieut. Pope to a seat at their table which was loaded with delicacies, including corn bread made from meal presented to them by Mr. James P. King, of this town. I shall never forget their hospitality. We then bid farewell to the sacred soil, and to a host of dear friends who had loaded us with kindness. I have spoken of our South Danvers friends in the army somewhat individually, but I wish to say of them collectively, that they will never be forgotten by me, and I shall cherish the memory of this visit, as one of the happiest of my life. I have sometimes feared that the temptations to which they are exposed might have an injurious effect upon their morals; but I am happy to think they are improving physically, intellectually, and morally. They are engaged in a glorious cause, and it will stimulate them to generous impulses and glorious deeds. I almost envy them the fund of knowledge they will acquire, and I believe they will return to their homes, wiser and better men than when they left them. I will not tax the patience of your readers by any attempt to describe the city of Washington. My heart was with the brave defenders, with whom I spent some of the happiest hours of my life; they will pass away, but the great heart of the nation which they have so faithfully guarded will continue to beat. Suffice it to say, that no loyal American can visit the Capitol and tread its miles of marble pavement, enter the President's house with muddy boots, and not so much as a "Please wipe your feet, sir," without feeling his heart thrill with gratitude for so priceless an inheritance, which we are to transmit to our children.

J. P.

CARCERIOUS.—That sterling warrior, Gen. Sterling Price, has for some time been peripatetic up and down Missouri and Arkansas with his mob of ragamuffins in search of a spot whereon he can exclaim with the poet—

"SPAWN, the ground's your own eye braves,
Fight ye here my band of knaves,"
but has not hitherto discovered a locality that met with his approval. In view of his extreme capriciousness of choice, we think his price instead of S. Price ought to be K-Price.

MR. EDITOR:—I have read with astonishment and regret, the remarks of William R. Putnam, Esq., of Danvers, upon the management of the Normal School at Salem; for they seem to charge a want of discretion or sound judgment upon those who regulate that School.

Several times I have attended the annual examination, and been highly pleased with its appearance. Several young ladies of my acquaintance have been pupils at the School, and uniformly speak favorably of it; and have come out of it with firmer health. No one could more deeply deprecate such a state of discipline, as friend Putnam describes, than myself; but before I can believe such to exist at that School or any other, where such men as Messrs. Geo. B. Emerson, and A. H. Quint are supervisors, I shall want the testimony of more than one "looker on," at a distance.

J. W. P.

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH.—It may not be known to our readers that the followers of Swedenborg hold religious services in Salem. There will be services on Sunday next, forenoon and afternoon, at ten and half past two o'clock, at the hall No. 95 Federal street.

This sect of Christians is made up of earnest believers, many of whom are distinguished for intellect and culture. They have a ritual laid down in the order of worship, similar to, but not an imitation of the Episcopal service.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—It has heretofore been common for the rebel leaders to invoke the aid of the Almighty in behalf of their wretched cause. They have probably become convinced that God is against them, as in Jeff Davis' late message to the Rebel Congress there is no recognition of the existence of the Supreme Being. If the prayers of the wicked are an abomination, it is commendable in Jeff. thus to omit an appeal which might well be called a species of profanity.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]
CAMP FOSTER, Roanoke Island, }
Feb. 14th, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD.—Having a few minutes of leisure, I will endeavor to give you some information in regard to the Burnside Expedition, and what it has thus far successfully achieved.

I suppose you have already heard of our arrival at Hatteras, and that the schooner which had on board the right flank of the 23d Massachusetts, was lost. We had rather a tough time of it; but after six days out of Annapolis, we arrived safely at Hatteras Inlet. Here, and in the vicinity, we remained at anchor until the 5th of February. The weather for the most part was unpleasant, raining almost every day, and when it did not rain, the wind blew a perfect gale.

Our accommodation on board was very good; the rations were as good as any one could ask for, considering our situation. Every morning we had hot coffee; for dinner, sometimes meat, sometimes rice or hominy, peas or beans, a sufficient quantity, and of a good quality. At one time we got short of water, and the men were put on short allowance. It was impossible to get a sufficient quantity, because it was stormy at the time, and it was unsafe to go in row boats after it, as this was the only mode of obtaining it. For a few days each man received one gill per day, and this was not quite enough, especially when we had salt meat.

While we have been lying here, there have been two or three small boats come down from Roanoke Island with several men aboard who have given themselves up, but whether they brought any information of importance or not, I am uncertain.

Some of our vessels had some difficulty in getting over the bar (sand bar) at the Inlet. The water is very shoal. Several got aground, and two or three sunk. The steamer Louisiana, which is a very large one, was the only one which was not able to get off. The steamer City of New York was wrecked, and a large amount of ammunition lost. The health of the troops is quite good, only two or three on board being sick with the measles.

On the 15th day of January, which was the time of our arrival at the Inlet, the schooner Highlander, which transported the right flank of the 23d Massachusetts, picked up out of the water, a dozen men, who proved to be the greater part of the 9th New Jersey Vol. and a number of sailors. Their vessel had just arrived, and they had taken a row boat and reported to Gen. Burnside, and were on their way back to their vessel when their boat swamped, and they were thrown into the water. The Colonel and Surgeon died soon after being taken on board, but the rest of them were able, in two or three days to return to their own craft.

While at the Inlet the 24th Massachusetts went ashore and pitched their tents, but when they had been there a day or two, the tide became so high that it was necessary for them to strike tents and find some more comfortable quarters, which was Fort Hatteras, one of the forts captured by Gen. Butler last summer. By this time, (we having been on board nearly five weeks) the men were longing to get on dry land once more. We have been expecting to make a move every day for the last two or three weeks. When we went aboard at Annapolis, we had no idea of remaining so long.

On Tuesday, Feb. 4th, orders were read by the Adjutant in relation to the landing of the expedition. He said we should land soon upon the North Carolina coast, and that all persons should be treated with respect, and no property should be destroyed. On the next day (Feb. 5th) the fleet started for some place, which at the time I did not know, but found out in a short time. Each man received 40 rounds of cartridges, and before night we were in sight of Roanoke Island. The weather was very pleasant and all seemed to enjoy the passage up the Sound. The gun-boats had preceded and when we came to an anchor, at about sunset, they were several miles ahead of us.

Each steamer had two or three schooners in tow, loaded with men and provisions. On the next day, the weather being rather unpleasant, the vessels having on board troops, did not proceed but a short distance, but the gun-boats were circling round the island preparing for a fight, I suppose, as the following day will show.

Feb. 7th. To-day the fleet moved up Sound, going at a pretty good rate. Between 11 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, the gun-boats commenced the attack on the rebel batteries. The engagement lasted all the afternoon. These batteries are on the south-western shore of the Island and of which there are three. One of them, the largest, mounts 12 guns, 32 pounders, 10 smooth and 2 rifle bore, another mounts 4 guns of the same description, and the third mounts 9 guns, which is the one that engaged the gun-boats. The rebel gun-boats tried to entice ours up the Sound so they would be in range of the guns of the first two batteries, which together mounted 16 guns;

but this plan did not work. In the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, the troops began to land. Capt. Martin's company (Marblehead) was the first to land and plant the colors of the 23d Massachusetts Volunteers on Roanoke Island.

When they were landing, a regiment of rebels endeavored to prevent them, but our gun-boats threw a few shells amongst them and they retreated, and the troops continued to land until midnight. It was about ten o'clock in the evening when our company landed.

At first the troops were landed in row-boats; but it was found that the steamer could run right into the land, so the rest were landed with a steamer.

After landing, a strong guard of 2500 men was posted. We had to travel through a swamp about a mile, after landing, to a piece of cultivated land where our troops had stationed themselves.—This lot of land contained about ten acres, and was all covered over with our men.

Soon a great many fires were lighted, and the men lay down by them and went to sleep.

One of my friends and myself collected some corn-stalks and made a bed of them. After we had lain about an hour, it began to rain, so we could not sleep that night.

From this time, 11 P. M., until morning, we stood around the fire making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

Early in the morning, Saturday, Feb. 8th, we took up our arms and marched about two miles from the place where we remained the night previous. The 25th Mass., being on the right of the Brigade had preceded us.

We were about an hour in going that two miles, and rested two or three times, the travelling being so rough.

The last time we rested, the report of musketry was heard, and we hurried on and found the battle commenced. The 25th Mass. was in the fight. The rebels had cut down the wood for the purpose of giving us a clear piece of land to fight on, and they skulked away in the woods behind the trees and shot down our men. This seems to be their style of fighting; they dare not come out in open field and fight us face to face. For about a quarter of an hour our regiment remained in the rear of the 25th, but the balls fell amongst us as thick and fast as amongst them.

In the first of the action Cary West of our company, was wounded in the leg.—It is a flesh wound, and probably will not disable him long.

In a few minutes after the action had commenced, we were fired upon from a masked battery. The 23d was thrown upon the right; here lay a great swamp containing many acres, and into this we plunged and for three long hours we were wading in water up to our knees. Cannon balls, musketry and grape shot were whizzing over and all around us; but luckily not another one of our company was wounded. Capt. Martin's company suffered quite severely. Lieutenant Goodwin was struck by a shell, and instantly killed; also his orderly Sergt. and a private.

The rebels thought it impossible for men to get through that swamp, but I guess they have found out by this time that Massachusetts boys can do something.

As soon as they found out that we were outflanking them, they commenced to retreat, and our troops immediately took possession of the battery and the Stars and Stripes floated over the rebel hiding place. It took us, the 23d, who were out in the swamp, some time to cut our way through the bushes to the battery.

Just as the battery was taken, the 24th Mass. came up and started in pursuit of the rebels.

This battery mounted 4 guns, 32 pdrs. It is not known to us how many rebels were lost, for they carried off their dead and wounded as fast as they fell.

After remaining here about an hour, and having eaten a cracker and a piece of salt junk, we started in pursuit of the rebels.

We expected another fight would take place, but just before we arrived at the rebel encampment, news came to us that the General commanding the rebel forces had surrendered.

He asked Gen. Foster to suspend hostilities for twenty four hours, but Gen. Foster would accept nothing but an unconditional surrender. Three thousand men (rebels) were taken prisoners, and between three and four thousand stands of arms taken. They have fine quarters here. Their barracks are built of logs and boarded on the outside; they are shingled and are the most comfortable quarters we have had since we left the barracks at Salem. A great quantity of provision was taken, and for the first three or four days the boys have been doing their own cooking. The prisoners are a rough looking set of men. There are men from North and South Carolina, Virginia, Louisiana and several other states. They were well armed, especially with side arms. They had great savage looking knives, some, one foot long, come two; they resemble a meat cleaver. If we had been defeated I think there would have been a great slaughter, for I have heard

that they had orders not to spare any one. Capt. Wise, Gen. Wise's son, was wounded and has since died; also his nephew. There were about 50 of the Union troops killed and 220 wounded.

Last Wednesday, Feb. 12th, the rebel officers were escorted to the beach and put on board a steamer which will soon convey them to some place North for safe keeping. I hear that five rebel gun-boats have been captured and two sunk.

To day the whole 23d Regiment has been round to see the forts which we have taken. Inside of them are magazines and furnaces for heating balls. The rebels, before leaving, spiked the guns. I don't know how long we shall remain here, nor what regiment or regiments will be left here to garrison the Island. At present we are having a good time. The bands play as well as ever. They play Yankee Doodle, the Star Spangled Banner, Dixie, and many other times, to which the rebels listen with eagerness.

As it is getting late in the evening, and as our regiment will be on guard to-morrow, I will bid you good bye for the present.

Yours truly, J. L. WATERMAN.

RESIGNATION OF REV. MR. WHEELER.

On Sunday last, at the afternoon service at the Unitarian Church in this town, Rev. Dr. Briggs of Salem, who officiated, read the letter from Rev. C. H. Wheeler to his people. It caused great surprise as well as grief to the congregation, many of whom could not restrain their emotions of sorrow at the prospect of separation. Mr. Wheeler has been settled over this society seven years, which is longer than the term of any other minister in town, and he is much beloved by his people and is held in high estimation by all our citizens. We find therefore that the expression of regret at this announcement is universal and sincere, and as the resignation is not to take effect until June, we trust it may in the mean time be withdrawn.

DEATH OF DANIEL F. BROWN.—We last week alluded to the burial of Quarter Master Sergeant Brown who died in the hospital at Hall's Hill, Va. We find in the Cambridge Chronicle, a notice of him, by which it appears that he went with the three months men, and then recruited for the war. His sickness was typhoid fever.

NAVY CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. SHIP POTOMAC, Jan. 22, '62.
DEAR FRIEND:—There was not much excitement here until Monday, the 20th, when we had a tough fight and took a prize. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, we heard firing to the right of us, where the steamer Bugler lay. We could see them fighting with something ashore, and she had her flag up for help. Our captain ordered the boats to be manned and hauled off. Our steamer, the Huntsville, towed us down. We arrived there at 2 o'clock, and had to pitch in. The Bagler had a schooner ashore belonging to the rebels. They were trying to run the blockade, when the steamer fired at her. The steamer sent a boat to board her, but the rebels kept thm off by firing at them. The first boat and crew fared the worst, the boat blown full of holes, and five of the crew wounded and one killed.

We got there in time to save the rest of the crew. They then opened fire on us. I tell you the balls flew thick around our heads, and so we opened on them. The sailors rowed the boats, while we marines fired at them. We drove them from the steamer, and they put for the shore with a few shots and shells from the Huntsville. We made them run, and then went to work to get the schooner off. The rebels kept up firing, and it was hard work to get her off, as she was stuck in the sand.—While we and the rebels were at work, they got news up to the fort, and some came down on horseback. We kept up a steady fire on both sides. There was one bullet came so near hitting my head that I thought I was shot. I kept cool, loading and firing as many times as I could. I did not notice the whizzing of the bullets much after we got to fighting. We got the schooner off about 8 o'clock in the evening. When we left the steamer, we gave the rebels a broadside.

We got back to the old ship about 10 o'clock. The schooner was loaded with everything good. Our side got off lucky, only five wounded and one killed, and these were the Bugler's men. It was a tough fight, I tell you. The rebels are ugly black looking customers, and I should like to have a chance to fire at more of them. I saw a great many fall.

The sleep-of-war Brooklyn came in here yesterday, the 21st. She is a splendid steamer, and carries 24 guns and 380 men. She is going to relieve us, and we are going to Vera Cruz. Jan. 23d, we burnt a schooner in the mouth of the bay, between the light-house and Fort Morgan. She was trying to get out with cotton.

Jan. 21th, a rebel steamer came out here with a flag of truce at one end and a British flag at the other. She had the British Consul on board, and he came on board of our vessel.

Yours truly, T. S. HUNT.

MR. GOOCH'S OPINION.—Mr. Gooch of Massachusetts, is a leading member of the Joint Committee on the conduct of the war. In the debate, on Monday, on the action of his Committee, he made the following statement to which importance is attached:—

"I think that the last obstacle in the way of crushing this rebellion is now removed or surmounted. Henceforth I believe that we shall go forward determined that the Constitution shall be maintained without alteration or amendment, the laws enforced, the Union preserved, and the last vestige of rebellion wiped out, cost what it may of treasure or of blood."

We thank Mr. Gooch for these sensible and cheering words. The object of the war will have been accomplished when the Constitution as it is, is maintained, the laws enforced and the Union preserved. When these objects are secured, we may have peace, and then set about the task of bearing the entailed burdens of the war. This is all we can expect to do, and all which we can accomplish. Do this and future reforms will follow of course.

Death of Gen. Lander.

On Monday last came the sad intelligence of the sudden death of our former townsman, the gallant Gen. FREDERICK W. LANDER. As he was well known to many of our citizens, the news gave quite a shock, and flags were immediately displayed at half mast in token of sorrow.

Gen. Lander was one of the most active and energetic officers in the service, and just the man to take a prominent part in the movements now going on against the rebels. He had greatly distinguished himself as an engineer and explorer on the Western plains, and just before his death, by a bold and successful dash upon the enemy at Romney.

His remains will be brought to Salem, attended by a detachment of Saunders' Sharpshooters, a body of men who have been attached to his command, and who were strongly devoted to him.

WANTED—A Horse!—The rebel General Floyd is sadly in want of a horse. He wants a fast horse for he is a fast man. He wants a horse that is "fleet of foot that he may get away from Foy's feet." By all means let Floyd have a horse and let the beast be like his master. He should be addicted to running away; to interfering and over-reaching; to sheering and stumbling, and in all other respects he should be a vicious beast. Horses will be in active demand for rebel Generals. That softest of generals, Pillow, ought to have one, and Price ought to be supplied at any price. Jeff Davis will want one very soon, and like the humped back tyrant will exclaim:—"A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse."

Town Letters.—Lettis has been received in war from many of our soldiers at Roanoke Island giving personal narratives of the battle and capture of the rebels. We publish one by our Zouave friend Waterman, which will be read with great interest. We have no room to day for others. Our war correspondence obliges us to omit some articles which we had marked for insertion.

Among the army letters last week, was one from Mr. Leverett Poor, of Capt. Brewster's company, 23d Regiment. It is a well written letter, and describes very graphically the Roanoke fight. We hope to give an extract from it next week.

FISH MARKET.—We are glad to refer our readers to Mr. P. F. Johnson's advertisement. As he is a regular Swampscott fisherman, he is to keep his market supplied with the same kind of fish that so many of us have relished at Aunt Phillips's and the Marshall House. His cod and haddock are near relations of those we have so often enjoyed "over to Phillips's." It is always better to patronize a resident in preference to a peddler.

DANVERS.

LIST OF OFFICERS CHOSEN MARCH 3, 1860.

Moderator—Wm. Endicott.
Clerk—A. S. Howard.
Selectmen and Assessors—Francis Dodge, Wm. Dodge, Jr., Chas. Chaplin.
Treasurer—Wm. L. Weston.
Collector—Wm. Dodge, Jr.
Overseers—S. P. Fowler, Simeon Putnam, Wm. Stimpson.
School Committee—To fill a vacancy, Henry Fowler; for 3 years, I. W. Andrews, A. S. Howard.
Constables—C. H. Adams, E. Pope.
Surveyors of Highways—R. B. Hood, Simeon Putnam, Joshua Conant, Daniel Towne, Francis Dodge, Elijah Pope, Amos Prince, Joel Kimball, W. H. Walcott, M. C. Adams, Wm. Putnam, 2d, A. P. Swinerton.
Field Drivers—Moses Kent, Edward Welch, W. R. Jones, John Blake, C. H. Runlett, Chas. Peabody, Putnam Fuller, Joshua Conant, John S. Jewett.
Measurers of Wood and Bark—M. J. Currier, Francis Evelevh, W. B. Woodman, Allen Knight, Augustus Mudge, Daniel Emerson.
Surveyors of Lumber—Francis Evelevh, Josiah Ross, Geo. Whittier.
Fence Viewers—Nathl Pope, Josiah Gray, Moody Elliott.
Measurer of Upper Leather—William Black.
Measurer and Weigher of Grain—John Withey.
Sealer of Weights and Measures—J. W. Ropes.
Pound Keeper—John Howell.
Health Committee—George Oswood, Eben Hunt, P. M. Chase, J. W. Snow, Nathan Tapley, Levi Merrill, E. T. Waldron.
Auditors—J. D. Black, M. J. Currier.
Warren Committee—Calvin Putnam, H. O. Warren, Ben. Silvester.
Firewards—R. B. Hood, W. B. Woodman, C. W. Brown, Geo. H. Southwick, Josiah Ross.

The town meeting stands adjourned to Monday, March 17.

METHUEN.—The members of John Hancock Lodge of Free Masons, of Methuen, on assembling at their Rooms, on the 13th inst., were agreeably surprised to find that their lady friends had taken possession of the premises and were much disposed to have a good time.

AMESBURY.—Steeple blown down by the wind. The steeple of the Congregational Church in West Amesbury was blown down by the gale, and fell with a loud crash. The damage done will probably amount to one or two hundred dollars.

THE ESSEX CLUB.—This association held one of their parties at Sutton Hall last evening, which was fully attended and enjoyed notwithstanding the unfavorable weather outside.—The puny ride was a pleasant winding up of the occasion.

THIRD SOCIAL PARTY.—This will come off with music and dancing, at Sutton Hall tomorrow, Thursday evening, under the direction of the same managers as the two former.

A. S. Howard, Esq., of Danvers, will please accept our thanks for his kind attention in forwarding us the list of town officers elected on Monday last, and also for the Town Report for the year past.

DANVERS.—The Shoe Trade.

There is but little doing in this branch of business at the present time; although we notice that our shoe manufacturers are doing more than they were two weeks ago, and the indications are that we shall have a fair business this Spring for all desirable goods. The unsettled state of affairs will prevent any very extensive operations at present, although the bare state of the market would seem to indicate that there must necessarily soon be a large demand for shoes. The recent victories of the army have had a tendency to stimulate our manufacturers in a measure, and we think we can safely predict for them, that they have seen the darkest times they will have occasion to see again for the next quarter of a century. The New England trade this Spring will probably be a fair one; considering the times; but we do not advise manufacturers to prepare a great quantity of goods ahead, more than they have orders for, until we can see a little further out of the woods than at present. We think Danvers has already seen the folly of this, which has been one great cause of her downfall. We have our mind on several shoe manufacturers in town, who have sold their shoes at from 5 to 10 cts per pair less than cost, for a whole season, for the sake of realizing, and are now worse than nothing. This has been a great injury to the trade, and we hope it is done with. Should the rebellion bespectly brought to a close, (as we think it will be), there will be a large demand from the southern and south western States, for men's and boy's kipp and negro brogans; and those manufacturers getting up this description of goods, or having them now on hand, will realize a handsome profit on them. On the whole, we think Danvers has seen the worst of the times, and henceforward that there must be a steady improvement. Messrs. J. & A. H. Silvester, we understand, have recently received from Washington another large contract for sewed shoes, for the army and navy and are busily employed in their manufacture. This firm employ about ten or twelve hands in their establishment, and do the largest business in town. Messrs. Munsey & Rice, who have recently commenced the shoe business, we notice have increased their business somewhat, and are doing more than formerly. They manufacture women's, misses, and children's shoes altogether.

Middleton.—The following is a list of the town officers for the year ensuing: John A. Batchelder, Moderator; Joseph A. Batchelder, Town Clerk; Samuel Peabody, Asa Howe, Allen Berry, Selectmen and Assessors; Joseph Averill, W. A. Phelps, David Stiles, Jr., Overseers of the Poor; Henry A. Wilkins, Treasurer; Simon F. Estey, Constable; Samuel Peabody, School Committee; Daniel E. Graves, Collector. The town voted to raise two thousand dollars to defray town charges, eight hundred to support schools, and five hundred to repair highways and bridges.

Town Officers.—A Caucus will be held at the Town Hall to-morrow evening to nominate candidates for town officers. It will be a Citizens meeting without reference to party, and all are invited to be present.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

At a meeting of the School Committee the examinations of the several schools were assigned agreeably to the following programme. The time is not yet fixed for the examination of Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, in the Felton, West, Locustdale, and Sundaug Districts:

District	Examiner	Time
First	Mr. A. S. Howard	Monday 13, at 10 A.M.
Second	Mr. A. S. Howard	Tuesday 14, at 10 A.M.
Third	Mr. A. S. Howard	Wednesday 15, at 10 A.M.
Fourth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Thursday 16, at 10 A.M.
Fifth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Friday 17, at 10 A.M.
Sixth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Saturday 18, at 10 A.M.
Seventh	Mr. A. S. Howard	Sunday 19, at 10 A.M.
Eighth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Monday 20, at 10 A.M.
Ninth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Tuesday 21, at 10 A.M.
Tenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Wednesday 22, at 10 A.M.
Eleventh	Mr. A. S. Howard	Thursday 23, at 10 A.M.
Twelfth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Friday 24, at 10 A.M.
Thirteenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Saturday 25, at 10 A.M.
Fourteenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Sunday 26, at 10 A.M.
Fifteenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Monday 27, at 10 A.M.
Sixteenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Tuesday 28, at 10 A.M.
Seventeenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Wednesday 29, at 10 A.M.
Eighteenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Thursday 30, at 10 A.M.
Nineteenth	Mr. A. S. Howard	Friday 31, at 10 A.M.

CONSTRUCTION. New stock—all sizes—Warranted the best goods—superior in shape and finish. Just opened at PEABODY'S.

OMNIBUS NOTICE.

On and after this date, the 7-1-2 A. M. coach for Salem, and the 8-1-2 P. M. coach from Salem, will be discontinued. Persons wishing to be called for, are requested to leave their orders at least half an hour before the time of leaving.

H. M. MERRILL, Proprietor.

South Danvers, Jan. 22, 1862.

January 1, 1862.

All bills due the Subscriber are now ready for settlement.

On and after date, my terms are POSITIVE—LY CASH on delivery.

GEORGE P. DANIELS.

South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

Young Men's Union Lectures.

The Government of the Young Men's Union, desiring to accommodate as far as possible the numerous applicants for tickets, will sell at the door on the evening of each lecture, a limited number of tickets at twenty-five cents each, entitling the purchaser to a seat in the rear of the platform, where chairs will be provided.

Per order, CHAS. S. OSWOOD, Rec. Sec.

Good Advice.

Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.

Take HERBICK'S PILLS

Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never more express;
There is a cure for such distress.

In HERBICK'S PILLS

Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be cross'd,
Take the sure balm of little cost.

HERBICK'S PILLS

Should sudden illness hint of gout,
Should cold landrills turn to heat,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout.

In HERBICK'S PILLS

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

ATTENTION!

Vacancies having occurred in Co. B, 17th Massachusetts Regiment, a chance will be held open for a short time for the enlistment of a few active young men. Such, sound and healthy, can do no better than to address a letter to Lieut. J. E. MULLALLY, stating name, age, and height, which will receive immediate attention.

Address Lieut. JOHN E. MULLALLY, Co. B, 17th Mass. Reg., Baltimore, Md. Feb 26

Marriages.

In Salem, Feb. 28, by Rev. Dr. Mills, Mr. J. O. Rider to Miss Sarah E. daughter of the late Mr. WILLIAM Knowlton.

Feb. 28, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Mr. James P. Foye to Miss Della, daughter of the late Mr. Geo. Leo.

Deaths.

In Salem, Feb. 24th, Mr. Benj. Philpenn, 73 yrs 4 mos; Capt. Wm. Parbeck, 64 yrs 3 mos; Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Joseph Gilman, 8 yrs 8 mos; 26th, Mrs. Mary C. wife of Mr. Bonner L. Larabee, 61 yrs 9 mos; Clara Payson, only child of Lieut. Geo. W. and Sarah E. Gardner, 3 yrs 7 mos; 27th Mr. Jonathan C. Kimball, 19 yrs 3 mos; Charles Albert, son of Mr. Albert, Jr., and Mary Wilkins, 7 yrs 7 mos; 28th, George E. son of Joseph S. and Catherine Buck, 19 yrs 8 mos 14 ds; a member of Co. A 5th Regiment, three months Volunteers; Mr. Timothy Brooks, 73 yrs.

In Beverly, Feb. 24, Capt. Henry Lareau, 65 yrs; Mrs. Abby H. wife of Francis S. Lareau, 72 yrs 9 mos; 26th, Mr. Edward Neenan, 54 yrs.

At Ipswich, Feb. 24, Mrs. Hattie M. wife of Mr. Wm. Hale, 50.

In Charleston, Mr. Tappan W. Noyes, 61 yrs 6 mos, formerly of Salem, 28th, Mary Abby, daughter of T. W. Southward, 17 yrs, formerly of Salem.

At Salford, Feb. 14, Mr. Joseph M. Richardson, of Middlesex, 31— a member of the 4th Mass. Battery.

James F. Almy.

JAMES F. ALMY,

188 Essex street, opp. Central street,

SALEM,

DEALER FOR CASH IN

SILKS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS,

And Mantillas.

Goods for Men and Boys' Wear.

MOURNING GOODS.

DRESS GOODS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

BEST WATCH SPRING SKIRTS.

DOMESTIC GOODS of all kinds—White Goods—Linen and Linen Bosoms—Lace Curtains and Curtains Muslins.

Mantles, Hosiery and Gloves, Velvet Ribbons, etc.

Cloth or Silk Garments for ladies and misses' wear, in all patterns, made to order from the best materials.

We respectfully call attention to our stock, which is bought and sold only for CASH. We are enabled to offer Bargains constantly in many departments.

JAMES F. ALMY,

No. 188 Essex St., op. Central St., Salem.

Feb. 10-31

FISH MARKET.

The Subscriber has opened a Fish Market in the

Basement of Allen's Building,

And intends to keep constantly on hand, FRESH FISH, OYSTERS, LOBSTERS, CLAMS, SALT and FRESH WATER FISH, in their season.

Being a Swampscott fisherman, he shall be enabled to supply customers with fish at low prices; and in the freshest condition.

Fish will be delivered at the houses of customers free of expense.

P. F. JOHNSON.

South Danvers, March 5, 1862.

MARGARET HOWTH,

A STORY of to-day—for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

JUST received by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

BLANK BOOKS.

Of every description, ruled, printed, bound and pagged to order, from the best paper, in the best manner, and warranted.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

At the old stand of H. Whipple & Son.

BOOK-BINDING.

Of every description, done in the best manner.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

TOM THUMB LAMP.

For burning Kerosene, at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

KEROSENE OIL LAMPS.

Shades, Chimneys and Wicks, at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front street.

ANN R. BRAX,

No. 76 FEDERAL STREET,

CHOICE STYLES NEW SPRING GOODS.

Purchasers are invited to call and examine, at

76 Federal street.

House for Sale.

To be sold at private sale, the premises situate on Washington street, occupied by CALS C. CURRIER. The house is in excellent repair—has ten finished rooms, and a fine fruit garden adjoining. Terms very low. Apply to

DEJ. C. PERKINS,

Or to the occupants.

South Danvers, Feb. 15, 1862

E. A. BESSOM,

Having taken the room formerly occupied by SAMUEL DAVIS, has re-opened it as a

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,

7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. f12

FAMILY DYE COLORS.

For dyeing, Silk, Woolen and Cotton Goods.

Shawls, Ribbons, Dresses, Feather, Bonnets, Hats, and all kinds of wearing apparel, with perfect fast colors, at a saving of

EIGHTY PER CENT.

These colors are put up in packages, at 15 and 25 cents each. For 25 cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum, and all within the space of three hours.

Ladies, call and examine samples of Ribbons and Yarns at the store of

GEORGE E. MEACOM,

Feb 5 126 Main St., South Danvers.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

MOSES A. SHACKLEY, HENRY M. MERRILL.

George S. Walker.

Buckle Stocks.

SELF ADJUSTING and Non-Polluting in Silk and Satin, customly in Stock and made to order, by

GEORGE S. WALKER.

Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods, and Toilet Articles, opp. Eastern Railroad Station.

Collars! Collars!

DOMESTIC FINISH—Past and Present Styles—superior qualities—in Stock and made to order, by

GEORGE S. WALKER.

Gent's Furnishing Store, 228 Essex st., Salem.

Silk Pocket Hdkrs.

JUST received, some EXTRA LARGE and common sizes, at

GEORGE S. WALKER'S

Gent's Furnishing Store, 228 Essex st., Salem.

Shirt Patterns Cut.

LINEN SHIRT FRONTS and CUFFS.

ADAPTED to the Patterns, for sale at the Lowest

Prices.

The finer qualities of SHIRTS and COLLARS, made to order, by

GEORGE S. WALKER.

Gent's Furnishing Goods & Toilet Articles, Feb 12

Gentlemen's Under Garments.

AND HALF HOSE, selling at REDUCED Prices.—My Winter stock.

GEORGE S. WALKER'S,

Gent's Furnishing Store, No. 228 Essex st., Salem.

John P. Peabody.

220

ESSEX STREET, SALEM.

NEW GOODS.

PLASTIC Band Walleys, in

new and choice styles; Buff-

alo Hair Brushes; Soldier's

Mirror Brushes; Soft and

Oil Brushes; Tooth and Nail

Brushes; Davis' Honey Soap;

Glycerine and Camphor Soap;

Old Brown Windsor Soap; Rose

Toilet Soaps; Transparent Bar-

Soap; Silver and Plumes Soap;

Colognes and Perfumes; Best

makes of Scissors; Crochet

Needles and Cottons, &c., &c., &c.

CLOSING.

We are selling all of our Woolen

Goods—Worsted, Ribbons, Floss,

Hosiery, Gloves, Sleeves,

Mittens—and all other kinds of

Winter Goods, at marked down

prices, in order to close them out.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

T. W. Downing & Co.

ANNUAL

REDUCTION OF STOCK!

THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.

Offer their Stock of

DRESS GOODS,

CLOAKS, &c.,

For a Short Time, at

VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH!

Salem, January 15, 1862.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

WILLIAM J. WALTON,

94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

HAS now on hand, and intends to

constantly keep a full assortment of

all desirable kinds and styles of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which

he would be happy to dispose of to

his Friends, and the Public, at as

low prices as possible.

Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.

WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main st.

South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

BUY YOUR GOODS

At prices to correspond with the times.

THIS Subscriber, being about to make a change in

his business, offers his entire stock of

CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1862.

NO. 10

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD,
FITCH POOLE, Editor.
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61 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or of sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Danvers, Dec. 4, 1861. 1 y

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
Jan 4-1 y

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
December 7, 1859.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
December 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
January 1, 1862.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Room, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
EPHRAIM B. IVES, JR. JOHN D. PEABODY.
December 7, 1859.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
DENTIST,
4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDWIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.
n 11-1 y

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Milton and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Bos-
ton; Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deeds drawn, and all common forms.

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Grove Street.
NDOWS and BLINDS cheap for cash.
ch6-tf

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
nifty Groceries, Flour & Grain,
and Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
NATH'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Furniture, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
13 SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
Orders promptly and faithfully executed.

J. J. HEYLINGBERG,
Fashionable Hair-Dresser,
No. 24 Main street.

HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED,
dicular attention paid to cutting Children's Hair
nary 1, 1862.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
st India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aeroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
keeps constantly on hand

A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
n 168 Essex street, Salem. may16

JOHN MOULTON,
VERY STABLE,
St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

Tales and Sketches.

THE FRIENDS I LOVE.

I love the friends whom God has given
To cheer my lonely way;
I love the friends who smile on me
So kindly, day by day.

I love to feel the warm right hand,
In friendship grasp my own,
And hear kind words from loved lips fall,
With love and gentle tone.

I love to feel affection's kiss,
Implanted on my cheek;
I love to hear the friendly voice,
Of those I daily meet.

And when on earth their journey's o'er,
And from this world they're called,
I'll pray for them a home in Heaven,
For I dearly love them all.

M. A. K.

FREMONT.

Gallant and fearless, bravest of the brave!
Thy lofty aim, none other than to save
Columbia from the spoiler's rage.

OSWALD thou shaped thy course, and dared
despise
The servile arts that capture meaner eyes—
Preferring History's future page.

Serene in thy great plan, the clam'rous fame
Of plant tongues intent to blast thy name,
Moved thee not more than mists the rock,
When barking waves to madness urged by
storms.

Rise wave on wave in dread cerulean forms,
But vainly dash with fearful shock.

Nor less when scheming minds their work had
wrought,
Shone forth the meteor blaze of thy high
thought—
Thy crowning act of praise the last.
Undimmed the patriot fire of thy true soul,
Thy parting words the army still control—
"Companions, don't give up the mast!"

A. A.

Miscellaneous.

McClellan's Dream.

The following, says an exchange, is
from the pen of WESLEY BRADSHAW,
Esq., and makes a fitting companion to
Washington's Vision, which sketch, written
by the same author, at the commence-
ment of our national difficulties, was
widely copied by the press, and com-
mended by Hon. Edward Everett, as
teaching a highly important lesson to
every true lover of his country.

Two o'clock of the third night after
Gen. McClellan's arrival in Washington,
to take command of the United States
army, found that justly celebrated soldier
poring over several maps and reports of
scouts. As the hour came tolling through
the night, together with the dull rumbling
of army wagons and artillery wheels, the
wearied hero, pushing from him his maps
and reports, leaned his forehead on the
table before him, and fell into a sleep, so
deep that even the occasional booming of
the heavy guns, being placed in position
on the intrenchments, was insufficient to
disturb it.

"I could not have been slumbering
thus more than ten minutes," said the
General to an intimate friend, to whom
he related the strange narrative, "when I
thought the door of my room, which I
had carefully locked, was thrown sudden-
ly open, and some one strode to me, and,
laying a hand upon my shoulder, said, in
a slow, solemn voice—

"General McClellan, do you sleep at
your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be
prevented, the foe will be in Washington!"

Never before in my life have I heard a
voice possessing the commanding and
even terrible tone of the one who ad-
dressed to me these words. And the
sensation that passed through me, as it
fell upon my ears, and I coweringly shrunk
into myself at the thought of my own
negligence, I can only compare to the
whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of
grapeshot, discharged directly through my
brain. I could not move, however, al-
though I tried hard to raise my head
from the table. As a sense of my willing-
ness, and yet helplessness to make an an-
swer to the unknown intruder, oppressed
me, I once more heard the same slow,
solemn voice repeat—

"General McClellan, do you sleep at
your post?"

There was a peculiarity about it this
time; it seemed as though I—a mere
atom of water—was suspended in the
centre of an infinite space, and the voice
came from a hollow distance all around
me. As the last word was uttered, I re-
gained, by some felt yet unknown power,
my volition, and with the change, the
grapeshot sensation ceased, and a strange
but new one seized my heart, one as if a
huge, rough icicle was being sawed through
and through me.

I started up, or rather I should say I
thought I started up, for whether I was
awake or asleep, I am unable to decide.
My first thought was about my maps, and

before my eyelids had half opened, my
hand was grasping them. But this was
all: The table was still before me, and
the maps, all crumpled in my tightening
clutch, were still before me, but every-
thing else had disappeared. The furniture
was gone, the walls of the apartment
were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen.
All I saw was the tableau I am about to
describe to you.

My gaze was turned southward, and
there, spread out before me, was a living
map; that is the only expression I can
think of as befitting the scene. In one
grand coup d'oeil, my eye took in the
whole expanse of country, as far south
as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the At-
lantic Ocean on the east to the Mississippi
river westward.

Before fully fixing my attention upon
the immense scene, however, I thought
of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I
had heard but a moment previous, and I
looked toward him. An apparition stood
on my left somewhat in front, at a dis-
tance of about six feet from me. I sought
for his features, hoping to recognize him.
But I was disappointed, for the statue-
like figure was naught but a vapor, a
cloud, having only the general outlines of
a man. This troubled me, and I was
turning the matter over in my mind,
when the shadowy visitor, in the same
tone as before, said—

"General McClellan, your time is short!
Look to the southward!"
I felt unable to resist the command,
even had I wished to do so, and again,
therefore, my eyes were cast on the liv-
ing map.

Out on the Atlantic I saw the various
vessels of the blockading squadron loom-
ing up with the most perfect distinctness
in the bright moonshine, illuminating
everything with a strong, but mellow light.
I saw Charleston harbor and its forts,
with their pacing sentinels, and their sul-
len-looking barbettes guns. My eyes fol-
lowed the ocean line all the way round
to the Gulf, to New Orleans, and thence
up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and in
fact, every fortification along this water
boundary, I beheld with as much dis-
tinctness as you see that corporal's guard
passing there.

This sight filled me with delightful sur-
prise; but it would be utterly impossi-
ble for me to describe the ecstatic amaze-
ment that followed, as within the limits I men-
tion, my eyes took in minute but light-
ning-like detail, every mountain range,
every hill, every valley, every forest, every
meadow, every river, every city, every
camp, every tent, every body of men,
every sentinel, every earthwork, every
cannon, and I may say, dispensing with
further detail, every living and every
dead thing, no matter what its bulk or
height.

My blood seemed to stop in its chan-
nels, with joy, as I thought that the
knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus
given to me, would insure a speedy and
happy termination of the war. And this
one idea was engrossing my mind, when
once more, that slow, solemn voice, said:
General McClellan, take your map, and
note what you behold. Tarry not; your
time is short!

I started, and, glancing at the unearthly
speaker, saw him extend his arm, and
point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing
out the largest and most accurate one of
my maps, I seized a pencil, and once
more bent my gaze over the living
map. As I looked this time, a cold,
thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge
rough icicle again began its sawing
motion through my heart. For, as pencil
in hand, I compared the map before me
with the living map, I saw masses of the
enemy's forces being hurried to certain
points; so as to thwart movements that,
within a day or two, I intended to make
at those identical points; while on two
particular approaches to Washington I
beheld heavy columns of the foe posted
for a concentrated attack, that I instan-
tly saw must succeed in its object unless
speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" I cried in de-
spair. And, as before my blood seemed
to stop in its channels for joy, it now did
for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to
stare me in the face. At this dreadful
moment the same slow, solemn voice
struck once more upon my ears, saying:
"General McClellan, you have been
betrayed! and, had not God willed other-
wise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set,
the Confederate flag would have floated
above the Capitol and your own grave.
But note what you see. Your time is
short. Tarry not!"

Ere the words had left the lips of my
vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with
the speed of thought, transferring to the

map before me all that I saw upon the
living map. Some mysterious and un-
earthly influence was upon me, and noted
and recorded the minutest point I beheld
without the slightest effort, delay, or mis-
take. At last the task was done, and the
pencil dropped from my fingers.

For a while previous to this, however,
I had become conscious that there was a
shining of light on my left, that steadily
increased until the moment I ceased my
task, when it became in an instant more
intense than the noon-day sun. Quickly
I raised my eyes, and never, were I to
live forever, will I forget what I saw.

The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a
dim, shadowy figure, but the glorified
and effulgent spirit of Washington, the
Father of his Country, and now a second
time its saviour. My friend, it would be
utterly useless for me to attempt to de-
scribe the mighty returned spirit. I can
only say that Washington, as I beheld him
in my dream, or trance, as you may choose
to term it, was the most God-like being
I could have conceived of. Like a weak
dazzled bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly
vision. From the sweet and silent re-
pose of Mount Vernon, our Washington
had arisen to once more encircle and raise
up, with his saving arm our fallen, and
bleeding country. As I continued look-
ing, an expression of sublime benignity
came gently upon his visage, and, for
the last time, I heard that slow and
solemn voice, saying to me something
like this—

"General McClellan, while yet in the
flesh, I beheld the birth of the American
Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and
bloody one, but God's blessing was upon
the nation, and, therefore, through this
her first great struggle for existence, he
sustained her, and with His mighty hand
brought her out triumphantly. A centu-
ry has not passed since then, and yet the
child Republic has taken her position, a
peer with nations whose page of history
extends for ages into the past. She has,
since those dark days, by the favor of
God, greatly prospered. And now, by
very reason of this prosperity, has she
been brought to her second great struggle.

This is by far the most perilous ordeal she
has to endure. Passing, as she is, from
childhood to opening maturity, she is
called on to accomplish that vast result,
self-conquest, to learn that important les-
son, self-control, self-rule, that in the fu-
ture will place her in the van of power
and civilization. It is here that all na-
tions have hitherto failed; and she, too,
the Republic of the earth, had not God
willed otherwise, would, by to-morrow's
sunset, have been a broken heap of stones
cast up over the final grave of human lib-
erty.

But her cries have come out of her bor-
ders like sweet incense unto heaven, and
she will be saved. Thus shall peace, once
more come upon her, and prosperity fill
her with joy. But her mission will not
then be yet finished, for, ere another cen-
tury shall have gone by, the oppressors
of the whole earth, hating and envying
her exaltation, shall join themselves to-
gether, and raise up their hands against
her. But if she still be found worthy of
her high calling, they shall surely be dis-
comfited, and then will be ended her
third and last great struggle for existence!

Thenceforth shall the Republic go on,
increasing in goodness and power, until
her borders shall end only in the remotest
corners of the earth, and the whole earth
shall, beneath her shadowing wings, be-
come a Universal Republic. Let her in
her prosperity, however, remember the
Lord her God; her trust be always in
Him, and she shall never be confounded.

The heavenly visitant ceased speaking,
and, as I still continued gazing upon him,
drew near to me, and raised and spread
out his hands above me. No sound now
passed his lips, but I felt a strange influ-
ence coming over me. I reclined my head
forward to receive the blessing, the bap-
tism of Washington. The following in-
stant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my
ears, and I awoke. The vision had de-
parted, and I was again sitting in my
apartment, with everything exactly as it
was before I fell asleep, with one excep-
tion.

The map, on which I had dreamed I
had been marking, was literally covered
with network of pencil marks, signs, and
figures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed
my eyes, and took a turn or two about
the room to convince myself that I was
really awake. I again seated myself, but
the pencilings were as plain as ever, and
I had before me as complete a map and
repository of information as though I had
spent years in gathering and recording its
details. My mind now became confused
with the strange and numberless ideas
and thoughts that crowded themselves in-

to it, and I involuntarily sank down on my
knees to seek wisdom and guidance from
on high. As I arose, refreshed in spirit,
that same solemn voice seemed to say to
me from an infinite distance—

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

In an instant, thought became clear
and active. Hastening out, with
orders to have executed certain maneu-
vers at certain points, (guiding myself by
that, now, in my eyes, unearthly map,) I
threw myself into the saddle, and long
ere daylight, galloping like the tempest
from post to post and camp to camp, had
the happiness to divert the enemy from
his object, which, my friend, I assure
you, would have proved entirely success-
ful, by reason of the last piece of treach-
ery, had not Heaven interposed.

That map is looked upon by no human
eye, save my own, and therefore treach-
ery can do us no harm. I have on it ev-
ery bit of information that I need—in-
formation that the enemy would give mil-
lions to keep from us. The fate of the
war is settled.

The rebellion truly seems very formid-
able, but it is only struggling in the path
of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling
mass of national power and retribution
will, until the proper moment comes, now
and then let slip down upon its victim
forerunners of its approach. And when
the proper moment does come, it will
sweep down upon, and forever annihilate
disunion, with a thunder, that shall rever-
berate throughout the world for ages upon
ages to come.

Sir, there will be no more Bull Run
affairs!

God has stretched forth his arms, and
the American Union is saved! And our
beloved, glorious Washington shall again
rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until
perhaps the end of the prophetic century
approaches that is to bring the Republic
to her third and final struggle, when he
may once more, laying aside the cere-
ments of Mount Vernon, come a messen-
ger of succor and peace from the Great
Ruler, who has all the nations of the
earth in his keeping.

But the future is too vast for our com-
prehension; we are the children of the
present.

When peace shall again have folded
her bright wings and settled upon our
land, that strange, unearthly, wonderful
map, marked while the spirit eyes of
Washington looked on, shall be preserved
among American archives, as a precious
reminder to the American nation, of what,
in their second great struggle for exis-
tence, they owed to God and the glorified
spirit of Washington.

Verily, the works of God are above
the understanding of man."

Original.

Letters from the Marquee.
CAMP CATFISH, 169th Reg. Va. Vols.

The Pottersville Blues, in which corps
I hold the distinguished position of high
private, is composed mainly of regular
hard-headed fighters. There is not, prob-
ably, in the service, a blood-thirstier set
of fellows than we are. We came here
uttering the very biggest threats against
Yankeeedom, and every member of the
Company left with his own true love a
promise, in writing, to bring back one of
the ears of Abe Lincoln. Great were
the things which the Pottersville Blues
were going to accomplish. But fate,
which regardeth alike the schemes of
mice and men, has with abhorred shears,
nipped our high blown hopes; and here
we are, up to our ears in mud to be sure,
but alive and well every one of us, not a
man is hurt. Not a drop of that blood
which we were ready to pour out like
whiskey and water in the cause of our
country, has yet been shed. No sour
apple tree has been burdened with ani-
mate or inanimate form of Abe Lincoln,
and if we snuff the battle at all, it is as
the war horse, from afar. This is very
unfortunate. Nothing indeed could well
be worse. We are greatly disappointed,
and our spirits, like the tide in the sea-
son for digging clams, are exceeding low.

Corporal Oxen swears terribly—you'll
forgive him—but he does swear worse
than ever our army did in Flanders, and
some of the younger sort talk very big
about spilin' for a fight. But I don't
spile—not a bit of it. Indeed, I am
rather pleased than otherwise at finding
myself, up to this point, with a whole
skin, and a good prospect in the future
of keeping it so. A sound, unscratched
body is the very best place in the world
for the soul of an honest man to dwell
in, and the worst possible in which to
carry a bullet.

It is not pleasant to be thought a cow-

ard—quite otherwise, I think—but I have
come to the conclusion, considering the
quality of my blood, that I was not born
for a soldier. You will excuse me, my
dear Sergeant Dunderhead of the Atlanta
Home Guards, that I took but a very
small amount of stock in some remarks,
you made when we left Pottersville,
about the pleasure of dying for one's
country. It may be pleasant, very pleas-
ant indeed for aught I know—but for all
that, I should rather not do it—just at
present. And what you said about the
music of battle, and other things of that
sort, was, so to speak, in my poor op-
inion, bosh. (A very good word is 'bosh',
because it means just what it means, i. e.
bosh.) Music! Heaven help you sir,
there may be music in it, and good music
too—for those who like it.

But when a bullet sings in the air so
close to you that it moves your hair, to
enjoy it requires a taste quite rare, with
a certain amount of cultivation—as Shaks-
peare says, or somebody else quite as re-
liable.

To say truth, I never enlisted in the
expectation of doing much in the way of
fighting; that is not my forte. My am-
bition, like that of L. L. D. Russell, was
to become the chronicler rather than the
doer of valorous deeds, that the world
might know how fields were won, and
thus have honor given to whom honor
was due. Many a man has made a rep-
utation, for himself and others, in that
way—why not Adolphus Stratchex? said
I to myself, and so enlisted. To be sure,
we have not been doing much in this
quarter so far, but if Beauregard would
give us a chance at a little scrimmage in
these parts, I should make it a most
bloody fight—indeed I would.

"I'd wade to my ears in oats and slaughter,
And stab and wrestle and yell and bite,—
Hit 'em again if they asked for quarter,
And if we changed to have a charge,
What thundering, blundering rhymes I'd
write."

But here, as you see, Tennyson has the
advantage. The Pottersville Blues have
made no charge—except upon hen roosts
and beer shops. That, however, is not
my fault. Your "mute inglorious Mil-
lions" are only mute for want of some
fitting theme upon which "to build the
lofty rhyme." Just let me have a chance,
I say—let me have a chance.

In the dearth of other matters, I have
been writing a play, which was to have
been presented under a pine tree, on the
night of Mrs. Jeff. Davis' ball. Not
having a plot, I was unable to finish it in
the highest style of art, and the presenta-
tion was, so to speak, something of a
failure. If, however, I find a plot to
match the first scene, there is no doubt
of its ultimately proving a decided suc-
cess. Here is what I have written:

SCENE I.

Tent.—Pompey (a Negro), Sergeant and
Soldier discovered.

Sergeant.—Pompey, where is the Cap-
tain?

Pompey.—Capen, Massa, he ober de
bay.

Serg.—Over the Bay! why, you black
rascal, there isn't a boat within ten miles
of here—to say nothing of the pickets.
Pompey.—Can't help dat, massa;
Capen's ober de bay.

Serg.—Well, then, how the devil did
he get there?

Pompey.—You berry curus, you be; how
you spose he get dar? Went in a bowl,
like de wise men of Gotham.

Serg.—In a bowl?

Pompey.—Yes, massa, in a bowl—bowl
of punch, yah, yah, yah.

Serg.—None of your laughing, imp.
If the Captain's drunk, it is doubtless for
the good of the service. We are some-
what in a corner, and good wine, it is
said, breeds good counsel.

Soldier.—We need that, we do. So
God send they drink good and good store
of it at Richmond, for I'd like they
should get at the truth of the Fort Don-
elson affair.

Pompey.—O massa! dey neber can do
dat, neber, neber.

Serg.—And pray, you black son of the
tropics, why not?

Pompey.—Well, now, don't you know
nothin'? Dey never can, kase you see
truf is in de bottom ob de well. Folk
in Richmond neber look for him dar—if
truf is de battle, den dey catch him
sure, yah, yah, yah. You poor ignorant
white pusson.

Serg.—Don't show your ivory to me,
you imp of darkness. What are we to
have for supper?

Pompey.—Lor, massa, don't you be cross
to poor old Pompey. Please you sah,
we will have 'hab ole farmer Stebbins'
clock.

Sol.—Well, a clock will be rather hand-
eating—almost up to government beef.

Pompey.—Yes, sah, guess he will; bec-
biling dis three hours; can't cut him ye-
Ole clock—powerful tough.

Sarg.—What do you mean by clock?

Pompey.—Lor, massa, don't you under-
stan' nothin'? Stebbins' clock is him-
as waked Stebbins up dis last six years.
I grab him dis mornin' jes as going to
crow.

Sarg.—Well, clock or rooster, bring it
forth, for here come the boys, with
stomachs to digest mill stones.

[Enter soldiers singing]

O, what's the use of being sad,
My song shall ever be;
There is no life like this we lead—
O, a soldier's life for me.

Sarg.—Come, boys, replenish.

1st Sol.—Replenish what? Is there

nothing to wash down such stuff as this?

Pompey.—Yah, I sees, you wants de
jug.

1st Sol.—Yes, Charecoal, the jug:

So fill up your glass, and let the toast pass.

For how do you know but your neighbor is dry.

2d Sol.—Quartermaster, I say.

Quar.—Well, what do you say?

2d Sol.—Say indeed, only that what

you gave us for fresh meat this morning

had somewhat of an unsavory smell. It

The gun-boats about here have been exceedingly fortunate in securing prizes, and the "jolly tars" will no doubt receive "fat take" of prize money. It is interesting to witness with what disdain they look upon the "bould sojer boys," as being far inferior to themselves in rank.—
 Last Sunday morning as we were going through inspection, with our "knapsacks rapped upon our backs," one of them

We learn that seven of the soldiers be-
 longing to Rockville were in the battle of Ron-
 cace Island, but we do not understand that
 any of them was wounded; though there are
 several cases of sickness.
 Much anxiety is felt among the friends of
 Daniel Murray of Rockville, who was Quar-
 termaster of the ship Cumberland at the time of
 the recent assault upon her by the rebel steam-
 er Merrimac. We shall shortly hear whether
 he is among the drowned or rescued.

Only 20 prisoners are at Fort Warren.

o CORRESPONDENTS.—We are again com-
d to defer several valuable contributions
want of room. We have also been obliged
rtail some communicatives which are ad-

we have lately been attached to Gen. Mc-
rell's division, and he has to sign all passes
the men. One day to a company is all
will sign; before, all we had to do was get
Colonel to sign them.

Dear Sir:—I received your letter 8th inst.
I was glad to hear from you and company.
I was at muster to day, and saw some two or

DEATH.—Mr. George H. Foster, formerly

DEATH.—Mr. George H. Foster, formerly

Annual Town Meeting.

The town meeting this year was unusually quiet and harmonious. All the persons nominated for officers were almost unanimously chosen. Most of the business was transacted without debate and without opposition. Had it not been for the little noise made by the Town Clerk and the shrill barking of Mr. Marsh's "little dog," the meeting would have been absolutely stupid. We trust therefore that the tongue of the old clock will continue to speak and that Mr. Marsh will be allowed to "go at large" another year.

Selectmen and Assessors.

NATHAN H. POOR,
MILES O. STANLEY,
JOHN C. BURBECK.

Collector.

WILLIAM WOLCOTT.

Treasurer.

FRANCIS BAKER.

Overseers of the Poor.

WINGATE MERRILL,
JAMES P. KING,
STEPHEN BLANEY.

School Committee.

AMOS MERRILL,—3 years.
THOMAS M. STIMPSON,—3 years.
ALFRED MCKENZIE,—1 year.

Trustees of Peabody Institute.

STEPHEN BLANEY,
WILLIAM H. LITTLE.

Constables.

William Wolcott,
John W. Marden,
Franklin Tyler,
Bowman Viles,
William H. Pingree.

John S. Torr.

D. S. Littlefield,
Chauncey F. Holman,
Charles Barker,
Seth R. Hill,
Lewis A. Manning,
D. N. Stoddard,
James B. Newhall,
Stephen Upton,
Moses A. Shackley,
W. F. Pingree.

Field Drivers.

Isaac B. Cowdrey,
Horatio Bodge,
Charles Barker,
Andrew Curtis,
Edmund Hayward,
Bowman Viles,
Hezekiah D. Twiss,
Alfred Proctor,
James B. Newhall,
Samuel Swett,
Daniel S. Roberts.

Fence Viewers.

Augustus H. Sanger,
Richard Osborn,
John G. Walcott,
William H. Little,
Benj. Huntington.

Surveyors of Lumber.

Mayhew S. Clark,
James B. Foster,
B. M. Hills.

Pound Keepers.

Edwin Buxton,
Benjamin Taylor,
Daniel S. Roberts.

Board of Health.

D. C. Perkins,
S. A. Lord,
Benj. Huntington,
Joseph Poor,
George Osborn,
Alerson Galeucia.

THE MUD ON THE POTOMAC.—Those who get their ideas of muddy roads from the gravelled highways of New England are incredulous as to the reports that the army cannot move in consequence of the mud. But the sacred soil of Virginia need not be so appreciated. It is a fact that the regiments across the Potomac cannot even drill in consequence of the mud, into which the men sink—we will not venture to say how far—above their ankles. The chaplain of one of the regiments, now on a visit to this city, says that one of the guns of the Rhode Island Battery was temporarily abandoned in front of his tent just before he left, from the utter impossibility of hauling it. It soon sunk by its own gravity into the tenacious clayey soil, half up to the hubs of the wheels. We were somewhat incredulous when informed by an officer of another regiment that it required a wagon and four horses to draw a single mail bag by his regiment, but were prepared to believe it when he assured us further that it took him four hours to travel four miles on horseback. A letter now before us from a private in one of the regiments says:

"The mud is over shoes, over boots, and in spots over head. One cannot step out of doors without getting daubed all over; and I never think of going into the tent without spending ten minutes at the pump, washing my boots and pants."—*Journal.*

CALIFORNIA WINE.—There is now a good prospect that our country will speedily become independent of Europe in regard to its supply of pure wines. This would be very desirable not only on account of its commercial bearings, but for its supply of a wholesome and pure beverage to take the place of the vile compounds which are poisoning the people. Wine countries are proverbially temperance communities, and with our vast extent of territory we can become a wine country. Already wine is made in Ohio and California, the latter from vines planted there by the early Jesuit missionaries. The wines from these grapes are equal to any from the old world. The pure white wine and port is excellent and they were the only kinds used at the late Peabody Birth-day festival, and they were pronounced there to be of unsurpassed merit.

Perkins and Stern are the New York agents for these wines.

THE GREAT ANACONDA.—The New York Herald says: "The wisdom of McClellan's plans is now apparent. The great anaconda has begun to enfold the rebel forces and armies in its crushing embrace. Such a line of battle extending for twelve hundred miles, the world has never before witnessed. Such a cordon of armed soldiers and serried hosts the vindictors of an insulted flag, and an ignored constitution controlled by McClellan's master mind, and 'keeping step to the music of the Union,' is worth to have lived to the life of a Methusalem to behold."

WAR RELICS.—We have seen a curious relic, in the shape of a wooden pipe, which was manufactured by a Federal prisoner while confined in the famous tobacco warehouse at Richmond. It was made by a companion of our fellow citizen, GEORGE W. GRAY, to whom he presented it when the latter left the prison to return home. Mr. Gray has presented it to the Volunteer Engine Company of which he was a member, as a token of remembrance, and his former associates hold it in high estimation for the same reason and as a relic of the war. The pipe bowl is made of some kind of solid wood wrought into shape by a common dinner knife, as pocket knives were not allowed to the prisoners. The stem is made of a hollow reed.

SCALDED.—We learn that Mr. C. C. Marshall, living at the foot of Pleasant street, had one of his feet badly scalded, by the upsetting of a coffee pot, on Sunday morning last.

Another.—We learn also that a little child, of Irish parentage, was so severely scalded, on Monday last, as to require medical attention.

At the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, the splendid scenic piece called the "Seven Sisters" is having a grand run. It is well worthy of a visit by all.

FIRE IN SOUTH SALEM.—Yesterday morning at fifteen minutes past five o'clock, there was an alarm of fire proceeding from the schooner Helen McLeod, 101 tons, which, for some months, has been lying at the wharf of Messrs. Wiggins & Clark. The schooner is owned by Messrs. C. B. Elwell and E. K. Noyes. No one had had occasion to go on board of her for five weeks. She was cut off in the back part of the cabin, where there were coils of tarred rope, which must have been in a smouldering condition for some hours. Several cards of unburned matches were found near the fire. The cabin was entirely burned out, but the fire did not penetrate below decks. The loss is some \$700 or \$800. No insurance.—*Advertiser.*

Ship-building at Danvers Port.

We noticed yesterday a stick of timber drawn by five horses, moving into the ship-yard of Mr. Ira Story. It was upon examination found to be a Pignut Hickory, three feet in diameter at the butt, and forty feet in length. We learn that it was cut on the farm of the late Judge Putnam. We did not suppose so fine a specimen of the hickory could be found at this time in Danvers. Upon inquiry we were told it was to furnish part of a keel of a vessel about to be laid in this yard. Our first thought was our old ship-builder, Mr. Story, had a government contract to build a gun-boat, and no man could build a better one; a craft to bear aloft in the battle and the breeze our glorious old flag. And it is no wonder such thoughts were for the moment entertained in these war times, by one who recollects being told by an old ship builder, that a twenty gun ship was built at the Port during the Revolutionary war. We have, however, since been informed, that the vessel about to be built is to be a coaster of the largest class, for Mr. Calvin Putnam.

Mourning Goods—see PEABODY'S adv.

A CARD.

The "Ladies Benevolent Society," tender their sincere thanks to E. W. Upton Esq., for his generous and successful efforts to increase the funds of the Society, by giving it the proceeds of the recent Exhibitions of Stereoscopic Views, amounting to one hundred and thirty-seven dollars, and thirty cents.

Per order,
South Danvers, March 10th, 1862.

School Examinations.

At a meeting of the School Committee the examinations of the several schools were assigned agreeably to the following programme. The time is not yet fixed for the examination of Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, in the Pelton, West, Locustdale, and Sautang Districts:

Friday 15. P. M. Miss Babbey.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Saturday 16. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Sunday 17. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Monday 18. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Tuesday 19. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Wednesday 20. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Thursday 21. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Friday 22. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Saturday 23. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Sunday 24. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Monday 25. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Tuesday 26. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Wednesday 27. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Thursday 28. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Friday 29. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Saturday 30. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.
Sunday 31. A. M. Miss Peabody.	Misses, Pines and Whetstone.

OMNIBUS NOTICE.

On and after this date, the 7 1-2 A. M. coach for Salem, and the 8 1-2 P. M. coach from Salem, will be discontinued.

Persons wishing to be called for, are requested to leave their orders at least half an hour before the time of leaving.

H. M. MERRILL, Proprietor.

South Danvers, Jan. 22, 1862.

January 1, 1862.

All bills due the Subscriber are now ready for settlement.

On and after date, my terms are POSITIVE-
LY CASH on delivery.

GEORGE P. DANIELS.

South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

Good Advice.

Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.

Take HERRICK'S PILLS

Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never more care thee;
There is a cure for each distress.

In HERRICK'S PILLS.

Should aid and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure balm of little cost.

In HERRICK'S PILLS.

Should ancient illness hint of grief,
Should cruel landlards turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shoot,

In HERRICK'S PILLS.

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sold in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 34 page.

SOAPS.—A full stock of all the Fancy Toilet Soaps at PEABODY'S. See advertisement.

ATTENTION!

Vacancies having occurred in Co. B, 17th Massachusetts Regiment, a chance will be held open for a short time for the enlistment of a few active young men. Such, sound and healthy, can do no better than to address a letter to Lieut. J. E. MULLALLY, stating name, age, and height, which will receive immediate attention.

Address Lieut. JOHN E. MULLALLY, Co. B, 17th Mass. Reg., Baltimore, Md. feb 26

Marriages.

In Danvers, March 9th, by Rev J W Putnam, Mr Porter D. Nason to Miss Sarah E. Bodge, both of D.

Salem, March 4th, by Rev Mr Spaulding, Mr John W Hart to Miss Caroline E. Barnard. By Rev Sumner Ellis of Lynn, Mr George Steele, Jr, of Gloucester, to Miss Amanda E. daughter of Capt J W Luscomb of S.

By Rev Mr Carlton, Mr Daniel W Steele to Miss Mary A Hart.

Deaths.

In this town, Feb. 28th, Addie Louie, youngest child of Charles and Mary S Manning, 3 yrs 21 ds.

March 6th, after a severe illness of eleven weeks, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Miss Mary F. Perren, youngest daughter of the late James Perren of Madison, N.H. 24 yrs 4 mos.—[New Hampshire papers please copy.]

In Salem, Miss Ellen Gancy, 21 yrs; Meh Martin Milroy, 45 yrs; Mr Patrick Cary, 70 yrs; 6th, Mrs Sarah, widow of the late Mr Andrew Millett, 87 yrs 3 mos 16 ds; 10th, Mr Henry K. Pettyplace, of Mobile, formerly of Salem, 42 yrs; Mr Ephraim Patch, 47 yrs; Mr Lawrence Mellen, 68 yrs.

In Lynn, Hannah Breed, 80 yrs 6 mos.

In Groveland, Mr Paul Parker, 88 yrs.

Advertisements.

Sheriff's Sale.

ASSEX ss. March 4, 1862. Taken on execution, and will be sold at public sale, on Monday, the seventh day of April next, at one o'clock, p. m., on the premises, the right in equity that WILLIAM CROUGHWELL, late of South Danvers, in said county, has to render the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:

A certain lot of land situate in South Danvers aforesaid, bounded westerly by a way leading northerly from Walnut street, northerly by land of Gilbert, easterly by land of Larken, and southerly by land of Scholand, with the dwelling house formerly occupied by said Croughwell thereon.

STEPHEN UPTON, Deputy Sheriff.

South Danvers, March 12, 1862.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of ENOCH POOR, late of South Danvers, in the county of Essex, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds, as the law directs: All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to HENRY POOR, adm'r.

South Danvers, March 12, 1862.

Administrator's Notice.

THE undersigned, administrator on the estate of JOSEPH SAFFORD, late of South Danvers, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will be at the late residence of said deceased the first of April next, for the purpose of settling up the estate, and all persons having demands against the estate are requested to present them, and all indebted to the estate to settle the same without delay, as all demands not settled in April will be left with an attorney.

JOHN SAFFORD, adm'r.

South Danvers, March 11, 1862.

On Exhibition and for Sale,

ONE six octave MELODEON, made by Austin & Son, Concord—round corners, rosewood case, highly finished—for quality and richness of tone cannot be surpassed. The above is a capital instrument for a vestry, or school room, or any other purpose where a good Melodeon is wanted.

We have also received this week, smaller sizes—five octave and four half octave—equally as good, which we shall rent for a fair compensation.

ANN R. BRAY,

Salem, March 12. No. 76 Federal st.

NEW BOOKS.

A TGM WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S, 190 Essex st., Salem:

The True Story of the Barons of the South; or the History of the American Conflict, by E. W. Reynolds; "Tracts for the People," by various writers; "Blackwood's Magazine" for March;

"Standard Pocket" S. C. & E. SIMONDS';

Lecture Notes in Town, by author of "Recreations of a Country Parson," with portrait;

Works of Bacon, Vol. II.

BLANK BOOKS.

HAVING just enlarged our stock and variety of blank books—we invite those wishing for any style to examine our assortment.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S,

190 Essex st., Salem.

BOOK-BINDING.

OF every description, done in the best manner. G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S.

KEROSENE OIL LAMPS,

SHADES, Chimneys and Wicks.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S,

House Furnishing Store, 32 Front street.

ANN R. BRAY.

NO. 76 FEDERAL STREET, Has received—
CHOICE STYLES NEW SPRING GOODS.

Purchasers are invited to call and examine, at 76 Federal street.

House for Sale.

To be sold at private sale, the premises situate on Washington street, occupied by CALEB S. GURRIEL. The house is in excellent repair—has ten finished rooms, and a fine fruit garden adjoining. Terms very low. Apply to BENJ. C. PERKINS.

Or to the occupants.

South Danvers, Feb. 19, 1862.

E. A. BESSOM.

Having taken the room formerly occupied by SAMUEL DAVIS, has re-opened it as a

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,

7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. f12

FAMILY DYE COLORS.

FOR dyeing, Silk, Woolen and Cotton Goods, Shawls, Seals, Ribbons, Dresses, Feathers, Bonnets, Hats, and all kinds of wearing apparel, with perfect fast colors, at a saving of

EIGHTY PER CENT.

These colors are put up in packages, at 15 and 25 cents each. For 25 cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum, and all within the space of three hours.

Ladies, call and examine samples of Ribbons and Yarns at the store of

GEORGE E. MEACOM,

Feb 5 126 Main St., South Danvers.

Gentlemen's Under Garments.

AND HALF HOSE, selling at REDUCED PRICES.—My Winter stock.

GEORGE S. WALKER'S,

Gent's Furnishing Store, No 228 Essex st., Salem.

James F. Almy.

NAVY BLUE BROADCLOTH.

A VERY desirable article for

BUSINESS COATS,

Just received by

JAMES F. ALMY,

No. 188 Essex St., op. Central St., Salem.

March 12

John P. Peabody.

220

ESSEX STREET, SALEM.

MOURNING GOODS.

GRAPE COLLARS—in new styles; Crape Collars and Cuffs to match; Mourning Veils in variety;

Black Kid Finished Gloves; Black and White Mixed Gloves; Black Lisle Thread Gloves;

Black Ribbons and Trimmings; Black Crape and Laces; Black Ribbons and Trimmings;

at PEABODY'S, 220 Essex st.

SOAPS.

Pumice—Glycerine—Camphor—Transparent Honey—Brown Windsor—Pineapple and Chrysanthemum Soaps; Davis Bar Soap, only 3 cts.

PERFUMES.

Perfumes and Cologne, the best makes—Fins Needles—Buttons—Cottons—Threads—Birds Bindings—Worsted—Yarns—Ribbons—Ruchés—Flowers—Laces—Embroideries—Hosiery—Gloves, &c., &c.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

T. W. Downing & Co.

ANNUAL

REDUCTION OF STOCK!

THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.

Offer their Stock of

DRESS GOODS,

CLOAKS, &C.,

For a Short Time, at

VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH!

Salem, January 15, 1862.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

WILLIAM J. WALTON,

94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory prices.

Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.

WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main st.

South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

BUY YOUR GOODS

At prices to correspond with the times.

CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

At a great reduction from usual prices, for

CASH, AND CASH ONLY,

THE WHOLE TO BE SOLD IN

THIRTY DAYS!

LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES,

AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

Cents selling for \$6.00, usual price \$10.00

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South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1862

NO. 11.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD,
FITCH POOLE, Editor.
TERMS.—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
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One Square, 1 mo 25.00 50.00
Quarter of a Column, 1 mo 2.50 12.00
10 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank
Danvers, Dec. 4, 1861. 1y

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
Jan 4—1y

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
December 7, 1860.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
December 7, 1860.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
January 1, 1861.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
FREDERICK B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.
December 7, 1860.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
DENTIST,
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Forth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge

W. L. BOWDOIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
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Residence—No. 37 Washington street.
Jan 11—1y

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs).
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Hamilton and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Boston;
Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Gruiner, Glazier and Paper Hanger.
GROVE STREET.
WINDOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
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NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
South Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
SAM'L NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

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DEALERS IN
Crockery, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
No. 32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
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HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
jan2—1y

J. J. HEYLINGBERG,
Fashionable Hair-Dresser,
No. 24 Main street.

HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED.
Particular attention paid to cutting Children's Hair
January 1, 1862.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
West India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.
June 26

JESSE SMITH,
No. 283 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aneroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
Keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
Rooms 108 Essex street, Salem. may16

JOHN MOULTON,
LIVERY & STABLE,
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

Tales and Sketches.

The Criminal Witness.

In the spring of 1841, I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning and immediately had a long conference with my client. The stolen mail-bag had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. These letters were given me for examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into court in the afternoon to see what was going on. The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look, which we seldom find in a culprit. She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen a hundred dollars from a Mrs. Naseby; and as the case went on, I found that this Mrs. Naseby, a wealthy widow living in town, was the girl's mistress. The poor girl declared her innocence in the wildest terms, but circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one that had access there.

At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking young man, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer," he whispered.
"I am a lawyer," I answered.
"Then do save her. You certainly can do it, for she is innocent."
"Is she your sister?"
"No, sir, he added, "but, but—" Here he hesitated.
"Has she no counsel?" I asked.
"None that's good for anything—nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her! and I'll give you all I've got. I can't give you much, but I can raise something."

I reflected a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eyes, and the volume of humble entreaty I read in her glance resolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl and asked if she wished me to defend her.—She said yes. I then informed the court that I was ready to enter into the case, and was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction that ran quickly through the room told me where the sympathies of the people were. I asked for a moment's cessation that I might speak with my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state candidly the whole case. She told me that she had lived with Mrs. Naseby two years, and had never had any trouble before.—About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," the girl said to me, "and asked me about it. I said I knew nothing about it. That evening I know Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the key-hole. They went to my trunk and found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But, sir, I never took it, and somebody must have put it there."

I then asked her if she suspected any one.
"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me because she thought I was better treated than she. She is the cook.—I was the chamber-maid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years old, with a low forehead, small grey eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance at once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there I was convinced she was the rogue.

"Nancy Luther did you say that girl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me.

"Yes, sir."
I left the court room and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail-bag.—He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see he had the one I kept before

night. I then returned to the court room and the case went on.

Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted the room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about missing the money, and closed by telling how she had found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, in two tens and one five dollar bank note.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed the money had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"
"No sir," she answered.
"Had you ever before detected her in any dishonesty?"
"No sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised and informed you?"
"No, sir."

Mrs. Naseby left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as if to say, "trap me if you can." She gave her evidence as follows:—

She said that on the night the money was taken she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up she suspected all was not right. She followed her up. Elizabeth went to Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key hole, and saw her take out money and put in her pocket.—Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out I hurried away.

Then she went on, told how she had informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk.

I called Mrs. Naseby to the stand.
"You said that no one but yourself and the prisoner had access to your room," I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered the room if she wished?"
"Certainly, sir; I meant that no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. Naseby, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.
"Could your cook have known by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she has come to my room while I was there, and I have often given her money to buy provisions of market men who happened to come along with their wagons."

"One more question. Have you known of the prisoner having used any money since this was stolen?"

"No sir."
I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress of what you have seen without waiting for her to ask about the lost money?"

"Because I could not at once make up my mind to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly.

"You say you looked through the key hole and saw her take the money?"

"Yes sir."
"Where did she place the lamp when she did so?"

"On the bureau."
In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What do you mean by that?"

The girl hesitated, and finally she said she did not mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp.

"Very well," said I, "how long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"

"Not quite a year since."
"How much does she pay you a week?"

"A dollar and three quarters."

"Have you taken any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"How should I? I have taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and kept no account."

"Now if you had wished to harm the prisoner could you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"

"No sir," she replied with virtuous indignation.

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir, only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me."

"Then you did not have any twenty-five dollars when you came here?"

"No, sir; and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the money Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that if you'd remembered what you asked

her." This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she should have put the money in the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely.

"Will you tell me if you belong in this state?"

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for an instant the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered, "I belong to Somers, Montgomery county."

I next turned to Mrs. Naseby:

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?"

"Always."

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told you the truth, sir, about the payment," said Mrs. Naseby.

"Oh, I don't doubt it," I replied; "particular proof is the thing for the court room. So, if you can, I wish you would procure the receipt."

She said she would willingly go if the court said so. And the court did so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were signed in a strange staggering hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," I said, turning to the witness and speaking in a quick startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court and jury, and me, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in your letter to your sister in Somers?"

The witness started as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotions and then I repeated the question.

"I—never—sent any," she gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I—I didn't," she faintly muttered, grasping the railing by her side for support.

"May it please your Honor and gentlemen of the jury," I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a man who was arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examinations I had access to the letters which had been torn open and robbed of money. When I entered upon this case and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered having seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail-bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post mark you will observe that it was mailed on the day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you if you please."

The court nodded assent, and I read the following which was without date, save that made by the postmaster upon the outside. I give it verbatim:—

"Sister Dorcas:—I send yu hear seventy-five dollars which I want yu to cepe for me till I cum hum I cant cepe it now Im afereed it will git stole dout speak wun word to a living soul about this dont want no nobody to no ivc got cay money, you want now will you. I am fast rate hear only that gude for nothing snipe of lis madworth is hear yit—but I hop to git over now. yu no irote yu bout her.—giv my luv to all inquiring frens. this is from your sister till deth.

NANCY LUTHER."

"Now, your honor," I said, as I gave him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery county. And you will observe that one hand wrote the letter and signed the receipt, and the jury will also observe. And now I will only add, it is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of parts of the letter you must judge. I now leave my client's case in your hands."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness' own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats they returned the verdict of—"Not Guilty."

I will not describe the scene that followed; but, if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her at least, if they had not

done more. The next morning I received a note, handsomely written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of the poor, defenceless maiden. It was signed by 'Several Citizens,' and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards the youth who first begged me to take up the case called upon me with all the money he could raise, but I showed him that I had already been paid, and refused his hard earnings. Before I left town I was a guest at his wedding—my fair client being the happy bride.

A Story of the Battlefield.

[Mr. Gray, the wounded volunteer of Co. II., 1st Mass. Regt, now at the Chelsea House, requests us to publish the annexed letter, to the writer of which he feels that he owes his life, and to whom he expresses much gratitude.]

CAMP HOOKER, Lower Potomac, }
March 2d, 1862.

MR. GRAY, Dear Sir:—I hardly know how to describe the scene you wish me to; but I will try.

Dr. Green asked for two men to go with him and get some of the 'boys' that were wounded. Charles Bancroft and myself volunteered to go with him—in all, four of us, with the ambulance driver, whose name is Joseph McIntire. He proceeded down to that House on the right. The first that was put in the ambulance was poor Crowell; near by, Grantman was found, and one other whose name I have forgotten. We then started to go back, and had gone but a short distance when some one came and said there was a man down near the woods, and I think we saw you hold your gun up to attract our attention. It was impossible to go with the ambulance down where you were, on account of the ditches; so four of us,—Dr. Green, Bancroft, myself, and one other whom I did not know,—(I think it was one of your company), brought you up; you were pretty heavy to carry so far, and the Dr. gave out, one of your company taking his place. Lieut. Saunders came up with us when we were carrying you; he was so exhausted he could hardly walk. After we put you in the ambulance we went back to a building on the Hill, that had been designated as an Hospital; but when we arrived there, a cannon shot had been through it and drove out those we left there.—Then we went down into the woods where the regiment first halted before the line of battle was formed. You were then taken out of the ambulance and laid under a tree. I did not see Dr. Salter about there after we came back. Dr. Green gave you some cordial, and washed your wounds, but did not dress them. At that time the cannon shots from the rebels came so fast and so near, Dr. Green thought prudent to move out of their range. I was left with you and Crowell; the rest were moved. They did not return for you and Crowell, and I got some of the band boys to assist in removing both of you. When we got where the Dr. and the rest of the wounded were, Dr. Green was about to move the second time, as he was not out of danger. All were removed but you, and I was left alone with you.

All this time you suffered very much with pain, and called out at intervals for brandy. After the Doctor was gone I got some brandy of a man for you. You asked several times if they were going to leave you, and I got a man to stay with you while I went to find where the Doctor had gone. I found him; he said to me, "Probably Gray will not live, and you had better look out for yourself." I came back to you and found you alone; the man I left with you had gone. I got some more brandy then of an officer (a Major in the New York 12th, I think.) I gave you all I dared to, and bathed your head with the rest. You asked me several times not to leave you, and if the rebels were coming. By this time nearly all the Brigade had retreated past us towards Centreville; and Chase, the Drum Major, came and told me I could leave and go with the rest of them; that I had better look out for myself, as the Doctor said Gray could not live. After he was gone, George Buel—one of the Band—came along; I asked him if he could not get some help so that we could carry you along. George hunted round a spell, but could not find any one. Finally, he said if I would hold on a while longer, he would go and try to find Capt. Carruth. He had been gone but a minute when an ambulance with two horses attached came along with but two persons inside—the driver and a surgeon. I asked the driver

if he would take you in. The doctor asked what regiment you belonged to. I told him. He bade the driver to drive on. The driver said he would not, as long as he could see men that needed help, no matter what regiment they belonged to, telling me at the same time to "load you in." I got some Union citizens (Virginians) who were round there with Sharpe's rifles, to help to put you into the ambulance. The driver said he would take you to the hospital at Centreville. I followed you a short distance, when some of your Company came up and said they would see to you, and I went back to find Buel: that was the last I saw of you.—But I have often thought of you, and I expect some day to see you. I hope this letter will find you well and your wounds all healed.

Yours respectfully,
G. B. MOODY.

—Chelsea Telegraph.

Original.

Gleanings from Country Newspapers.

PANE-FUL AFFAIR.—During the gale on Saturday night last, the glass scuttle on Deacon Small's house was blown off, and out of ten panes all but seven were broken. The Deacon has our hearty sympathy in his calamity.

FELINE.—Miss Tabitha Tompkins who resides on Juniper St.; has a litter of eight Malta kittens, the finest we have ever seen. Any one in want of a good mouser, would do well to call and secure one early, before, as Mrs. Gamp says, they are "otherwise bespoken."

VEGETARIAN.—Our horticultural friend Green, who lives just out of town in our suburbs, has a squash vine growing in the rear of his barn, on which are eleven pumpkins. It came up spontaneously. Beat this who can. The largest of the lot would make a good show on our Editorial table.

PROGRESS.—We are pleased to observe that our venerable neighbor Jones, over the way, has newly shingled his house. For several days past, the hammers of the workmen on the roof, have imparted a business like hum to our usually quiet village. It was shingled last, the old gentleman informs, in his grandfather's day, who did the job during several consecutive moonlight nights, as he was in the midst of the haying season, and was consequently unable to spare the hours of sunshine. We are happy to record these marks of progress.

SWINE.—Our fellow townsman, Bacon, has in his sty, a fine litter of nine pigs, of the most approved variety, which for beauty, cannot, we think, be surpassed by any in this county. They made their appearance yesterday. Those in want will please "make a not on't," as Capt. Cuttle says.

Since writing the above we regret to learn that the old sow has eaten six of them during the last night.

ONANIMOUS AND USEFUL.—It affords us unalloyed pleasure to chronicle at last the completion of an enterprise, which has for a long time engaged the attention of our townsmen. In the face of discouragements the most vexatious, in the teeth of obstacles almost superhuman, both pecuniary and otherwise; in spite of cross counsels, differences of opinion, the bias of interest, moneyed influence, affecting location, all of which rendered the undertaking one of exceedingly doubtful success, the work has happily been accomplished. At one time the most sanguine despaired of its production, and we ourselves had nearly resolved to lay down our pen and advocate this great public improvement no longer. But we persisted by a happy inspiration, and now live to behold a new furnace usurping the place of the old one in front of Mr. Pepper's grocery store. We will endeavor to calm ourselves, if we can, in this moment of elation, while we subjoin a few closing words. This new ornament of our village is eight squared, with the exception of the turned portions, of which there are several, after the fashion of that kind of salamander stoves which are ringed. It is made of the clearest pine, free from pitch or knots and is handsomely painted in a dark lead color by our skillful townsman, Mr. Daubson. We had almost forgot to add that a capacious iron ladle is affixed by a chain to the pump for drinking purposes, which is a vast improvement on our former way of drinking from the nose, a fashion that has sometimes almost occasioned strangulation to thirsty little boys and girls; to the detriment, besides, of their clothing.

It would be unpardonable in us also, to mention that the figures 1862 are beautifully carved on the front by our talented citizen, Mr. Chips. It was high time that a new pump supplanted the old one, which dated back, we are told, to the year 1800, and had become so full of cracks and seams that in plying the handle, the water would spout forth in several directions besides from the nose, occasioning much inconvenience to those using it. As we are writing, a large crowd of citizens are gathered around the new pump gazing at it admiringly.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters."

A NOVELTY.—Yesterday afternoon the citizens of our usually quiet village were electrified by the appearance of a man in their midst, bearing on his back what eventually proved to be a musical instrument, known as a "hand-organ." He was accompanied by a curious little animal, which was dressed in a sort of uniform, which we learned from the man whom we heard address him from time to time, (if our ears did not deceive us), the name of "Jeffo Daviso," is called monkey.

The wanderer set down his machine, and produced his music by turning a crank with a handle outside, exactly the same manner as our citizens draw their water from their wells. Thus I went from place to place during the afternoon, followed by admiring crowds, and performing a great variety of tunes among which we thought we recognized the new one, just out, called "Pop goes the weasel." The strange animal which attended him, also attracted much notice, many of his grotesque actions strongly resembling those of the human species. The man himself, seemed by his language, dress and appearance to be of foreign birth, though he was not destitute of domestic "extractions," as the quantity small change solicited and obtained by his dumb follower, who went round with his military cap in his hand, to collect the same, abundantly testified. At nightfall the pair left our village, and went, no one knew whither.

Verily wonders will never cease.

From an esteemed correspondent, for the Bungville Champion.

BUNGVILLE LYCEUM.—The seven lecture of the course before this institution, was given on Thursday evening, 15th, for the usual sum of ten dollars by Professor Paffer, of Mummington, who returned a few months ago from his explorations on the sight of ancient Babylon.

His subject was the present Rebellion and his lecture was a most masterly performance, it was. It literally sparkled and coruscated with wit, imagery and statistics, it did. I don't know how to justice to it in this slight report, I don't and will only attempt a brief sketch, naming a few of its prominent beauties. The Secession pot, he said, had been the fire, and in a simmering condition for thirty years. In November 1861, the infernal contents began to boil, and that epoch, the leading cooks began to remove the cover from time to time and look in, to see how the stew prospered, which removals, the lecturer said, were symbolical of the secession of the different states one after another. It was not, however, until the 11th of last April at the bombardment of Fort Sumpter that they pronounced their hell brot done, and took the cover off for good.

The detestable fumes of that poisonous compound had spread all over the land fatal as the breath of the Surrocco, blight, mildew and destroy. He compared the ingredients of the secession kettle to the witches' cauldron in Macbeth and quoted Shakspeare's description thereof. I cannot repeat the verses he did, and only remember that the contents consisted of frogs, toads, new snakes, birth strangled babies, livers, blasphemy, Jews, &c. The cooking the old ladies alluded to, he added, was wholesome and nutritious compared with the rebel bill of fare. He was firm in the belief that the Southerners would find to their sorrow, that there was "death in the pot," and would never attempt to go up another stew of the same composition. They couldn't digest it, to say the least.

The lecturer then took a rapid survey of the war up to date, glancing at leading generals, and other prominent men on both sides. Of Jeff Davis spoke at considerable length, but very coldly and disparagingly indeed. His remarks might rigidly be construed strongly condemnatory of the course that gentleman. Unjustifiable ambition he considered to be his stumbling block and prognosticated his ultimate downfall.

Gen. Floyd he treated with great severity, plainly and emphatically stigmatizing him as a thief, and citing several instances in which he had appropriated the goods of others for his own use and behoof. He also spoke contemptuously of his generalship, holding the opinion that he would be somewhat damaged in a comparison with Napoleon, Wellington or Montrose. The lecturer created much laughter by his allusions to Gen. Price, whom he felicitously characterized as a sort of military Wandering Jew, or the ghost in Hamlet, "condemned to walk," or rather fly up and down Missouri and Arkansas before the victorious Unionists. General Wise he ridiculed chiefly on account of his name, which, he said, was as inapplicable to him, as it would for the blackest Congo nigger to bear the cognomen of "White." He spoke highly of the brave Gen. Lyon, maintaining that if he had not been killed at the time he was, he would probably have lived longer, and rendered his country farther services. I have not space to give his eloquent comments on other leaders and must hasten to a close.

In regard to the present posture of affairs, he had come to the conclusion, he said, that unless Gen. McClellan made an advance, there would be no movement of the army of the Potomac. The reason why the army had lain inactive so long, was as "clear as mud." It was the presence of that very article to a great depth on the sacred bosom of the Old Dominion, completely obstructing the wheels of our wagons, and the feet of our men and horses. When it dried up, we might expect to see the "dust fly," then would the blinded rebels need eye water, and then would the wicked rebellion experience an utter and eternal collapse.

He closed amid loud and long continued applause. HOBBS.

War Items.

The Federal troops, under Gen. McDowell, to the number of 20,000, occupied Centerville Monday morning of last week. It was deserted. They then proceeded to Manassas, arriving there in the evening. The rebels before leaving, destroyed everything within their reach. Large numbers of contrabands have reached our lines, and appear to be very happy in their delivery from bondage. The whereabouts of the retreating rebels is a subject of earnest speculation.

The rebels on retreating from Leesburg, left a track blackened with the ashes of granaries, hay and grain stacks, fences, bridges, &c.

The whitened bones of the brave Union soldiers who fell at Ball's Bluff, last October, were buried by a detachment of our soldiers last Tuesday. Impressive remarks preceded this humane act, and a monument of gross rebel neglect was hidden from human sight.

The earthworks at Centerville have been greatly misrepresented. They were not of the formidable character supposed. Virginia has been called upon for 40,000 additional soldiers.

Wild Billy Price, a desperate chief of a guerilla band of rebels, has been taken prisoner near Halls, Mo.

The "Monitor" cost \$275,000, and her destruction has been equivalent to saving many hundred times that sum.

Winchester, Va. was occupied by part of Gen. Banks' division last Wednesday. Jackson's rebel forces left the night previous. Much joy was manifested by the inhabitants on the appearance of our troops.

Pensacola, opposite Fort Pickens, has been evacuated by the rebels, and Gen. Bragg, the rebel commander, has gone with his command to Tennessee.

Additional particulars of the Battle of Pea Ridge in Arkansas, render it certain that the famed Gen. Ben. McCulloch, and also Gen. McIntosh were killed; and that Maj. Gen. Sterling Price was wounded. The rebel loss is supposed to be from two to three thousand. Federal loss from 800 to 1,000. Two thousand Indians were engaged in the battle, and eighteen of our men were scalped by them.

General Beauregard has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Rebel Army.

General Fremont has now a command—a department by himself.

The first shipment of cotton received from Nashville, since its evacuation by the rebels, arrived in Cincinnati on Wednesday last. The shipment consisted of one hundred bales.

Capt. Buchanan, in command of the rebel iron-clad steamer Merrimac, was not killed in either of the late naval engagements near Newport News. One of his knees was so shattered by a shot, however, that the chances are that he will lose the leg by necessary amputation. P. S.—Later accounts say he is dead.

Gen. McClellan reviewed a division of the army in the vicinity of Manassas last Saturday, and as he rode along the lines he was greeted by most vociferous cheers and the wildest enthusiasm.

During the recent naval engagement near Fortress Monroe, the great Union Gun was twice fired at the Merrimac, doing her no damage, as the balls fell short.

The rebels evacuated New Madrid last Friday night, leaving a quantity of guns and stores they were unable to carry away. Some fighting took place yesterday between their gunboats and our siege batteries, in which we lost twenty killed and wounded. A shot from one of their guns dismounted one of our 24-pounders, killing four or five men.

It is asserted that Commander Wilkes will take command of the Monitor if she has another engagement with the Merrimac, as Capt. Worden is temporarily incapacitated by his wounds from active service.

When Jefferson Davis in his last message said that the rebels would "soon contest the vaunted control of the enemy in our waters," he doubtless had reference to the marine monsters in preparation, of which the Merrimac is one. Another is building at Mobile, and another at New-Orleans.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Post says that a civilian from Massachusetts went out as far as Centerville on Sunday, found the place deserted, hoisted a rag on the earthworks for want of a flag, and came back to tell General McClellan that he had taken possession.

According to the Army Gazette for 1862, the aggregate number of the regular army of the United States is 39,273; of the volunteer army 556,252, making the united force 595,525. The aggregate of the militia force, including that of the rebel States, is 3,214,769.

Captain Worden, the hero of the recent unparalleled engagement, is in Washington, and is the lion of the day. His eyes, which were injured by the flame of a shell explosion, are kept closely bandaged, and he is led from place to place. When he was introduced to Mr. Lincoln, the tears gushed from the President's eyes, as he grasped his hand and exclaimed: "We owe to you, sir, the preservation of our navy. I cannot thank you enough."

No rebel flag is now flying in Missouri.

Among the letters found on our soldiers in the rebel camp at Roanoke Island, was one from a young lady in the South to her lover in the rebel army, in which she says: "I hope we shall see each other again here; but if we do not, I hope we shall meet in heaven, where there will be no Yankees."

Great satisfaction is expressed that Gen. McDowell's column was the first to enter the rebel intrenchments at Manassas and raise the stars and stripes over them.

Dispatches received from Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who is at Fort Monroe, state his belief that the Monitor will prove more than a match for the Merrimac in the next encounter.

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Hale provides for the construction of an iron-clad steam vessel of not less than 5000 or 6000 tons burthen, of great speed and strength, to be used only as a ram, for which one million dollars are to be appropriated; also thirteen millions for iron-clad gunboats, \$783,000 for completing Stevens' battery, and half a million for extending the facilities of the Washington Navy Yard, so as to forge and roll plates for the armored ships.

The President has approved of the bill forbidding the army to aid in the return of fugitives.

Among the letters found at Columbus, Ky., was one, from which is copied the following extract. It is from a young man named James G. Hollingshead, of the 10th Louisiana regiment, to his father in Baton Rouge. We quote only the portion of the epistle which relates to military matters. Its date is Feb. 27, 1862—

"The d—d Yankees are whipping us, or at least it looks so. Gen. Polk says Tilghman always was an abolitionist, and that Buckner was a coward. As for Pillow and Floyd, the dirty thieves, I hope I will live to see either of them, and I will not want to live another day, if I don't shoot them on sight. The Yankees are coming down to Columbus after us. I am afraid we will have to give in if they bring all their gunboats to shoot at us with. 'Anything but the infernal gunboats,' says Gen. Polk. But I hear that we are to leave Columbus in a few days. I don't know where we will go. I think we had better go to some place where the gunboats can't reach us. Some of our boys are getting discouraged, but I still feel sure we can't be conquered. At least I want to try again before my time is out, which will be next month. I will go back to the store after that, because I don't like soldier's life."

REMARKABLE HEROISM.—If to deserve success is better than oftentimes to gain it, then Lieutenant Maurice and the gallant crew of the ill-fated Cumberland merit the admiration and thanks of the whole loyal country. The sight of such an invulnerable monster as the Merrimac bearing straight down upon a wooden vessel, not in the least affected by half a dozen heavy broadsides, would have unnerved many a crew. But it had no effect upon the gallant sailors of the Cumberland. They kept up their rapid firing till the iron monster crashed her horn into the side of the Cumberland, knocking in a hole as large as the head of a hoghead. Even then, while the water was rushing in like a flood, and the vessel going down, and the Merrimac, at the distance of three hundred yards, was pouring in murderous broadsides, the men fought till the last gun was submerged. The fight continued three-quarters of an hour, and the firing of the Cumberland's guns was so accurate, that when one of the Merrimac's crew crept out of a port to the outside of her plated roof, a ball instantly cut him in two! We do not believe that there is an action on record which shows more heroic fighting than this hopeless one on the part of the Cumberland. She lies now in fifty-four feet of water, with the stars and stripes flying from her topmast; but a grateful country will honor her commander and her decimated crew.

DEATH OF A BOSTON BOY AT FORT DONELSON.—Among the killed at Fort Donelson was a Boston boy who bore his share of the dangers of that dark day, and bravely fell at the very moment when the victory was ours. Charles E. Hartshorn, only 17 years of age, was fired with a desire to join the troops when the war first broke out. He was then living in Illinois, and when the call for men was sounded, he was among the first to present himself. He was for some time stationed at Cairo, at length, however, the 8th Regiment, to which he belonged, received marching orders. It was for the purpose of making an attack on Fort Henry. Young Hartshorn wrote a letter home describing the terrible excitement of the battle, and the fire of joy which possessed all the for-

ces when the glorious stars and stripes floated from the battlements. A few hours rest, and the regiment was ordered to take up their line of march for Donelson. In that contest the 8th Illinois did brave work; they lost a large proportion of their men. A few days ago Mrs. Hartshorn received a letter announcing the sad fact of her loss, from which we make the following extract: "I can well sympathize with you, for Charles was a noble and brave boy, and fell facing the foe." Such an eulogium, and from an officer, is worth a great deal. The class of '38, Harvard, to which the father of young Hartshorn belonged, have sent kind words of condolence to the widowed mother, and we can give her our word of sympathy, too, for we feel proud of every Boston boy who does his duty in times like these.—*Four.*



Our Navy Department.

We think there are many indications that the public mind is becoming prepared for a change in the administration of our Naval affairs. It demands of this important arm of the service more promptness and efficiency. The navy has done good service under the gallant commanders, Foote, Goldsborough and Dupont, but the reform is needed in higher station. The people ask for the same efficiency in this branch as is witnessed now in the War Department. They want to see a live man, like Stanton, at the naval bureau. Secretary Welles is too slow for these stirring times. He may do in time of profound peace, but is too dilatory for a time of war. He does not hold the confidence of the people, or of the service, as such a high officer should, to be capable of the greatest good in his department. To say nothing of the confidence in him lost by his jobbing contracts through his brother-in-law, he is regarded as an "old fogie." He is, really, behind the times. He is a slow coach, and the times demand more speed. He is a piece of the old world, an antediluvian, a Rip Van Winkle. He needs waking up, but he cannot or will not awake.

Perhaps we have a prejudice against Secretary Welles; but if we have, it is derived partly from his looks, yet we would not hang him on this account. He looks like a piece of antiquity. He is a personification of Old Fogyism. We got this impression when we first laid eyes upon him, which was in Washington on the day of the Bull Run fight. It was in front of Willard's, when the news was coming in favorably to our cause. There he stood, stiff and unmoved, amidst the premature rejoicings, a tall, lank figure, with his long, thin beard, of sandy hue, reaching down to his lower vest button. He looked like one of those old patriarchs who lived six or eight hundred years, and yet grew no wiser. He would do to take command of the Ark, but not of iron clad steam frigates. In times like these, such men stand aside and make room for others of more modern ideas and active temperament. Stand aside, then, O Wandering Jew! and give place to a new man, a man of administrative power, of strong nerve, and unflinching will. Make way, quickly! for this is an age of iron, and give place to the Iron man—NATHANIEL P. BARKS.

Visit to Danvers.—Her Schools.

We made a most interesting call in Danvers this week, and visited the Holten High School, which is under the efficient management of NATHANIEL HILLS, Esq., as Principal, and Miss SMITH as Assistant. It is a model school of its kind, and has a history which ought to give a glow of pride to every citizen of the town of Danvers. To this school, sending out its annual class of educated and accomplished youth, is owing much of the refinement and culture which is known to give a high tone to the society in that town.

We were sorry to learn on account of the low financial condition of the town it included this school in its programme of retrenchment, but we think it will be but temporary, and that after the cloud now resting on the business prospects of our neighbor town shall be dissipated, this cherished school will have the fostering care of its people more than ever before.

We hope to be able soon to give some statistics of this school, which will be highly interesting to our readers, exhibiting in a striking manner its influence to do good in that community. We learn generally that the Grammar Schools in Danvers are in their usual flourishing condition. PUBLISHER.

Town Taxes.

In addition to the burdens imposed by the General Government in the shape of War taxes, the towns will have to tax themselves this year more than usual in consequence of incidental causes growing out of the provision for families of the soldiers. The State only refunds to the towns the sums actually paid to the families and within strict limits, and the town loses the interest of their outlay until it comes back to them from the State Treasury.—The State pays nothing for uniforms or other expenses incurred in preparing companies for the field. The public mind is prepared for an increase of taxation and would be agreeably surprised if the rate this year does not considerably exceed that of some preceding years.—We suppose it to be the general opinion that this is not the time to attempt any great deduction of the town debt.

THE MONITOR.—This new battery proves to be the thing. During the late controversy at Hampton Roads, the Merrimac, although a hard customer, after receiving a few and monitory raps from the Monitor, was glad to withdraw herself from the argument.

The replies of the Monitor which were highly ironical, together with the amount of cannon which the latter despatch introduced into the discussion, were altogether too much for the Merrimac, who sent a hasty retreat looking like anything but a Merry-mack.

Rev. Mr. Wheeler.

In our last, we stated that the Society with which Mr. Wheeler is connected, had requested him to withdraw his letter of resignation. We are now informed that the application was not successful. The happy relations which have existed so long between Mr. Wheeler and his people, and the fact, led to the hope, in many minds, that he would be induced, on a reconsideration of the matter, to comply with their unanimous and earnest request. After giving the subject new and respectful consideration, he has concluded not to make any change in a purpose which has been the subject of his long and deliberate thought. He has, however, kindly consented to an arrangement by which he will, either personally or by exchange, supply the pulpit for the present, and for an indefinite period, as his future arrangements may permit. We have obtained the letter of resignation, and the proceedings of the Society based upon it, which we publish below:—

SOCIETY DANVERS, March 2, 1862.

To the Proprietors of the "First Unitarian Church in Danvers," and to the Society.

My dear Friends,—In the invitation which was extended to me to become your Pastor, (July 1st, 1861,) it was provided that "either party may dissolve the contract by giving the other three months' notice." In accordance with this promise, I now request that my official relation to the Society may terminate in three months from date.

In thus resigning the pastoral care which I have held for seven and a half years, and in closing a connection which has been unusually harmonious and pleasant, I desire to offer my sincere thanks for the kindness—both public and private—which I have received during the period of my ministry among you, and to assure you that I shall always retain an interest in the Society, and in the personal welfare of all its members.

With kindest regards, I remain, yours truly and respectfully CHARLES H. WHEELER.

At a meeting of the Proprietors of the First Unitarian Church in South Danvers, held at their house of worship on Sunday, the 9th inst. the following preamble and resolution were passed unanimously.

Whereas—Our beloved Pastor, the Rev. Charles H. Wheeler, has tendered to this Society a request that his pastoral relation to it may terminate at the expiration of the ensuing three months, and whereas—his request has been received with feelings of heartfelt sorrow and regret, by those who have long enjoyed the advantages of his pure ministry, and have felt the peculiar sincerity and benevolence of his character and life, therefore,

Resolved—that the members of the Society unanimously desire to communicate to the Rev. Chas. H. Wheeler an expression of their sincere estimation and respect for him as a preacher, a pastor, a friend and a citizen; and to acknowledge with gratitude, the deep and lasting impression left on their memories by his public and private ministrations, by the tenderness of his sympathy, by the cordiality of his friendship, and by his fidelity to every duty in the various relations which he has sustained to them and to the community in which he has lived.

Resolved—that while we yield a reluctant and sad assent to the request of our Pastor, we do most cordially commend him as a beloved brother and faithful minister and "a servant in Christ" to every Christian Society by which his services may be desired, and we tender to him our most heartfelt wishes for his continued usefulness and future happiness and prosperity in every relation of life.

Resolved—that assenting to the dissolution of the pastoral relation which has been "unusually harmonious" and has united us so happily, we will cherish toward our Pastor all those feelings of gratitude, affection and sympathy to which his ministry among us has given rise, and the existence of which oughtenly and unaffected Farewell is intended to imply.

Resolved—that the foregoing resolutions be entered on the records of the Society, and that the clerk be instructed to transmit an attested copy of them to our Pastor.

A true copy of record—attest.

WM. CUTLER, Clerk.

South Danvers, March 9, 1862.

ESSEX BANNER.—This is the title of a penitential little sheet in Haverhill, which is trying to take the place of the late Essex County Democrat in treason and sensibility. It tries in vain. Not from want of disposition but from want of power. Its conductors want to be brought to notice. They "doves to be persecuted." They rave in their poor, feeble way, every week, against the administration, but no one takes the least notice of them. The imbecility of the sheet is its protection. Its editor is astonished that his people want far and feather him, forgetting that they ignore him entirely. They don't know him. He is a nobody but is dying to be thought to be somebody. Poor fellow! it is sad to be thus neglected. We deem it an act of pure charity in us to bring the sheet into notice, for which we hope the editor will be duly grateful.

THE FIRST MATEY FROM SOUTH DANVERS.—News came this week that our fellow citizen, MR. HANMER MURRAY, an officer on board the ill-fated Cumberland, lost his life in the action with the rebel frigate Merrimac. He was wounded in the action and went down in the ship. Thus has perished the first South Danvers man, a martyr to the good cause by conflict with the enemy. Mr. Murray was an old and well tried seaman, and as brave a man as ever trod a deck. He fell, valiantly fighting in a glorious cause, and he now sleeps his last sleep beneath the blue waters of the Chesapeake. Let his memory be honored by his country and his townsmen.

COL. GRANVILLE M. DODGE.—In the great battle of Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, our former townsman, Col. Granville M. Dodge, was acting Brigadier General, and the accounts say exhibited great daring and intrepidity in the attack, where he had three horses shot from under him, and two or three of his field officers wounded. His display of courage in that bloody field, will doubtless lead to his actual promotion to a full Brigadier General. He had two Iowa regiments in his brigade, who fought bravely, as Iowa troops are accustomed to do, and suffered severely. Col. Dodge must have been in the hottest of the fight.

A Cockney who was in the habit of visiting his aunt in the country, when asked by a friend where he should spend the Christmas holidays, replied "oh, down at my old n-n-n-n-n, as usual."

The Schools.

The spring examinations are in progress, and already the schools in the Wallis and Bowditch Districts have passed the ordeal, sustaining their former well-earned reputations. The West School No. 7, was examined last Saturday.—To day the lower schools in the Center District will be examined. Miss Wiscell's and Miss Richardson's in the forenoon, and Miss Davis' in the afternoon. Tomorrow is assigned to Mr. Upton's school, and Friday to the Penobscot High School. Miss Moulton's school in the Pelton District will be examined tomorrow afternoon, the Rockville Schools on Tuesday of next week, Mr. Senter's school occupying part of the forenoon and all the afternoon. Friday, the 28th inst., the School in Lonsdale will have its examination, which will close the series.

DANVERS TOWN MEETING.—At the adjourned town meeting in Danvers last Monday afternoon, the following appropriations were made: Fire Department \$100; Highways and Bridges, \$1,200; Common Schools, \$4,000; High School, \$1,100; Collector, \$175; Relief Committee, 15,000. Selectmen and Assessors have \$1.25 a day, when on service, and the School Committee \$1.00 a day, when on duty.

On looking over the Auditor's statement of accounts for the financial year ending Feb. 20, 1862, we find the expenses at the town last year amounted to \$21,664.21; Receipt by taxes, \$17,780.30; excess of expenditures over receipts, \$3,883.91; Uncollected Taxes, estimated \$3,900.00; the liabilities of the town are \$22 1/2; resources, not yet paid in are \$6,861.14; 196.32; resources, not yet paid in are \$6,861.14; balance against the town, \$14,332.18; there has been money borrowed of the Village Bank, for the aid of volunteers &c., to the amount of \$3,361.99; and claimed of the Commonwealth, \$8,695.70; balance against the town, not provided for, \$4,699.29; the town property is estimated at \$18,350.00; Assessors valuation of property \$2,306,100.00; number of polls, 1,240.

True Words from Lamartine.

MR. BURTON:—Some very good and patriotic, but nervous people, have doubted whether permanent peace can be secured by our victorious armies in the South. Will you be so good as to publish, for their special benefit, the following true and admirable statement by Lamartine, who himself, by the moral power of his eloquence and virtues, triumphantly withstood the power of faction, when it demanded the Red Flag of sedition and murder, in preference to the "Tricolor of Liberty upheld by law."

Nothing is more complaint or more servile than subjugated parties. As they are generally endowed with more insolence than strength, and more passion than patriotism, furious, reasonable balloons, which appear to occupy a large space in the heavens, and are emboldened with the stars when they ascend in their inflation; but when the gas evaporates, they fall collapsed to the ground, and a child may hold them in its hand."—[Lamartine's "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," vol. 2, p. 210.]

Relationships.

The curious ramifications of kindred are well illustrated in the paragraph below, which may be relied on as a true statement in every particular. It is a fine puzzle for those who are skilled in such problems, and will probably exercise the ingenuity of many minds. There are forty-two relationships, but not quite so many persons. The question proposed is, What is the number of persons?

In a certain family in this town, there were assembled, last week, the following persons:—1 great-grandmother, 1 grand-father, 3 grand-mothers, 1 father, 1 son, 3 aunts, 1 niece, 1 great-granddaughter, 3 cousins, 1 nephew, 3 daughters, 1 great aunt, 1 grand-son, 2 sisters, 1 brother-in-law, 3 mothers, 2 grand-daughters, 2 husbands, 2 wives, 1 great uncle-in-law, 1 sister-in-law, 1 great niece, 2 sons-in-law, 1 nephew-in-law, 1 grandson-in-law, 2 nieces-in-law.

A COW TOWN BAITING.—My neighbor, E. S. Howard, has a cow that in the two years ending in September last, gave milk so that he was able to supply his customers, with nine quarts per day (lowest measure) besides what was wanted by his own family, which are neither few nor small. This cow is ten years old, long bodied, straight back, bright eye, and intelligent countenance. She has eaten no grain at all, or other extra feed, excepting grass and hay, and the slips made in the family. During the entire period, she gave milk worth at least half a dollar per day. If any one can show a better cow, let them bring her on. J. W. P.

WONDER OF THE FROZEN REGIONS AT THE AQUARIUM GARDEN.—In the winter of 1860, the ship Northlight, Capt. E. A. Champel, of New Bedford, was frozen in the ice above Hudson's Bay; while there, the crew captured a mammoth Walrus, whose skin Capt. Champel brought home, and now, by the enterprise of Prof. Cutting, of the Aquarium Garden, Boston, it can be seen, stuffed, and mounted in a lifelike manner. The skin weighed over half a ton, and now measures over fifteen feet in length and twelve feet in circumference. This is the first specimen ever exhibited in this section. The beautiful Miss Leone still drives the Whale to harness every night.

ENIGMA.—We have had presented to us a capital enigma, in rhyme, which we regret that we cannot publish to-day, on account of want of "quads." This is the printer's term applied to the blank types which are used to fill out short lines, either of poetry or other kinds of printing, where the letters do not extend through the line. We hope to give the enigma next week, when our readers will have an opportunity to exercise their skill in its solution.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The April number of Godley is received, and is for sale by Wilkinson. It has a splendid colored fashion-plate, with seven figures, and abounds in other illustrations of Spring fashions. This is the popular Magazine for the ladies. It has many patterns of children's dresses, also, and its literary attractions are of the highest merit. Some of our most popular writers, male and female, are among the contributors.

NINE DANVERS VOLUNTEERS have died since the war commenced. Their names are:—Wm. Silvers, Patrick Trainer, Thomas A. Musgrave, James H. Burrows, Simon Coffin, Justin Flint, James E. Lowell, Henry A. Smith, Thomas Turner.

See adv. headed New Omnibus Line.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP ANDREW, Baltimore, March 1, '62.

MR. EDITOR:—There are four companies here at Camp Andrew, viz:—Co. C, Capt. Fuller, of Danvers; Co. F, Capt. Day, of Haverhill; Co. E, Capt. McNamara, Haverhill, and Co. H, Capt. Lloyd, of Boston. These four companies are on our old camp ground, being the first camp ground we had in Baltimore. There is a detachment of two companies at Patterson's Park, about four miles and a half off. The two companies are K, Capt. Simonds of Malden, and G, Capt. Kenney, of Danvers. The two companies have been at the Park about three weeks, having taken the place of the 4th Wisconsin, they having been ordered into Butler's Brigade. The other four companies (A, B, D and I,) are at Fort Marcy, about six miles from here. They are not inside of the fort, but on the hill just outside. The fort mounts about thirty guns—32-pounders. This detachment was hurried off in great haste, as the rumor was that the Merrimac was on the way to Baltimore, to destroy Fort McHenry. The men marched down in a very short time, and got their quarters ready to go into, and the next night there was a detail of twenty men from each company to throw up earth-works. They worked all night throwing up intrenchments, expecting to see the Merrimac, but the next day the news came that the Merrimac had been introduced to her, and since then we have not been at this regiment. The health of the men in this regiment never was so good since it was organized, there being but about twenty sick in hospital. The regiment is not full yet. I think there are about nine hundred in all. We have just received our new arms. When we left Lynnfield, we had the Springfield smooth bore musket. Those we have now are the Belgium rifles. We have not tried them a great deal, but some of the officers have tried them, and found them to give entire satisfaction. Now all we want is to be in the field, and you may rest assured that the Danvers Companies will not disgrace the good old town. The regiment is as well drilled as any in the volunteer service. The officers are all as competent as any in the army.

PORT ALBANY, March, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND:—Yesterday I wrote to you about our undoubted movement this week; but I write again to-day to tell you that I think we shall not move this week, if we do at all. What a change has come over the regiment within 24 hours. Yesterday we were told we should advance this week, and every preparation was made for it, and by 12 o'clock last night, all was in readiness, as we well knew that the army would evacuate Washington to-day. The Colonel was called from his bed at three o'clock this morning, to proceed immediately to Washington for orders. He returned about five o'clock. This morning I was awakened at half past four o'clock by the beating of drums and the music of the bands. I hastily dressed myself, and made for the parade ground; here I found old Bh. had got the start of me; he was standing on the bank, listening to the uproar; we took a walk on to the heights where we saw Capt. Sargent of our company, he said: "boys, we have probably got to march to-day, and you must be all ready on hand."—Capt. Day came along, cursing everything in general. Said he "the whole army was going to move and leave us behind." Sargent and he couldn't agree and it was decided to leave it to the Colonel. We all walked down to his quarters, and he said he had been to Washington and to McDowell's quarters, and was told that he was not to go at present; but the principal army would move to-day, say. He said Centerville and Manassas were evacuated, and our troops would move on to take possession of them. Here matters went to rest, everybody was relieved somewhat, for the time being; not because the boys do not wish to go, but this continual packing up, strapping blankets, tin dippers &c., every morning, and unstrapping again at noon and night, kept everything in an uproar. We are now somewhat settled, and when I pack again, it will be after our decided orders to advance. McDowell's division, to which we are attached, went this morning at 4 o'clock. The whole of Gen. Blenker's division, 15,000 strong, also moved. We are now as we were alone in the wilderness, the Conn. 4th being our only neighbors at Forts Scott and Richardson. We are now an independent Regiment, and I heard to-day, McClellan told Col. Greene that our 14th had done work enough while here, building Forts and other fatigue, and we should have the benefit of it. I think we shall remain here and garrison the Forts as a defence in Washington. There is more of a chance of one staying three years than ever. It has rained hard all night until 3 o'clock, and we are having a summer night overhead; the frogs are singing merrily in the meadows, and makes me think of home. We have had no drills or parades to-day; we have had a general holiday and it makes me think of when we went to school, how the master would let us out to see the trainers go by. I have seen one of the greatest sights it is in any one man's power to witness in a lifetime. Nearly the whole U. S. army has passed here to-day, which were encamped around Washington, on the opposite side of the Potomac. It was one continual string of soldiers for 12 or 15 miles in length, without cessation, and occupied 8 hours in passing a given point. Of cavalry alone there were nearly 6000 in one body, batteries on batteries of artillery, and regiments of infantry without number. It is estimated that 30,000 troops crossed China and Long Bridges to-day, and they say there is enough left to take all day tomorrow to pass. I shall always remember to-day as one of the greatest of my life. There were over 100 field pieces and howitzers of all sizes, and over 1500 horses to draw them and baggage alone. The horses were a sight that a horse dealer ought to have seen; they were all large, splendid animals, perfectly trained and kept in fine order. I saw little Mac's spare ones pass by, six in number, and all large fine animals, intended for his own use alone; he and staff went in advance at six o'clock this morning. Heavy loads of reserve ammunition have been placed in our bomb-proof for safe keeping, and every barn, shed &c., have been taken from Secesh, and used for the storage of hay and grain. 400 spare horses are turned out loose in a field near our camp. Extra guard from our regiment has been detailed to-day—20 have gone from Co. B to guard Arlington House. Several from our company are out on scouting expedition. Every well and spring has to be guarded, for we are in the enemy's country. This week will probably see great doings by our army, and I hope Manassas are another Saturday night will be in our possession. I shall not say anything more about leaving Fort Albany at present. I thought I would

write to you of to-day's operations, and I compare it with yesterday's account. By this is the way we get news and various rep camp. You may say this is a war letter what I cannot begin to do it justice. The mails are all up to night, and when I get it, writing, am going out to watch them, hour or two. E. D. is on guard to-night from Mr. Perkins, he gives our situation, good name. I shall write no more letter till I receive some from home.

War Taxes.

We give an abstract of the new Tax bill before Congress. Notwithstanding the probable cost of the collection of this bill, it will yield a vast net revenue to the Government, and will be a great relief to the direct tax. The bill relates only to the direct tax. It comes of the tariff of duties on imports will also be large and both together may only be sufficient to pay the interest on the national debt, but provide largely for the reduction of the debt.

The New Tax-Bill provides for the appointment by the President of a Commission Internal Revenue, with a salary of \$500 annum, his office to be in the Treasury Department, with a suitable number of clerks country is to be divided, as the President direct, into convenient collection districts. An Assessor and Collector appointed President for each district, who shall have to appoint such deputies as are needed. The bill provides a duty on spirituous liquors, 15 cents per gallon; ale and beer, \$1 per cask; stem and leaf tobacco, 3 cents per lb; when manufactured, 5 cents, and cigars, 5, 10 and 20 cents per pound, according to kind and kindred oil, burning value; on hard and linseed oil, burning value; on oil 10 cents per gallon; gas per 1000 feet; bank note paper 5 cents per 100 printing paper 3 mills per pound; soap per pound; salt 4 cents per 100 pound leather 1 cent per pound; upper leather half cent per pound; flour 10 cents per bushel; manufactures 3 per cent ad valorem railroad passengers 2 mills per mile of commutation tickets 3 per cent; steam travel 1 mill per mile; omnibuses, ferris and horse railways, 3 per cent, on gross fares passengers; advertisements 6 per cent amount of receipt annually; for the carriages annually from \$1 to \$10, according to value; gold watches \$1; silver watch cents; gold plate 50 cents per ounce; plate 3 cents per ounce; billiard tables \$100; auctioneers, \$20; wholesale dealers retail dealers in goods, \$10; pawnbrokers rectifiers \$100; brewers \$50; hotels, taverns drinking according to rental \$1 to 200; eating houses, \$10; commercial agents, \$50; other brokers, \$20; theatres, circuses, \$50; bowling alleys, \$5 each; wholesale peddlers, \$50; other peddlers, \$5 to 200; coal oil distillers, \$20; ice per cent on all over \$500, deducting come derived from dividends, etc., which taxed separately; railroad bonds, and dividends of banks and savings institutions, 3 per cent of all salaries of officers in the military or naval service of the United States including Senators and members of Congress; legacies and distributive share personal property of deceased persons, to 6 per cent, according to the degree of kinship; and stamp duties on all kind of legal and commercial papers, all patent telegraphic messages, and all goods by o

PEA SOUR.—The rebels in the West lately been made the recipients of a spread provided by that eminent statesman Curtis. The affair came off at a place Pea Ridge in Arkansas. The principle "as might be inferred from the name of calty" was pea soup. The feast lasted days, and many of the rebels so gorged selves with the good cheer provided that have been unable to stir from the scene banquet up to the last accounts. No do poor wretches were very hungry, and desiring to appease their appetites, they omitted the capabilities of their stomachs. men should mind their peas and c

GEN. WADSWORTH.—It seems that Wadsworth has been appointed to the command of the reserve forces on the Potomac, the advance of the remainder. He appears to be a new hand at the below. It is to be that his name does not indicate his military skill. If his value is only that of a number of wads he is hardly fit for the he has been appointed to; but we raise the opinion that the Government on a corresponding number of balls as panning the wads.

BEN. MCCULLOCH.—We see by the that the notorious Ben McCulloch has been killed at the late battle of Pea R Arkansas. As he was killed once before in the Wilson's Creek, he may now be considered the words of the apostle, to be "twice and all that remains for him is to be 'up

The Tide of Victory Rolls On!

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN, N. C.

A HARD FOUGHT BATTLE.

91 FEDERALS KILLED AND 466 WOUNDED.

LIST OF MASSACHUSETTS OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Sixty-Four Cannon and a Large Amount of Property Captured.

Gen Burnside's Expedition left Roanoke Island on the 11th inst., for the purpose of capturing the city of Newbern, and reached the Neuse river on the evening of the 12th. The troops were landed at a point fifteen miles below Newbern.

On Thursday the 13th, the army reached a distance of eight miles, notwithstanding a rain storm prevailed, and then bivouacked for the night.

The next morning Gen. Burnside attacked a force of 10,000 rebels posted in a very strong position, and after four hours of sanguinary fighting, the enemy, unable to withstand the fierce onset of our brave troops, fled precipitately and set fire to Newbern, but our troops immediately followed in and quenched the flames.

The enemy's works were very extensive, being a mile and a half long, with thirty guns. Five other batteries were also destroyed by the fleeing rebels.

The rebels had placed formidable obstructions in the Neuse river, but they were overcome. Ninety one Federal troops were killed in the action, including Lieut. Col. Henry Meritt of Salem of the Massachusetts 23d; and Adjutant Stearns and Captain Lawler of the Mass. 21st. Capt. Tillinghast of the 4th Rhode Island, and Lieut. Pierce of the 5th Rhode Island were also killed.

The number wounded was 466, including Major Stevenson (of Boston) of the Massachusetts 24, slightly; Adjutant Wm. L. Horton, of the same regiment, severely; Lieutenants James B. Nichols (of Salem) and Daniel T. Sargent (of Boston), of the 24th, slightly; Captain V. P. Parkhurst (of Templeton) of the 25th regiment, severely; and Captain Wesley C. Sawyer (of Harvard) of the 23d, slightly.

A large amount of property was captured, including sixty-four cannon and a large lot of ammunition and camp equipage, together with cotton, turpentine, &c.

Owing to the protection afforded by their works, the rebel loss was less than ours.—*Journal.*

PENSACOLA.—Gen. Bragg, it appears, has evacuated Pensacola. Bragg has bragged a good deal, but he is evidently one of those dogs whose bark is worse than their bite.

PUR OUT.—Many of the rebels were very much "put out" after the battle at Fort Donelson.

If you should go to law for the possession of a piece belonging to your adjoining neighbor, a right minded jury would be likely to pronounce your claim inde-fence-ible.

"The Carpet trade in our city is turned topsy-turvy by large invoices having been brought over from New York by the New England Carpet Company, from the great auction sale of Hadden & Co. of the 26th ult. They are cutting these carpets up to their retail trade at an unprecedented and astonishing rate."—*Boston Post.*

The firm referred to above have an advertisement in our issue of to-day, to which we would direct the attention of purchasers of carpeting.

DONA MARIA VEILS.—Closing at 38 cts., at PEABODY'S.

A son of H. B. Flint was drowned in North Reading last week. He was 6 years 4 months old. We did not learn the particulars.

Lost!—Between South Danvers and Salem Market, a Bag containing 60 pairs of Men's Kip Brogan Uppers, marked P. No. 100.—Whoever will return the same to White & Fiske South Danvers, or to J. A. Estes, Derby Square, Salem, shall be rewarded. J. A. ESTES.

FOUND.—A sum of Money, which the owner can have by applying at 107 Lowell street, and proving property.

South Danvers, March 18, 1862.

School Examinations.

At a meeting of the School Committee the examinations of the several schools were assigned agreeably to the following programme. The time is not yet fixed for the examination of Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, in the Pelton, West, Locustdale, and Sautaug Districts:

Wednesday 19, A. M.	Wednesday 19, A. M.	Wednesday 19, A. M.	Wednesday 19, A. M.
Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12
Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12
Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12
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Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12
Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12	Miss Whitcomb, 10 to 12

ATTENTION!

Vacancies having occurred in Co. B, 17th Massachusetts Regiment, a chance will be held open for a short time for the enlistment of a few active young men. Such, sound and healthy, can do no better than to address a letter to Lieut. J. E. MULLALLY, stating name, age, and height, which will receive immediate attention.

Address Lieut. JOHN E. MULLALLY, Co. B, 17th Mass. Reg., Baltimore, Md. feb 26

BLACK LACE VEILS.—New Styles—just opened at PEABODY'S.

OMNIBUS NOTICE.

On and after this date, the 7 1-2 A. M. coach for Salem, and the 8 1-2 P. M. coach from Salem, will be discontinued.

Persons wishing to be called for, are requested to leave their orders at least half an hour before the time of leaving.

H. M. MERRILL, Proprietor. South Danvers, Jan. 22, 1862.

January 1, 1862.

All bills due the Subscriber are now ready for settlement.

On and after date, my terms are POSITIVE. LY CASH on delivery.

GEORGE P. DANIELS. South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

Good Advice.

Should path or anguish cloud thy brow, Give ear, and I will tell thee how To make it bright—Just listen now.

Take HERRICK'S PILLS

Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress; Shall fortune's path of life be cross'd; Take the sure balm of little cost.

HERRICK'S PILLS

Should sudden illness hint of grief, Should cruel landlady turn you out, Your help—your refuge, you can shout, Is HERRICK'S PILLS.

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sold in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 32 page.

Marriages.

In this town, March 5th, by Rev. M. Barber, M. Nathan Baskin to Miss Sophia W., daughter of Wm. Wolcott, Esq.

In Salem, 12th, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Alvan A. Merrill of this town, to Miss E. B. B. daughter of Dr. Daniel Lord of Salem.

Feb 17, by A. C. Goodell, Esq., Mr. Francis C. McKie to Miss Martha Hill on, both of 15 yrs.

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NEW OMNIBUS LINE

SOUTH DANVERS TO LYNN.

THE subscriber will run a line of Omnibuses from South Danvers to Lynn, in connection with the Lynn and Boston Horse Railroad, to commence on MONDAY, the 31st instant.

Leave South Danvers at 8 1-2 A. M., and 4 P. M.

Leave Lynn at 10 1-2 A. M., and 2 1-2 and 5 1-2 P. M.

E. F. BURNHAM.

South Danvers, March 18, 1862.

REED'S SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 10 1-2 A. M. Express leaves Boston at 3 1-2 P. M. Freight at 5 P. M.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers Square.

Express Office, in Store, 5 Congress Square; Freight Office, 1 Fulton st.

Also an Order Box at 68 Pearl street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.

Packages received and sent forward daily for Baltimore, Fort Monroe, Annapolis, Washington, Alexandria, and any other point where the different regiments are stationed.

S. F. REED, South Danvers, March 19-4.

NEW SPRING PRINTS.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

Sheriff's Sale.

ESSEX ss. March 4, 1862. Taken on execution, and will be sold at public auction on Monday, the seventh day of April next, at one o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the right in equity of WILLIAM GROUHWELL, late of South Danvers, in said county, has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: A certain lot of land situate in South Danvers aforesaid, bounded westerly by a way leading northerly from Walnut street, northerly by land of Gilbert, easterly by land of Larken, and southerly by land of Scholand, with the dwelling house formerly occupied by said Grouhwell thereon.

STEPHEN UPTON, Deputy Sheriff. South Danvers, March 12, 1862.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber is the duly appointed administrator of the estate of JOSEPH SAFFORD, late of South Danvers, in the county of Essex, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds, as the law directs: All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to HENRY SAFFORD, adm'r.

South Danvers, March 11, 1862.

On Exhibition and for Sale, ONE six octave MELODEON, made by Austin & Son, Concord—round corners, rosewood case, highly finished;—for quality and richness of tone cannot be surpassed. The above is a capital instrument for a vestry, or school room, or any other purpose where a good Melodeon is wanted.

We have also received this week, smaller sizes—five octave and four half octave—equally as good, which we shall rent for a fair compensation.

ANN R. BRAY, Salem, March 12. No. 76 Federal st.

NEW BOOKS.

AT G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex st., Salem.

The True Story of the Barons of the South; or the History of the American Conflict, by E. W. Keyhole; Tracts for Priests and People, by various writers; Rebellion Record, No. 7; Blackwood's Magazine for March; Statistical Pocket Manual; Leisure Hours in Town, with portrait of "Recreations of a Country Parson"—with author; Works of Bacon, vol. III.

OLD FRIENDS

Herriek's Sugar Coated Pills.

THE BEST FAMILY CATHARTIC in the world, used twenty years by five to ten millions of people; always gives satisfaction; contains nothing injurious; is perfectly pure; is recommended by all the leading physicians and surgeons in the world; elegantly coated with sugar. Large boxes 50 cents; five boxes for one dollar. Full directions with each box. TALLIAGE, LEON CO., Florida, July 17, 1860. I, Dr. HERRICK, Albany, N. Y.—My Dear Doctor: I write this to inform you of the wonderful effect of your pills on my daughter. For three years she has been afflicted with a bilious derangement of the system, easily impairing her health, which has been steadily falling during that period. When in New York in April last, a friend advised me to test your pills. Having the fullest confidence in the judgment of my friend, I obtained a supply of Messrs. Barnes & Park, Druggists, Park Row, New York. On returning home we ceased all other treatment, and administered your pills one each night. The improvement in her feelings, complexion, digestion, etc., surprised us all. A rapid and permanent restoration to health has been the result. We used less than five boxes, and consider her entirely well. I consider the above a just tribute to you as a Physician, and trust it will be the means of inducing many to adopt your pills as their family medicine. I remain, dear sir, with many thanks, S. G. MORRISON.

Herriek's Kid Strengthening Plasters

Cures, in five hours, pains and weakness of the breast-side and back, and Rheumatic complaint in an equal, ly short period of time. Spread on beautiful white lamb skin, these subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 15 cents.

Herriek's Sugar Coated Pills and Kid Plasters are sold by Druggists and Merchants in all parts of the United States, Canada, and South America, and may be obtained by calling for their full name.

DR. L. R. HERRICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

Sold in South Danvers, by A. T. SWEETSER, GEO. E. MEACOM, and D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr., and by Dealers everywhere this paper circulates.

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Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,

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Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

Shirt Patterns Cut.

Linen Shirt Fronts and CUFFS.

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We Offer To-Day

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Black Lace Veils.

WE have this week opened a few Cartons of BLACK LACE VEILS, which we are selling at about two-thirds the regular prices. They are new patterns and very desirable.

Linen Cambric Hdkfs.

A few more left of those nice all Lined Hdkfs for \$1 42 per dozen, or 12 1-2 cents each. They are great bargains.

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Another gross of those Silk Cord Nets, for 25c each—just opened.

Kid Gloves.

Our Spring stock of PARIS KID GLOVES, warranted the best goods—all colors and sizes.

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Pearl, Rubber, Glass, Whaloon, Percehnin, Agate, Silk, Velvet, Crochet and Linen Buttons—a new stock just opened.

Small Wares.

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ANNUAL

REDUCTION OF STOCK!

THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.

Offer their Stock of

DRESS GOODS,

CLOAKS, & C.

For a Short Time, at

VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH!

Salem, January 15, 1862.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

WILLIAM J. WALTON,

94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory prices.

Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.

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At prices to correspond with the times.

CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

&c., &c., &c.

At a great reduction from usual prices, for

CASH, AND CASH ONLY,

THE WHOLE TO BE SOLD IN

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Call early and judge for yourselves.

R. S. D. SYMONDS.

South Danvers, Feb. 1, 1862.

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R. S. D. SYMONDS.

ALSO, A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1862.

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Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank
Danvers, Dec. 4, 1861. 1y

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Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
Jan 4-ly

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December 7, 1859.

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December 7, 1859.

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Have removed their Office to
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Particular attention paid to cutting Children's Hair
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A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
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HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER
Glazier, and Paper Hanger,
160 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
SHADOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
Feb-1f

Original Poetry.

THE WIND.

List! to the voice of the wild wind careering,
Free as the sunshine, viewless yet strong;
Bending the forests whose tops are uprearing,
Raising forever its wild elfin song.

Hark! the deep notes to a loud anthem swell-
ing,
Sound through the depths of the still wintry
air;
Each crystal note to our list'ning hearts telling
Power and wisdom celestial are there.

Swet to the lone heart the zephyr's soft whis-
per
Comes with a soothing and all-healing power;
Swift the light breezes bear to the sad watcher,
Soul-cheering fancies to shorten each hour.

Wonderful power! that sways the great ocean
Hither and thither like children at play;
Setting the mighty waves wild with commotion,
Laving the shore with continuous spray.

Wonderful power! that waves the bright leaf-
lets
High in the summer air, 'gainst the blue sky,
Or in the winter's cold, creaks the bare branches
Rattling them sadly with many a sigh.

Mournful the whistling wind sweeps round the
corners,
Driving the leaf 'gainst the wanderer cold,
Sweetly the summer's breath enters the win-
dows,
Blessing the young heart and cheering the old.

Thanks for the wind then, or stormy, or gentle;
Happy are they who can love its weird tone,
Nature's own music is sounding forever
Round them, their spirits are never alone.

M. H. T.

Gen. Lander.

Another deep-toned knell has swept
Across a weeping nation's breast;
Another star from Freedom's sky
In full-orbed lustre sunk to rest.

Gone—when the country's strife,
With war's sad honors decks her shrine,
The signal of thy farewell breath
Rolls mournful thro' each glittering line.

Gone—ere thy patriot faith had reached
The summit of a nation's hope,
The loyal weapon o'er thy rest,
For this, long dealt its unerring stroke.

Brave warrior! round thee honored bier,
Illumined with tears, thy kindred stand,
Deep in their sorrow mingling here,
Each friend that clasped thy faltering hand.

They come in martial state, to bear
Thy noble form to sleeping dust;
Thy spotless zeal, with victory's name,
To keep, unstained, their country's trust.

Thy birth-place, with its funeral pall
Entwined, where starry banners wave
Drooping in grief, with tears that fall
Around the friend's and hero's grave.

Broad in the horizon of our fame,
Thy star-wrought deeds shall ever shine;
Thy spotless zeal, with victory's name,
Borne with our flag through every clime.

To tell how wildly beat thy soul
For honor, Freedom, Union, right,
Thy loyalty's illumined goal,
Shedding o'er our future, glory's light.

Thou ask'st no trophies urn to bear
Thy sculptured records o'er thy breast;
Thy last fond wish, entombed with prayer,
Beside a cherished mother's rest.

Her hallowed gift clasped to thy heart,
Through many a bloody sea of strife,
Prove, joined in death, the exploring chart,
The pledge of everlasting life.

Enigma.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first.
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body he did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet;
My ways, and actions, did control,
But finished me without a soul;

A living being I became,
And Adam gave me soon my name.
Then from his presence I withdrew,
No more Adam ever knew;

I did my Maker's laws obey;
From them I never went astray,
Thousands of miles I ran in fear,
But on the earth seldom appear.

But God in me did something else,
And put a living soul in me.
A soul of me, my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

And when from me, that soul was fled,
I was the same as when first made,
And without hands, or feet, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labor hard, both day and night,
To fallen man I give great light,
Thousands of people, young and old,
Will at my death great light behold.

No fear of death, doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see,
To Heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor Hell below.

ROCKVILLE VOLUNTEERS.

In South Danvers is a village,
As yet unknown to fame;
It's many brave and gallant sons,
And Rockville is its name.

Although we have no Warren,
We've a Warner, brave and true!
Who drew his sword in his country's cause,
And has sworn to see it through.

They have gone from the quarry,
The anvil and bench,
And the fire of Secession
They are now bound to quench.

Our granite hills are very hard,
But they have cleft them through,
As they will do with the Rebel lines,
When they've the work to do.

Men that can smooth the quarry,
And make its face to shine,
Can polish off the Rebel horde,
And do it very fine.

We've a Sampson there, of robust frame,
That can slay like him of yore;
But not like him, to be betrayed
On Old Virginia's shore.

And David, too, of Lordly name,
Is fighting for his flag;
The Stars and Stripes he will defend,
O'er all Secession rags.

And Merrow's there, to make his mark
With his neighbors in the strife;
And Hersey, too, with his noble sons,
Will try the soldier's life.

There's another little hero,
Called Brown he is by name,
Will carve his way on the battle-field,
To a place on the roll of fame.

Rockville, March 15th, 1862.

ODE TO FREEDOM.

God of Freedom! with thy banner,
Let our cause triumphant be;
Mid the war spirits deafening thunder,
Bless our land and set it free.

From the cruel dark oppressor,
Pettered with the "rods of sin,"
Where he holds his "reign of terror,"
"Foes without and foes within."

Break each haughty spirit daring
To oppose Thy righteous law;
All of light and hope despairing,
Where the rebel sword they draw.

Shower with thy rich compassion,
Ethiopia's dismal race,
With the chain of torture wearing
Agony on every face.

Crush the arm raised in rebellion,
Causing tears of blood to flow;
Seeking to oppress the nation,
With its torturing wing of woe!

God of Freedom! hear, defend us,
To Thy sheltering arms we flee;
While the war-storm's passing o'er us,
"Peace be still," Thy message be.

Selected.

As thy day is, so shall thy
Strength be.

BY T. S. AUTHOR.

War! The very word sent a shud-
der to the heart of Mrs. Irwin. From
a child, it had been associated in her
mind with everything that was horri-
ble and wicked. To become a soldier,
seemed, to her perception of the case,
to involve a cruel instinct. She saw
no glory in the profession of arms.
Toys, drums, and swords were never
seen in the hands of her children, ex-
cept through the unwelcome agency
of aunts, uncles, or friends; and they
were, in these cases, seen removed,
with sober homilies on their bad sig-
nificance.

"I will teach my children," she
would say, "to love their enemies; not
to hate and destroy them. To be on
the side of peace and good will to
mankind; not on the side of hatred
and destruction."

Mrs. Irwin read tracts and books
published by peace societies, and in
the argument against war, crowded
her mind with facts, statistics, and
reasons to a degree that made her a
formidable debater on the non-com-
bative question, with almost every one
that happened to be drawn into an ar-
gument. It was useless to talk to her
about the undying antagonism between
good and evil, and the necessity of
external as well as internal combats;
of regeneration through the baptism
of blood; of a stable peace only
through the destruction of enemies.
She denied the positions. All wars
were wrong, she contended, and might
be avoided.

Not in anything had Mrs. Irwin
swerved from her peace principles, up
to the period when Sumter fell.

But that event was like throwing,
suddenly, into a strong, smooth cur-
rent, a broad obstruction. Her whole
being was in a tumult. She caught
for breath like one in danger of suffo-
cation. She felt as though the firm
foundations on which she had been
standing for years, were crumbling un-
der her feet. Mrs. Irwin loved her
country and revered her flag; and
this assault on the one, and desecra-
tion of the other, fired her soul with
indignation; and when her oldest boy,
not yet in his twenty-first year, said

to her, with clenched hands and flash-
ing eyes:—

"Mother, this must be avenged!"

She did not answer, but sat with
pale lips and face, looking at him in
such trouble and bewilderment of
mind that no thoughts became co-
herent enough for words, until he added,
as he drew his slender form to its ut-
most height:

"And there is one ready."

"John! John!" fell in weak remon-
strance from Mrs. Irwin. "Don't let
a murderous spirit bear you away."

"Don't say murderous," replied the
boy with so much of rebuke in his
tones, that his mother answered quickly
"A spirit of revenge, then, John.
Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,
and I will repay it."

"Mother, shall we tamely submit to
see this nation destroyed, and its flag,
which has been honored throughout
the world for eighty years, shot at,
rent, and trampled upon? The boy's
eyes gleamed fiercely. "For one, I
say no! And I have mistaken my
mother's heart, if it does not echo back
the word. I do not forget the lesson
you taught me years ago, that love of
country is next to love of God. And
if we love an object purely, will we
not defend it when assailed? Nay,
even lay down our lives in its protec-
tion?"

In spite of all her peace principles,
and horrors of war, there flowed in
the mind of Mrs. Irwin such a feeling
of admiration for this out-spoken pa-
triotism of her son, that he even read
pride and approval in her humid eyes.
"War is an awful thing, John," said
Mrs. Irwin.

"I know it, mother. But, there are
worse things than war; and the worse
thing is at our door. You understand
this as well as I do. They have
thrown down the gauge of war, and
there is nothing left for us but to ac-
cept the stern necessity."

"But you are not called to this work,
John," said Mrs. Irwin, the words
faltering on her tongue. "There are
strong men enough who will respond
to the President's call. I cannot let
you my son." The wet eyes of Mrs.
Irwin overflowed.

John laid his hands firmly on his
mother's shoulders, and looked stead-
ily into her face. Then he kissed her
tenderly. "For the blessings we en-
joy, did not the mothers of the revolu-
tion give their sons to the battle-
field?"

"I cannot bear it my son! I am
not strong enough for this." And Mrs.
Irwin laid her face on the breast of
her boy, and wept shudderingly.

"As our day is, so shall our strength
be, mother. Don't you believe this?"
asked the young patriot.

"I do, John," answered Mrs. Irwin,
lifting her face, and through the half
blinding tears, looked at him wonder-
ingly. Nay, more than wonderingly;
with a rising glow of pride in her
heart. Every woman admires courage
in a man; and the true mother loves
it in her son. A new sentiment was
taking force in the mind of Mrs. Irwin,
and giving strength for duty and for
sacrifice. She seemed to herself like
one undergoing a quick transforma-
tion. New ideas and new estimates
of things were pressing upon her, and
thrusting old forms of thought aside.
"I do my son," she repeated, "but I
never thought to see this day."

"The day has come upon us," replied
the young man, "and shall we not be
equal to its demand? I am ready and
you are ready also!"

He spoke in a quick, inspiring
voice, for he saw strength in the eyes
of his mother, and a gathering firm-
ness about her mouth.

Only a little while longer was there
strife in the mind of Mrs. Irwin; only
a little while longer did old prejudices
and foregone conclusions battle with
new convictions; only a little while
did shrinking natural fear stand in
the way of duty.

A week later, and Mrs. Irwin held
the hand of her son in parting. How
changed he was! In a single week he
had seemed to grow older by years.

The firmly knit mouth; the deep,
steady eyes; the finely erect figure;
the already browning face, for he had
been drilling in the open air for days;
the brave, resolute bearing, were all
wonderful to look upon as the work
of so brief a time. Is it strange that
Mrs. Irwin was proud of her soldier
boy? She held his hand in parting.
"Do your duty, John," she said in
no weakness of tone.
"I will, mother."
"Be brave."
"I will never turn my back upon the
enemy."

"God bless you and keep you, my
son!" Mrs. Irwin's eyes filled now,
and her woman's heart trembled in her
voice.

"I shall be in His hands, just the
same, mother."

"I know it, John; and if death
comes to you—"

Mrs. Irwin broke down. She could
not finish the sentence.

"It will be through his permission."
Are not even the sparrows in his keep-
ing?" said John, calmly. "How much
more human souls."

They parted. Very pale for all of
that day and the next day was Mrs.
Irwin. But her bearing was firm. If
her heart was troubled, it was not
weak. She was a wonder to herself.
"Truly, it is so," she would repeat
over and over again, in her thoughts:
"As our day is, so shall our strength
be."

To an intimate friend she said:—
"I sometimes ask myself if I am
not dreaming. Can it be possible that
my boy is a soldier, and in the face
of the enemy, and that he is there
with my consent?"

"Would you have him back?" asked
the friend.

A quick change, as of surprise, was
seen for a moment in the face of Mrs.
Irwin; then she answered calmly:—
"No; I yield him to his country."

"He looked so brave and manly,"
said the friend.

A glow of pride came into the
mother's face.

"And seemed," was added, "to com-
prehend so clearly the issues at stake.
It was no murderous thirst for blood;
no love of excitement and change that
filled his heart; but that true patriot-
ism which is the inspiration of an
honorable mind, and gives it the cour-
age to meet death in defence of Coun-
try and Right. I honor you, my
friend, in being the mother of such a
son."

How strangely pleasurable were the
pulses that leaped away from the heart
of Mrs. Irwin. This praise of her
son was very sweet.

Weeks passed. With what an ab-
sorbing interest did Mrs. Irwin watch
the progress of events. Once she
turned with an instinctive repugnance
from all accounts of military move-
ments and battles; but now she had
no taste for anything else. The whole
country was spread out, like a map,
in her mind, and every strategic
point, with its camps and soldiers
strongly marked. The marshalling
of troops; their movements, strength,
and positions, were now familiar
things; and her heart beat high with
pleasure at every trifling success, or
veiled itself with shadows when even
the smallest reverse was sustained.

With what an irrepressible impatience
did she look for regularly coming let-
ters from her son; and with what a
proud satisfaction did she read every
detail of his new life that showed
courage, endurance, and self-denial!
She felt that he was a soldier, and
therefore she was very, very proud of
him.

Then news came that the regiment
in which her son was serving had
made an advance upon the enemy's
lines; that some severe skirmishing
had taken place, and that an engage-
ment was imminent. A sudden fear
shook the nerves of Mrs. Irwin.—
Even as she read of the advance, a
bloody battle might be going on, and
her son be among the dead or dying.
The house of sleepless suspense that
went by until the news of a victory

was flashed over the country, we will
not venture to describe. Many were
killed and many wounded. With
breathless eagerness she devoured
their names, as with white lips and
starting eyes, she bent over the brief
dispatches. What is this? Her son's
name? The paper shivers in her
hand. She cannot read the paragraph.
Desperately she thrusts the sheet down
upon a table to hold it firmly; but a
mist comes over her eyes; she does
not make out the words. Killed or
wounded.

"Oh, God! give me strength!
The dimness passes and she reads:

"Among the brave men who dis-
tinguished themselves, private John
Irwin deserves honorable mention.—
In a desperate assault of the rebels
the captain of his company received a
severe wound, and fell upon the ground.
He was a few paces in advance of his
men, and as he fell, two of the ene-
my sprang forward to bayonet him.—
Irwin, seeing this, flung himself be-
fore his prostrate captain, shot one of
the men, and in a hand-to-hand en-
counter disabled the other. He then
bore the wounded officer from the
field. During the whole fight, this
young man, who is not twenty-one
years of age, conducted himself with
the coolest courage and in more than
one instance, rallied his failing com-
rades. He has the stuff of which offi-
cers are made, and the department
should send him a commission."

Mrs. Irwin bowed down, with her
face upon the table, trembling in every
nerve; weak—in glad bewilderment
—tearful. Then dropping upon her
knees, with clasped hands and eyes up-
lifted, she said, faintly—

"O Lord, is he not Thine?"

A deep peace fell upon her spirit,
and she remained for some time kneel-
ing. But prayer formed itself in no
other words.

"I could not stay away from you af-
ter reading the news this morning,"
A friend said this as she came in a
little while afterwards. "Are you not
a proud woman to day, Mrs. Irwin?"

"I feel glad and humble," was the
subdued answer.

"But did he not act nobly? Who
would have thought that in your quiet,
retiring boy, there was such a daring
spirit?"

"It does not seem as if it were my
son who has been so brave," said the
mother. "The act has apparently re-
moved him to a distance, and set its-
self up as a question of right against
me. He is not mine in the sense I
have hitherto regarded him. Higher
duties than those of a son are laid up-
on him; and I must give him to his
country in a degree not understood
when he went forth at his country's
call. I pray, now, that God will
make him equal to his duty under all
circumstances. To lose him would be
a fearful thing; but to find him a
weak coward in the day of battle
would be more fearful still."

"To hear such words from your lips!
From whence has come this new spir-
it!—this new courage?"

As our day is, so shall our strength
be," replied Mrs. Irwin. "God gives
the spirit of endurance and self-sacri-
fice when we have need of it; and
this is our time of need. I do not
flatter myself with the hope that my
heart and home will be spared—that
my boy will pass unscathed in the or-
deal of battle. But, come what will,
trust in God; and He will lay no sor-
row upon my heart too heavy to bear.
If I had ten sons, feeling as I now
do, I would give them all for this con-
test, and send them forth in God's
name."

And to thousands of mother's hearts,
strength and a spirit of self-sacrifice
have come in this time of trial, as it
came to the heart of Mrs. Irwin; and
like her, their souls are in the cause,
and their brave hearts giving courage
and endurance to tens of thousands of
brave sons now battling for right and
their country. It is the old spirit of
the Revolution, and by virtue of its
acred fires our armies must prevail.

Melange.

Seem not ashamed of your business
if it is an honest one. Better smell
of the shop than cover yourself with
odors and essences, which, half dis-
gusting, render it disgusting.

A bankrupt walks the streets the
day before his name is in the gazette,
with the same erect and confident
brow as ever; he feels the mortification
of his situation

Attest, A. HUNTINGTON, Clerk.
The foregoing is a true copy of said petition
and of the order of Court thereon.
Attest, A. HUNTINGTON, Clerk.
South Danvers, March 26th, 1862.

with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 34 page.

FOR detecting all imitations of U. S. Coins
 ets to \$20—for sale by
 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH
 100 Essex Street,

from 25 14 ~~has received~~
CHOICE STYLES NEW SPRING GOODS
 Purchasers are invited to call and examine
 76 Federal

OF every description, done in the best
G. M. WHIPPLE & A

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PAST YEAR.
At the close of the most eventful year of our nation's history a resume of the principal events thereof will not only prove interesting to our readers as a history of the rebellion, but valuable for further reference.

1860—DECEMBER.
20—Secession of South Carolina.
24—Withdrawal of the South Carolina delegates from Congress.
26—Evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson.
27—The Palmetto flag raised in Charleston; Forts Pickney and Moultrie occupied by State troops.
29—Mr. Floyd tenders his resignation as Secretary of War; President Buchanan accepts it.
30—Arsenals in South Carolina seized by State troops.

1861—JANUARY.
3—The President having sent back the last communication of the South Carolina Commissioners unopened, they return to Charleston.
4—National fast. The United States arsenal at Mobile taken by the loyal troops.
9—Star of the West, endeavoring to enter Charleston harbor, is fired upon from Morris Island and Fort Moultrie, and compelled to return. The President sends a special Message to Congress.
10—Arsenals and forts of Louisiana seized by the State Government.—Secession of Mississippi and Florida.
11—Secession of Alabama. Resignation of Secretary Thomas. Appointment of Gen. Dix as Secretary of the Treasury.
13—Pensacola Navy Yard seized by secessionists.
10—Secession of Georgia.
21—Withdrawal of the Alabama, Mississippi and Florida delegations from Washington.
25—Secession of Louisiana.
28—Withdrawal of the Georgia delegation from Congress.

FEBRUARY.
1—Secession of Texas.
4—Organization of the Southern Confederacy at Montgomery.
9—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi elected President, and A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, by a unanimous vote. Arkansas arsenals seized by the State Government.
18—Inauguration of the President of the Confederate States at Montgomery. Defeat of secession in Missouri.
21—The President-elect in Philadelphia; he learns of a plot to take his life.
23—The President-elect passes thro' Baltimore secretly, and arrives in Washington.
4—Inauguration of President Lincoln.

20—Secession of Arkansas.
21—A vessel with supplies for the United States fleet seized by rebels off Pensacola.

APRIL.
11—Demand made by Beauregard for the unconditional surrender of Fort Sumter.
12—The Charleston batteries open on Sumter.
13—Surrender of Sumter.
15—The President issues his proclamation for 75,000 volunteers.
16—The Confederate Government calls for 32,000 more troops. Fort Pickens reinforced by Col. Brown's command.
19—The Massachusetts Sixth Regiment attacked in Baltimore by a mob, and several of its members killed. The Seventh New York Regiment leaves for Washington.
20—Immense Union demonstration in New York. Burning of the Gosport Navy Yard.
25—Virginia joins the Confederate States.

MAY.
3—The President issues a proclamation calling for more troops to serve three years, and directing the increase of the regular army and the enlistment of additional seamen.
17—Union triumph in Kentucky.
21—Seizure of the telegrams by the Government.
22—The seat of the rebel Government transferred to Richmond.
24—Advance of the Union Army into Virginia. Assassination of Col. Ellsworth.
27—Occupation of Newport News by Gen. Butler.

JUNE.
2—Union victory at Phillips, West

tern Virginia. Gen. Beauregard arrives at Manassas Junction, and takes command of the Confederate army.

10—Affair at Big Bethel.
13—Evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the rebels.
17—Successful engagement with the rebels at Booneville, Mo.
JULY.
4—Meeting of Congress.
11—Defeat of Pegram by McClellan, at Rich Mountain, Va.; surrender of the entire rebel force.
16—Advance of the army of the Potomac.
21—Battle of Bull Run.
25—Arrival of Gen. McClellan in Washington, to take command of the army of the Potomac.

AUGUST.
6—Adjournment of Congress.
7—Hampton burned by the rebels.
10—Battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo. Death of Gen. Lyon.
24—The transmission of secession journals through the mails prohibited.
28—Capture of the Hatteras forts by the United States squadron.—Capture of the Hatteras Inlet forts by the expedition under Commodore Stringham and Gen. Butler.

SEPTEMBER.
10—Defeat of Floyd near Gauley River.
11—The Kentucky Legislature pass a resolution ordering the rebel troops to leave the State.
20—Surrender of Colonel Mulligan at Lexington, Mo.

OCTOBER.
5—Great slaughter among the enemy at Hatteras by the Monticello's guns.
16—Successful skirmish near Harper's Ferry. Capture of a rebel cannon by troops under Col. Geary.
21—Part of Gen. Stone's Division cross the Potomac at Balls Bluff, and after severe fighting are driven back, with great loss, by the enemy. On this occasion Gen. Baker fell.
31—Retirement of Gen. Scott. Gen. McClellan appointed Commander-in-Chief.

NOVEMBER.
2—Removal of Gen. Fremont from command in the West.
9—Capture of Mason and Slidell by the San Jacinto.
20—Twenty-five vessels, laden with stone, sail from New Bedford, to be sunk at the mouth of Charleston harbor.

DECEMBER.
2—Meeting of Congress.
6—Occupation of Beaufort, S. C., by the National troops.
11—Great fire in Charleston; loss estimated at \$7,000,000.
18—Large bodies of rebels dispersed by Gen. Pope, in Missouri. Capture of a rebel camp with 1800 prisoners.
20—Sixteen old whalers sunk by the National forces at the mouth of Charleston harbor.
28—Adjustment of the Mason-Slidell difficulty. Suspension of specie payments in New York, Philadelphia and Boston.
30—Delivery of the rebel Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, to the British.

THOMAS DAVIS,
ADVERTISING AGENT,
For the principal New England Newspapers, remains at the old stand, No. 23 Cornhill, Boston, where you will find him at all times ready to attend to the printing, and all other business connected with the trade.

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Highly Important to the Ladies!
DOWNER'S
Patent Hemmer and Shield,
FOR HAND-SEWING.

Is "Just the thing" for all who use the Needle. This remarkably simple & novel invention saves ONE-HALF the labor of hand-sewing, as it completely protects the finger from the POINT OF THE NEEDLE, and makes a neat and uniform hem while the operator is sewing. NO LADY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT. It is cheap, simple, beautiful and safe. The hemmer and shield will be sent free of charge on receipt of price.

25 CENTS.
Enclose stamp for Descriptive Circular and terms.

ALSO,
DOWNER'S
METROPOLITAN SKIN - WINDER
—AND—
SEWING-BIRD COMBINED,
Is an article of real merit. It is used for the purpose of winding skeins of thread, silk, cotton, yarn, &c. It is really adapted to the work-table, and will be found indispensable to all using the above article, being a useful and invaluable appendage to the Sewing-Bird.

Price 50c. to \$1, according to style and finish.

150 PER MONTH CAN BE REALIZED by Employing Agents wanted in every town and county throughout the United States and Canada, selling the above articles, as sales are rapid, profits large, and no competition.

A liberal discount to the trade.

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Sign of the Five Golden Books.

AMERICAN BUNTING FLAGS
FOR SALE BY
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THERMOMETERS.
A FULL assortment at **G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.**

CUSTOM MADE
BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he is prepared to furnish CUSTOM-MADE BOOTS and SHOES of every description, at short notice. All those in want of a good article will do well to call and get measured by his German Boot Maker. All of his work will be warranted to fit, and made of good stock.

REPAIRING
Done expeditiously, and in a neat and workmanlike manner.

FRENCH CALF SKINS.
And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale.

SALE OF BOOTS AND SHOES.
Consists of, on hand, and for sale at the lowest cash price.

JOSEPH MORRISON,
Central street, opposite Old South Church.
South Danvers, June 5—tf

Choice Fall Pigs for Sale.
The subscriber offers for sale also PRIZE of 300 lbs. of Choice Pork, and 100 lbs. of Choice Bacon, which the Market has never before seen at the late Show. Prices reasonable.

BYRON GOODELL,
South Danvers, March 27, 1861

THE UNIVERSAL
Clothes Wringer!

FOR Wringing Clothes, will do the work quicker, better and more thorough than any one can do it by hand. It has advantages over any other method now in use, as it will not in the least tear, wear or strain the clothing in passing through the machine, no matter how light or tender the fabric may be. Clothing with buttons on can be wrung with perfect safety, as the buttons are simply pressed into the rollers, without being broken, or in any way injured. It will also wring clothing dryer than any other method, thereby causing them to dry in less time than is usually required.

There are three sizes of these machines, viz: No. 1, price \$10; No. 2, \$7; No. 3, \$5.

For sale by the subscriber, at his residence on FRANKLIN STREET, South Danvers.

W. B. RICHARDSON.
N. B.—Persons wishing to purchase, can have the privilege of trying one through a washing.

Dwelling House for Sale.
The subscriber has for sale a new and elegant two story Dwelling House, situated on the corner of Franklin and Essex streets, near the residence of Mr. W. B. Richardson. It is a large and comfortable house, with a large garden and fruit trees, and it may be made convenient for one or two families. It is situated within the ancient limits of the old town of Danvers, and it is one of the best and most desirable places in the city for a residence. It is well adapted for a family, and it is a rare chance for an opportunity to purchase a house of this kind in this city. It is situated on a large lot, and it is a rare chance for an opportunity to purchase a house of this kind in this city. It is situated on a large lot, and it is a rare chance for an opportunity to purchase a house of this kind in this city.

B. R. PERKINS,
241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,
Photographs, Epitaphs, and all other articles of the kind, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Epitaphs, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when ordered.

Boston Directory.
JUST published, the latest Directory, embracing the City Record, Business Directory, and a General Directory of the citizens—more than sixty thousand names—for the year commencing 1st Jan., 1861. Price \$1.50. For sale at the Bookstore of
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex Street.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,
WALLS STREET, South Danvers,
Are Agents for
GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S
PATENT EAVE TROUCHS,
CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND
PIPE FOR DRAINS.
South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,
(Successors to Mr. Black)
DANVERS - FORT,
DEALERS IN
WOOD AND COAL
Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand.

Franklin,
Locust Mountain, Black Heath,
and all other articles of the kind, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Epitaphs, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when ordered.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low prices as can be bought elsewhere.
Order Box at South Danvers Freight Depot, and post office, South Danvers, and at the post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,
J. C. A. BACHLEDER,
C. P. BACHLEDER,
July 19—tf

Piano Fortes Tuned, Repaired and
Regulated.
The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of South Danvers that he will be in town every Wednesday, and will attend to all orders entrusted to him, with promptness and care. Order at at BIRKBECK & BROS. Periodical Store, this building.
THOMAS B. HOLDEN.

E. S. FLINT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
INNER SOLES,
AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.
2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

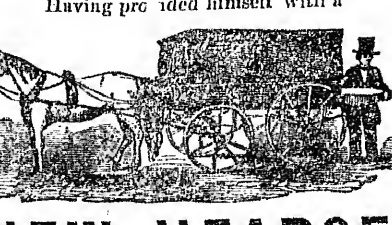
HOLIDAY GOODS.
WE have just received by direct importation from Leipzig, a small and choice lot of GARNET ORNAMENTS; CARVED BRACELETS; RINGED LAMINATIONS; BOHEMIAN GLASS, &c.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
AT REDUCED PRICES.

AMOS MERRILL
WILL sell the balance of his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, including
Dress Goods, DeLaines,
SHAWLS, HOODS, UNDERSLEEVES,
UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS,
Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Hats, &c.
Also, at low prices, New Styles
Prints, bleached and brown Cottons,
Flannels, Opera Flannel, Crashos,
Cassimeres, Yarns, &c.,
With the usual variety of SMALL WARE and FANCY GOODS, at the
WARREN BANK BUILDING.
South Danvers, Feb. 13, 1861.

BLACK SILKS.
WE have received our assortment of BLACK SILKS for Spring and Summer wear, which we can recommend, as we always have them of one house.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Central street, South Danvers,
Having provided himself with a



NEW HEARSE,
Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Waterooms
Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS,
of all sizes and prices.
METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
PLATES—Silver and Plated.
SHROUDS—Thibet, Cashmere, Muslin, and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c.
AIR TIGHT PRESERVES for preserving.
Boxes to incase bodies for transportation, etc. All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.

For all orders from neighboring towns will be promptly attended to.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen
OF SOUTH DANVERS.

JOHN J. ASHBY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
of all kinds.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds, made to order, at short notice.
No. 5 CENTRAL ST., SALEM, MASS.
Repairing, of every description, done in the best manner. Also, for sale—the Carpet-Tied Boots, for Children.

2 SILVER Plated Egg-Cups for \$1—
RIDER'S, 188 Essex St.

REMOVAL.
JOSEPH J. RIDER, would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Essex Street, to the new and commodious premises, No. 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX ST., SALEM, which has been fitted up expressly for his business, and will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of
Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware
In the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York.

Graded in the Individuals of this city and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, the subscriber will, by strict attention to his business, fair prices, and a desire to accommodate, endeavor to merit a continuance thereof.

JOSEPH J. RIDER,
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Are you Insured?
THE subscriber would respectfully call your attention to the fact that he is fully prepared to effect INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, in any amount, at current rates, on
Dwelling Houses, Barns and their contents,
Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c.,
and on buildings in process of erection, and that he is the authorized Agent for the following responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:
Thames Insurance Co., (Stock) Norwich, Conn. Capital—\$500,000.
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Conway Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston. Capital and Surplus—\$300,000.
James P. Whitney, Pres. David C. Rogers, Sec'y.
City Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston. Capital—\$1,000,000.
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Also, will effect insurance on the LIVES OF INSURABLES, for one year, seven years, or for the whole term of life, in the
Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., Springfield, Mass. Capital and Assets—\$4,000,000.
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E. S. HOWARD,
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West India Goods and Groceries,
81 Main, cor. Washington Street,
SOUTH DANVERS.
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RICH FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
FULL assortment of Fall and Winter Goods.
Phials for Children's wear, from 15c to \$1.
Figured Alpaca, at 15c.
Very neat Prints, at 8c—For sale by
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Dentistry in every style of the art promptly and faithfully executed, and satisfaction given in every case.

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SOLE AGENT FOR
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MAGIC SOAP,
For South Danvers & Salem.
OFFICE—Central St., opp. Lowell Depot, at Burnham's Express Office, So. Danvers.
Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs.
Orders sent by mail or otherwise to So. Danvers will be promptly attended to. tf-c3

TWO NEW GAMES.
GAME OF ANTIPODS—price 25 cents;
GAME OF ANTIPODS & EVERYBODY.
SOMEBODY & NOBODY—20 cents.
Published by
JULY 25
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

PERUVIAN SYRUP
A SUPPLY of this invaluable article constantly on hand, and warranted genuine. Bottles of two sizes at \$1.00 and \$2.00. See circulars for particulars.
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Salem, Dec 14—ly

KEROSENE LAMPS.
A FULL assortment of Kerosene Lamps. Also—Fluid and Oil Lamps, &c.

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EVERY VARIETY,
Neatly and Promptly
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(LARGE AND SMALL,) WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT
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ONE PRICE
HAT, CAP & FUR STORE,
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.



House Lots for Sale.
TWENTY House Lots of good soil, are offered for sale, on a new street, on land of the subscriber, leading from Albany street, being a continuation of Vermont street. The situation is pleasant, and on high ground and easy access. A good opportunity is now offered to obtain a good house lot at a cheap price, and on easy terms. Application may be made to the subscriber, or to WILLIAM SUTTON, South Danvers, March 26th, 1861.

Cottage for Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale the cottage, on VERMONT STREET, this cottage is thoroughly built of the best material, and is finished throughout in the best manner, and will be sold on reasonable terms.
South Danvers, June 8.
ELLEN S. POOR.

For Sale.
THE DWELLING HOUSE situated on Main street, nearly opposite the Monument, and lately occupied by Rev. James O. Murray. Apply to
South Danvers, March 27.
Gentlemen's Black silk Cravats.
ITALIAN GRAYVATS, MATTED—superior 1/2 inch, 3/4 inch, 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, 6 inch, 7 inch, 8 inch, 9 inch, 10 inch, 11 inch, 12 inch, 13 inch, 14 inch, 15 inch, 16 inch, 17 inch, 18 inch, 19 inch, 20 inch, 21 inch, 22 inch, 23 inch, 24 inch, 25 inch, 26 inch, 27 inch, 28 inch, 29 inch, 30 inch, 31 inch, 32 inch, 33 inch, 34 inch, 35 inch, 36 inch, 37 inch, 38 inch, 39 inch, 40 inch, 41 inch, 42 inch, 43 inch, 44 inch, 45 inch, 46 inch, 47 inch, 48 inch, 49 inch, 50 inch, 51 inch, 52 inch, 53 inch, 54 inch, 55 inch, 56 inch, 57 inch, 58 inch, 59 inch, 60 inch, 61 inch, 62 inch, 63 inch, 64 inch, 65 inch, 66 inch, 67 inch, 68 inch, 69 inch, 70 inch, 71 inch, 72 inch, 73 inch, 74 inch, 75 inch, 76 inch, 77 inch, 78 inch, 79 inch, 80 inch, 81 inch, 82 inch, 83 inch, 84 inch, 85 inch, 86 inch, 87 inch, 88 inch, 89 inch, 90 inch, 91 inch, 92 inch, 93 inch, 94 inch, 95 inch, 96 inch, 97 inch, 98 inch, 99 inch, 100 inch, 101 inch, 102 inch, 103 inch, 104 inch, 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South Danvers Wizard.

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MASS., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1862

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Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank
Danvers, Dec. 4, 1861. 17

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
Jan 4—17

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
December 7, 1860.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
December 7, 1860.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
January 1, 1861.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
JAMES B. IVES, JR. JOHN D. PEABODY.
December 7, 1860.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
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A. S. CRAWFORD,
DENTIST,
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDOIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No 57 Washington street.
Jan 11—17

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INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Hamilton and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Boston;
Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

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DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
South Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
SAM'L NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Groceries, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
No. 32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
Feb 13 SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
Jan 2—17

J. J. HEYLINGBERG,
Fashionable Hair-Dresser,
No. 24 Main street.

HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED.
Particular attention paid to cutting Children's Hair
January 1, 1862.

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DEALER IN
Vest India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
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No. 7 St. Peter St.,
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No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
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Aueroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
Rooms 168 Essex street, Salem. may 16

JOHN MOULTON,
LIVERY & STABLE,
Main St., (Opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier, Glazier and Paper Hanger.
160 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
WINDOWS and BLINDS cheap for cash.
mch 6—tf

Original Poetry.

The Arch Traitor's Dream.

Night around the sleeping earth had drawn its
dark and silent veil;
Tall trees waving in the moonlight glittered in
their icy mail.

Great Orion looking downward from his station
in the sky,
With his gleaming sword was guarding all the
earth with watchful eye.

In a richly furnished chamber, filled with all
that wealth could own,
Lay the Chief of all the traitors history has ever
known.

Once among his country's rulers he had held an
honored place;
But in his false heart he cherished thoughts of
treason and disgrace.

Leagued against his native country, he was
plotting how to stand,
And against truth, right and freedom, had up-
raised his lawless hand.

As he lay within his chamber, wrapt in slum-
ber deep and still,
In his spirit thoughts and fancies roamed un-
governed by his will.

Till, collecting all together, each its proper form
assumed,
And a dream came to the sleeper, soon to deep-
est sorrow doomed.

In a palace high and stately, filled with splen-
dor, wealth and art,
Seated on a golden throne, he'd gained the ob-
ject of his heart.

In his hand a kingly sceptre, on his head a
jewelled crown,
Round his form a robe of ermine that below his
feet flowed down.

Groups of dark-faced slaves around him an-
swered to his every call;
Crowds convened to pay him homage, filling
full the spacious hall.

Princes came from distant countries, bringing
costly gifts and rare,
Low they bowed as he received them with a
proud and gracious air.

In the midst of all this grandeur, mid this scene
of pomp and pride,
Suddenly a burst of thunder rocked the house
from side to side.

All the multitude before him soon had disap-
peared from sight,
Faded soon the lofty palace, vanished all that
vision bright.

Then he stood alone, bewildered by the great
and sudden change,
On the summit of a mountain, and the scene
was wild and strange.

For beneath, and all around him, rested on the
earth a cloud,
But the summit of the mountain rose above it
high and proud.

Then there came a sudden wind that drove the
gathered mist away,
Opened to his view below, a country full of
people lay.

And he recognized the people he so often had
bequiled,
Had deceived with lying words and led on to
rebellion wild.

Wasting famine was among them, and their
courage seemed to fail,
Forms he saw in tattered garments, hungry
faces wan and pale.

Some among them, yet rebellious, boasted still
with lying tongue;
Some accused their haughty leader and on him
their curses flung.

Then appeared, far in the distance, from the
North advancing fast,
Turning toward this rebel land, a multitude in
number vast.

'T was an army, and the glitter of their arms he
now could see,
On, still on they came, and o'er them waved
the banner of the free.

All the troops each entrance guarding fled in
terror and dismay;
Like the North wind, strong, resistless, march-
ed the army on its way.

Then they entered in victorious, passed through
all that country wide,
And the traces of their presence soon were seen
on every side.

Not as matched the Roman legions ravaging
with fire and sword,
But they gave the country freedom, peace and
quiet soon restored.

Those who long had borne oppression, from their
bondage were set free,
But the wicked and rebellious suffered by their
just decree.

Famine quickly fled before them, want and sor-
row they relieved,
Far and wide revealed the truth, for many
there had been deceived.

Then against the base impostor who misled them
rose a cry—
"Many, many hearts he's broken, his are crimes
of deepest dye."

"Many o'er their country's sufferings, by his
treason caused, have mourned,
Ever shall his name be Traitor, and his mem-
ory be scorned."

Loud and louder rose the clamor, till it grew a

defending roar;

Then it ceased and all was hidden by the misty
cloud once more.

As he stood alone, and guilty, o'er him came a
sudden light;
And a form sublime and lovely was presented
to his sight.

On her brow was written Justice, and a sword
was in her hand,
And she looked on him, but, guilty, 'neath her
gaze he could not stand.

Then he hid his face and shuddered, and these
words came to his ear,
"Wretched man, well may'st thou tremble, for
thy dreadful doom is near."

"While the land gives man a dwelling, while the
sea beats on the shore,
Ever shall thy name be hated, till this earth
shall be no more."

"Then in that last day of judgment, standing
'neath the fiery mount,
Of the crimes thou hast committed, thou must
render thine account."

As she ceased to speak, she vanished, and the
traitor raised his head;
All was changed, for now the ocean round his
lonely bark was spread.

Swift he sailed, in terror flying, seeking coun-
tries far away,
Long he wandered, worn and weary, resting
neither night or day.

Still he seemed to see before him Justice with
her flaming sword,
In his ears still rang the curses that upon his
name were poured.

One word on his heart was written, 'twas a
word he ne'er forgot,
Everywhere he seemed to see it, other words
for him were not.

For in fiery, blazing letters it was written on
the sky,
Every breath of wind that passed him, "Traitor,
Traitor," seemed to cry.

Till at last, worn out with anguish, in a forest
lone and drear,
On the earth he sunk, exhausted, groaning,
"let me perish here."

Then again the form of Justice hovered o'er
him in the air,
Raised aloft her gleaming sword, and scorn
marked all her features fair.

Dread and horror now came o'er him, but, ere
fell the fatal stroke,
Suddenly the spell was broken, and the troubled
sleeper woke.

But he woke to deep despair, for soon his pow-
er must surely yield,
Soon his dream will be accomplished, and his
dreadful doom be sealed.

Still the ice-clad trees were waving, but the
night was now far gone,
In the east, faint streaks of daylight heralded
approaching morn.

And Orion had departed, for his vigils now
were o'er;
Soon the waking earth was gladdened by the
rising sun once more.

Selected.

A LESSON FOR THE TIMES.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

'A letter for you, sir.'

Mr. Hardrup took the missive, and the
servant withdrew. There was a slight
nervousness of manner, as he broke the
seal, which was soon followed by a word
and gesture of displeasure, as he tossed
the open sheet of paper from his hand.

'What is it, dear?'
The gentle face of Mrs. Hardrup was
turned towards her husband. A quiet
seriousness came over it.

'A note from one of my tenants.'
'He wants his rent reduced?'

'Of course. That's the cry on all
hands. If things go on at the present
rate for a year longer, I shall be charged
for the privilege of letting people live in
my house.'

'Who is the tenant?' asked Mrs. Hard-
rup, without seeming to notice her hus-
band's petulant remark.

'Edward Spring. He occupies the
house on Murray street.'

'Ah! How much does he wish taken
from the rent?'

There was a sympathetic tone in Mrs.
Hardrup's voice.

'He's been paying four hundred dol-
lars, but has the coolness to ask the re-
duction of one-half. Of course, I'll be
liberal, and grant his very reasonable
request. Ha! ha! And Mr. Hardrup
affected to laugh, but in a disagreeable
way.

'What reason does he assign?'

'Oh! there's no lack of reasons.—
They're as plenty as blackberries. Any-
body can pick them up. Loss of trade;
bad debts; depreciated securities; ill
health; general depression in business;
any of these will answer.'

'Are they not sufficient?'

Mrs. Hardrup looked soberly at her
husband, and there was about her a spirit
that disconcerted him.

'Perhaps so, and perhaps not,' he re-
plied. 'A truly honorable man will not
fall back upon these arguments against
paying his debts, or meeting his con-
tracts, unless actual disability exist.'

'What does Mr. Spring say?'

'You can read the letter yourself.'—
And Mr. Hardrup tossed the tenant's
letter across the table, to his wife. She
read:

'I feel myself unable longer to pay four
hundred dollars a year rent. I am doing
no business at all, so to speak, and other
resources, which I had depended on, are
cut off entirely. For the next year, two
hundred will be as much as I can possi-
bly pay. After that, if times change for
the better, I hope to be in a less strait-
ened condition. I have no wish to leave
your house; but, as things are, I cannot
pay the price you ask for it. You may
think it best for me to remain for the
present, as houses are not easily rented;
and I should prefer remaining to meeting
the trouble and expense of moving.—
Perhaps, at the end of a year, I may find
myself able to pay the old price.'

'That is straight-forward and honest,'
said Mrs. Hardrup.

'It's straight-forward enough. As to
the honesty, I am not competent to de-
cide. Words are cheap, and as easily
constructed into falsehood as truth.—
Where two hundred dollars can be made
by writing a short letter like that, few
men are proof against the temptation.'

Mrs. Hardrup dropped her eyes away
from her husband's face, and sighed, as
she looked down at the floor.

'Already,' said Mr. Hardrup, knitting
his brows, and speaking in a tone of
complaint, 'my income has been dimi-
nished over two thousand dollars through
reduction of rents alone. This is fright-
ful. Where is it to end?'

'Shall we not bear our part of this na-
tional calamity, John—our part of the
loss and suffering?'

Mrs. Hardrup's face warmed, and
there was a tremor of feeling in her
voice.

'We shall have to bear it whether we
are willing or not,' answered her husband,
coldly.

'Thus far, John, we have really suffered
nothing—nothing,' said Mrs. Hardrup.
'While fortunes have been wrecked, and
homes desolated in thousands of instances,
the storm has not torn a vine from our
windows, nor broken a flower in our gar-
den. So far as this home is concerned,
not a comfort has been abated—not a
privation endured.'

Mr. Hardrup lifted his brows in half
surprise, as he turned to look into his
wife's animated face.

'And shall we fret and murmur be-
cause in the natural effort at adjustment,
when things are disturbed, something of
our abundance goes to supply the lack in
others? Our case is very much better
than that of Mr. Spring. Home com-
forts have not only been touched with
him, but his most precious things are
taken.'

'What precious things?'

The voice of Mr. Hardrup, though
still cold, was slightly touched with in-
terest.

'His children.'
'Oh!'

The tone was softer.

'Three sons are in the army. I saw
Mrs. Spring a few minutes, to-day. As
you suggested, I called at Goodyear's to
order a garden-hose, and met her there.
What do you think she was bnying?—
Three India rubber blankets, to send her
boys to camp. Tears stood in her eyes
as she talked with me about them. Her
Joseph, she said, was so young—not
much over seventeen—and never a very
strong boy. But when his brother en-
listed, he could not be held back. 'We
could have prevented it,' she said, 'but
I had not the heart to do so.' And then
you know, the country must be saved;
only through battle can that now be done.
I have given my children to God and
their country, and may never see them
this side of Heaven again.' Her voice
choked, and she turned from me. Ah,
my husband! it is here that this war is
felt. We are in security. Our house
stands firm. The cloud curtaining our
sky is not thick enough to hide the warm-
ing sunshine. The weight which has
fallen upon us is light; and shall we
grow impatient under the burden? No,
no, my husband! In accepting our share
of this great calamity, let us be thankful
that it is so easy to be borne; and not
only thankful, but ready to help others,
who are staggering in the way, and ready
to fall. Don't let Mr. Spring move.—
Rather, let him live rent free for a year.
I would prefer having our horses and car-

riage sold, to seeing that family disturb-
ed. Why, now that I think of it, John,'
—Mrs. Hardrup's voice became earnest,
almost to enthusiasm—'is it just right for
us to keep our carriage, at an expense of
four or five hundred dollars a year, when
we might use that sum in so many ways,
in aid of the government?'

Mrs. Hardrup stopped suddenly. She
felt that she was pressing her husband a
little too closely, and looked for some
half angry or impatient answer. But
Hardrup, who had dropped his eyes
while his wife was speaking, continued
with them cast upon the floor. He had
two sons, boys of twelve and fourteen
years of age, away from home, at school,
and his life was very much bound up in
them. As his wife spoke of Mrs. Spring
and her sons, his thought went to these
boys, and he imagined them older by a
few years. How could he bear to see
them subjected to the discipline, hard-
ships and privation of the camp, or set
up as human targets to be shot at. The
father shivered in every nerve.

There was silence for some minutes,
and still Mr. Hardrup sat, looking at the
questions which had disturbed him from
a new standpoint, and losing every mo-
ment something of the selfish hardness
by which he had been influenced a little
while before.

'You will not let Mr. Spring move,'
said Mrs. Hardrup, in a gentle, but seri-
ous voice, breaking in upon her husband's
abstracted state.

He raised his eyes and looked at her a
few moments, and then, without answer-
ing, took a sheet of paper and wrote on
it a few lines with his pencil.

'Will that do?' And he pushed the
writing towards his wife. She read:

'Pay what you can; but don't leave the
house. The man who has three sons in
this war is entitled to consideration.—
May you receive them all in safety, when
the strife is over.'

'That will do, John,' she replied, as
she rose up hastily, and, passing to the
other side of the table, bent down and
kissed him. 'I would rather have this
note from your hands, than the costliest
gift in your power to make me.'

An interior calmness, a peace and sat-
isfaction, different in kind from anything
Mr. Hardrup had ever experienced, came
down upon his spirits. That last sen-
tence, from the lips of his wife, as she
stood with her warm breath still upon his
cheek, was very grateful to his feelings
—more precious, he felt, than silver or
gold.

'I would send it round this evening,'
said Mrs. Hardrup.

Mr. Hardrup folded the note, slipped
it into an envelope, and, after directing
it, called a servant, and told him to de-
liver it at once.

'Hark! How violently that bell did
ring!'

'They sit expectant.
'Who is it, James?'

'A girl from Mrs. Howell's.'

'What does she want?'

'She says Mr. Howell's had bad news,
and want you and Mr. Hardrup to come
round there.'

'Bad news?'

'What kind of bad news?'

'Where from?'

'It's about her son William, the girl
says—he that went with the soldiers.'

Mrs. Hardrup turned pale, as she
clasped her hands together.

'What about him, James?'

'He's badly wounded.'

'Where?—how? When did it hap-
pen?'

'The girl didn't say, ma'am. She's
waiting.'

'Tell her we will be round immedi-
ately.'

'The servant retired.

'Oh, dear! here is real trouble,' said
Mrs. Hardrup, as she arose hastily.—
'Poor Mrs. Howell! and he was her only
son!'

Mr. Hardrup paced the floor with rapid
feet, during the few minutes occupied by
his wife in a hurried change of dress. He
was not now thinking of his diminished
income, nor of the money losses which
the war had occasioned. These things
were pushed back as of light importance
compared with what others were called
to endure and suffer.

They walked in silence to the residence
of Mrs. Howell, only a few blocks distant.
The white, ghastly face, that met their
eyes on entering, was a vision to haunt
the memory for years.

'Oh, my son!—my boy!—my poor,
poor boy!' exclaimed, in wild, sobbing
tones, the wretched mother, as they came
into her presence.

'What of him, my friend?' asked Mrs.
Hardrup.

'Have you not heard! Oh, dear! Oh
my poor boy! His arm carried off by a
cannon shot! Oh, my son? That I
should live to see this day!'

In the calmer mood that succeeded this
paroxysm of distress, Mrs. Howell com-
municated the intelligence of a battle in
Western Virginia, which had just been
received. Her son was in one of the
companies engaged, and his name appear-
ed in the list of killed and wounded. 'An
arm carried off by a cannon shot—dan-
gerous.' This, and no more, for the ag-
onized mother.

'I must go to him, Mr. Hardrup! I
must go to my son.'

There was an appealing look in the
face of Mrs. Howell, not misunderstood
by Mr. Hardrup. She was a widow of
an old friend.

'It is a long distance: travel is inter-
rupted in that region, and it swarms with
armed men, who set at defiance all the
laws of God and man. You cannot go
alone, Mrs. Howell.'

'I must go to my wounded and suffer-
ing boy, Mr. Hardrup, if I walk through
the whole distance. Don't object.—
Don't put hindrances in my way; but,
in God's name, help me!—Her eyes
glanced upwards a moment.

'I cannot go with you, Mrs. Howell.'

'I do not ask that. I can go alone.—
But—' She paused.

'You have not the means in hand to
go,' said Mrs. Hardrup.

'I have not, my friend. You know
that my income is small. At this mo-
ment I cannot command one-fourth of the
sum this journey and its purposes will re-
quire.'

Mrs. Hardrup turned towards her hus-
band.

'When do you wish to start?' he asked.

'To-night. The cars leave at ten. It
is now eight.'

'There is no hindrance, Mrs. Howell.
I will call for you in our carriage, at half
past nine, and supply you with everything
needed for the sad journey.' Mr. Hard-
rup spoke feelingly, and with no sign of
reluctance. The well springs of his bet-
ter nature were breaking up.

In her outgushing thankfulness, Mrs.
Howell caught his hand, and kissed it.—
Deep in the heart of his sympathetic
pain, Mr. Hardrup felt a thrill of plea-
sure.

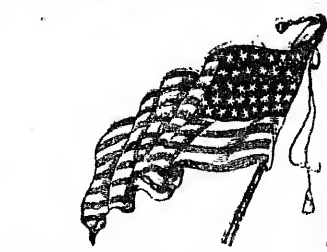
'Write to me,' he said, as he parted
with Mrs. Howell, a little while later that
evening, after placing her in the cars.—
'Write to me as soon as you reach your
son. I am anxious to know his exact
condition. And, if you need my help in
anything, don't fail to command me.'

'That is real trouble,' said Mrs. Hard-
rup as her husband came in, after seeing
Mrs. Howell to the cars, and sat down
with her in the pleasant room, where, sur-
rounded with books, and every home com-
fort, they usually spent their quiet even-
ings, as really unconscious in their own
person's of war shocks, disasters, and
sufferings, as if smiling peace walked
tranquilly through every portion of the
land.

'Yes, that is real trouble,' Mr. Hard-
rup echoed the words.

'Was it for her own safety Mrs. How-
ell made this great sacrifice?' resumed
his wife.—'Was her home and all her
worldly goods in actual peril, that she
sent out her son to face the common ene-
my? She had far less to lose in this re-
spect than you and I; and less to gain in
the restoration of peace and order. And
yet, what we have so far given to the
cause, is as nothing in comparison to her
offering. Just think of it. Is not this
life of a child more precious than silver or
gold? I am glad you helped her so free-
ly. If it had been our own son, standing
in the place of hers, would a thought of
the money be expended in going to him,
have touched your consciousness for a
moment? And shall we not give wil-
lingly, and in thankfulness, that our own
home is spared, to help another, in so
deep a sorrow?'

'Yes—yes. Your thoughts but echo
mine,' answered Mr. Hardrup. 'Bet-



DREAM OF THE ARCH-TRAITOR.—Our readers will do well to read the admirable poem on the first page with this title. It is the same that was read at the High School Examination, and in print it fully sustains the favorable impressions made at the time of its reading.

"We have also on hand an article entitled 'Jeff Davis' Dream,' which was intended for this paper, but was unavoidably deferred until next week. It was furnished to us by a Volunteer soldier of the 17th Regiment, and is highly creditable to his ingenuity as a writer.

Business Prospects.

As success follows our arms, we are warranted in looking forward to better times in business. We have already got over the first stage of distressing doubt and distrust, and can see an opening in the dark cloud which has enveloped us. When we consider the great disturbing elements of the times, we rather wonder that there has been no more distress among the people. After all the gloomy forebodings of distress, it is found that the cases of suffering among the poor, the last winter, have not been so many or so great as have been anticipated, and these have had the kind attention of the benevolent.

It seems to be a law of trade, that extremes in depression of business are followed by extremes in prosperity. It is very true that business men are very slow to acknowledge any period as a time of prosperity, and they are very ready to complain when adversity comes. When it does come, the spirits sink, and a feeling of despondence ensues. Some even put on the tones of despair, and say there will never be "good times" again. It is not more croaking, it is their actual belief. At such times, Banks go to the Legislature begging to have their capital reduced, and when times change, they are there again to have it increased. So it is with the individual or the partnership in business. They sit down in inactivity until a rise of prices in their commodities awakens them from their long nap, and they find they have not stirred quickly enough. They are now encouraged, and dash at once into business, and drive on with steam speed to make their pile. They push and strain, and fly kites and spread-out, until a puff of adverse wind causes their craft to cartwheel over, and perhaps sink.

"We are to witness just such scenes again.—People now shake their heads and say "No"—no—the country is poorer, we are to be oppressed with taxation, and in our day there will never be seen the prosperous days we have experienced." No such thing. The country is as rich in all the elements of wealth as ever, and it wants a more active business enterprise to bring it out. Our taxes will be a blessing, as they will make us independent of other nations, and we shall have our own market. Labor will be better paid, and the taxes we pay will be paid into our own pockets, as a nation. It may be that the process of improvement will be slow, as most of the active men of business are prostrate and without credit. This is true, and the first fruits of the improved times will be gathered by the few who hold capital and credit. But just as soon as business is fairly in its new channels, and confidence in the improved condition of things is established, then the man of character, without capital, will have credit to buy all he needs, and business enough for all his energies. All that is wanted is for every man to show such confidence and trust in the capabilities of the country to employ profitably all its population, as will lead to the most active endeavor to develop its vast resources.

The National Tax Bill.

There seems to be a great deal of fear that the national debt is likely to be oppressive to the business of the country. We think it will be much less so than is apprehended. Calculations have been made that to a family of five persons, the average tax will amount to only about twenty dollars. To a poor man, dependent on his labor, it will only amount to an annual poll tax. To the middle and the rich, it will be easily borne. As to its influence on business, we cannot see how its operation can be disastrous, as it is only putting money to circulate in new channels. Almost any, but the very poor can easily save their tax by retrenchment in means of living. Retrenchment and Rye Coffee will be the order of the day for awhile, and when the burden is well adjusted, it will be easily borne, and without a thought of retrenchment on account of the tax. Even if retrenchment is practiced, it may prove to be beneficial, especially if it is applied to those articles which we import. People will have enough to eat, drink and wear, tax or no tax. If the tax proves a check to extravagance, in either of those particulars, it will prove a blessing.

The British Navy.

The iron clad war ships built for to overthrow the "wooden walls" of old England, as effectively as did the ram-horn, the whale of old Japheth. Henceforth iron will take the place of live oak in the defense of nations, and it may prove that other nations will be able to dispute with Great Britain the dominion of the sea.—It no longer will require trained seamen to man a war ship. Engineers, firemen and stokers will take the place of the jolly tar, and these are found in all our Western rivers. What is to prevent France, Russia or the United States from having as powerful a navy as Great Britain? War, henceforth, will be more dependent on the advances in science and the inventive faculty of mankind. One new discovery or invention may cause to be thrown aside all previous inventions. A whole navy, however costly, may be lost by a simple cannon at the Patent Office. A wooden navy is already behind the age, as this is truly an age of iron.

ACCIDENT.—A child of Mr. Andrew Wiggin, about four years of age, at Rockville, fell from a chair and fractured his collar bone. It was set by Dr. Perkins, and we hear it is now doing well.

New Route to Boston.

The inauguration of the new route from South Danvers to Boston, took place on Monday last. It is unnecessary to say that it was a day of rejoicing with our citizens. The day was unpropitious, as it was ushered in by a snow-storm. Notwithstanding this, however, our citizens were seen stirring about the streets, and at an early hour the Square presented quite an animated spectacle. On this auspicious day the schools were not in session, and the young joined in the rejoicings. The Chief Marshal of the day, had an elevated position on the top of the town pump, and thence proceeded to emit to form the procession in the following order:—

- CHIEF OF PROCESSION.
- Chief Marshal and Aids.
- Escort.
- (Consisting of the Home Guards of S. Danvers)
- Selectmen and Assessors, ten abreast.
- Assistant Assessors, three abreast.
- Treasurer.
- (With the Town Debt on his back.)
- Lamp-lighter.
- Night Watch, with dark lanterns.
- Tidyingmen.
- Dartmouth Prisoners.
- Hermes of Bull Run.
- Town Pups, in a basket.
- Board of Health, with a yellow flag.
- Fence Viewers.
- Teachers Re-trenched, four abreast.
- Six Contrabands.
- Members of the South Danvers Senate.
- The American Eagle.
- House of Representatives.
- Mayor of Rockville.
- Dead-Heads, twelve abreast.
- Policemen who surrounded the Lynn visitors.
- Publisher and Editor of the Wizard.
- Followed by the Postmaster, to keep out contraband articles.
- Printer's Devil, with a mop.
- Prudential Committee of Dist. No. 9, in c. cab.
- Rebel Sympathizers, in a sulkey.
- Fat Men, averaging 250 lbs.
- Overseers of the Poor.
- (With Ox-heads and Marrow Bones.)
- Middle-Aged Men.
- Town Clerk.
- (With his "perquisites" in a pill-box.
- Collector.
- (With a Sheriff and Auctioneer.)

The theme of the procession was through Central, Elm, Wallis, Tremont, and Aubrey streets, to Pelton's corner, then over Swine Hill to Lowell street, and by that street to the Stage Office at the corner of Main and Foster streets.

Here the procession halted while the band saluted the noble American Flag, which was nicely folded up, in the care of Mr. Moses Shackley. At this moment the omnibus, with its three noble steeds, drove up, bearing the Stars and Stripes, and was received by three times three rousing, but inaudible cheers from the multitude. The deadheads, including the two Dartmouth prisoners took the inside, and Mr. Burnham and the driver the outside. Mr. Burnham made a most thrilling speech. He descended on the importance of the occasion, and the great benefits which would certainly follow the event of the day. He was now, never, in favor of emancipation—of the people of South Danvers from the dominion of the Eastern Railroad. He only wished to become the Liberator of his townsmen from this dominion. He considered this day's work only the beginning of further improvement, and that this omnibus was but the entering wedge for the more comfortable and convenient railroad car. He assured the people that this would follow, and in the meantime he called upon them to sustain this motto. Although the time was longer to reach Boston, the route was pleasanter, and the price cheaper than any other. Forty cents, he said, was an object these hard times to save and in no easier way can it be saved than by sitting in a comfortable car and taking a pleasant ride. He pointed out various ways in which the forty cents might be used, but thought, after all, that the ladies knew more about it than he did. [Applause.]

Mr. Burnham then went on to say that he was in favor of underground railroads, but never before was connected with a horse railroad. Our readers must excuse us for not reporting more of the speech, as we never heard a word of it.

"Crack went the whip, round went the wheels," as the omnibus, with its precious burden drove down Main street, amidst the silent cheers of the citizens, which were answered in the same manner by the passengers. As we drove round the corner by the Monument, we were greeted by just twenty-seven noses flattened against the windows at Mr. Howard's store. We observed this mark of respect paid to us all along the route, especially through Rockville.

In just a half an hour we drove up to the Station, which is the old Lynn Hotel. Here we waited until the expected cars should arrive from East-Lynn. While here we lost sight of our veteran and venerable Dartmouths, and we felt some anxiety about them. At last we saw one of them coming out of a neighboring graveyard where he had been meditating among the tombs. He was probably comparing the Lynn modes of burial with those of South Danvers. The other veteran had visited a neighboring barn where he was inspecting a lot of empty barrels, and where he left his umbrella.

The cars came rolling along, spacious, but full, and we took a stand in the broadside, until at a short distance another car was put up on the road and we were all comfortably seated. We were astonished to find so many passengers on this road on a Monday, and a snowy one too. Here were three full cars, and they ran every hour through the day. No wonder our friends of the Eastern complaint of this competition. We went on over the trestle bridge through Chelsea and over the Ferry to Boston, where they landed us in Court street, near Tremont Row, the very center of the city.

Here we separated, the old calls going to the Navy Yard and we to the Aqueduct Gardens, where we saw the Elephants, Grizzly Bears, the Whale, (that didn't swallow Jonah), the Walrus and the learned Seal, who shook hands with us and treated us to music on the hand-organ. It would take a column to give a description of the objects exhibited in this collection. We prefer to leave our people visit it for themselves. They will be well repaid.

Having gratified our curiosity at the Aqueduct, we went our several ways, and then took the cars again at quarter past one, and without further adventure we arrived safely at the Stage Office on the Square.

Thus has South Danvers established a connection with its neighbors, the city of Lynn and opened a new way to the metropolis. Most cordially do we shake hands with the enterprising city of shoes. May also have all the loyal western of the country to shoe, and the men to boot.

Rebellion in Baltimore.

There is evidence enough that the rebellious spirit of Baltimore is only kept down by the presence of our forces. When the Merrimack made her dash at our men-of-war, the rebels of Baltimore were jubilant and expected her to help them take possession of the city. The Merrimack is well described in the following letter of a volunteer belonging to our 17th regiment:—

Crowds of Scotch gathered in the streets to witness the news and to rejoice over the supposed rebel victory, but as the Merrimack was doomed to disappointment, of course Scotch after a little season of pleasure went home sorrowing, for their castle had fallen; the victory was on the wrong side. Scotch of late has shown its colors more boldly than formerly, owing no doubt to the kind treatment they have received from the faces here.

"They have been treated as 'humans,' their rights and property protected, but their nature is like that of the swine—they are full of evil—and will not be well used. If you wish to make a hog go straight ahead you pull him contrary to the desired direction, and it is just so with Scotch. On Sunday last, a funeral procession, passed through the streets, the hearse ornamented with the 'Red White and Red.'—If it had not been on Sunday it might have caused some disturbance. A short time since as company C was following the body of one of its members to the grave, they passed by a school house in front of which were collected a crowd of boys belonging to the school, who cheered for Jeff. Davis, and made some insulting remarks. The boys were of large growth, aged from twelve to seventeen years of age, children of Scotch parents from whom they no doubt learned the manners which will cause them to be remembered as the ill-mannered ones of West Baltimore. The company was accompanied by Chaplain Italy, who on his return from the grave, entered the house and pointed out to the teacher the offenders, told him that he might punish them or he 'the Chaplain,' would have them dealt with by law. The teacher promptly punished them all but one, who was larger than the teacher, but the teacher visited the parent of the offender, and had the satisfaction of seeing him punished. Chaplain Italy was tendered a vote of thanks by the company for the prompt rebuke of the insolent to the dead.

Destructive Fire in Salem.

On Thursday evening, about ten o'clock, fire was discovered in the extensive drug and apothecary store of Messrs. C. H. & J. Price, on Essex street, next the Oliver building. The whole interior of the store was rapidly enveloped in flames, that the earliest comers, who broke in the door, were only able to save from the front store a few articles in a corner case. The fire soon got under great headway, feeling on the highly inflammable materials in the store and in the rear and upper chambers. The hand and steam engines were promptly on the spot, and immense quantities of water were thrown into the building. The whole western half of the building was burnt out, from cellar to roof. The eastern half was protected by a brick division wall, and was not burnt so much. The fire was one of the most stubborn our firemen have ever had to contend with, and it continued to baffle their efforts till after midnight. The difficulty of getting around the building, and the numerous partitions inside, placed the firemen at great disadvantage. Had the night been windy, an extensive conflagration would doubtless have ensued, as the messengers of the Observer building on one side, and the Rust buildings below and in the rear, almost connecting with Smith & Manning's stores, rendered the case very hazardous.

We hear that the fire probably took in the main store, from a demolition of spirits of nitre, received that afternoon, and which under the influence of warmth may have burst, so that the contents flowed toward the furnace and took fire.

Messrs. Price lost most of their stock, valued at \$12,000 to \$15,000 on which they have insurance as follows: Holyoke, Salem, \$2000, Alliance, Boston, \$4000.

A considerable quantity of goods were saved from the store-room in the rear.

A. A. Abbott, Esq., had an office in the second story. He lost about 200 volumes of books, the rest were saved. His papers of value were preserved in a safe. Insured for \$1000 at the Prescott Office, Boston.

Dan'l Weed, Jr., Esq., had an office in the rear of Mr. Abbott's, and his books and papers were considerably damaged.

Mr. Benjamin Edwards, tailor, occupied a room in the second story. His stock was saved in a damaged state. Insured for \$1200 at Hartford.

Mr. John White, daguerreotype artist, occupied the back rooms, and lost most of his stock and apparatus. Loss \$1100. No insurance.

In the third story B. F. Browne, Esq., had a finely furnished room, used by him as an office, &c., containing many valuable papers. The loss here was considerable.

Mr. Frederick Knowlton, cigar-manufacturer, occupied rooms in the third story. His loss was small. No insurance.

The building is owned by Benj. F. Browne, Esq., and was insured for \$9100 at the Essex Mutual, Salem Mutual, and Holyoke, of which the latter had \$1700.

Engines were at the fire from Beverly. The steamer Wm. Chase played for a time from the Engine House, until the cistern being exhausted, it was necessary to go to the South River.

—Observer.

Fort Jefferson, at Tortugas, Florida, is the second fortress in size and importance in the United States. It is built of brick, is an imposing structure, differing in its architectural appearance from all other fortifications in the United States. Within the counterscarp wall of the fortress is enclosed an area of between thirteen and fourteen acres, and the interior or parade of the fort incloses eight or nine acres. The fort, when completed, will mount more heavy guns than any fortress in America, and the caliber destined for that purpose is the heaviest yet introduced. The total armament will comprise some four hundred and fifty pieces of ordnance. The work was commenced sixteen years ago, and has been steadily prosecuted up to the breaking out of the rebellion, since when extraordinary exertions have been made to complete the fort. When finished, it will be the Gibraltar of America.

Read advt of Spring Style Hats.

The Cumberland.

A Salem Fair First Last Gun.

Mr. Burrows:—Will you publish the following extract from a letter received from one doing duty on board the U. S. ship Minnesota, Hampton Roads:—

"A man named Alexander 'Window,' from the State of Maine, hurt his finger at the first of the fight, and ran to the doctor to have it dressed, stating that he would rather have given twenty-five dollars than have had it happen just then. The doctor dressed it, and he went back to his gun, and was killed."

Some of the wounded of the Cumberland crew came on board yesterday, and one, named John Gardner, stated that James McManis, of Salem, fired the last gun from the Cumberland, at the Merrimack, as his vessel was going down, and he went down with her."

Such instances of calm fortitude, when victory is hopeless, are as truly heroic as the dash of courage when victory is sure. Generals and Commanders who display bravery in the field, or on ship-board, deserve the enthusiastic honors which they receive; but let us remember that honor to all who show that unyielding devotion to duty, without which heroic commanders cannot win.

Concert, Past Night.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the Juvenile Singing Class of South Danvers, under the direction of their former teacher, Mr. J. T. Watts, will give a Grand National Jubilee at Peabody Institute, Essex Evening, on which occasion they will present a choice selection of choruses, duets, solos and ballads, (humorous and pathetic, sentimental and descriptive,) together with various songs and deflections, in choruses and solos.

Mr. Watts will also present a company of fourteen young ladies, who will appear in *Essex County Fairies*, in full costume, with gun in hand. This company they were well disciplined and instructed by a military officer of much ability. Mr. Watts has also prepared a grand National Oration, to be sang by the Danvers while going through the manual. The concert will not be repeated, therefore all interested, (and who is not?) should be present on Thursday evening. Tickets fifty cents.

Elderly Men of South Danvers.

The following list comprises most, but we think not all, of the men in town of seventy years and upwards. They range from fifty-eight to eighty-six years. They pass among themselves as "middle aged men," and it would not be safe to charge them with being old. We therefore call them elderly:

- Samuel Brown,
- John Preston,
- Benj. Goodridge,
- George Shaw,
- Sylvester Olson,
- Eben S. Olson,
- Benj. Page,
- Thordrick Proctor,
- John Buxton,
- Richard Osborn,
- Benj. Wheeler,
- John W. Proctor,
- Jonathan Perkins,
- Thomas Chalmers,
- Amos Kirk,
- Samuel Crane,
- John Wilson,
- Wm. Draper,
- John Abbott,
- Amos Sangster,
- Silas Woodcock,
- Amos Flint,
- Amos Sawyer,
- John Rogers,
- Francis Barrett,
- Wm. Shaw,
- John Nordstrom,
- Ephraim Lereboe,
- Nathaniel Bolton,
- John Olsson,
- H. L. Jewett,
- David Osborn,
- Richard Loring,
- Benj. D. Hill,
- John Price,
- Moses Prestor,
- J. S. Desbais,

Brig. Gen. Dodge.

DANVERSPORT, March 26, 1862.

Mr. Burrows:—There seems to be some diversity of opinion in regard to the place of Brig. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, who is distinguished himself in the Western battles, and in order to fix his place of birth, I would inform you that an aged and intelligent lady informs me that she was present at his birth, and that he was born in the old town of Danvers, at the farm house of the late Elias Putnam, Esq., situated in Putnamville, and near the Topsfield road. I find, upon examining the records of births and deaths in town, that Grenville Mellen Dodge was born April 15th, 1801. So it seems that Gen. Dodge is a Blind Holey boy, and about 31 years of age.

Yours truly,

A. C. HARRIS.—Lt. Col. HARRIS, of the Ninth Iowa Regiment, who was Captain in the Iowa First in the battle of Wilson's Creek, was wounded in the battle of Pea Ridge and taken prisoner, though he lost his liberty through no fault of his, as he seemed determined to die rather than fall into rebel hands. He was surrounded by ten or twelve of the enemy, and his surrender demanded in vain. He killed one man and wounded three of the rebels, and was making every resistance with his sword, when his arms were seized and his opposition rendered impossible. He would have been killed, most assuredly, had not a Southern Major saved his life, and shot an Indian dead who was trying to butcher him after his arms were bound with handcuffs.

WHERE IS GEN. McCLURE?—Where is a mystery hanging about the movements of our great enemy of the Potomac, which puzzles the wisest. There has been a great report south of the river, witnessed by Marylanders and other distinguished persons, but we do not hear a word of Gen. McClellan. He, then, was not there. Has he gone further South? Perhaps he is near Fredericksburg; or he may have gone down the river with the troops said to have sailed from Alexandria. Wherever he is, we must hear from him. Let us wait patiently, and in confidence that he will turn up in the right place and accomplish glorious results.

MORE SOUTH MEN OF SOUTH DANVERS.—The following is a list for the men of ancestry mentioned in the last Wizard:—

We saw at Mr. Howard's store, near the monument, Messrs. Abel and John W. Proctor, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Wm. Southwick, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Draper—all of whom are men of lally—the aggregate of the six being 1600 pounds, or an average of 260 pounds; the largest weighing 285 pounds, without overcoat or boots.

FEDERAL CRUISE CLIMBING AROUND THE SEVENTH.—Letters from Gibraltar of Feb. 27th, state that the Confederate Privateer Sumter was still at Gibraltar, unable to obtain coal. The gunboat U. S. Capt. Cressy, arrived at Algiers Feb. 27th, from Cadiz. The gunboat Tuscarora, Captain Craven, was also at Algiers. These cruises are watching the Sumter, which will render it impossible for that vessel to escape from her present harbor of refuge. The ship-of-war Kearsage, from Portsmouth, had not arrived Feb. 27th, but was daily expected.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP HOOKER, Budd's Ferry, Md., May 6th, 1862.

Mr. Burrows:—Thinking you may like to hear from the army of the Potomac during the present stirring times, I send you the following particulars:—

There is great excitement here this afternoon. The rebel blockade of the Potomac is broken. About 3 o'clock this afternoon, I was detached with eleven others to prepare the barge, and go down to Liverpool Point in it after dark. We were waiting in the barge for a number of the party to bring brackets with which to ball the water, when a gun-boat came down and commenced shelling the Bluff Battery. Hall an hour later, smoke began to ascend from the other side batteries at Shipping Point and below. Soon after, the steamer Page, and the two schooners lying near, were discovered to be on fire. The Page was soon destroyed, but the schooners are still burning. The rebels also set fire to their camps.

Two other gun-boats came down about dark, and examined the shore. One boat went into Quantico Creek. The first boat which came down and shelled the Bluff Battery, landed a boat load of troops and took possession of the evacuated works. The rebels left shells, powder, &c., which, as exploding, kept up a continual roar. We could also hear something which sounded like musketry.

It is said that Montezuma had a fight with the enemy yesterday. Just after the Bluff Battery had been taken, a party of about fifty, under Capt. Wilde, Lieutenants Chandler and Sharkey, went over, and were taken in tow by the gun-boat. They afterwards landed at Shipping Point, and at the Bluff Battery. The rebels evidently left in a great hurry. The guns were loaded to the muzzle, and then fired. The steamer, schooners, and many houses were destroyed by fire. The party brought away spoils, picks, camp-kettles, knives, forks, spoons, grape shot, old clothing, &c.

Yesterday evening, March 11th.—Yesterday was a day of excitement. At about 3 o'clock in the morning, reveille sounded (very unexpectedly) from our shoulder. Had breakfast about half an hour later, and soon after the regimental bus was formed. We were ordered to take one day's rations with us. We marched to the landing (Run Point), a few miles up the river; and at sunrise went on board one of the old canal boats. The New Jersey 6th regiment came up and embarked on board another of the boats.

At this time it was raining gently. The sun came up clear and red, but was soon hid behind a cloud. After a little delay, one of the gun-boats from the upper flotilla took us in tow, and steamed out of the creek and directly across the river to the Bluff Battery, where we were met by another gun-boat and taken in tow. The Jersey regiment remained attached to the first boat. After about half an hour's delay, during which time it was almost pouring, and another gun-boat was reconnoitering along the shore, we proceeded down the river to the Shipping Point Battery, where we landed.

We disembarked, scaled the bluff, and formed in line of battle, our right near the largest battery. Company A and our company (K) were then detached. We were ordered to advance, in company with a part of the crew of the gun-boat, to a one-gun battery about half a mile back, on the top of a hill. A party was detailed and posted on guard just at the edge of some woods, and at the top of a ravine. Another party was detailed to assist the sailors in blowing up the gun. (The gun was an old 24-pounder, well mounted, and in good condition.) Two attempts were made to burst the piece, both of which failed. The gun was then dismantled, the trunnions broken off, and the carriage destroyed by fire and the wheels by cutting.

During this time, nearly all the remaining members of the company (including myself) were searching the deserted camp in the ravine. Nearly all the log houses in which the rebel troops had been quartered were destroyed by fire. The rebels had evidently fled in great haste, leaving barely time to set fire to their houses, seize their arms, and start. All the camp kettles, plates, knives, forks, spoons, beds, blankets, spades, shovels, picks, buckets, provisions, (salt, flour, &c., in small quantities,) letters, books, papers, bayonets, swords, a few guns, lowie-knives, &c., were strewn about in great disorder, and more or less injured by fire. In some cases the cooks left partly cooked, though all ready to take, meat all ready to cook or partly cooked, and coffee on the fire cooking, &c.

A sutler's store was found, about half a mile farther back, filled with goods. It appeared as though the sutler lived in the house, with his family, for the table was found standing just as though they had left when eating, or immediately after finishing the meal. In the upper story of the building were two bed-rooms, all furnished. Nearly every member of our company came away loaded with spoil. In the camp, I picked up several letters and papers, a large bowie-knife, bullets, slugs, &c. From the sutler's store I got many more and much better things, including three Confederate postage stamps, an autograph, some pocket-knives and combs. As a prelude in another direction, and also brought away much spoil. The other companies were engaged in removing shot, shell, &c., from the magazines to a scow. The sky was clear from about 3 P. M.

We re-embarked about dark, but the canal-boat was so far on shore that the gun-boat parted the rope with which she was attempting to draw us off. We again disembarked, and stationed picket guard, whilst the gun-boat went up the river for assistance. Another gun-boat, of lighter draft, came down in company with the first one, and again we embarked.—After about half an hour's delay, our efforts were crowned with success, and the boat floated. We were not long in crossing the river and landing in our own creek near the foot-house. Ten minutes' walk brought us into camp, at about 10 o'clock.

Among the relics brought away were a satin flag, a drum, several swords, two or three hundred pounds of tobacco, ten or fifteen dollars worth of pocket knives, a large number of letters, some official documents, in envelopes bearing a print of the rebel flag, small sums of money, &c. The most mysterious part of this sudden evacuation of a strong-hold is the cause which induced them to leave. We cannot even make a probable guess. Four batteries, mounting heavy guns, and long lines of rifle pits, are thus left in our possession without any apparent cause.

It was a case to entrap us, we were certainly in a very dangerous position during the time we remained on the beach, unprotected by the gun-boats just previous to re-embarking at night. This does not seem at all probable. The Jersey regiment landed at the Bluff Battery, but what they found I do not know. A detachment, composed of volunteers from several companies, has been over to-day and just returned. They brought over very little spoil. But one of them tells me that they found several cows. They have been getting out more shot and shell.

The weather to-day has been very pleasant. I have just learned that eleven cows were brought over to-night. I have been writing this account with a rebel pen and holder, by the light of a rebel candle.

Wednesday Evening, March 12. A detachment, consisting of a detail from each company, has been into Virginia to-day. I was one of a party of thirty from our company.—We have been at work all day trying to dismount a large gun and remove it to the beach. We only succeeded in dismantling it, and drawing it about fifty feet. The gun is an English rifle 24 or 32-pounder. It is a fine piece, weighs 16,700 lbs., and throws a shell weighing over 100 lbs. The rebels filled it half full of sand and rubbish, and then spiked it. A scouting party detailed from Co. H has been out to-day, but saw nothing worthy of notice.

The Adjutant, with several others, has been scouting about, and discovered a party of rebel cavalry. Several citizens have been arrested, and a few negroes have escaped and found their way to us. In my travels about the rebel camp, day before yesterday, I did not see any Northern papers, but saw several numbers of Harper's Monthly.

The rebel batteries mount sixteen guns in all. The Shipping Point batteries mount six guns. There is a one-gun battery about 100 feet below, another about 50 feet farther down, and a large battery of seven guns several hundred feet further down. In this latter battery was the gun which we have moved to-day.—About fifteen transport steamers have gone up the river towards Washington to-day. The Nelly Baker was one of them.

Truly yours,

H. WHITTEMORE.

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Woods' Brick Yard, Md., 17, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD.—We have had another battle, and one that did not show my boy's play on the part of the Union troops. One man by my side was shot through the head killing him instantly. He had just risen on his knees and discharged his piece, when down he fell, without uttering a groan. His name was Vincent, a blacksmith by trade, and belonged in Chelsea. He was the only member of our company killed, although many had very narrow escapes. In our regiment, there were about 12 other killed or mortally wounded, and about 38 slightly wounded, whose recovery is not considered doubtful.

After a march of about 6 miles we came to a clearing, at which place the engines were all that was left of a small house; but just ahead something met our eyes which looked so much like a railroad that we all exclaimed that we had got to it; but on marching up, judge of our surprise to see a fortification of about a mile in length including a breastwork, calculated to mount three emmen, the breastwork to serve a protection for infantry. We passed into it, and the commanders halting us, three cheers were given for the first fortification, which was Fort Dixie. We had been too early for them by perhaps a week; and lucky for us, for it would have been almost impossible to have flanked them and if charged upon we should have been obliged to have crossed a ditch 10 or 12 feet deep and ten feet wide. It was built to protect the railroad which was just behind it. We got on the railroad and halted for dinner, after which our force was divided, part taking the railroad—our regiment, with some others, the main road. Houses were scattered about a mile apart, the way, that exception, being through thick woods.

At about five o'clock, our company was detailed to reconnoiter down a line to the river bank, where we found a water battery of four guns together with a camp of Light Artillery which had been deserted but a few hours. The regiment was ahead, and when we got back to the dark, all found companies moving along in the dark, all found enough to stop by the

REBEL LOVE-LETTERS.—Our friends at the seat of war, have sent us a large bundle of these missives, some of which we print, but without others on account of their intense warmth which would endanger the paper they would be printed on. We do not like to have the Wizard scorched by these inflammatory torches of the rebel cupid. They are full of "darling" words and amatory phrases and some of the poetry is delectable. The following is a specimen:

"When this you see remember me
though many miles apart we be
I hope you will pray for me and I for you
for that is the way that Christian dough."

TALL CHIMNEY.—A correspondent asks the height of the chimney of the Southwick tannery. We do not know, but can put him in a way to find it out. Let him measure the shadow of a ten-foot pole at any time of the day, and at the same time the shadow of the chimney, and the rule of proportion will give him the length of the chimney. Any boy in the Grammar School can do the sum.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY LAST EVEN.—We understand that the Volunteer Engine Company will dispense with their Annual Fast Night Ball at Nonantum Hall, and have a Social Assembly at home instead, at Sutton Hall, on Fast Eve. Music—Upton, Tacey & Parson's Quadrille Band. The tickets, which are limited, are nearly if not all taken up.

THE FIRE IN SALEM.—We are glad to find that our friend JOHN P. PEABODY did not get even scorched at the late fire although he was close by the scene of the disaster. We notice that his goods look as clean and nicely on his shelves as ever, and the customers as plenty as 1's counter.

ENIGMA.—The answer to the ingenious enigma published in our last, is the WHALE. The first chapter of Genesis informs us that he was made before Adam, and by reading it again it will be found that all the apparent contradictions are reconciled by this solution.

THE MERRIMAC.—Late advices from Fort Monroe intimate that the Government does not rely entirely or even mainly upon the Monitor to meet the Merrimac, but that other arrangements have been made which are deemed ample sufficient.

THE REBEL ARMY at New Madrid were inclined to be religious. More Bibles and testaments were found than any other books. They were Northern Bibles. The guns and small arms belonged to, and were perhaps stolen from, the United States.

NEW EXPRESS TO SALEM.—We call the attention of our readers to Mr. Sumner Southwick's new Express to Salem. He will be careful and accommodating, and deserving of patronage.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The sixty-fourth meeting of the Essex County Teachers' Association will be held in the Town Hall, at Haverhill, on Friday and Saturday, April 4 and 5.

SILVER WARE AT AUCTION.—A large assortment of Silver Plated Ware will be sold at auction this day, at Wm. Archer, Jr.'s, 34 Front street, Salem. See advertisement.

THE WORK of mounting the barbettes guns at Fort Adams, Newport, is nearly completed. This fort, when on a war footing, mounts about 400 guns, with a garrison of 2000 men.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.—A Panorama of the above named battle, will be exhibited at the Town Hall, Friday night. Tickets 10 cts.

PURCHASERS of Carpets should read the advertisement of the New England Carpet Company.

REBEL BARBARIANS.—The Providence Press gives an interesting account of the visit of Gov. Sprague and some of his staff to the battle ground of Bull Run, to recover the bodies of some of the Rhode Island dead, from which we extract the following fresh illustration of rebel barbarity:

"The party had just commenced digging the trenches and had dug out but one or two shovelful of earth, when a negro girl came down through the woods from a house near by, on the hill, and watched the proceedings. Suddenly she came up by the side of the grave, and asked if they were not digging for Colonel Slocum's body. On being answered in the affirmative she said: 'You're no lot; the Georgia regiments have dug him up a good many weeks ago to procure his bones for trophies—(it sickens me to write the revolting account)—that his body had been burned for this purpose, and finding the bones conspire with the flesh, she stench intolerable, they had thrown dirt on the fire to extinguish it.' She pointed out the place where the carnal rites occurred, and there, in the midst of cold and clinders, the horror-stricken party saw verified the woman's almost incredible narration. She also guided the party to a spot a little further down on the bank of the brook, and in the water, stopped by a little clump of bushes, the blanket and shirt stripped from the body were floating in the current. The calico shirt, from its pattern and figure, was at once pronounced by Mr. Richardson, who nursed him in his last moments, to be that of Major Ballou, and not of Col. Slocum. Under circumstances also proved that the Ghouls had mistaken the object of their vengeance, and that the fate intended for the remains of Colonel Slocum were received by those of the heroic and unfortunate Major Ballou. We are thus with a revolting hand turning home. I would have spared you the pain of such a narrative, but a calm, clear version of this revolting outrage must be given, and sensibility laid aside for the moment."

The ashes and bones were gathered with scrupulous care, and wrapped in the blanket, were, with the clothes, carefully laid in the coffin. The body of Col. Slocum was discovered to be unutilized. It was enveloped in his blanket, and had been contained in a rude box. So well defined were the distinguishing traits that none of the party failed to recognize instantly and with certainty the identity of the remains.

For the purpose of gleaming further intelligence about this horrible affair, the Governor and Colonel Arnold visited the house from whence the colored girl had issued, and there conversed with the occupants, who corroborated every word the girl had said. Mr. Coleman also made inquiries at another house in the neighborhood, and held a long conversation with a white woman on the premises who had nursed our sick and wounded at Sudley Church. She assured him that she herself had witnessed the whole affair, and had expostulated, begged and entreated that the dead should be held sacred, but the savages mocked at her, and then finding all endeavors useless, she had saved a lock of his hair and preserved it for her friends, who she was confident some day would appear, and this lock of hair she gave to Mr. Coleman. The men who performed this heinous deed were members of the 21st Georgia regiment, and it will be remembered that it was Georgia regiments that the 2d Rhode Island had met and vanquished on the battle-field.

We have captured over four hundred cannon from the rebels since the war began.

Soldiers' Aid Society.
Appeal in behalf of our Wounded Soldiers and Sailors.
SANCARY COMMISSIONER,
Central Office, Washington, March 15, '62.
Recent movements have much reduced the reserve stock of supplies at the depots of the Commission, and, at the present rate of issue, they will soon be exhausted. It is therefore necessary to ask that renewed and increased contributions should be made, especially of the articles enumerated below.
The Commission is in want of funds.
FRED. LAW OLMSTED,
General Secretary.

SUTTON HALL will be opened on Thursday (Fast Day), between the hours of 2 and 6 P. M., for the reception of articles which may be contributed.

Articles most needed:—Woolen Shirts, bed ticks, pocket handkerchiefs, hospital drawers (cotton), slippers, lint and bandages, jellies.
Per order.
South Danvers, March 29, 1862.

The great Floyd (now Lincoln) gun has been mounted at Fort Monroe, so as to command the mouth of Elizabeth river, from which the steamer Merrimac will emerge, if the rebels try their luck with her again.

Marriages.
In Danvers, by Rev Mr Fletcher, Mr David Bodwell to Miss Addie E Sanborn.
In Salem, 15th, by Rev Mr Bruce, Mr Calvin L Townes to Miss Susan A Stickney.
23d, by Rev Mr Spaulding, Mr John H Osgood to Miss Ellen Maria Clough, both of South Danvers.
24th, by Rev Mr Carleton, Mr John F Babcock to Miss Jane Leffinger.
25th, by Rev Mr Jewett, Mr Edward E Taylor to Miss Thirza N Williams, both of South Danvers.

Deaths.
In Danvers, Miss Catharine McDonald, 45.
In Salem, 23d, Miss Augusta Gilman King, daughter of the late Hon John G King.
23d, Mrs Mary Fenton, 71.
25th, Mr John Hill, 73 yrs 10 mos 23 ds.
Mrs Lucy, widow of the late Mr John Haxell, 77 yrs 3 mos.
30th, Capt Samuel Benson, 71 yrs 7 mos. Of Capt it may most emphatically be said, he was that "noblest work of God, an honest man." He belonged to that profession which more than any other known among us develops the many qualities of enterprise, courage, fortitude, and endurance, and was an honor to his profession. A long and blameless life, passed amidst the temptations of foreign climes and the dangers of the sea, left him unstained in character, but broken in constitution, to close his life by lingering disease, surrounded by all the alleviations of home and family.
31st, Mrs Mary Ann, widow of the late Mr Wm C Lamb, 44 yrs 7 mos.
In Ipswich, Mr Dickford Pulsifer, 59.

Advertisements.
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The ashes and bones were gathered with scrupulous care, and wrapped in the blanket, were, with the clothes, carefully laid in the coffin. The body of Col. Slocum was discovered to be unutilized. It was enveloped in his blanket, and had been contained in a rude box. So well defined were the distinguishing traits that none of the party failed to recognize instantly and with certainty the identity of the remains.

For the purpose of gleaming further intelligence about this horrible affair, the Governor and Colonel Arnold visited the house from whence the colored girl had issued, and there conversed with the occupants, who corroborated every word the girl had said. Mr. Coleman also made inquiries at another house in the neighborhood, and held a long conversation with a white woman on the premises who had nursed our sick and wounded at Sudley Church. She assured him that she herself had witnessed the whole affair, and had expostulated, begged and entreated that the dead should be held sacred, but the savages mocked at her, and then finding all endeavors useless, she had saved a lock of his hair and preserved it for her friends, who she was confident some day would appear, and this lock of hair she gave to Mr. Coleman. The men who performed this heinous deed were members of the 21st Georgia regiment, and it will be remembered that it was Georgia regiments that the 2d Rhode Island had met and vanquished on the battle-field.

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For the purpose of gleaming further intelligence about this horrible affair, the Governor and Colonel Arnold visited the house from whence the colored girl had issued, and there conversed with the occupants, who corroborated every word the girl had said. Mr. Coleman also made inquiries at another house in the neighborhood, and held a long conversation with a white woman on the premises who had nursed our sick and wounded at Sudley Church. She assured him that she herself had witnessed the whole affair, and had expostulated, begged and entreated that the dead should be held sacred, but the savages mocked at her, and then finding all endeavors useless, she had saved a lock of his hair and preserved it for her friends, who she was confident some day would appear, and this lock of hair she gave to Mr. Coleman. The men who performed this heinous deed were members of the 21st Georgia regiment, and it will be remembered that it was Georgia regiments that the 2d Rhode Island had met and vanquished on the battle-field.

We have captured over four hundred cannon from the rebels since the war began.

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NEW EXPRESS.

SOUTH DANVERS & SALEM.

THE Subscriber proposes to run an Express to and from Salem, on the following hours: From South Danvers, 8 A. M. and 1 P. M. From Salem, 10 1/2 A. M. and 4 1/2 P. M. Orders left at the Post Office, the store of A. B. Blake & Co., near the Monument, and at Wm. Sutton, Jr.'s store, will receive prompt attention.

Offices in Salem, at John Calef's store on Washington street, and at Isaac B. Elliot's provision store, Derby Square.

SUMNER SOUTHWICK.

A share of the public patronage is solicited. South Danvers, April 2, 1862.

To Let.

A large room, with Sky Light 12 feet square, suitable for a Daguerotype Saloon; has been used for that purpose. Also a large room suitable for a Dry Goods Store, both of which are centrally located. Apply to W. O. BATCHELDER, 138 Main st. South Danvers, April 2, 1862.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given that I have given my son—WILLIAM O. BATCHELDER—his time; that I shall claim no wages of his earnings, or pay no debts of his contracting, after this date.

O. F. BATCHELDER.
South Danvers, March 28, 1862.

List of Letters.

REMAINING in the Post Office at South Danvers, April 1, 1862. [Persons calling for these letters will please say they are advertised.]

LADIES' LIST.

Brown Heviana, McGee Mary Helen
Brown Mrs, Tremont at
Bascom Juliette
Conway Maria A H
Conway Mrs
Flint Esther N 3
Kelly Elizabeth Ann
Thompson Rebecca
Marris Mary

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen Otis
Buxton Amos F 2
Buxton John
Burroughs Leigh
Bumstead John
Butterick Wm H
Buxton Thos W
Bowley James
Chase Wm H 2
Colonel Cookroch
Connelly James
Clay E N
Dery Michael
Dole Joshua
Ellis S D
Flint James F

DANIEL WOODBURY, P. M.

N. B. These letters are subject to an additional postage of one cent each.

Salem & Danvers Aqueduct Co.

ALL persons using the water of the Salem & Danvers Aqueduct are hereby notified that the water rents, for the six months ending May 1, 1862, are now due, and that they are required to pay the same, at the office of the Company, No 2 Sewall street, on the 1st day of May next. Should the bills remain unpaid for thirty days, the water will be stopped, in conformity to the regulations of the Company.

Office hours, from 9 to 1 o'clock, and from 2 to 5 P. M.
WM. JELLY, Collector.
Salem, April 2, 1862.

1862. SPRING STYLES. 1862.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS, FOR THE TOM THUMB LAMP.

AT OSBORN'S.
SUPPLY just received at
S O & E A SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

To the honorable the Justices of the Superior Court now sitting in Salem within and for the county of Essex.

The petition of John Gardner, Oliver Taylor, Levi Taylor, E. W. Chase, Solon Sargent, Henry G. Sargent, Mary B. Willson, Hannah G. Underhill, all of Haverhill in said county of Essex, Bitter, J. Sargent, Mary Ann Gage, Melrose, and Charles C. Harriman, all of the state of New Hampshire, L. J. Osgood, of Lawrence in said County of Essex, Lorenzo Chase, Charles C. Chase, Samuel A. Chase, all of Lowell in the County of Middlesex, Leverett County of Essex, containing a petition, respectfully submitted to the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court, in and for the County of Essex, in the state of New Hampshire, L. J. Osgood, of Lawrence in said County of Essex, Lorenzo Chase, Charles C. Chase, Samuel A. Chase, all of Lowell in the County of Middlesex, Leverett County of Essex, containing a petition, respectfully submitted to the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court, in and for the County of Essex, in the state of New Hampshire, L. J. 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South Danvers Wizard.

No. 111.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1862.

NO. 14.

SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Monday morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD, FITCH POOLE, Editor.

One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For 3 mos. 1 year. 2 years. 3 years. 4 years. 5 years. 6 years. 7 years. 8 years. 9 years. 10 years. 11 years. 12 years. 13 years. 14 years. 15 years. 16 years. 17 years. 18 years. 19 years. 20 years. 21 years. 22 years. 23 years. 24 years. 25 years. 26 years. 27 years. 28 years. 29 years. 30 years. 31 years. 32 years. 33 years. 34 years. 35 years. 36 years. 37 years. 38 years. 39 years. 40 years. 41 years. 42 years. 43 years. 44 years. 45 years. 46 years. 47 years. 48 years. 49 years. 50 years. 51 years. 52 years. 53 years. 54 years. 55 years. 56 years. 57 years. 58 years. 59 years. 60 years. 61 years. 62 years. 63 years. 64 years. 65 years. 66 years. 67 years. 68 years. 69 years. 70 years. 71 years. 72 years. 73 years. 74 years. 75 years. 76 years. 77 years. 78 years. 79 years. 80 years. 81 years. 82 years. 83 years. 84 years. 85 years. 86 years. 87 years. 88 years. 89 years. 90 years. 91 years. 92 years. 93 years. 94 years. 95 years. 96 years. 97 years. 98 years. 99 years. 100 years.

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

DANVERS, MASS.

Opposite the Village Bank

will attend to the collection of Pension

Money.

Dec. 4, 1861.

OMAS M. STIMPSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

34 Essex Street, Salem.

Opposite Lowell Street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

7, 1859.

H. O. WILEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

7, 1859.

OHN W. PROCTOR,

Counsellor at Law,

near the Monument.

7, 1859.

A. A. PUTNAM,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Near Maple and Elm St.,

DANVERS.

LFRED A. ABBOTT,

Attorney and Counsellor,

224 Essex Street, Salem;

se, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

have removed their Office to

very occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,

WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.

IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

7, 1859.

NEY C. BANCROFT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD,

Attorney at Law,

1 STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.

al Dentistry Neatly Executed.

ed by Electricity without Extra Charge

M. L. BOWDOIN,

GEON DENTIST,

Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market

nice—No. 57 Washington street.

F. POOLE,

RANCE AGENT,

en's Building (up stairs),

effectuated in the following offices:

id Holyoke, Salem, Eagle, Bos-

ton and Rockingham, Exeter.

rawn, and other common forms.

IMAN & SYMONDS,

roceries, Flour & Grain,

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

in, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,

a Square, opp. Congregational Church

AN. KATH'L SYMONDS.

& E. A. SYMONDS,

DEALERS IN

ina and Hardware; Paper Hang-

ing and Entry Glasses; Paints,

il, and Window Glass.

nt street, Lawrence Place,

SALEM, MASS.

RY L. WHIDDEN,

AND SIGN PAINTER,

zier and Paperer,

Street, South Danvers.

romptly and faithfully executed.

J. HEYLINGBERG,

able Hair-Dresser,

o. 24 Main street.

ND WHISKERS DYED.

tion paid to cutting Children's Hair

if.

E. S. FLINT,

DEALER IN

oods, Country Produce

n Street, South Danvers.

ICIS P. COSS,

LUMBER,

St. Peter St.,

ALEM, MASS.

ISE SMITH,

Essex Street, Salem,

orter and Dealer in

Silver Watches,

CHRONOMETERS,

ometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

C. FLETCHER,

eps constantly on hand

ELECTED ASSORTMENT OF

lery Goods,

24 street, Salem. may 16

MOULTON,

STABLE,

Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

IAM BLANEY,

SIGN PAINTER

zier and Paper Hanger.

REET, Corner of Grove.

BLINDS cheap for cash.

Original Poetry.

The Legend of the March-Wind.

Have you ever heard this legend?

Heard the legend of the March-wind,

Of the lonely, sighing March-wind,

Can it be that you have never,

Never heard this wondrous legend?

Then to you at once I'll tell it.

Cease all vain and idle guess-work,

For you never could imagine

Half the wonders of this story,

Told me in Indian wigwag;

Told me by an ancient sachem;

And the legend was in this wise:—

"Once, when the old moon was waning,

And the snows were disappearing,

And the brooks once more were running,

And the forests bowed no longer

'Neath the snow upon their branches,

Forth from out a loving people

Went a brave and youthful warrior.

Went to fight his nation's battles;

To defend his aged mother,

To defend his feeble father,

His old father, long past fighting.

And his mother watched his going,

Sat and watched his passing shadow,

And her old heart sad misgave her;

For with all her soul she loved him,

All her pride in him was centered.

Forth he went and bravely battled,

Caused his enemies to tremble,

Long withstood their fiercest anger,

'Till some fiend-directed arrow

Pierced his heart and freed his spirit;

Sent him to the land of spirits

Where he met his aged sire

Who had gone one moon before him.

And the lonely mother waited,

Waited in her silent wigwag,

For a twelve-month watched and waited,

But, alas! she never saw him;

Never came he there to greet her,

And she vainly watched and waited

Till her eyes grew dim with anguish,

And her days were almost numbered.

Then she took her staff of cedar

And through every hut she wandered

Telling each one of her sorrow—

Begging them to go and find him,

Find the son of her affection.

But they heeded not his pleading,

All engrossed in their own pleasure,

And she turned away in sorrow,

Sought with grief her silent dwelling;

Through the day she sat in silence,

And when night had drawn its curtain,

And the darkness hid her weeping,

Then she moaned aloud in sorrow.

Grieved that she had lost her darling,

Grieved to find her tribe so selfish,

And it vexed her broken spirit

Till it left her aged body.

From her grief she parted never;

But when winter's snow is melting,

Round about each human dwelling

Where is felt a live-long sorrow,

Or where selfishness has troubled,

(Selfishness, the bane of mortals,)—

There she sighs or murmurs loudly,

And her wailing is the March-wind."

Point me to one happy household

That hath noted not the March wind.

O, to see one human dwelling

Where is heard no sighing March-wind.

M. H. T.

Original.

[For The Wizard.]

Dream of Jeff Davis.

EDITOR WIZARD.—Among the paper found at Manassas, after the flight of the Rebel force from their boasted stronghold, was the following, which I came in possession of a few days ago. How I obtained the original will not matter to you or your readers. It is given to the reader with the hope that, if Jeff did dream this, it may come to pass, so far as he is concerned.

Yours in the cause of Freedom, *

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3, 1860.

CHAS. PATTERSON.—Dear Sir.—In reply to yours of July 12th, requesting me to relate my wonderful dream, I now will endeavor to comply, so far as memory serves me.

At the time of the dream, I had been reading of Napoleon, and of others who worked out their own destiny, apparently, and as I thought of their deeds, and the positions which they filled, I reflected on the great changes of opinion which are continually taking place in the minds of the masses—of the chances that men, had they been of ambitious minds, would have improved instead of neglected—and as I sat in my arm chair, with my books and paper spread out before me, I sank into a slumbering state of mind. I was asleep, yet it appeared to me like a waking dream. I noted everything that passed before my mind. My thoughts wandered back to the days of the Revolution. I witnessed all the battles of that bloody struggle—the inauguration of Washington as President of the Union, and saw the honors that were paid to the Father of his Country. As I thought of all this, the question arose in my mind, Will the Union exist forever? I had reflected upon this subject only a short time, when I heard the sound of footsteps approaching my door, the room was suddenly darkened, the air was filled with a sulphurous smell, so oppressive that I gasped for breath and fainted.

When I again became conscious, as it appeared to me, my room was lighted with an unearthly light, of a mixed blue and red, with here and there a flash of yellow, which cast a deathly shade upon the furniture of the room. There was the same sulphurous odor to the air, but not so oppressive as before I fainted. I raised my eyes and looked around, to discover, if possible, the cause of the light and the odor of the air, when, near my right side, I beheld a figure which made me start with a convulsive shudder! It was a little taller than a human being, and very stout and chubby. The head was of large size, and appeared to be a sulphurous flame—a thousand serpents shooting out from its centre, with open fiery mouths, out of which protruded innumerable little darts. When they were extended to their full length, they would settle back into the flame, to shoot forth again. The body was shaped like that of an alligator, and seemed to be formed of some huge serpent, coiled and compressed. The arms were long, and the hands appeared to be more like claws than the hands of a human person. On the breast was the Death's-head and cross-bones; around the waist was a belt, to which hung a number of horrible looking serpents, which were twisting and curling themselves into all manner of shapes. The legs of my visitor appeared to be made of rough, jagged iron, in the crevices of which were crawling all kinds of loathsome vermin; and as I cast my eyes to his feet I saw that they resembled those of swine. I came to the conclusion that he was Satan himself, and wondered what he wanted of me. I waited but a short time before my conclusion was verified, for the figure uttered, in unearthly tones, the following words:

"Fear not, Davis; I am SATAN. I wish to set up my kingdom on earth. I have long had it in contemplation, but never, until now, was able to find one with the ability and disposition to be my Viceroy, and carry out my plans. I have now come to the conclusion that you are the person in whom I can confide, to whom I can trust the secrets of those plans. I now promise to you, if you will do my bidding, all the powers of Hell (subject to my will) for the purpose of destroying the American Union, which is one of the bulwarks of my enemy, Christ. When this is destroyed, my power on earth will be supreme. I will govern in hell, and you on earth. Will you accept?"

While Satan thus spoke, I was deliberating whether or not to accept; but when he ceased, I had no power to refuse. I was charmed, captivated by the scheme, and agreed to the proposal. "Spoken like yourself," said Satan. And as he uttered these words, he drew a chair to the table, seized a pen, and wrote. When he had finished writing, he handed me the paper, and simply said, "Sign!"

I took the paper and read as follows: "I, Jefferson Davis, do enter into co-partnership with His Satanic Majesty—otherwise called the Devil—for the purpose of destroying the American Union, and the power of Jesus Christ upon the earth. I hereby agree to murder, or cause to be put to death, all persons who shall refuse to take the oath of allegiance to His Majesty the Devil; that I will spare neither man, woman or child, if they stand in the position of an enemy to Satan or to me, his Viceroy on earth. I do solemnly swear to destroy all adherents of Christ and the American Union. As a guarantee of the faithful performance of this agreement, I do affix my name with the blood of my veins."

As I finished reading, Satan drew from his belt one of the serpents, and with its forked tongue opened a vein in my arm. I took a pen, caught the flowing blood, and signed my name to the paper in blood red letters. Satan then went to a cupboard where I kept my liquors, selected from among them a bottle of brandy, poured out a tumbler nearly full, threw into it a powder of brimstone, and drank it, or rather poured it into the sulphuric flame of his head. The serpents ceased their shooting motions, while the flame increased in brilliancy and power. He then prepared a draught for me, which I drank, after which Satan produced a paper, of a blue cast, on which were letters of a fiery hue, laid it on the table, and turned to me and said:

"As I before intimated, I have long contemplated this work, and have studied closely the details of the plan by which it can be accomplished. I have received valuable advice from John C. Calhoun, who is at present my Secretary, and from others who have lately emigrated from your country to my possessions. I have viewed the scheme in every possible light, and the only difficulty that presents itself to my mind, is, Christianity and Virtue. Virtue must be destroyed, and then the power of Christ is of no account. I will now read to you the details of this grand scheme—the greatest ever attempted since my unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the government of Heaven, which failed by treachery."

Here Satan took the paper, and read to me something like the following: "To commence, I may say that all, or nearly all of the leading men of your portion of the Union, are willing to join us in this captivating conspiracy. They desire to break off from the more sober Puritan of the North, who is guided and directed by Christianity and virtue. The poorer class of people at the South, must and can be made to believe that they are imposed upon by the Northerners, that their rights are spurned and trampled upon, and that the North desires to reduce their political power and subjugate them finally. To do this, you must first choose chiefs, (subordinate to you,) who will undertake to carry out your plans. They must be chosen from among the leaders of the people, and must include Governors of States, Senators and Representatives. To these you must divulge your plans, and you must instruct them to do all in their power against education in any form, only excepting such as will benefit you. No free schools are to receive any help, all your efforts must be to discourage them. I would suggest to you, Floyd, Toombs, Wise, Yancy, Rhett and Yulace, as a few of these subordinate chiefs. These chiefs will, in each city and town of the Union, organize secret societies, whose aim shall be to disseminate your doctrines, to collect money, and all information necessary for you to know. The members must be spies to ascertain the political men, study their actions, find out how far they are governed by morality, and use them to benefit your cause in any manner practicable. With the masses you must deal secretly. Tell them that the money collected is for the acquisition of Cuba and Mexico, for the extension of the slave power in these countries as a balance of power, whereby the influence of the North in Congress shall be curtailed. Promise to the rich titles, to the poor riches, or a chance to become landholders and owners of slaves. Pic-

ture to them the ease and comfort with which this new power will enable them to live. With the Northern masses you must work to create dissensions, diversity of opinion, to destroy the unanimity of the people. This is one of the main points of our plan and must be successfully carried out. To accomplish this you must possess the power of the press, which is the most influential power in the world, and must be secured at any cost. It will reach to those whom you can reach in no other way. It will reach to the females who do not attend the political meetings, who will in turn exert their influence on the men. It will create the diversity of opinion necessary to destroy the power of the Northerner. It will agitate questions which will inflame the minds of men, make them enemies to one another, and thus aid us in our plan. You will by this power send to Congress the very men that should be there to carry out their part of the programme. In and out of Congress they must agitate the slavery question, must cause the abolitionist to put forth his fire against slavery, and report to their constituents all inflammatory remarks made by these few co-workers of ours. They must do all in their power to corrupt the morals of all leading men high in office, and society in Washington must become corrupt. My two great enemies, Christianity and Virtue, must be destroyed. Washington will become the center of the conspiracy from whence will go forth the doctrines which will destroy our enemies. This will not be accomplished in a moment, but after a series of years you will find the leading men of the country so fallen and degraded, that the first act of our grand scheme can be consummated. The destruction of the Union will meet with but little opposition from them. A few will rise against us, but the power will be in our hands. The government will be in the hands of yourself and Confederate Chiefs. The few who still adhere to the Union will thus be rendered harmless. This done, we can at our leisure carry out the remainder of the scheme but now we must work in earnest."

Here Satan closed reading, and folding the paper, laid it on the table, saying:—"I expect you will now go to work and faithfully perform your share of the allotted work. I have one word of advice to give you before I leave you—that is, beware of treachery. I wish you all possible success until we meet again."

When he finished speaking he drained the bottle of its contents, and gathering up his papers gradually vanished from my sight. After he had departed, I sat reflecting on my interview—when it seemed to me that I slept again. This time I had a dream which extended through a series of years. I thought that I had gone to work on the plan suggested by Satan, had chosen my chiefs, had established secret societies throughout the land, and everything that Satan had proposed had been successfully carried out. Myself, and confederates were in the high offices of the Government, and were in the confidence of the Chief Ruler who was as plastic as dough. We had declared the Union dissolved, we met with but a slight opposition. Men high in office had joined our side, the minds of nearly all had become so corrupted that they offered but little opposition. The few who opposed us were thwarted in their schemes by my Confederates. We were greatly aided by the President, who yielded to our every wish. I was chosen President of the new Union or Confederacy as it was called. I established my government, and gathered around me my chief conspirators, and rewarded them with offices. I devised plans for the subjugation of the Puritans. A Congress was called together, all were men of my own choice, who conferred on me unlimited powers. An army was soon raised, officered with men of my own appointment, for I feared that there might be treachery in some of the men preferred by the people. I now determined to advance into the land of the Puritans, to plant my flag on their sacred grounds and to subjugate them. I felt that I should be perfectly successful in so doing, as my confederates had completely cleaned out all their arsenals, and their arms were in my possession, their ships sent into foreign waters, and as I viewed them I considered them to be defenceless. They had slumbered while I was at work, lulled into security by the agents of my cause, who were assiduous in spreading the report that I would not fight, that the people of the South would not fight their own brothers. Everything seemed propitious and I was determined to become King of the whole country. News

came to me from my agents in the North that there was great excitement among the people, but that they would not expend blood and treasure sufficient to put down the force under my command, and if they so wished they were unable to, as the government by my machinations became bankrupt, it was unable to raise money to arm and equip an army. I was pleased with my success, and sat down to rest before I should advance far into the enemy's country. Men now honored me. I was flattered by their attentions. I became possessed with the idea, that now I could forsake Satan, and set up a Kingdom where my rule should be supreme. I determined to play the traitor to Satan, notwithstanding his parting warning.

I marshalled my force and was advancing to occupy the land of the Puritan. I had encamped for the night on a large plain. As I arose in the morning, one of my chiefs directed my attention to what seemed a fog, bank, or cloud of dust encircling the plain. Its appearance soon changed, it appeared to be advancing. I soon became convinced that it was an advancing force. I called my chiefs together to consult with them. As all chance of escape was cut off we determined to await the attack, and do our best under the existing circumstances. Forming my men in a ring or circle, I took a position in the center, on a slight elevation, and with my glass viewed the advancing legions. What was my consternation to behold on the breast of each soldier, a plate, on which was inscribed Christianity and Virtue. They were the enemies against whom I had been warned. They were surrounding me. I knew that they were invincible. I had been deceived. What seemed to me death, was but sleep, these enemies of mine who I thought dead, had arisen from their sleep, and I was betrayed, doomed! I sat there without power to speak or move. I awaited in silence the approach of the force which was now near to my lines, in fact so near that my men could read the inscription on their shining breast plates. Advancing to within a gun shot distance from my lines, they halted, and their Generals advancing to the front, soon convinced my men that they were not enemies, but friends,—that they came not to destroy but to preserve law and order, and to uphold Christianity and the Constitution.

My forces then threw down their arms—took the oath of allegiance anew—and mingled with those whom they had been led forth to battle against. I heard them vow eternal friendship, heard them declare that they had been deceived by my confederates, and—as they turned toward me—could see their menacing looks, and hear their threatening tones, but law and order prevailed. All were in command of the Union officers, obeying their orders. I knew that my power was gone, and waited for my doom, which I saw was near at hand. Only a few of my chiefs remained with me, the others had given themselves up and were pardoned. By the command of the General, the men hauled timber to construct gallows, and the carpenters completed

The present and the future are all that I am well and happy this Sabbath evening and I homely trust when these lines reaches your lovely presents that those lines may find you well and happy and I homely trust that you may enjoy your health till you return home again. Now dear ser when I commence writing to you my love it gives me pain to think that onst we was happily situated so that we could enjoy each others presents but alas alas we are deprived of the blessed privilege of the my dear sweat heart my heart's delight my smiles desire my outly true love I only can say that my love to you is like unto a golden Ring which has no end so is my love to you my hearts De-light which is this now dear ser if I no any thing of my hart you are my Choye one on this green spread earth for ser I must say that the time seems long on the account of your abstaunt yet I sustain that desirable hope that the time will come that I and you will be priviledg of embracing each other in each others arms again and then from what each other of us knows that we will then be as one that this trouble of mind and grief of hart will be no more my promise is to you Stronger and Stronger and ever will remain so till we meet again I have nothing more of interest to say to you only that your presents with me would be very desirable and if you want flatter me I no that my presents to you would be joyful

now my dear ser I now that you would give any thing in this life to get to see my butyfull teachers and my delicate presants Wouldnt you dear Milas I will answer for you
yess you would for I no that I would give any thing to see you and to here talk and to here you half and then to embrace you in my arms and draw you close my breast so I could tell you how I love you this is the truth
So my true love in conclusion
I now my dear beloved friend my affection love to you extend as I am here and you are gone I wright to you this lousom song
2 When you receive these lines remember well oh remember me the truth I tell onst more I love you I bid adieu
I am your love to you I be true

May the love of his infinitive merces ever protect and defend you till you return again.
With pleasure I assign to you my kname
Miss Elizabeth Fowler.
To my lover Mr McYandle

A Rebel Love Letter.
The following is an exact copy of a letter found by a soldier in Gen. Burnside's Expedition at the Rebel Camp at Roanoke Island, after its surrender. It will be seen that the friend of Miss Amanda A. Culp neglected her request "to burn this and keep it secret." In consequence of this neglect, the letter has found its way into the hands of the Yankees.

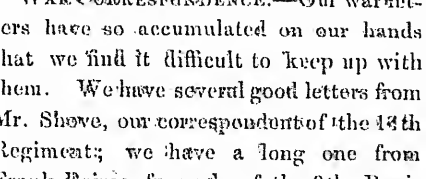
State of N. Carolina, Jan the 28 1862.
Catawba County
My true love I now enclose a few moments this morning to drop you a few lines in answer to your kind letter which came safe to my hand a Saturday Evening about dusk I was glad to hear that you were well and all the rest of you men and I was glad to hear that you were not met with me—well Melchor I have nothing of interest to communicate at present only I was at Pine Woods Church yesterday and I heard my very first in think when I was there I thought that you was here with me and I know to think that you are (turn over) place so far from me that I cannot get to see you Oh that the day would come when peace would be made and all of the Brannen Solgers could return home to get a pen at them I again it would be a glorious time with me I know for I long to see you again—oh if I could but see you this morning and talk with you I would not mind a great sad task But we are over 600 miles apart separated with a great body of water between us—Dear love I cannot tell how I long to see you on a Sunday for I cannot get to see all of you sweet young folks like I want but I hope to God that I will always last for I hope that peace will be made soon of this time and all of you can get back to see us all again well Dear love and friend I must tell you that I had a letter read yesterday that came from a soldier in Virginia I had read it, it came from the Artillery Co. A. D. C. and he stated that he loved a soldier's life very well only that he was so wicked some of them he stated that there was not two had did yet that he was wicked he said that that all enjoyed good health so far yet I do not know I have forgot the time that I had to go to the master to get a pen at them I think my eyes and then roses cheeks of your's oh if I could but get to see them lovely eyes and those cheeks again oh how happy I would be I do not know I must tell you to close for this time I want you to write to me
Amanda A Culp

[The following is on a separate slip of paper, and is evidently not intended for the public eye.—Ed.]
Well Mr Melchor in a few more words you must excuse me for riting my secrets in my other letter—that is in my other riting I write a know to the fact that I know that the boys want to hear the news well Mr Melchor I want you to write to me and tell me what all this news comes from and then I will tell you what it started from for you no what that is som pupil that is good at making does well I want to hear about the fuss and the start something else—Dear love I want you to not let any person see this and then they want know what to talk about for they have the talk over on the Creek that I am going to get Married but that is not so Dear love you know what I promise you and I cant forget you for your kindness for I have often thought how we out hug and kiss each other and now you are so far from me I have a times thought about the last night that you stood on Our House and we had to part and I have not seen you since that and it seems like it is been a year since I saw you last, and when I shall see you again I cannot tell but I hope I will be long—tell I shall see your smiling face and have the privilege of kissing them sweet lips of yours again well I must for this I want you to write to me and don't listen to all the lying news for I shall never find you for you are my dearest friend and all the troubles which may cross our path way I want you to write soon I will remain your friend until Death Please burn this and don't show it
Amanda A Culp
Mr Melchor
Mr V. T. Melchor } Good By

Smith O'Brien has challenged Sir Robert Peel to the field of honor, the last field that Sir Robert would feel at home in.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1862.



WAR CORRESPONDENCE.—Our war letters have so accumulated on our hands that we find it difficult to keep up with them. We have several good letters from Mr. Shove, our correspondent of the 14th Regiment; we have a long one from Frank Peirce formerly of the 8th Regiment and now of the 33d, giving a very graphic account of the Roanoke fight, and one from Winchester Va. since the stirring events there, from Mr. S. W. Williams. We have also had in possession two or three from Mr. Leverett Poor and another from his friend Waterman, whose contents have been anticipated. Our old types Hammond and Skerry have also favored us with their letters and we have one from Mr. K. Stark. We have at our command many more, and these with our pile of rebel letters make a formidable magazine of war literature.

Opinions of Foreigners.
We all remember how sensitive the people of our country have been to the opinions of the British press in regard to our present struggle. This sensitiveness has happily given way to a more sober estimate of what those opinions are worth. In many cases they are worth absolutely nothing. Some of these presses do not even represent public opinion in England, prejudiced and unintelligent as we know it to be. The mass of the English people know little or nothing of our country. They have the most crude and ridiculous notions of our form of government, the character of our people and our national resources. They are absurdly ignorant of the geography of our territory. They confound cities with states and counties, and plantations, lakes and mountains anywhere but where nature placed them. They know as little of our public men. They think they know Webster very well, as did Professor who killed Dr. Parkman and made a very passable dictionary of the American language. That Cassius M. Clay is the statesman who negotiated the treaty of Ghent. That Adams is from the state of Boston or New Orleans, they hardly know which. That Seward is from the town of New York on the Mississippi river. This ignorance is not confined to low and obscure journals, but exposes itself in the metropolitan newspapers and higher periodicals. It sometimes shows itself in parliamentary debates and state papers.

We are glad to find that our people have grown wiser and careless what foreigners, and especially Englishmen, say of us. We ought to hold ourselves above being vexed by their adverse opinions. Why should we care more for their sentiments in regard to us, than they show for our judgment of them? Let us rather take the high ground of independence and self-reliance. The more we respect ourselves and build up a distinctive national character, the more we will have the respect of other nations.

Fast Day Services.
We hear of but one public religious observance of this day, which was at the South Church. Rev. Mr. Warner the pastor, officiated. His discourse was appropriate to the times, being founded upon our recent experiences as a nation. In recounting these he drew therefrom various lessons of duty by purification of the nation through suffering, by humiliation, by attaining symmetry of national character and other causes. He spoke of southern soil being made more dear to us than ever by being made the depository of our dead in this struggle, of humanity in war, in contrast with the barbarism which stains the rebel cause and which comes of lessons taught in the school of slavery, barbarism in whose atrocities even gentle woman is found to participate. We can give nothing like a sketch of this able discourse which was eminently loyal and adapted to the day and the present state of the country. Its peroration was powerful, and delivered with great earnestness and force, making a deep impression on the audience.

"ALLEN'S BUILDING."—Among the improvements at this center of business, we may mention the alterations in the Post Office, by which our citizens have been so much better accommodated, the enlargement of the Wizard office by throwing two rooms into one, and the fitting up of the office in front of Mr. A. P. Phillips' store for Mr. Reed as an Express office, and Messrs. Potter Baeholder & Co., for their business in Wood and Coal. The neatness and comfortable aspect of this room shows signs of prosperity for which we congratulate the occupants.

Mr. Johnson's Fish Market is underneath this office, where our friends can be sure of finding the treasures of the sea in their freshest condition.

B. P. Hillabor.
We are sorry to be informed that our genial friend Shillaber is ill with that very distressing, but respectable malady, the rheumatism. He is under the medical care of the learned Dr. Diggs, and is nursed by his kind friend Mrs. Partington. She thinks he will be better when he gets well, and if the doctors do not relieve him from his confinement, the lawyers will take him out on a habeas copperas. His friends, Spooner, Birkins, the Brahmin and Mr. Slew, favor him with constant visits. We have a letter from the sufferer, dated at his hospital in Chelsea, which, although a private one, we cannot resist our inclination to publish an extract from, just to show what philosophy our friend bears the ills that flesh is heir to:

In Hospital, Chelsea, April 2.
My DEAR POOR.—Among so much general trouble, individual trouble doesn't amount to much except to the individual troubled and a few friends whom he may let in to participate with him. I am the individual, you are the participant. Here I have been mired up in Chelsea, England, for three longer weeks than I ever experienced before, with my old complaint. I attended Gen. Langier's funeral and waded through the fearful slush all day, and at night sat down with wet feet to write out the account of it, reaching home after midnight, and then taking no precaution. The consequence of which was a determined attack on the following Monday, resulting in utter prostration. The sweet angel of Patience has very nearly deserted me, though I have revived enough to encourage me in the visits of friends, which have been numerous. I have scarcely dared trust myself to look out. Here is a lame Irishman, who moves like a ship on a log-shore, an object of envy to me, and another, whose movements are elephantine, seems the very embodiment of grace. My neighbor, as if to tantalize me, had his sport fixed, and the workmen eluded up and hung on like spiders, driving me crazy to see their activity of limb. To-day, in spite of embrocations, liniments and draughts, I went out, locomoting with two canes, and no boy with a new drum and a cap and feather, could be more delighted than I was to feel the firm earth beneath my feet once more.

A STRAY LUNATIC.—The reprehensible practice of allowing dangerous lunatics to run at large, is illustrated in the case of one about to be described. The individual referred to, has been known to be affected by aberration of conduct as well as mind for many years, but during all of the last year, he has been a proper subject for an asylum. The symptoms of madness were strongly developed more than a year since, and all that time has been abroad doing various kinds of mischief, both to persons and property. His infatigation first spread itself, as is common with lunacy, in the hallucination that he was a great and distinguished character. Under this delusion he fancied that he was the equal of the first in the land for statesmanship and position. Unwilling to be a President, to deliver inaugural speeches, and command armies. He is now supposed to be at large somewhere in Virginia and ought to be immediately secured and put into close confinement. This crazy man answers to the name of Jefferson Davis. McClellan of the National Police has a warrant for his arrest.

BENJ. JACOBS.—Most of our readers are aware that Mr. Benj. Jacobs, a native of this town, has for some years been a resident of Newbern, N. C. By the following extract of a letter from Mr. Leverett Poor, it will be seen that Mr. Jacobs is still loyal to the old flag:

Sunday I saw Mr. Benjamin Jacobs, and was very much surprised. He says he is a Union man and has been confined in a dungeon for expressing Union sentiments. He gave me an invitation to call and see him and his family.

WINDOW SHADES.—Any one who has lately passed the Jewelry store of our neighbor R. T. Stevens must have noticed these beautiful green curtains at his front window. These were painted by Mr. William Blaney who has often before shown his taste and skill in the use of the brush. The richness of these curtains is only equalled by the quality and appearance of the goods inside the store.

WAR RELIC.—We have seen a rebel weapon sent to a gentleman of this town by Mr. Lake of Co. B 24th Reg., taken at Roanoke Island, which is a savage looking instrument. It is a heavy knife fourteen inch blade, brass mounted and weighing nearly two pounds. It is probably the weapon used in Mexico or Cuba called a machete. It has been hacked against some hard substance, and bears marks of the grind-stone.

DEARLY MEN.—Since publishing our list in the last Wizard, we hear of other gentlemen who have reached the age of three score and ten, among them the following:
Douglas Osborn.
David Putnam.
There are also many others in town who will reach seventy years—if they live.

School Changes.
More than the usual number of changes of teachers have taken place, this spring, in our schools. Among them have been, the transferring of Miss Evans from the Primary in the Wallis District to the Intermediate, lately under the charge of Miss Ellen A. White. Miss Perkins has also been placed in the Primary, and Miss Mary Jane Peasley in the Alphabet School.

In the Center District, there has been no change, except the appointment of Miss Sarah H. Potter to the Primary, in place of Miss Richardson retired.

Miss Jennie S. Tufts has been appointed to the Primary in the Bowditch School, vacated by Miss Kimball, who has been sent some time Assistant teacher in the Intermediate School in the Center District.

Miss Barnes, lately of the Rockville School on Lyndfield road, has been transferred to the other Primary school on the Lynn road, and Miss L. E. Gave has been appointed to the school vacated.

Miss R. Frances Trickett is appointed to the Locust Dale School, and Miss Mary Young to the Feltton School.

On Monday last, in the Wallis and Center schools, which contain about six hundred scholars, there was a simultaneous promotion from class to class and school to school, of the whole number, the first desks being transferred to the school next above, and the second classes elevated to the position of the first.

At the examination for the Peabody High School, seventy-two pupils presented themselves as candidates.

The debt incurred in suppressing the rebellion, great as it may seem and burdensome as it may prove to some of the interests of the nation, bears a much lower relation to the wealth and resources of the country than is generally supposed. By the census of 1860 the value of all real and personal estate of the United States was approximately ascertained. No doubt it was largely underestimated, but it showed a total exceeding 16,000 millions! Five per cent of this sum would pay the whole debt at this time. A special direct tax at the probable rate of our town tax this year would pay it off in five years.

Take another view of it. The increase of the value of property in the Union the last ten years, was about 9,000 millions of dollars. One year of this increase would more than pay the entire debt.

In the foregoing view of the capacity of the country, we have no great cause to grieve over the debt incurred. Much of the taxation for its discharge will be indirect and but little felt by the people, all of it or nearly all will be paid to ourselves to go again into the common channels of trade.

FIREMEN'S BALL.—The "Volunteers" have, of late years, been in the habit of giving their annual ball at Monument Hall, Salem; but, owing to the hard times, and the fact that a large number of the members of the Company and its personal friends were at the seat of war, they determined, this year, to have a dance at Sutton Hall. Accordingly, on West Eve the most brilliant party of the season came off. The managers were gentlemen who acted well their parts, and did all in their power to make the occasion one of unalloyed pleasure. Officer Littlefield was on hand to do honor to the distinguished invited guests, of which we noticed quite a number. The ladies were all charming, and brilliantly attired. That the music was excellent will not be questioned, when we mention that it was furnished by Upton, Tincey & Parsons' full quadrille band. Refreshments, on a grand scale, were provided by Mrs. John Hathaway.

Taken all in all, it was the party of the season, and we trust that, in years to come, the "Volunteers" may give their parties in the same place, and with as much satisfaction to those present as at this one on West Eve.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.—The "Barnes" papers are fretting because they are prohibited from publishing war intelligence which comes into their possession. We are also troubled in the same way. We have very interesting intelligence about our troops which we would be glad to place before our readers, if we could only obtain the consent of the Postmaster, who has the oversight of our paper. We hope, therefore, if our readers are in want of "astounding developments," they will bear Mr. Woodbury with all the persuasive arguments at their command, to induce him to allow us to publish the contraband news.

We are happy to have permission to state that Gen. McClellan, on Friday last, was reviewing troops near Manassas, was near fortress Monroe, cheered by the troops on board the transports and was also at the same time with Mrs. McClellan in Washington. This is reliable.

LYNN AND BOSTON.—We are glad to learn that the new route to Boston, via Lynn, after the first week's trial, has met with full as much encouragement as was expected. Some of the trips have been with a crowded company, and the passengers speak very favorably of the pleasantness of the route. When the warm season arrives, the travel will increase and more carriages put upon the road.

We are sorry to find that there has been some complaint that in our account of the Inauguration ceremonies of this route we omitted certain dignitaries in the Order of Procession. Among these were the "Express drivers from South Danvers and Salem, four abreast." All we have to say in relation to those who have taken offense at our omissions or commissions, is, that we are always ready to accept their apologies.

A BEAUTIFUL THING.—B. B. Russell, of Boston, has lately issued a beautiful steel engraving, being correct likenesses of the Governors of New England in a group. The work is worth preservation for its perfection.

The rebel force in the field is now supposed to be 265,341 men.

Concert Past Night.
Mr. J. E. Watts, well known to our citizens as a successful teacher of music, having announced that his Juvenile Singing Class of South Danvers would give a Grand National Entertainment at Peabody Institute, on Past Evening, at an early hour the house was well filled with a fashionable and appreciative audience. The entertainment was divided into two parts, the first consisting of showing the progress made by the younger portion of the class in the rudiments, together with a choice selection of choruses, duets, solos and ballads, interspersed with comic songs and deliberations, in character and costume.

The performances were of a high order, and proved that Mr. Watts was not only a successful teacher, but that the children were willing to do their part towards sustaining his high reputation as such. The pieces selected were all beautifully sang, and were received with much enthusiasm by the audience.

The second part consisted of a company of fourteen young misses, belonging to Lynn, who appeared in Essex County Zouaves, in full costume, all armed and equipped as the law directs—in such cases. These young ladies are members of Mr. Watts' Class in Lynn, and have been through a thorough course of instruction, under Capt. Thomas Eschert of that city, a gentleman every way qualified, as the Zouaves proved, to teach them. As they appeared on the platform, headed by their noble and we may say beautiful, Captain, (Miss Frechet), the enthusiasm was unbounded. The Zouaves went through the Zouave drill—including the marches, manual of arms, firing, bayonet drill and skirmishing movements—with an astonishing degree of perfection, which would not only have done credit to, but astonished, many of our genuine and highly spoken of military companies. In some of the movements, we have seen their equals—their superior, verily; and by the liberal applause bestowed on them, it was evident that the audience considered it a "big thing." The Zouaves, while going through the manual, sang a grand National Oration, with good effect.

A young lady from Lynn, (Miss Sanderson), presided at the piano, adding much to the musical part of the entertainment.

This last exhibition by Mr. Watts will long be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be in attendance.

Hon. Wm. D. Northcott.
We have read the recent speech of our Senator, upon President Lincoln's recent Message, with both pleasure and profit. It is an excellent epitome of the principles of the present national administration. Mr. Northcott firmly to the old Constitution, and maintains its supremacy, showing that there is no middle ground between its support and its destruction. It is refreshing in these troublous times, when men take counsel of their impulses rather than their judgment, to see the true path of patriotic endeavor so plainly marked out. Let us walk in it. The only way to effect a settlement of our national difficulties, is to hold fast to the Constitution.

One word of criticism. We do not like to see our Government called a Confederacy. We are not a Confederacy, but, by the framers of the Constitution, we were made by that instrument a solid, compact Nation. Before the Constitution, we were Confederate States, and the term continued to be used after we became the United States. The term is especially out of place now, as it is rank with the color of rebellion.

The following eloquent passage closes the speech:—
Our greatest and most holy duty is to sustain the Government. Every other consideration, however important, is secondary to it. The evils of slavery were known to the fathers, as they are known to us, yet they permitted them, in order that they might achieve the paramount and supreme good of a Government for this whole people. Let us not assume to be better or wiser than they were. These evils cannot be properly relieved by violence or the arbitrary use of power. They were not born in a day. They cannot be ended in a day. Providence will work out its own great results. This war is for the purification of the nation, but not by the overthrow of the Government, or a perversion of any of its fundamental principles. Events sublime, colossal, irresistible, are at work. If we listen, we can hear their mighty tread. We cannot hasten or aid their progress by the exercise of extraordinary powers. Our duty is to exercise faith, patience, in the support of the Government. Let us in this, and God will protect the right, and in his own way, and in his own good time, will purify us from the wrong.

I know of no way for the restoration of the Union, unless the pilots of the great ship of State shall be guided by the North Star of the Constitution. If this shall be observed—if we ever to the right hand or to the left, we shall find ourselves on a dark and tempestuous ocean, with no haven for safety. Our brave soldiers and seamen will have fought in vain, unless we have the right and history will record the humiliating truth, that because the sons would not perform the conditions imposed by the fathers, they lost forever for themselves and their posterity, the most precious inheritance ever bequeathed to a great and prosperous people.

Card Portraits.
It is only about twenty-four years since Daguerre made his wonderful discovery of sun-painting, by which we copy nature with such exact fidelity. We may remember with what mingled surprise and credulity the discovery was greeted. We recall our journey to Boston when we cheerfully paid our fee of fifty cents to see a dozen of what would now be called miserable specimens of faded daguerotypes, and these were copies of buildings, the art of taking faces not being then established.

What a wonderful change since that time! Could Daguerre now step into the Gallery of Mr. Perkins, he would be more astonished at the improvements in the art than was the world at the original discovery. Everybody now must have the three inch Photograph Card to put in the Album. Some persons are getting up a library of them, and nothing can be more attractive. In buying an Album for yourself or friend, be sure to get one that will hold the largest number of cards, no matter if it is not so elegant. You will soon fill it up.

Aroostook County, in Maine, has the reputation of being the Banner County of the North, in the matter of furnishing men to the Union army.

Rebel Barbarities.
We have been permitted to copy the following extracts from a private letter received in this town. It is dated "Bull Run Battle Field," March 30th, and was written by Mr. George P. Boyce. The letter contains some items of news which we would be pleased to give our readers, but as our worthy Postmaster would be justified in deciding them "contraband," we only select the following:

"We are now stopping in the same barracks the Rebels used last winter. They had four houses to a company, and each house contained a large fire-place, reminding one of the large kitchen fire-places to be found in our old-fashioned farm-houses. I went out this morning for a stroll, and found four dead bodies lying on the ground, with their clothes all on, just as they were shot down. I assure you things look bad out here. About a quarter of a mile from where we are stopping, we can see any quantity of bones of human beings lying loose on the ground.

Last night I went out to see what I could find, and the first thing I discovered was a piece of blue cloth sticking up through the ground. I took hold of it and pulled it up, when, to my surprise, I found it to be part of a pair of pants, containing a leg of one of the victims of Bull Run! The fact is, the Rebels, even when they made the attempt, did not half bury the dead, and the consequence is that such sights as the above named are of common occurrence."

Rebel and Loyal Letters.
Our friends have supplied us with a large number of letters from our volunteers in camp. Also very many letters captured from the rebels. There is a marked difference between the letters of the Southemans and our New England men, in orthography, chirography and composition, all vastly in favor of the latter. It is sad to notice the gross defects of these letters in spelling. It is almost universally so. This is seen in some which we have already published. We have seen but one rebel letter with any pretension to literary correctness, and that we have published. We also published a love letter to-day, signed Laura, who appears to have had a fair education, although her letter is very soft soap, and not to be recommended to Northern ladies as an example of that kind of epistolary writing.

As we have not room for a twentieth part of the letters we have received, we make a few running extracts.

Mr. J. Canary writes, from Conard's Mills, to his son in the North Carolina army near Newburn:—
"I was glad to hear from you but am sorrow in these days you cannot either get green nor potatoes. I have nothing of importance to write you I was up the sound last week and heard miss Ann Taylor was dead and I here to day that Henry Chance and H. Hancock die last Friday night at the fort. Cans wants to know if you want that enter skin yet and what you will give for it, miss Lucy Roberts says she has not forgot your lamb but let the children all send their respects to you."

The following extracts are from two letters on one sheet, addressed to E. P. Massey. The writers are J. L. Clodfelter and his wife Juliet, and they are addressed "Dear brother." Clodfelter writes:—
"Flower is 9,40 a bird I don't want you to join the state troops, for I want to see you again in this world I want to advise you but I want to see you before you gain them if there is anything you want to no of see that I no want write to me and I will let you no. We heard to-day that Newbern is taken in I hope it is not a lot of yankys in salubrious the are prisoners."

The next extract is from his wife's, Juliet C. Clodfelter's letter:—
"I want you to can home when your time is out I want you to give me a full history of your fair I want to know whether you are suffering for any thing or not aiding in going to school every day he is a nothing it is of in two shillibill he said he wished he could run so that he could rye to his minkel forty two mays is not about as he has been sick clerms is well she is not as a little girl she is running every where we get all we need but coffee there is no coffee to be had here."

The next extract is from Eli Wardworth to his son Peter. It is dated at Moore County, N. C.:—
"Hoping these few lines may find your health improving as I know your health has bin bad I expect if I live and nothing happens to go to see you as soon as I can get done sooting wheat I would a went be fore now but I expected you were a coming home. I have maid your slous I Just finish them last knight I maid them about 6 inches high I wish you had them now."

The following is from Demaris Nelson and is dated at Chatham, N. C. It contains the prediction that we of the North are to be "whipt all to pieces." After the usual and almost universal introduction, saying that the writer is well at present, and hoping his correspondent is "enjoying the same blessing," he says:—
"I have nased out impertinents to write at present I understand that four of the Chatham boys had gone to the yankies the next day to get skird if the yankies has whipt they will gain some the South will whipt them all to pieces there has been fifty loo Rebels fought sense the war comment and the north has gande 2 or 3 Some of the yankies on cane creek is vary nassy about thr. Being drafted if they will not get thr will be had times I am afraid I have heard from Miss Conards sense she moved and was all well the neighbors is all considerbel well."

The next is from a father addressed to his son, of whose death he had heard, and this letter gives expression to his joy on learning that the intelligence was false:—
"My Dear Son—yesterday's mail brought youre letter which I was greatly rejoys to see I was glad before but more so this time than ever for this knight was a week youre uncle George brot me the sad news that you were dead he heard that that day at union church I sent to the office that knight but there was nary letter there and when the last mails brot us such news of youre death I did not believe it I sent Bill to the son and Baker so noo accous to hear they would have William open the letter tho he got home about mid knight with the joyful news you were well.

N. B.—Cit wants to know if you got them apples she put in yore over ock pocket."

We have now a letter from Miss Penny and asks her correspondent to "whip out the yankies!"

"Dear Ser—I have taken the opportunity you a few lines to let you know I well at the present time and I hope you will be well your friend and your poe well at the present time tell unkle A all of his family is well tell Dr. McLoe all of his people is well I hope that you out the yankies and get home safe I at good luck you told me after that I that you would rite to me Dead or all would like to know how you would r if you would get kill but I hope that I ern confederacy will be establish and n a man."

The next letter is from "Arkansas gamara County," and is written by J. th B fullon to Mr. Nashville Simp. These extracts, together with letters to be found in this day's paper, as much as our readers can bear in week:—

"I have seen your compliments that to now we read it with gladness we re daylight yesterday I have got to let you I was happy to give them.

I got a letter from Mr Desara he Memphis a grate meny of our friends antared and gone unkel James fullon thar has lin a grate col for voluntars ti grate meny gone Nash be a good ch your gone and think of god and prar are far away but god knows how long be that I will ce you return and all my back to me in bi speris.

I will make but few remarks seeing is going to rite a few lines to you."

Murder and Suicide in Dan.
On Wednesday evening last, about six a Freuchman an ed Meyers, a Maching on Rev. Dr. Braman's church in I beat his wife to death and afterwards own throet. He had recently served on in the county house for abusing his fan she, fearing violence, had left his b taken another near the Middleton line with her daughter about 18 years o On Wednesday evening, the daughter v ed to Marlboro', and the mother, a expressing fears at staying alone, final eluded to do so and returned to her four sis. Soon after Meyers was seen about six on Thursday morning the murder v covered. When the officers approached Meyers at his own house he was seen window, but by the time they had end had succeeded in cutting his throat a diel. He was about 60 years old. (Hood held an inquest.

The Coroner's Jury (Coroner Hood) in inquest on the bodies of Clement and both Myers last evening returned the fo verdicts: That "Elizabeth Myers cam death from wounds inflicted on her pe her husband," Clement Myers, on the c of April 2, 1862; that "Clement Myers his death on the morning of April 3, fr effect of a wound on the right side of h mangle by some sharp instrument in the h himself." The following are the names jury:—

Jacob H. Palmer, Josiah Mudge, Joe ball, J. A. Bartlett, Francis E. Pope, (Page, Clerk.)

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—Hendfield Di No 2, held a public meeting on Thursday 5th, when the hall was crowded with an excited audience. The impressive Insta ceremony was performed by F. J. Almy, P., assisted by Geo. H. Davis, P. W. P., as D. G. C. After the officers were in several gentlemen delivered short address two or three dialogues and declamations presented, the whole being interspersed vocal music by a quartette choir. Among who took part in the exercises were Cy Hayward, Wm. Leonard, Wm. F. Annab and A. Berry, Wm. E. Carey, John A. Pitt and others, of Hendfield Division, and Winchester, of Phillips Division.

Hendfield Division is one of the oldest ir societies, and is now in a prosperous conc although many of its members are absent, ing for their country, either on the land sea. The Division has recently started a ry for the use of its members, and, not standing the collection of books is yet small, the project has met with much fao will be of great value to those having ac the hall.—Register.

HAMILTON.—A Railroad Incident.—A last train from the Eastern Railroad was on from Boston on Friday evening, when Wenham, the passengers were startled by shrill, sharp whistle and quick braking, which indicates danger; and looking out saw a "sleeper" laid across the rails, which brushed before the cow-catcher; a mile farther on they met a like obstruction wi damage. On about a half a mile farther engineer saw a man putting a tree upon track, which was removed upon coming and the man caught. He proved to be Wm. G. Lovering of Hamilton, about 65 old, an insane person. He was taken int cars, and at Ipswich handed over to proper cers to be taken care of.—Newburyport Her

SAD ACCIDENT AND DEATH.—A cident of a painful nature occurred in neighborhood of the Forest Mills, St Salem, on Thursday afternoon last. appears that three young lads had home in the afternoon and went into pastures on a gunning excursion. At 6 o'clock in the evening, on their toward home they made a stop near the side. In descending, one of the named Wm. G. Saltounstall Haley, a 17 years, son of Mr. Shillaber Hale, this city, accidentally struck his gun aga some object, causing a discharge. A piece was loaded and the charge of b shot entered the front part of the h passing upward into the head. The lingered through the night without ap rent consciousness, and expired yester forenoon about ten o'clock. That he unconscious of pain is obvious from singular fact that about midnight he s pressed his attendants by whistling in d sweet tones, the popular John Brown mody of "Glory Hallelujah."—Observer.

A Big Crowd.—According to Senator W son, we have 160,000 more men in the ar than we need. The whole number is put 750,000, or only 160,000 less than the fo said to have been sent into France in 1815 the Grand Alliance.

The Rhode Island election, which took pl on the 23d, ended in the choice of Gov. Sprag and the other State officers, without opposi

GLORIOUS NEWS. SURRENDER OF ISLAND NO. 10. THE MEN, GUNS AND TRANSPORTS ALL OURS. THE RAM MANASSAS CAPTURED.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE OFFICE, April 8. We are in receipt of soul-stirring news from Com. Foote's fleet. ISLAND NO. 10 IS OURS!

The details have not been received, but rebels are supposed to have escaped. Our forces have captured several transports and gunboats, and among them the AM MANASSAS.

[TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.] CHICAGO, April 8. The following dispatch was received from Cairo this forenoon:

CAIRO, April 8. The steamer Alps arrived this morning, bringing Second Master Lord of the gunboat Benton, with patches from Flag Officer Foote, announcing the surrender to him at mid-height of the entire position. The men, guns and transports at Island No. 10 are our hands. The number of prisoners not known, nor the amount of ordnance orcs.

THE CONTINENTAL FOR APRIL.—Our notice this new well established magazine was noted out last week but we hope our readers have seen and judged of its contents before this. It keeps up its interest well, the leading title on the war in Missouri being particularly able. Southern Aids to the North is very riking in its developments and also suggestive. There are also other very able papers, and the Editor's Table is spiced with variety d holds the reader to the choice vicinds in its of the feast first.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The leading illustrated article for April, is entitled Pambook; Fairy Tale of the Malays. It is followed by other illustrated paper on Caricature and caricaturists. The specimens of caricature are riy quaint and laughable. Then follows The Building of the Ship, from the laying the keel to the launch, the whole of which highly descriptive. The other literary and istic portions of the number are interesting d attractive.

From the Boston Traveller.

Cotton planting is to be extensively underen in Algeria. Thus American slavery is to be hard in the old home of Algerine slavery. Some of the secession papers in London, at e latest accounts, were looking for the over-coming of Gen. Grant's army by that of shop Polk, from Columbus!

The number of free colored people in the strict of Columbia is 11,000.

It is said that Gen. Jackson, who was beaten Winchester, declares that Yankee troops ve a very repulsive appearance.

The rebels must be getting hard up for men, they are forming regiments of school-boys—ese boys will probably fight well, but they ll not be able to stand the fatigues of the ic.

The Common Council of Nashville, by a vote 16 to 1, has refused to take the oath of alliance to the Federal Government.

The Southern soldiers who are prisoners in e Northwest die very rapidly.

Gen. Sickles has driven slave hunters out of camp, much to the gratification of the solrs, and also of outsiders.

Mr. Sumner made one of his best speeches in sport of the abolition of slavery in the Dis-ct of Columbia. He would ransom the ves, as Americans were ransomed from the gerines seventy years ago.

Gen. Beauregard calls for the Southern bells, at they may be cast into cannon. Let him e John Bell, to begin with.

Mr. Yancey says that the South has no friends Europe, and the North about as many.

Gen. Banks says that the plan of the cam-ign is due to Gen. McClellan. Gen. Burneays says the same. Such authorities leave n m for doubt on a most interesting subject.—n. Rosencrans gives to him credit for the tern Virginia successes of last summer.

NEW BOOKS T G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH'S—100 E G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH'S—100 A Popular Treatise on Deafness; its causes d prevention. By Dr Lightbill. A Book about Deafness, by J Cordy Jefferson 1st American Edition. Tales of the Day, for April. The Mississippi, from Alton to the Gulf of exico, as seen from the Hurricane deck—on trip three yards long—scale six miles to one ch—price 25 cts. Mother's Assistant, for April. The Cornhill Quarterly, for April—13 cts.

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS, warranted to be the best in the market—for 10 cts. G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH. MITATION PHOTOGRAPHS, of superior finish, and a very good imitation of the Phog-raph, only 10 cents each—for sale by G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH. FEW PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Still another lot of those nice medium manu-factured Albums—real Turkey Morocco Bind-ings—at a very low price, by G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH. HEAP PAPERS.—700 Rolls pretty styles / low priced Papers, just rec'd at S C & E A SIMONDS' 32 Lawrence Place, Sign of Tea Tray.

ANOTHER SOLDIER DEAD.—We regret to state that Mr. Samuel Herbert Brooks, son of the late Capt. Samuel Brooks, one of the wounded soldiers who returned from Newborn a little more than a fort-night ago, died at his mother's residence in this city yesterday. Mr. B. joined the Cadets some years ago, and was one of the young men of Salem who belonged to the Union Drill Club, Co. F, Captain Whipple, when this corps enlisted for the war in the 23d Regiment. He received a good education, completing his studies in the High School in 1851. Experiencing all the fortunes of the Regiment during its encampment in Lynnfield, its journey to and stay at Annapolis, its tempestuous passage to Hatteras in the Burnside Expedition and its arduous and gallant lot in the capture at Roanoke, he participated in the action at Newbern, where he was struck in the left arm by a canister shot, which entered the fleshy part of the arm and traversed the muscular tissue around the bone, leaving the arm near the spot where it entered and dropping in his sleeve. The wound of itself was not considered dangerous, but a typhoid fever set in, and had probably been upon him for several days when he reached home. Delirium, in which his military experiences predominated, soon supervened, leaving him but few lucid intervals until he sank under the fever about eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon. He was 28 years of age last month. His cheerful disposition and overflowing humor made him the life of the circles in which he moved, and he will be greatly missed by his military comrades, as well as by numerous relatives and friends at home.—The funeral took place yesterday forenoon.—Reg.

REWARD OF MERIT.—Queen Victoria lately sent a bounty of three pounds sterling to Mrs. Reeves of Walsingham, Eng-land, who has given birth to three chil-dren, two boys and a girl.

SORACS.—We can honestly and sincerely recommend the "soracs" paid by Mr. Chas. D. Tilton. We have nothing more to say about what we have had from him, but we hereby tender our warmest thanks for the next lot.

GEN. SHIELDS.—It is gratifying to learn that Gen. Shields, who led our forces to victory in the battle of Winchester, and was wounded in the arm, is recovering from his wound, and will soon be able to duty.

Why is a hog like a retrenchment-man? Because he is addicted to cutting down cele-rites.

REBIBES.—New Ribbons, Flowers, Ruches, &c., opened the past week at PEABODY'S—Some extra bargains.

WE would call attention to the opening to-day—by JAMES F. ALMY, of Ladies' Cloth Outside Garments for Spring, together with materials, trimmings, &c. He offers a great variety of novelties in cloth and style. His gar-ments are made in the most thorough manner—at his manufactory in this city—enabling him thereby to sell them at very low prices.

FLOWERS.—Our Spring stock of Flowers, Ruches and Ribbons, is being opened this week—a portion of it now ready for customers.—J. P. PEABODY, 220 Essex st.

VELLS—new patterns at PEABODY'S.

MARRIAGES. In this town, April 6, by Rev Mr Wheeler, Mr Gustavus Merrill to Miss Lavinia Galeucia, all of South Danvers. In Danvers, April 2d, by Rev J W Putnam, Mr J A Friend to Miss Lucy W Batchelder. In Beverly, April 2d, Mr Walter S Perry to Miss Sarah E Harris, both of Danvers. In East Boston, John Albert Caves, of Wen-ham, to Miss Helen C. Tyler, of So. Danvers.

DEATHS. In this town, April 7, Catherine G Shillaber, 66 yrs 7 mos. In Danvers, April 1, Mrs Mary O, wife of Geo Clark, and daughter of the late Cornelius Lar-com of Beverly, 33 years 4 mos. In Salem, April 11, Nancy M, wife of Daniel M Harris, 34, Miss Sarah Synoud, 89 yrs; Wm G Saltonstall, son of Shillaber and Mary Ann Haley, 17 yrs; 6th, Samuel H Brooks, 28 yrs; Sarah, widow of the late Amos Mes-ser, 73; 7th, George Crowell, 26. In Wenham, 27th ult, Addie, daughter of Henry P and Clarissa Alley, 23 mos.

MISCELLANEOUS. TO LET. On MOUNT VERNON St., A very convenient tenement of six rooms. Rent reasonable. Inquire of PHILIP BLANKY, South Danvers, April 9—14P.

Assignee's Notice. ESSEX, ss.—The fourth meeting of the cred-itors of AUGUSTUS W. FORNESS, Of South Danvers, trader, will be held at the Court of Insolvency in Salem, in the County of Essex, on the fourteenth day of April inst., at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. EDWARD FORNESS, Assignee. April 2—2t

Assignee's Notice. COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHU-SETTS, Essex, ss. Court of Insolvency. In the case of ENGLISH & FOSTER, of South Danvers, in said county, insolvent debtors. The third meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtors will be held at the Court of Insolvency in Salem, in said county of Essex, on the fourteenth day of April inst., at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. BENJ. C. PERKINS, Assignee. South Danvers, April 1, 1862.

Dissolution of Copartnership. THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing un-der the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL is this day dissolved by mutual consent. MOSES A. SHACKLEY, HENRY M. MERRILL, South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line of omnibus as heretofore, and will call strict attention to the wants of the public to merit and receive their patronage. The undersigned is authorized to collect all bills and to settle all accounts against the late firm, and all persons interested are requested to act accordingly. H. M. MERRILL, South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. ESSEX, ss. At the Superior Court begun on Monday day of April instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. BENJ. C. PERKINS, Assignee. South Danvers, April 1, 1862.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. ESSEX, ss. At the Superior Court begun on Monday day of April instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. BENJ. C. PERKINS, Assignee. South Danvers, April 1, 1862.

NEW GOODS. PRESBY & FEARING 161 Essex Street, Salem, Have received a large assortment of—

SPRING DRESS GOODS. Which they offer at a small advance from cost. Read the prices of a few of the many bargains now offered by us:

Striped Mohairs, at 10 and 12 1-2c Plain Mohairs, from 12 1-2 to 25c 50 pieces new Cheviots, from 17 to 20c 25 pieces new style De Laines, at 18c 10 pieces French Prints, extra fine 25c Best American and English Prints, at 12 1-2c Plain All-wool DeLaines, extra, at 25c Plaid, Stripe and Plain Dress Goods, a large assortment, from 12 1-2 to 37 1-2c Figured and Plain Debeiges, at 10c

Domestic Goods, &c. 4-4 Brown Cottons, at 10 c 4-4 Brown Cottons, at 11 and 12 1-2c Bleached Cottons at 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 1-2c Ticking and Stripe Shirting, at 12 1-2c Double and Single Twines, at 12 1-2c Toilet Quills, real Marseilles, at \$1 75 to 2 00 Fine Linen Bosoms, at 12 1-2c and 17c Fine Marseilles Bosoms, at 12 1-2c Crash, at 6 1-4 to 10c Drought Bleached Cottons, at 12 1-2c Drought Unbleached do 10c

Hdkfs, Gloves, &c. Gent's Hdkfs, imitation Silk, a bargain, 12 1-2 Ladies' Lisle Gloves, 12 1-2, 17 and 26c Best Kid Gloves, light colors, 60c White Flannels from 17 up Best Hoop Skirts made, 50, 75, 87 1-2c and \$1 Gingham, new styles, 12 1-2c French Gingham, 4-4, at 12 1-2c Lawns and Muslins, from 12 1-2 to 20c Red Mantles for Children, 75, 87 1-2, a \$1 00 Large Red Mantles (bargains) from \$1 25 to \$4 Bleached and Brown Table Covers, cheap, 12 1-2c Superior Check Square Shawls, all wool, \$3 50 Best Batting, per pound, 12 1-2c Ladies' Hemstitched Hdkfs, pure linen, 17c Ladies' Embroidered do from 20 to 25c Ladies' Linen do do 8 to 17c

ALL OUR FANCY SILKS To Be Closed at Great Bargains.

PRESBY & FEARING, No. 161 ESSEX ST., (MUSEUM BUILDING.) Salem, April 9, 1862.

Salem & Danvers Aqueduct Co. ALL persons using the water of the Salem and Danvers Aqueduct are hereby notified that the water rents, for the six months ending May 1, 1862, are now due, and that they are required to pay the same, at the office of the Company, No 2 Sewall street, on the 1st day of May next. Should the bills remain unpaid for thirty days, the water will be stopped, in conformity to the regulations of the Company. Office hours, from 9 to 1 o'clock, and from 2 to 5. W. M. JELLY, Collector. Salem, April 2, 1862.

1862. 1862. SPRING STYLES FOR GENTLEMEN'S HATS, ARE NOW READY AT OSBORNE'S.

To the honorable the Justices of the Superior Court now sitting in Salem within and for the county of Essex. The petition of John Gardner, Oliver Taylor, Levi Taylor, E. W. Chase, Solon Sargent, Henry G. Sargent, Mary B. Wilson, Hannah G. Underhill, all of Haverhill in said county of Essex, Betsey J. Sargent, Mary Ann Gage, both of Methuen in said county of Essex, Benjamin J. Gile, Susan C. Gile, both of Hooksett in the state of New Hampshire, L. J. O'good, of Lawrence in said county of Essex, Lorenzo Chase, Charles C. Chase, Samuel A. Chase, all of Lowell in the county of Middlesex, Leverett M. Chase, of Dorchester, in the county of Nor-folk, Sarah A. Parsons, of Wilmington in the state of Maine, Mary W. Bradley, Lizzie G. Chase, both of Plaistow in the state of New Hampshire, Charles C. Clement, of Portsmouth in the state of New Hampshire, and Melville W. Magoon, of Fairbairn in the state of Minne-sota, and Rachel Harriman, of Canterbury in the state of New Hampshire, respectfully represents, that said petitioners are interested in and hold in common with certain other per-sons whose names are unknown, a certain parcel of land, situate in South Danvers in said county of Essex, containing about seven and a quarter acres, bounded as follows, viz:—north-erly by Lowell street, easterly by Franklin street and land of George P. Tilton, southerly by land of Dustin's heirs, westerly by land of Emerson and King. The shares of said peti-tioners in said premises are as follows:—of John Gardner, Rachel Harriman, Oliver Tay-lor, one ninth each, of Levi Taylor, Solon Sar-gent, Henry G. Sargent, Hannah G. Underhill, Mary B. Wilson, one forty-fifth each, of Ben-jamin J. Sargent, Benjamin J. Gile, Mary Ann Gage, L. J. O'good, Susan C. Gile, one fifty-fourth each, of E. W. Chase, thirty five six hundred and forty eighths, of Lorenzo Chase, Charles C. Chase, Leverett M. Chase, Samuel A. Chase, Sarah A. Parsons, Mary W. Brad-ley, Lizzie G. Chase, thirty three hundred and forty eighths each, of Charles C. Clement and Melville W. Magoon, eight six hundred and forty eighths each; they being seized in fee of their respective shares. And the said petitioners are desirous that their said shares be held separate and divided from the shares of the other owners. Wherefore your petitioners pray, that parti-tion thereof be made and their aforesaid shares be set off and divided from the shares of the other owners by metes and bounds. Dated at South Danvers this twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1862. For the petitioners, BENJ. C. PERKINS, Attorney.

1862. 1862. SPRING STYLES FOR GENTLEMEN'S HATS, ARE NOW READY AT OSBORNE'S.

TO BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON & FORTRESS. Excursion Tickets from Boston to Baltimore and Return, only \$14 00 From Providence, 13 00

Tickets good to leave Boston by either of the Railroad and Steamboat Lines. The Old Colony and Fall River, and steamers Empire State and Bay State; the Providence and Stonington, and steamers Commonwealth and Plymouth Rock; the Worcester and Norwich, and steamers City of Boston and City of New York; thence by the New Jersey Central Rail-road and the Northern Central Railroad to Bal-timore every day (Sundays excepted). Tickets good to April 30, inclusive, to leave Boston, and good to return either day to May 31, inclusive. Tickets for sale in Boston at No. 82 Wash-ington street, next door to Adams' Express of-ice; at No. 76 Washington street; at No. 70 Washington street; at the Depots of the several Railroads, and at the Adams House.—Tickets from New York \$8, for sale as above, and not in New York.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal st. PERHAM'S FIFTE GRAND EXCURSION To Baltimore, Washington & Fortress. Excursion Tickets from Boston to Baltimore and Return, only \$14 00 From Providence, 13 00

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John P. Peabody. 220 ESSEX STREET, SALEM Machine Cottons.

W B have opened a full line of Orr's and Massachusetts Machine Cottons, which we shall sell at the old price, 4 cts per Spool.

Also Machine Twist, Machine "Three", Clark's Cottons, Taylor's Cottons, Cottons all 4 cts; Knitting Cottons; Tidy Cottons; Grovel Cottons, Working Cottons; Hank Cottons; Embour Cottons

We have bought a full lot of Orr's stock of Wrought Hdkfs, Hdkfs, B and A, Plummings, &c., &c, which we are selling at less than half the regular price.

Regular 75 cts. Wrought Hdkf. for 30 cts. Regular 1 25 do 40 do Regular 40 Wrought Hdkf. 25 do Regular 75 Wrought Hdkf. 35 do Regular 1 00 do 50 do

We have the whole Backrupt stock, and it MUST BE SOLD! The new Raffle Trimming for 10 cts per yard.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM. JOHN P. PEABODY.

REED'S SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 10 12 a. m. Express leaves Boston at 3 12 p. m. Freight 5 p. m.

OFFICE.—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers Square. Order Box W. M. Jacobs' store, Main street.

EXPRESS OFFICE, in Boston, 5 Congress Square; Freight Office, 1 Fulton St. Also an Order Box at 68 Pearl street. Particular attention paid to removing Fur-niture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS. Packages received and sent forward daily for Balti-more, Fortnes Monroe, Annapolis, Washington, Annapolis, and any other point where the different reg-iments are stationed. S. F. REED, South Danvers, March 19—17

NEW SPRING PRINTS, NEAT patterns; Kamia Crash; ANN R. BRAY'S, 76 Federal st. Sheriff's Sale.

ESSEX ss. March 4, 1862. Taken on exe-cution, and will be sold at public auction on Monday, the seventh day of April next, at one o'clock, &c., on the premises, the right in equity that WILLIAM CROUGHWELL, late of South Danvers, in said county, has to re-dem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:

A certain lot of land situate in South Dan-vers, bounded westerly by a way leading northerly from Walnut street, northerly by land of Gilbert, easterly by land of Larken, and southerly by land of Scholard, with the dwelling house formerly occupied by said Croughwell thereon.

JOSEPH UPTON, Deputy Sheriff. South Danvers, March 12, 1862.

On Exhibition and for Sale. ONE six octave MELODEON, made by Austin & Son. Concord—round corners, rosewood case, finely finished;—for quality and rich-ness of tone cannot be surpassed. The above is a capital instrument for a vestry, or school room, or any other purpose where a good Me-lodeon is wanted.

We have also received this week, smaller sizes—five octave and four half octave—equal-ly as good, which we shall rent for a fair com-pensation. ANN R. BRAY, Salem, March 12. No. 76 Federal st.

PERHAM'S FIFTE GRAND EXCURSION To Baltimore, Washington & Fortress. Excursion Tickets from Boston to Baltimore and Return, only \$14 00 From Providence, 13 00

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George S. Walker. FOR SPRING WEAR! GENTLEMEN'S UNDER SHIRTS.

DRAWERS, HOSIERY, GLOVES. The largest assortment to be found in the city, bought for Cash before the advance, and will be sold at Low Prices, by GEO. S. WALKER, Dealer in Men's Furnishing Goods and Toilet Articles, 228 Essex street, Stearns' Block.

At Old Prices! SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS! MADE to order from the best materials, and Sewed by Hand, at Old Prices. Also, Shirts in stock, at former prices. GEO. S. WALKER, Gent's Furnishing Store, 228 Essex street, Stearns' Block.

James F. Almy. SPRING AND SUMMER—1862.

WE SHALL OPEN ON Saturday, April 5, 1862, A splendid variety of OUTSIDE GARMENTS FOR LADIES' WEAR.

We shall open also a Complete Stock of Ma-terials for LADIES' OUTSIDE GARMENTS. WITH TRIMMINGS TO MATCH. GARMENTS OF ALL KINDS. For Ladies, Misses and Children, Made to order from measure.

Patterns of all kinds now ready. JAMES F. ALMY, No. 188 Essex St., op. Central St., Salem. April 9

T. W. Downing & Co. ANNUAL REDUCTION OF STOCK! THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO. Offer their Stock of DRESS GOODS, CLOAKS, &c., For a Short Time, at VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH! Salem, January 15, 1862.

OLD FRIENDS IN THE RIGHT PLACE. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills.

THE BEST FAMILY CA-LUMARTY in the world, used twenty years by five millions of persons annual-ly, always gives satisfaction; contains nothing injurious; patronized by the principal physicians and surgeons in the Union; elegantly calu-martied with sugar.

Large boxes 50 cents; five boxes for one dollar. Full directions with each box. To all Agents, Druggists, &c., Florida, July 17, 1860. To Dr. HERRICK, Albany N. Y.—My Dear Doctor: I write this to inform you of the wonderful effect of your pills on my daughter. For three years she has been afflicted with a bilious derange-ment of the system, sadly impairing her health, which has been steadily failing during the last year. When in New York in April last, a friend advised me to test your pills. Having the fullest confidence in the judg-ment of my friend, I obtained a supply of your pills, and returned home, and we ceased all other treatment, and continued your pills, one each night. The im-provement in her feelings, complexion, digestion, etc., surprised us all. A rapid and permanent restoration to health has been the result. We need less than five boxes, and consider her entirely well. I consider the above a just tribute to you as a Physician, and trust it will be the means of inducing many to adopt your pills as their family medicine. I remain, dear Sir, with many thanks, A. S. MORRISON.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plasters. Cures, in five hours, pains and weakness of the breast-side and back, and rheumatic complaints in an equal-ly short period of time. Sprayed on beautiful white handkerchiefs, and is a warmer to the in-convenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 12 cts. each. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills and Kid Plasters are sold by Druggists and Merchants in all parts of the United States, Canada, and South America, and may be obtained by calling for them by their full name. DR. L. R. HERRICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

Sold in South Danvers, by T. A. SWEETSER, GEO. R. MEACUM and D. P. GROSVENOR, JR., and by Dealers everywhere this paper circulates. dec'd—ly

NEW ROUTE TO LYNN & BOSTON BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR.

E. F. BURNHAM'S Line of Omnibuses will leave the Stage Of-ice, corner of Main and Foster streets, passing down Main street through Washington street to Lynn, daily, (SUNDAYS INCLUDED, except the noon trips), and Leave South Danvers at 8 A. M., and 4 P. M. Leave Lynn at 10 1-2 A. M., and 2 1-2 and 5 1-2 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Scollay's Building, Cor-nar, Boston, at 9 15 A. M., 1 15 and 4 15 P. M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn at the above named, to take passengers to So Danvers. Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers.

Tickets to Lynn, - - 15 cents. Through to Boston, - - 30 cents. Passengers called for at 5 cents extra, if notice is given at the Office.

George Peabody's Munificence.
The late arrivals from England bring accounts of a charitable gift from our fellow townsman to the city of London, of the magnificent sum of \$750,000. We publish below Mr. Peabody's excellent letter, which clearly states the object to which the more of the fund is to be applied, and the motive which prompted the gift. While we are almost startled at the amount of the donation, which the English papers say is unprecedented, we are led the more to admire the grace and timeliness with which it is bestowed. Its limitations are few and of the most judicious character. It is committed to a Board of eminent personages who can fully appreciate the noble design of the donor, and while it is calculated to promote those kindly international feelings which have always animated the acts of Mr. Peabody, he has Americanized the gift, so to speak, by making the American Minister for the time being, one of the responsible almoners of the charity. As between England and this country, Mr. Peabody is well entitled to the benedictions and rewards of the Patriarchs:
LONDON, March 12, 1862.

GENTLEMEN:—In reference to the intention which it is the object of this letter to communicate, I am desirous to explain that from a comparatively early period of my commercial life I had resolved in my own mind that, should my labors be blessed with success, I would devote a portion of the property thus acquired to promote the intellectual, moral and physical welfare and comfort of my fellow-men, wherever, from circumstances of location, their claims upon me would be the strongest.

A kind Providence has continued me in prosperity, and consequently, in furtherance of my resolution, I, in the year 1852, founded an institute and library for the benefit of the people of the place of my birth, in the town of Danvers, in the State of Massachusetts, the result of which has proved, in every respect, most beneficial to the locality and gratifying to myself.

After an absence of twenty years I visited my native land in 1857, and founded in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, (where more than twenty years of my business life had been passed,) an institute upon a much more extended scale, devoted to science and the arts, with a free library, coinciding with the character of the institution. The corner stone was laid in 1858, and the building is now completed, but its dedication has been postponed in consequence of the unhappy sectional differences at present prevailing in the United States.

It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a stranger or in a strange land, for in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period I have constantly received courtesy, kindness and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, encouraged by early associations, and stimulated by my views as well of duty as of inclination to follow the path which I had heretofore marked out for my guidance, I have been prompted for several years past repeatedly to state to some of my confidential friends my intention at no distant period, if my life was spared, to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London. Among those friends are three of the number to whom I have now the honor to address this letter. To my particular friend C. M. Lampson, Esq., I first mentioned the subject five years ago. My next conversations in relation to it were held about three years since with my esteemed friend Sir James Emerson Tennent, and with my partner, J. S. Morgan, Esq. I also availed myself of opportunities to consult the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and with all those gentlemen I have since freely conversed upon the subject in a way to confirm the original intention.

My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, and to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer to you the sum of \$150,000, which now stands available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. Geo. Peabody & Co., as you will see by the accompanying correspondence.

In committing to you in full confidence in your judgment the administration of this fund, I cannot but feel grateful to you for the onerous duties you have so cheerfully undertaken to perform, and I sincerely hope and trust that the benevolent feelings that have prompted a devotion of so much of your valuable time will be appreciated not only by the present but future generations of the people of London.

I have but few instructions to give or conditions to impose, but there are some fundamental principles from which it is my solemn injunction that those entrusted with its application shall never, under any circumstances, depart.

First and foremost among them is the limitation of its uses absolutely and exclusively to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor who, either by birth or established

residence, form a recognized portion of the population of London.

Secondly, it is my intention that now and for all time there shall be a rigid exclusion from the management of this fund of any influence calculated to impart to it a character either sectarian as regards religion or exclusive in relation to local or party politics.

Thirdly, in conformity with the foregoing conditions, it is my wish and intention that the sole qualifications for a participation in the benefits of this fund shall be an ascertained and continued condition of life such as brings the individual within the description (in the ordinary sense of the word) of 'the poor' of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society. It must, therefore, be held to be a violation of my intentions if any duly qualified and deserving claimant were to be excluded either on the grounds of religious belief or of political bias.

Without, in the remotest degree, desiring to limit your discretion in the selection of the most suitable means of giving effect to these objects, I may be permitted to throw out for your consideration, among the other projects which will necessarily occupy your attention, whether it may not be found conducive to the conditions specified above for their ultimate realization, at least likely to present difficulties on the grounds I have pointed out for avoidance, to apply the fund, or a portion of it, in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine in the utmost possible degree the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment and economy.

Preparatory to due provision being made for the formal declaration of the trust and for its future management and appropriation, the sum of £150,000 will be at once transferred into your names and placed at your disposal, for which purpose I reserve to myself full power and authority; but as a portion of the money may probably not be required for some time to come to meet the legitimate purposes contemplated, I would suggest that as early as possible after the organization of the trust, £100,000 be invested for the time being, in your names, in Consols or East India Stock, thus adding to the capital by means of the accruing interest; and the stock so purchased can be gradually sold out as the money is wanted for the objects designated. Meantime, pending the preparation of a formal trust deed, you shall be under no responsibility whatever in respect of the fund, or its investment or disposition.

With these preliminary stipulations I commit the fund to your management, and to that of such other persons as by a majority of your voices you may elect, giving you the power either to add to your number (which I think should not at any time exceed nine) or to supply casual vacancies occurring in your body. It is my further desire that the United States Minister in London for the time being should always, in virtue of the office, be a member of the trust, unless in the event of his signifying his inability to act in discharge of the duties.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, yours very faithfully,

GEORGE PEABODY.

To His Excellency Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister in London; Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M. P.; Sir James Emerson Tennent, K. C. S., L. L. C., &c., London; C. M. Lampson, Esq., London; J. S. Morgan, Esq., London.

SEACART DEFENSES OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Gen. Totten has at last, after personal solicitation by Mr. Alley, furnished an opinion, with estimates, on the fortification requisite for the defense of the seacoast of Massachusetts, with the armament needed therefor. With those already commenced the public are familiar.

The fortifications projected, not yet in process of construction, are those at Provincetown, the estimated cost of which is \$600,000; at Salem, estimated at \$350,000; at Marblehead, estimated at \$600,000; and at Egg Island Shoal (in addition to Clark's point, New Bedford, estimated at \$500,000. Gen. Totten recommends that the State advance \$100,000 for the commencement of each one of these. No project for permanent defenses for Gloucester has yet been prepared.

The General recommends the immediate preparation of the armament designed for all the fortifications, viz:


For the fortifications already complete or in progress of construction, and of which a portion have been furnished: Fort Warren, 320 guns; Fort Independence, 132; Governor's Island, 112; old fort at New Bedford, 11; fort on Clark's Point, 53; old Fort Pickering, Salem, 11; Fort Lee, Salem, 6; old Fort Sewall, Marblehead, 21. The totals of these show 12 fifteen-inch guns, 242 ten-inch; 151 eight-inch, 51 eight-inch howitzers, 120 thirty-two pounders, 5 twenty-four pounders, 51 twenty-four pounder howitzers, 36 mortars and field pieces. Grand total 609 guns.

For the permanent works whose construction should be commenced at once: Provincetown harbor, 161 guns; Fort on Egg Island Shoal, 37; New Fort Pickering, Salem, 14; Fort at Jack's point, Marblehead, 81—total 299 guns. Of these, 5 are to be fifteen-inch, 101 ten-inch, and 100 eight-inch.

For the permanent forts whose construction should be commenced hereafter: Gloucester, 100 guns; Nauset-head, Salem, 40 guns; New Fort Sewall, Marblehead, 65 guns—total 195 guns.

MAPLE SUGAR.—That broad cake of maple sugar was just the thing for the Wizard Office. We happen to have a sweet tooth and it was fully gratified. When we are rich enough we intend to have a maple orchard.

The Wizard.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1862.



One Year Ago.

A year ago witnessed the uprising of a great people, whose flag and nationality had a few days before been insulted by the first gun discharged against Fort Sumpter. That was a gloomy hour, but it aroused the heart of the nation. At the call of the President, 75,000 of our brave volunteers promptly rallied for the honor of the flag and the defense of the Capital.

One year ago to-day, our Massachusetts Sixth were on their march to Washington, "through Baltimore" where, on the 19th, their blood flowed on the pavements of that monumental but disloyal city. Their march roused the military zeal of the North and troops hastened on to the Capital. Men looked over the precipice down deep into the gulf of anarchy and trembled for the country. All before us was dark, as all behind us was strange. People could hardly believe what they saw, but stood still in deathlike stupor.

To-day we stand immeasurably beyond our position a year ago. We have had time to look the Rebellion full in the face and measure its magnitude. We have raised and disciplined an army whose numbers and equipment a year ago we would have thought altogether fabulous. That army is now marching on with varied success, but still it is fast treading out this causeless rebellion.

To-day we witness the fact that more than three hundred of our own citizens, our brothers, fathers, sons and other kindred, are away from their homes on different fields, in defense of the life of the nation. At Roanoke, Port Royal, Ship Island, Newbern, Winchester, Baltimore and Yorktown, they sleep under canvas, live on soldier's fare and perform a soldier's duty in obedience to the call of their country. At this trying hour their friends at home are anxiously looking daily and hourly for intelligence of their welfare. May God preserve them and our beloved country in all its length and breadth.

Battle of Pittsburg Landing.
The accounts that come to us of this battle are contradictory, but there can be no doubt that the victory is on our side. We met with reverses the first day, upon which the rebels made loud rejoicings, but on the second, with the aid of Buell's army, we recovered all our lost ground, took back our camps and cannon and took forty guns of the enemy, including their celebrated Washington Artillery Battery. They are now shut up in Corinth to which place they retreated.

They lost their commanding General Johnston, who was shot down the first day, and Beauregard is reported wounded. The enemy must be in a bad condition with the loss of so much of their artillery. They took about 2000 of our men prisoners, which their accounts magnify to 6000.

JUVENILE DEPRIVITY.—It has been for some time the practice of some vagrant lads in this place to pilfer anything they could lay their hands upon, and sell the articles for spending money. One of these was arrested last week and brought before Justice Perkins, who sentenced him to the House of Correction.

We notice by the Newburyport Herald that three lads of that city were arrested last week for the same offense, and sentenced to the Reform School. We trust these examples will serve to prevent the idleness and truancy in others, which have brought these lads to a position so mortifying to their friends and disgraceful to themselves.

A CONTRABAND IN SOUTH DANVERS.
On Friday evening of last week, Mr. William Davis, a contraband from Fortress Monroe, addressed the people of this town in the South vestry. There was a large attendance and his narrative was very interesting, and apparently reliable. He is said to be intelligent, a good natural speaker, and that he confirmed by his testimony, the statements we have so often heard of the degrading nature of slavery. He held the position of overseer, a proof of the confidence of his owner.

THE JOINTS.—Newspaper readers will do well to bear in mind that the rebel General Albert Sydney Johnston, who was captured at the battle near Pittsburg Landing, is not Gen. Joseph E. Johnston who was with Beauregard at Bull Run. The latter is an able officer and has command of the rebel forces now in Virginia.

STATE TAX.—The State Tax bill before the Legislature provides for raising from towns and cities a little less than two millions of dollars. Essex County raises \$180,270. South Danvers is to contribute \$7,370, being the seventh of the thirty-four cities and towns of the County. Danvers is to raise \$5,382.

Folly of the Rebels.
How foolish to the rebels themselves must now seem their causeless outbreak of treason. How bitterly must these officers of the army and navy, who have been educated and trained by the general government and then deserted their flag, regret their delusion. Deceived by others or deceiving themselves, they have fancied that, by the help of other powers, they were to establish a new nation on this continent. Blinded themselves, they have followed blind leaders, who made false appeals to their local pride under the plea of patriotism. Without any just cause they chose to strike the first blow in rebellion. The chief conspirators are so deep in the treason that they know there is no chance for them. They must abscond from the country which would cast them out. They know so well the deep damnation of their crimes that they are sure no limitation can atone for their offenses. With failing fortunes, their country desolated by war, their favorite local institution crumbling away under their feet, they foolishly struggle on, knowing all the time that they are the victims of their plotting leaders. Was ever such folly?

Thanksgiving Sermon.
Last Sunday was the Thanksgiving Day appointed by the President on account of our recent victories over the rebel forces. Rev. Mr. Calhoun, of Marblehead, preached a discourse at Rev. Mr. Wheeler's church, appropriate to the occasion, on the subject of the American Idea. He said that every nation was individualized by some grand idea with which it was identified and known. The idea of Greece was liberty; of Rome, Law. The great distinguishing idea of America is MAX. This idea sends the Pilgrims to Plymouth, and wrote Independence on our banner. Its action gives, or will give, Education, universal and national, equal social intercourse, a pure elective franchise, and stability to the business of the country. It gives a theme to the poet, the scholar, the preacher and the writer. It raises the man and the woman in morals and manners to the true type of the Christian lady and gentleman.

We have the opposite of this Idea in the dark stain of human slavery. It seeks to put down this American Idea. We are called upon on this day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God, to render thanks to Him for his guidance and help in all our successes. Let faithful prayer and devout Thanksgiving create an electric atmosphere of liberty, which shall encompass the world.

PRAYER HIGH SCHOOL.—This school opens this year under quite favorable auspices. A very promising class of thirty-five scholars has entered, which will make the whole number of pupils more than fifty. In this class there happens to be a good number acquainted with the rudiments of music, so that this accomplishment will have its fair share of attention.

Of the seventy-two scholars from the Grammar Schools who applied for admission this year, half were admitted on a higher standard of requirement than ever before. If the average standard of former years had been adhered to, at least twenty or twenty-five more would have been admitted. It was a source of much regret with the Committee that so many good and promising scholars were kept out, but the whole number would be too large without an assistant. The number already admitted will task the powers of the Principal to give them all a proper share of attention.

PRINCIPAL DONATION OF MR. PEABODY TO THE POOR OF LONDON.—The fact has been before briefly alluded to by telegraph that the well known American banker in London, Mr. Peabody (a son of Massachusetts) had made a donation of three quarters of a million of dollars for the benefit of the poor of London. The Liverpool Post, in an article upon the noble gift, speaks of it as an "act of munificence such as the world has never before seen." One condition of the donation is thus alluded to: "It is a worthy feature of this great design that the only condition by which it is fettered is, that under no circumstances shall its beneficence be hampered, either now or hereafter, by religious or sectional distinctions of any sort. The poor of London—be they only well conducted—will all be freely and without reservation their perpetual beneficiaries. Such charity as this will live forever in the memory of England."

And though, with excellent taste, Mr. Peabody says nothing of the kind, surely it should serve to cover a multitude of small offences between us and our Transatlantic fellow Saxons, that this American merchant, living and thriving amongst us, has nothing but good words and actions for us after knowing us familiarly for a quarter of a century, while our opinion of him is so high and well justified by experience, that if any thing could lessen our wonder at this munificence—unparalleled as it is in amount, and exquisite as is the spirit in which it has been conceived and proffered—it would be that the author of it is George Peabody. —Newburyport Herald.

GLN. PRICE AND CUL. DODGE.—The correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says that Col. Dodge's Brigade contended, on the morning of the 7th, directly with Buell's and Clark's Divisions, both immediately under the direction of General Sterling Price.

After Col. Dodge changed his line, one of his men who had been taken prisoner by the rebels was brought up before Price, who enquired of him who the man in the black coat was, that commanded the federal forces against him. When told, the General said: "Give my compliments to him, and say to him that he has given me the best fight I ever witnessed!"

As it is almost universally admitted that Price—notwithstanding his loose habits—is the best fighting General in the Confederate Army, the compliment he bestowed upon Col. Dodge is of more than ordinary significance. In fact, it is a compliment of the very first magnitude. Three times three for Col. Dodge, and the Iowa 4th, and the Iowa boys generally—for they never fail to win glory, wherever they get a chance at the enemies of the Union.

WYZZAMAN MARSHALL, ESQ., well known to all theatre-goers, opened the Howard Athenaeum, in Boston, on Monday night last, with the "Peep of Day, or Savourneen Deelish," a sensation drama that is bound to have a great run. He has an excellent stock company.

FIVE CENT MONTHLY.—We have received from the publishers, E. H. Bullard & Co., a copy of this magazine for March. It contains much choice reading, and is the cheapest monthly published. It is deserving of a large circulation.

Confederacy.
The shades of night were falling fast, As through the Richmond streets there passed A man who trudged through mud and rain, Yelling with all his might and main—
Confed'ry! Confed'ry!

His eyes were dull, his looks were sad, ("Twas plain to see the man was mad, But still he raved so harsh and hard, As startled Price and Beauregard—
Confed'ry! Confed'ry!")

In mixture strange of things and men, He raved of Pope and NEUMANN TEX, Of DORRISON and ROSSBORN, And cried aloud to Bishop Polk—
Confed'ry! Confed'ry!

The maniac ceased, his voice was still— That voice before so loud and shrill; There in the mud and wet he lay, His mouth was fixed, yet seemed to say—
Confed'ry! Confed'ry!

"Alas for Jeff!" an old man said, As down he gazed upon the dead, "For this shall be the traitor's doom, And this be writ upon his tomb—
Confed'ry! Confed'ry!"

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.—The bill for new Districting the Commonwealth was a good one, giving nearly all of Essex County for one District. This will restore South Danvers to her old association with Salem and other portions of the county, from which she was separated by the present law.

This bill has encountered the Veto of the Governor, on the ground that it requires the Representative to reside in the District represented. All the past practice under the Constitution has been to choose residents of Districts to represent such Districts. The argument in favor of the non-resident plan, is, that the best talent of the State will be brought into Congress. Boston contains many able and distinguished men, whose services the country Districts could obtain. Perhaps the Essex District can do the same good service for Boston.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia, which contains the National Capitol, is a step in the right direction. The act is in direct conformity with the Constitution. We would commend no measure to effect the removal of slavery, much as we desire it, which would be a violation of the spirit of that instrument. Within its limits, we would do all the national power can do to rid of slavery. Freedom is now national, and the nation gives no aid or encouragement to slavery. The peculiar institution is now "peculiar" to the individual State which chooses to harbor it. Its power is clean gone forever, and it may be left to die its natural death. If the Slave States choose to get rid of it more summarily, the General Government will lend them its powerful aid.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.—We regret to learn that Rev. Mr. Furber, who has officiated at the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town, the past year, has been appointed by the above named body to another field of labor. Mr. Furber was greatly respected by all who made his acquaintance, and the good wishes of all our people will accompany him and his family wherever their lot may be cast.

We notice that Rev. O. B. Butler is re-appointed to the church in Newburyport to which he has been attached the past year.

The Newburyport Herald states that Rev. Mosely Dwight is assigned to the church in this place made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Furber.

THE EDITOR.—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he glosses over, smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mallet. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he upbraid a public man, he does it to gratify spite—his is a tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

ICE.—We are highly pleased to hear that Mr. Daniel S. Roberts of this town has become the successor to Mr. Haskell in the Ice trade, especially for supply in our town. He has been on the route for many years, and knows the wants of all. He is always sure, prompt, and leaves all he bargains for, and more too. He is up early in the morning, and thinks of his customers when he sees a hot day ahead. We take great pleasure in commending him to the cool consideration of our friends during the coming hot summer. He will be sure to satisfy all who may patronize him.

COLLECTION FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—At the several churches in this town, last Sunday, agreeably to the request of the Soldier's Aid Society, a collection was taken up amounting to the respectable sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. The amounts at the several churches were as follows:—

Old South	\$68.28
Unitarian	37.10
Universalist	24.00
Baptist	13.55
Methodist	7.07
Total	\$150.00

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.—Our neighbor Mr. B. F. STEVENS comes out with a splendid show of Spring goods, and his little store sparkles with Cutlery, Silver Ware, Jewelry, Watches and Mantel Clocks. He has some splendid articles of the latter which would be ornament to the saloons of a palace, and at exceedingly low prices. The best way to know of his goods is to drop in and take a look at them.

THE PATRIOT'S OFFERING.—This is a new book of over a hundred pages, giving sketches of Ellsworth, Lyon and Baker, who so nobly fell in the cause of the Union. It is published by Baker & Godwin, New York.

THE SPRING TERM OF THE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT commenced yesterday, in Salem. The jurors from this town are Miles O. Stanley and Warren Wilson; from Danvers, Wm. Francis.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. John W. Porter, of Danvers, has been appointed, by the Governor and Council, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Essex.

Letter from Lynnfield.
LYNNFIELD, April 15th, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—It is now some months since I have written to you, and thinking that a few lines relating to matters and things in this vicinity might be acceptable, I resume my pen for that purpose; and although there is not the foundation for an article such as there was last summer, when the Encampment was here, I will endeavor to give you an account of some things which may be interesting.

The Hotel is closed at present, and there is a probability that it may remain so for the season. This house has been built about 58 years, and was once a favorite resort, but has seen its palmier days. In the 53 years since it was erected, it has probably had as many proprietors—some of whom, it is said, have been successful, while others have failed to make the income equal to the expenses. At one time it was proposed to make a Water Cure establishment of the place, and I cannot see why it would not be well calculated for such, as the Lake would supply plenty of that important fluid; but whether its medicinal qualities would equal its cleansing qualities, I much doubt. It has also been proposed to make a rail around the Lake, which would make a splendid drive in summer—the distance being about three miles, and the scenery beautiful and romantic.

The principal business in this town is farming. There are also a great many shoemakers, and a few carpenters, &c. The town also has two churches (Congregational)—one in the South part and one in the Centre. The first named society is small, there being only about fourteen members. The Centre Society is much older and larger.

A store has recently been opened here, by a South Danvers man, and although there is considerable opposition to his trade, I trust he may ultimately succeed. The store formerly kept by Capt. Fuller is closed. Capt. F. is now at sea, probably, in the enjoyment of his favorite element. He has now followed the sea about thirty years.

I shall be compelled to make this letter short, but it is my intention, with your kind permission, to come again soon, when I propose to give you an account of the places of interest in and about Lynnfield—of which there are not a few—celebrated for their beautiful and picturesque scenery.

LYNNFIELD.

JUVENILE DEPRIVITY.—On Tuesday forenoon, one Thomas Mitchell, a boy belonging to this city, and well known to the police here as a bad boy, was on a peddling tour in South Danvers, and while in the house of George Stevens stole a watch and chain. Upon being interrogated by Mr. Stevens he denied having the watch, refused a search of his pocket, and made a hasty exit from the house; which led to a pursuit of the rogue and his subsequent arrest in a secluded part of Harmony Grove. He was taken before Trial Justice Benj. C. Perkins, Esq., of South Danvers, and by him sent to the House of Correction for three months.

Still Another.—During the temporary absence of the family of Needham C. Millet from home on Tuesday evening, the house was entered by George Trusk, a boy about ten years of age, who stole a gold watch and chain of the value of forty dollars. The property was found the next morning in the lad's possession, who admitted the theft. This boy has for weeks been employed in begging from house to house, and the property was taken from one of his most liberal friends. He was yesterday brought before Judge Clonzie, who ordered him to be committed to the State Reform School at Westboro. —Gazette.

We are very unwilling to believe that the barbarous treatment of the bodies of some of our fallen soldiers is approved by the Southrons generally. Like all hot-tempered persons, the Southrons are capable of doing cruel things when in a rage, but we should say that when "cooled off," they are not worse than other men. In all wars we hear of shocking deeds perpetrated by a few persons, such as are to be found in most armies. The English used to say that Henry Clay had a razor-strop made of the skin of Tecumseh, and perhaps the tales of Southern maltreatment of our dead heroes are not much better founded than those which represented the great Kentuckian as getting an edge for his shaving tools on the skin of the greatest of Indians. At the worst, it must be the work of a few abandoned ruffians.—Traveller.

WE should like to see an inventory of the arms, etc., captured from the rebels in the last six weeks. "Stacked up" in an agglomeration whole, they would make an imposing appearance. We must have taken at least fifty thousand stand of small arms, three or four hundred pieces of artillery, thirty or forty thousand tents, several thousand horses, wagons, etc. thirty or forty steamers of various sizes, (many of them loaded with stores, ammunition, etc.) some hundreds of tons of "Groceries and Provisions," with a world of stuff too numerous to mention, since the 1st of January.

A RARE CHANCE.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that Amos Merrill, being about to relinquish his present business, has determined to sell his Goods at cost. As his stock of goods on hand is large and extensive, our readers cannot do better than to give him a call.

PAPER HANGING.—H. P. Ives, corner of Essex and Washington streets, has reinforced his stock of Room Papers by large accessions of the newest French, English and American styles. Borders, Window Curtains and Fire-board Prints can always be found at that depot of Paper Hangings. See his advertisement.

BUY GOODS.—Our readers are referred to the advertisement of F. W. L. Hinton, who is selling, at great bargains, his stock of goods which were injured by the late fire in Salem.

ONE of the best pictures we have ever seen in any illustrated paper was that in the last Harper's Weekly, entitled "The Uprising of the North." Harper's is unquestionably the best of that excellent class of papers.

MR. ABRAHAM BAILEY of Attleboro', on Wednesday last, slaughtered a hog that weighed when dressed nine hundred and fifty-six pounds.

CAPT. CHARLES R. WILKINS of Salem, has been appointed Acting Master in the Navy, and ordered to the New York Navy Yard.

READ JOHN P. PEABODY'S advertisement to the "Ladies."

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NOTICE.
THE SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY will meet steadily twice a week, for work, at Sutton's Hall, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, P. M. All ladies interested are invited to attend.

ANOTHER GREAT UNION VICTORY.
SURRENDER OF FORT PULASKI.
A Terrible Bombardment by the Federal Troops.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 14. A flag of truce from Craney Island brought Norfolk papers, which were taken to head quarters, and every effort made to keep the good news of the fall of Fort Pulaski from the representatives of the Press.—The Baltimore American, however, succeeded in gleaming the following, it being sedulously kept from the regular reports of the Associated Press:

The Savannah Republican says, in substance, it learns with deep regret that after a gallant defense against superior guns, Fort Pulaski surrendered at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th.

Corporal Law of the Pulaski Guards who left Fort Thunderbolt after the Pulla ki's flag was hauled down, brings intelligence of the event. The surrender was unconditional. Seven large breaches were made in the south wall by the Federal battery of light Parrott guns at King's Landing. All the barbette guns on the side were dismounted; also three case-mates, leaving only one gun bearing on that point.

Three balls entered the magazine, and a clean breach was made in it. The conical balls of the Parrott guns went clear through the walls at nearly every fire.

Col. Olmstead telegraphed on the previous evening that no human being could stand upon the ramparts a single moment, and that thousands of large shells had exploded within the fort.

The Republican gives no particulars as to the number of men and officers in the fort at the time of its surrender, but says none were killed, but four wounded.

Fort Pulaski was one of the strongest fortifications in the United States, and had been especially strengthened in its walls and armament since its occupation by the rebels on the 24 of January, 1861. It cost the government considerably over a million of dollars, much of it having been laid out since 1856. The Government has now, according to the promise of President Lincoln, repossessed itself of the fort, which will never be suffered to fall into their hands again.

The fall of Pulaski insures that of Savannah. It is fourteen miles below the city by the course of the river, which is broad, and allows the free passage of vessels drawing fourteen feet of water. The most of Com. Dupont's fleet will at once move up, and, though they will doubtless meet with rebel obstructions, they will surely reduce Fort Jackson, four miles below the city, (it is not a strong work), capture or drive away Tatnall's musquito fleet, and compel the surrender of Savannah. After Savannah comes Charleston—but the capture of Pulaski is glory enough for one day. It is the third of the old forts regained from the rebels.—Journal.

NEGRO THIEVES.—In a recent speech Parson Brownlow said:

The greatest negro thieves in the world were the confederate soldiers. He spoke feelingly on this subject. They had stolen from him a likely negro boy, fourteen years old, and worth a thousand dollars. He had never heard from the boy since he was taken away, and never expected to see him again or to get a cent for him. It was a solemn fact that the confederate soldiers had stolen more negroes during the war, than all the Abolitionists had stolen for forty years. These soldiers were the officers of the earth. Not one-half of them had ever owned a negro, or were connected by any degree of social affinity or consanguinity, with anybody who ever did own a negro. Not only did they steal negroes, but they entered houses and took the clothing from the beds, broke open the drawers, and took all the money they could lay their hands upon. They were, emphatically, thieves as well as traitors.

He recently had a conversation with a secesh lady, who spoke as usual of one of the chivalry whipping five Yankees. He asked her about Ft. Donelson, &c. She explained that by saying the people of the Northwest were the sons of emigrants from the South; they were Southern stock, and fought like Southerners. He inquired what of the blue-bellied Yankees under Burnside, but she did not know how that was; in fact had heard but little about it.

SPRING FARM WORK.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. A. W. Warren of Danversport, for Hussey's Improved Premium Plows. Mr. Warren is the agent for these excellent Plows which took the highest premium at our Fair last Fall.

All farmers who would save the strength of their cattle and have their grounds well pulverized should use these Plows.

READ JOHN P. PEABODY'S advertisement to the "Ladies."

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NOTICE.
THE SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY will meet steadily twice a week, for work, at Sutton's Hall, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, P. M. All ladies interested are invited to attend.

The very latest news from Pittsburg
ing is, that our loss in killed is estimated
a 1200 to 1500, wounded 2500 to 4000,
sing 2500. Up to Thursday evening 2200
els had been buried. Our troops retook all
batteries lost on Sunday, and 12 pieces
in the rebels. Beauregard has received a
hit wound in the arm.

Read JOHN P. PEABODY'S advertisement
the "Ladies."

JOHN HAMMOND
Hereby gives notice to the people of South
Dartmouth, that he still continues to offer his ser-
vices, when needed, as an

UNDERTAKER,
Furnisher of such articles as are used in
the solemnization of funerals. His house is on
Hill street, near the Essex Railroad Station.
South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

Read JOHN P. PEABODY'S advertisement
the "Ladies."

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.
The combination of ingredients in these Pills
the result of a long and extensive practice,
they are mild in their operation, and certain in
recting all irregularities, Painful Menstrua-
tions, removing all obstructions, whether from
d or otherwise, headache, pain in the side,
lignation of the heart, whites, all nervous af-
fections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and
ibs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arise from
errupation of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
is the commencement of a new era in the
atment of those irregularities and obstruc-
ions which have consigned so many to a
RE-
TIRE-
D GRAVE. No female can enjoy good
alth unless she is regular, and whenever an
struption takes place the general health be-
s to decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
is the most effective remedy ever known for
complaints peculiar to Females. To all
ases they are invaluable, inducing, with cer-
nity, periodical regularity. They are known
housands, who have used them at different
riods throughout the country, having the
ction of some of the most eminent Physi-
ans in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should
be used, with each Box—the Price One
ollar per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills.
Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to
e Proprietor. Sold by Druggists generally.

R. D. HUTCHINGS, Proprietor,
20 Cedar St., New York.

D. P. GROSVENOR agent for So. Danvers,
ad G. C. Goodwin, Boston. ap16-ly

Read JOHN P. PEABODY'S advertisement
the "Ladies."

Port of Danvers.
Ar 10th, sch Pearl, Robinson, Rockland.

Marriages.
In Haverhill, Apl 4, by Rev Mr Hanson, Mr
J W Fletcher to Miss Maria S York.

In Sing Sing, N Y, at St Paul's Church, Ap
O, by Rev J H Black, Capt Henry Clay Gay-
monds, U S A, of Salem, to Miss Beatrice,
daughter of Hon Benj Broadbent.

Deaths.
In Danvers, Apl 9, Miss Mary N Lawrence,
4 daughter of the late Abel Lawrence.

In Danversport, 10th, Mr Sands A Stanley,
2 yrs 10 mos 8 ds.
In Salem, Ap 8, Miss Preserved Bullock, 73
yrs 3 mos 13 ds.

In Lynn, Caroline A Hamlett, 20 yrs.
In Swampscott, April 3, Capt Henry Ken-
rick, 79 yrs 10 ds.

In Lynn, 11th, Mrs Abigail R, wife of John
O Pecker, 62 yrs.

Advertisements.

HUSSEY PLOWS.
A FULL supply of these celebrated Plows
A constantly on hand and for sale at manu-
facturer's prices, by
A. W. WARREN,
Danversport, April, 1862. 6m*

SPRING SKIRTS.
WE have made to our order all the latest
styles of Spring Skirts, which we think
will give perfect satisfaction.
ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

Ann R. Bray,
No. 76 Federal Street.
Black and White Plaid—a new assortment
—some very beautiful styles.
We have a fine assortment of all wheel Mous-
De Laines, selected colors, handsome blue and
purple.
Sua Shades, new patterns; Sun Umbrellas.
Rich Black Silks—a fine assortment.
A good assortment of White Goods; Collars;
Linen Hdkfs, and Ruffings.
Camels Hair Mantles and Neck Ties—selling
at lowest prices.
All our goods are selected, which gives
the best patterns—and we are selling at the
lowest Cash prices.
ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

CROCKERY WARE.
WHITE Ware, Blue Ware, Mulberry and
Flaming Blue Ware, of all kinds at
S C & A SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

CHINA WARE.
BAND and Lustre China, and White China
Tea Ware, at
S O & E A SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

White Lead and Linseed Oil.
A GOOD supply constantly on hand, and for
sale by
A. W. WARREN,
Danversport, April 16, 1862. 6m*

NEW BOOKS,
A T O M WHIPPLE & A SMITH'S, 190
Essex st., Salem:
The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry, by Isaac
Taylor, with an Introduction by Dr William
Last Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
with a Memorial by Theodore Tilton—April 1862.
Congregational Quarterly—April 1862.
Health: five Lay Sermons to Working Peo-
ple, by John Brown, M.D., author of "Rab and
his friends."
Harp of Freedom, a collection of Anti-
Slavery Patriotic and Contraband Songs, &c.
Rebellion Record, monthly and weekly parts.

BOOK-BINDING,
OF every description, done in the best man-
ner, by
G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH

DRY GOODS

AT COST.

THE subscriber, being about to relinquish his
present business, will sell, AT COST, for
THIRTY DAYS, his entire stock of goods,
consisting of

Dress Goods, Prints,
FLANNELS, WHITE GOODS,
Cassimeres, Hosiery,
GLOVES, YARN, WORSTEDS,
SMALL WARES,

With the usual variety of Goods to be found
in a Dry Goods Store.

Also,
HARD WARE, CROCKERY,
—AND—
Paper Hangings.

AMOS MERRILL.
South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

BARGAINS
IN DRY GOODS,
At 198 Essex Street.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his
friends and the public, that on
MONDAY, the 17th inst.,
he will be prepared to sell his

STOCK OF DRY GOODS,
saved from the late fire, at
GREAT BARGAINS.

The Goods are injured by smoke, and the dis-
order attending the removal.
They will be sold at a great reduction in
price, for a few weeks, for Cash only.

All persons who have not settled their
bills of last year, will confer a favor by doing
so immediately, at

198 Essex Street, 198
(A few doors East of the former stand.)
F. W. L. HUNTON.
Salem, April 16, 1862. 3w

ROOM PAPERS.
THE subscriber is now receiving his new
Spring Styles of

French, English & American
PAPER HANGINGS
—AND—
BORDERS,

Comprising all the different grades. Most of
these goods have been manufactured expressly
to our own order, and will be sold at a very
small advance from cost.

CURTAINS,
in great variety.

CLOTH & PAPER CURTAINS,
Fireboard Prints, Decorations,
BORDERS, ETC.

A full and complete assortment in this line al-
ways on hand, and at the lowest rates.

H. P. IVES,
Corner of Essex and Washington streets,
ap16-2m opp. E. L. Station, Salem, Mass.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,
WARRANTED to be the best in the market
—for sale by
G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH.

WAR MAPS.
FRESH supplies of Leslie's, Lloyd's, Col-
ton's, Monk's, and the Mississippi Maps, at
G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH'S.

HOUSE FOR SALE.
To be sold at private sale, the pre-
mises situate on Washington street, oc-
cupied by CALDER & G. R. R. The
house is in excellent repair—has ten
bed rooms, and a fine fruit garden
adjoining. Terms very low. Apply to
BENJ. C. PERKINS,
South Danvers, Feb. 19, 1862.

E. A. BESSOM,
Having taken the room formerly occupied by SAMUEL
DAVIS has re-opened it at

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. f12

NOTICE
I HEREBY given that I have given my son—
WILLIAM O. BATCHELDER—his time;
that I shall claim no wages of his earnings, or
pay no debts of his contracting, after this date.
SOUTH DANVERS, March 28, 1862. 4t
W. O. BATCHELDER.

TO LET.
On MOUNT VERNON ST.,
A very convenient tenement of
six rooms. Rent reasonable.
Inquire of **PHILIP BLANEY.**
South Danvers, April 9—tf

Assignee's Notice.
ESSEX, ss.—The fourth meeting of the cred-
itors of
AUGUSTUS W. FORNESS,
Of South Danvers, trader, will be held at the
Court of Insolvency in Salem, in the County of
Essex, on the fourteenth day of April inst., at
ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting
creditors may be present and prove their
claims.
April 2—2t
EDWARD FORNESS, Assignee.

Assignee's Notice.
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHU-
SETTS, Essex, ss. Court of Insolvency.
In the case of
ENGLISH & FOSTER, of South Danvers,
in said county, insolvent debtors.
The third meeting of the creditors of said
insolvent debtors will be held at the Court of
Insolvency in Salem, in said county of Essex,
on the fourteenth day of April instant, at ten
o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting cred-
itors may prove their claims.
BENJ. C. PERKINS, Assignee.
South Danvers, April 1, 1862.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing un-
der the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL
is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
MOSES A. SHACKLEY,
HENRY M. MERRILL.
South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line
of umbrellas as heretofore, and hopes by strict
attention to the wants of the public to merit
and receive their patronage.
The undersigned is authorized to collect all
bills and to settle all accounts against the late
firm, and all persons interested are requested to
act accordingly.
H. M. MERRILL,
South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861. tf

220

ESSEX STREET, SALEM.

LADIES!

WE have been in the New
York and Boston markets during
the last week, buying our
Spring Stock of Ribbons, Flow-
ers, Ruches, Laces, Embroider-
ies, Hosiery, Gloves and Fancy
Goods.

We have bought a full line of
New and desirable Goods.—
Bought for Cash—bought low—
and we shall sell them at less
prices than old Shop Worn goods
are offered around town.

In Ribbons, we can sell an ex-
tra wide heavy double-faced Rib-
bon for 25 cts., such as is usual-
ly sold for 38 or 42 cts., and all
other grades in proportion.

In Ruches, we have a full line
of the best Hand-Plaited Goods
from 12 1-2 cts. up.

In Flowers our stock is choice
in style, color, make and price.

In Collars, we can show Lace,
Needlework, Linen, Crochet, &c.
Our stock of Embroideries is too
well known to need comment.

We will only say, that it is bet-
ter and cheaper than ever before.

In Hosiery, we can show an
endless variety of Ladies' Misses'
and Children's wear. We bought
our Cotton Hose just before the
rise in cotton goods, and shall
sell them at the old prices.

In Gloves, we have a nice Kid
Finished Glove in Silk and Lisle
at 25 cts. A heavy Lisle Glove,
wide cuff, for 12 1-2 cents, and
every other desirable grade. Our
stock of Kids is fresh, and they
are the best goods in the market
Gloves for Ladies, Misses and
Children.

In Fancy Goods, we have a
very large stock, consisting in
part of Buttons, Braids, Bind-
ings, Elastics, Combs, Pins, Nec-
dles, Cottons, Silks, Twists, Per-
fumes, Puffs, Boxes, Brushes,
Soaps, &c., &c. These goods we
always sell so low that we have
the name of selling them "LESS
THAN COST."

In Handkerchiefs, we have
Wrought Linen, Wrought Cam-
bric, Wrought Muslin, Hem-
stitched, Poena, Grass Cloth, Lin-
en Cambric and Cotton, in prices
from 4 cents to 15 dollars.

We have an extra job lot of
Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,
at \$1.42 per dozen, or 12 1-2
cents each.

In Ladies' Misses' and Child-
ren's Chemises, Chemise Yokes,
Drawers, &c., we have a new
stock. In Corsets and Bodices,
we have a full stock—all sizes;
warranted superior in make,
shape and finish.

We will give a few prices by
which you can judge our whole
stock.

Wrought Collars, from 25 cts to \$3.50.
Black Lace Veils, from 25 cts to \$4.00.
Handkerchiefs, from 4 cts to \$15.00.
Gloves, from 10 cts to 58.
Hosiery, from 12 1-2 cts to \$1.25.
Edgings, from 1 ct to \$1.50.
Ribbons, from 2 cts to 42.
New Double Ruffle Trimming, per yd, 10 c
Magic or Prize Ruffle, 6, 8 and 10 cts.
Best American Pins, 4 cts.
Best Linen Thread, 3 cts.
Silk Cord Nets, 18 cts.
Whale Bone Buttons, 25 cts.
Crochet Nets—Silk Twist, 5 cts.
Linen Collars, 12 1-2 c.
Linen Collars—Ruffled Edge, 12 1-2 c.
Best Spool Cottons, 4 cts.
Sea Island Cottons, 3 cts.
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Having built up my business
in Salem by doing it strictly on
the ONE PRICE system, and EX-
CLUSIVELY FOR CASH—buying for
CASH, and SELLING CHEAP—I in-
tend to go on, and nothing will
be left undone in the future to
keep my store where it is now,
at the HEAD of the Ladies' Fur-
nishing and Fancy Dry Goods
business in Salem.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.
JOHN P. PEABODY.

NEW GOODS.

PRESBY & FEARING
161 Essex Street, Salem,
—Have received a large assortment of—
SPRING DRESS GOODS.

Which they offer at a small advance from cost.
Read the prices of a few of the many bargains
now offered by us:

Striped Mohairs, at 10 and 12 1-2 cts
Plain Mohairs, from 12 1-2 to 25c
50 pieces new Challies, from 17 to 20c
25 pieces new style De Laines, at 18c
10 pieces French Prints, extra fine 25c
Best American and English Prints, at 12 1-2c
Plain All-wool De Laines, extra, at 12 1-2c
Plaid, Stripe and Plain Dress Goods,
a large assortment, from 12 1-2 to 37 1-2c
Figured and Plain Deibegs, at 10c

Domestic Goods, &c.
4-4 Brown Cottons, at 10c
4-4 Brown Cottons, at 11 and 12 1-2c
Bleached Cottons at 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 1-2c
Ticking and Stripe Shirting, at 12 1-2c
Denim, at 12 1-2c
Tulle Quills, real Marcellis, at \$1 75 to 2 00
Fine Linen Bosoms, at 12 1-2c and 17c
Fine Marcellis Bosoms, at 12 1-2c
Crash, at 6 1-4 to 10c
Dwight Bleached Cottons, at 12 1-2c
Dwight Unbleached do 10c

Hdkfs, Gloves, &c.
Gent's Ticks, imitation Silk, a bargain, 12 1-2c
Ladies' Lisle Gloves, 12 1-2, 17 and 25c
Best Kid Gloves, light colors, 50c
White Flannels from 17 up
Best Hoop Skirts made, 50, 75, 87 1-2c and \$1
Gingham, new styles, 12 1-2c
French Gingham, 4-4, at 12 1-2c
Laines and Muslin, from 12 1-2 to 20c
Red Mantles for Children, 75, 87 1-2c, \$1
Long Red Mantles (bargains) from \$1 25 to \$4
Bleached and Brown Table Covers, cheap,
White Brilliants, at 10 and 12 1-2c
Superior Check Square Shawls, all wool, \$3 50
Best Batting, per pound, 17c
Ladies' Hemstitched Hdkfs, pure linen, 17c
Ladies' Embroidered do from 20 to 25c
Ladies' Linen do do 20 to 17c

ALL OUR FANCY SILKS
To Be Closed at Great Bargains.

PRESBY & FEARING.
No. 161 ESSEX ST., (MUSEUM BUILDING.)
Salem, April 9, 1862.

NEW SPRING PRINTS,
NEAT patterns; Russia Crash; at
ANN R. BRAY'S, 76 Federal st.

On Exhibition and for Sale,
ONE six octave MELODEON, made by Austin
& Son, Concord—round corners, rosewood
case, highly finished—for quality and rich-
ness of tone cannot be surpassed. The above
is a capital instrument for a vestry, or school
room, or any other purpose where a good Me-
lodeon is wanted.

We have also received this week, smaller
sizes—five octave and four half octave—equal-
ly as good, which we shall rent for a fair com-
pensation.

ANN R. BRAY,
Salem, March 12. No. 76 Federal st.

PERHAM'S
FIFTH GRAND
EXCURSION

To Baltimore, Washington & Fortress
Monroe.

Excursion Tickets from Boston to Baltimore
and Return, only \$14 00
From Providence, 15 00

Tickets good to leave Boston by either of the
Railroad and Steamboat Lines. The Old Col-
ony and Fall River, and steamers Empire
State and Bay State; the Providence and
Plymouth Rock; the Worcester and Norwich,
and steamers City of Boston and City of New
York; thence by the New Jersey Central Rail-
road and the Northern Central Railroad to Bal-
timore every day (Sundays excepted.)
Tickets good to April 30, inclusive, to leave
Boston, and good to return either day to May
31, inclusive.

Tickets for sale in Boston at No. 82 Wash-
ington street, next door to Adams' Express of-
fice; at No. 76 Washington street; at No. 70
Washington street; at the Depots of the sev-
eral Railroads, and at the Adams House—
Tickets from New York \$5, for sale as above,
and not in New York.

ANN R. BRAY,
76 FEDERAL ST., has rec'd and opened this morn-
ing, a great variety of NEW GOODS—styles
that are very desirable—which we shall sell at bar-
gains.

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.
Take HERICK'S PILLS

Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune's wheel never more reverse;
There is a cure for such distress—
In HERICK'S PILLS

Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be cross'd,
Take the sure helm of little cost—
HERICK'S PILLS

Should sudden illness hint of goit,
Should cruel landlords turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout,
In HERICK'S PILLS

These remarkable PILLS startle whole communities
by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth,
manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish,
French and German directions. Elegantly coated
with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family
boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

TORRENT COIN DETECTOR.
FOR detecting all imitations of U S Coins, from 25
cts to \$20—for sale by
G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH,
190 Essex Street, Salem.

George S. Walker.

FOR SPRING WEAR!
GENTLEMEN'S UNDER SHIRTS.
DRAWERS, HOSIERY, GLOVES.
The largest assortment to be found in the
city, brought for Cash before the advance, and
will be sold at LOW PRICES, by
GEO. S. WALKER,
Dealer in Men's Furnishing Goods and Toilet
Articles,
228 Essex street, Stearns' Block.

At Old Prices!
SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS!
MADE to order from the best materials, and
Sewed by Hand, at Old Prices. Also,
Shirts in stock, at former prices.
GEO. S. WALKER,
Gent's Furnishing Store, 228 Essex street,
Stearns' Block.

James F. Almy.
SPRING AND SUMMER—1862.
WE SHALL OPEN ON
Saturday, April 5, 1862,
A splendid variety of
OUTSIDE GARMENTS FOR
LADIES' WEAR.

We shall open also a Complete Stock of Ma-
terials for
LADIES' OUTSIDE GARMENTS.
WITH TRIMMINGS TO MATCH.
GARMENTS OF ALL KINDS
For Ladies, Misses and Children,
Made to order from measure.
Patterns of all kinds now ready. 2t

JAMES F. ALMY,
No. 188 Essex St., op. Central St., Salem.
April 9

T. W. Downing & Co.
ANNUAL
REDUCTION OF STOCK!

THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.
Offer their Stock of
DRESS GOODS,
CLOAKS, &C.,
For a Short Time, at
VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH!
Salem, January 15, 1862.

OLD FRIENDS
IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
Herick's Sugar Coated Pills.

THE BEST FAMILY CA-
THERTIC in the world,
used twenty years by five
millions of persons annual-
ly, giving entire satisfaction;
contains nothing injurious;
patronized by the principal
Physicians and Surgeons in
the Union; elegantly coated
with sugar.

Large boxes five cents;
boxes for one dollar. Full
directions with each box.
TALL, HASSEY, TOWN CO.,
Proprs., No. 171 N. York
St., N. Y.

To Dr. HERICK, Albany,
N. Y.—My Dear Doctor—
I write this to inform you of
the wonderful effect of your
Sugar Coated Pills on my
case. For three years I have
been steadily failing during that period
I have been afflicted with a bilious
disorder, and could hardly keep my
system, sadly impairing her health,
which has been steadily failing during that period.
I have been afflicted with a bilious
disorder, and could hardly keep my
system, sadly impairing her health,
which has been steadily failing during that period.
I have been afflicted with a bilious
disorder, and could hardly keep my
system, sadly impairing her health,
which has been steadily failing during that period.

On returning home we ceased all other treatment,
and administered your Pills, one each night.
The biliousness, indigestion, and
surprised us all. A rapid and permanent restoration
to health has been the result. We use these Pills
now, and consider her country well. I consider the
above a just tribute to you as a Physician, and trust it
will be the means of inducing many to adopt your
Pills as their family medicine.
I remain, dear Sir, with many thanks,
Yours truly,
S. G. MORRISON.

Herick's Kid Strengthening Plasters
Cures, in five hours, pains and weakness of the breast-
side and back, and Rheumatic complaints in an equal,
ly short period of time. Spread on beautiful white
linen cloth, and adhere to the skin, and in seven
minutes, and each one will wear from one week to
three months. Price 12 cts.
Rev. Dr. George F. Pills and Kid Plasters are
sold by Druggists and Merchants in all parts of the
United States, Canada, and South America, and may
be obtained by calling for them by their name.
DR. L. B. HERICK & CO.,
Albany, N. Y.

Sold in South Danvers, by T. A. SWEETSER,
GEO. L. MEADOW and D. P. GROSVENOR, JR., and
by Dealers everywhere this paper circulates.

To Let.
A LARGE ROOM, with Sky Light 12 feet
square, suitable for a Daguerotype Saloon;
has been used for that purpose. Also a large
room suitable for a Dry Goods Store, both
of which are centrally located. Apply to W. O.
BATCHELDER, 138 Main st.
South Danvers, April 2, 1862.

CURTAINS and Curtain Paper, and Curtain
CELTURES, at
S C & A SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Still
another lot of these nice medium man-
ufactured Albums—real Turkey Morocco Bind-
ings—at a very low price, by
G. M. WHIPPLE & A SMITH

CHEAP PAPERS.—700 Rolls pretty styles
low priced Papers, just rec'd at
S C & A SIMONDS'
32 Lawrence Place, Sign of Tea Tray.

Salem & Danvers Aqueduct Co.
ALL persons using the water of the Salem
and Danvers Aqueduct are hereby
notified that the water rents, for the six months
ending May 1, 1862, are now due, and that
they are required to pay the same, at the office
of the Company, No 2 Sewall street, on the last
day of May next. Should the bills remain
unpaid for thirty days, the water will be
stopped, in conformity to the regulations of the
Company.

Office hours, from 9 to 1 o'clock, and from 2
to 5.
WM. JELLY, Collector.
Salem, April 2, 1862.

1862. JUL 1862.
SPRING STYLES
FOR
GENTLEMEN'S HATS,
ARE NOW READY
AT OSBORNES.

A. J. Archer & Co

SPRING GOODS.
MARCH, 1862.
A. J. ARCHER & CO., have re-
ceived a supply of
NEW SPRING GOODS,
to which they invite the attention of pur-
chasers. As the season advances we shall
receive additions of the
Latest Novelties,
and will offer them at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
March 19 181 Essex Street.

BLACK ALL-WOOL PARAMETAS.
A fine Stock of

MOURNING GOODS.
For sale by
A. J. ARCHER & CO'S, 181 Essex st.

WOOLENS.</

ANN R. BRAY, No 76 Federal st.

MUSICAL NOTICE.

Chickering & Sons' Piano-For

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal
street informs her friends, that South
and North Chickering's grand
Pianos, kept for sale and for Chickering
Sons' Piano-For. They are selected with great
care, and need only to be tried to prove their superior
value over every other in the market. The very be-
st terms given.

MANNING & NICHOLS' SERAPINUM.

For Power and quality of
For sale and use
To be obtained at:

WHITE LEAD.

2500 lbs. of French River and New York White
Lead, pure and for sale at

NO. 16.

and den I will go to bets.' (bed.)



State Normal School.

We desire to make a few remarks on the subject of close application to study, as affecting the health of pupils of the State Normal School. It is a sad fact, that many cases have occurred of injury to health by the duties and exertions of the school-room. It is also true that in other avocations of daily life, health has been injured by too laborious physical exertion. It is easy to see that in both cases wrong has been done. Too much of intellectual or physical labor has been performed for the strength of the individual. The fault, however, is not always that too much labor is exacted, but that such as it is, the individual has not the physical stamina to perform it.

The Normal School is a State institution. Its object is to train up a class of persons of promising talents to a high state of intellectual achievement as teachers in our public schools. We think we can safely assume here, as an acknowledged truth, that a high attainment and a proper discipline of the mental powers, are essential requisites for teachers, even of Primary schools. To secure this end, the State has been at large expense in founding schools of instruction devoted to this object. It seeks to train up the best minds among its youth to a high standard of intellectual acquirement, to make them useful in the public schools. To attain its great object, this high standard must be maintained. It must be maintained, although some fall by the way. Those who enter the school should have made certain advances in knowledge. This is specified, and all reaching this standard are admitted. But to reach the end expected and required by the establishment of these institutions, there should be mental power and physical strength to enable the pupil to reach the high standard required by the State, of his beneficiaries. If the scholar fails in either of these particulars, it is proof that one essential to high scholarship is lacking. This will soon be known by the individual concerned, whose friends should see to it that she is withdrawn from the unequal contest. They may regret it, but it is no disgrace, and it should be done. If the pupil is too ambitious to leave, and persists in sacrificing her health, it is not the fault of the institution. It lies at her own door. We know of cases of this kind, but it would be very unjust to cast blame upon the government of the Normal School, when it so plainly belongs elsewhere. That the standard is not too high, is proved by the fact that so many attain it and come out in physical vigor and strength.

It is always well to remember, in treating this subject, that the Normal School is a State institution. It has a parallel in the West Point Military Academy, where young men are highly educated and trained in the use of arms, and also, is a standard to be reached. Many bright, ambitious and laborious young men, fall of attaining it, and drop by the way. Some fall by lack of mental ability, some of strict application, and some of a sound physical constitution. Whatever the cause, the country wants those only in its service who can reach its required standard. In the selection of young men as candidates for State scholarships, among the qualifications are a sound constitution and firm physical health. This matter of physical training is constantly becoming of more interest to the public. Its close connection with mental vigor and activity is becoming more manifest. What is often charged to hard study is but the effect of slight exercise and a weakly frame of body. We append the words of an eminent educator, whose name will give weight to what he utters.

President Felton, on a recent occasion, combated the notion that hard study is unhealthy. It is frequently supposed, he said, that hard study is very unhealthy, and it is even supposed that young people kill themselves by hard study. I wish to say emphatically that all these stories are monstrous fabrications; that no child, girl or boy, man or woman, ever died of hard study or even injured themselves by hard study; and that all complaints made against schools, of injuring the health of students by hard study, are utterly calumnious and false; and that among the most healthy exercises, the exercise that most promotes vigor, strength—physical vigor and strength—is the exercise of the human brain, which is itself a physical organ, only it must not be exercised alone.

It has been proved by statistics that among the longest lives, as a general rule, are the most intellectual. Prof. Pierce, of our University, examined the subject, and he found, somewhat to the surprise of a portion of the community (I won't say what portion) that taking classes in the average, those that are first to die are those who are the dullest and stupidest, and next irregular during their college life; while, as a general rule, (of course there are exceptions, but exceptions prove the rule in this as in other things) the good scholars—those who exercise their brains constantly, thoroughly, faithfully, and have performed all their duties conscientiously—are the longest lived. I think these facts really worth being impressed upon the young.

Yorktown.

This place of great historic fame, is now a point of most intense interest. Great results depend on the conflict now pending. The historic memories connected with the spot will exert a moral power on the future fortunes of both parties in the contest. Should it be decided in favor of the government, it will close the war on the very ground of the decisive victory which terminated the Revolution. On the other hand, should the rebels be victorious, they will see a coincidence with the old revolutionary struggles and the victory gained by those who were the rebels of that day. This comparison, so sacreligious, they will make and feel supported and encouraged in their resolute efforts. Should they be conquered here they will see the desperation of their cause and sue for peace. Should they be successful, the effect will only be to prolong the war, for their fate is sealed and they must surely succumb at Yorktown.

The Beginning of the End.

Under this caption, the Daily Gazette has an excellent article on the military prospects of the loyal cause. After reviewing the progress of recent events and noticing the significant indications of the plan of Gen. McClellan's campaign the Gazette makes the following predictions which we fervently hope will soon become realities.

The Southern Confederacy will soon die a natural death—it should not be needlessly tormented in its last agonies. There will be some little fighting after this of course—bands of troops will retire to the mountains of Georgia and make occasional indiscriminate sallies for marauding and murder. Seditionist communists will refuse to recognize our flag. These things need not disturb us. They are but the cries and kicks of the child in the dark closet. We have the key, and can go quietly about our avocations until the culprit recovers its temper.

The splendid plan of Gen. McClellan involves yet another feature. While the columns of our armies are marching into the interior, the different expeditionary divisions are quickly taking possession of the coast. Barnside is master of the inlets and sounds of North Carolina, General Stone—not the hero of Ball's Bluff now in charge at Fort Lafayette, but the officer so famous in our British consuls—holds the grim guard over Charleston, as we write comes the news that Fort Pulaski has fallen, General Hunter holds the entire coast of Georgia, the whole State of Florida is in our hands, Pensacola has been deserted, and Gen. Butler's force will find but little opposition along the shores of the Gulf. Before the middle of May the President can by proclamation raise the blockade, and declare the Southern ports open to the commerce of the world.

The blockade ended and the profits of export and the luxury of import untrammelled for all Union men, we think by the first of July the rebellion of Davis will be as completely a matter of history as the rebellion of Shay. If our Southern fellow citizens had an idea to fight for it would be different. They might then entrench in their mountain regions and maintain themselves for an indefinite period,—for they are wanting neither in courage nor in endurance. They do lack however an inspiring idea to keep up their vigor. They are fighting for nothing, and those of them who do not know it already will not be long in finding it out. Without an idea to sustain them they cannot endure the discomforts which their situation entails. They cannot write without paper, walk without boots, live without clothing, and die without medicine. Surround them with a circle of steel and keep quiet, and we shall soon have our vengeances in plenty to take the oath and get outside. Empty stomachs, lack of pocket and bare feet will soon make unconditional Unionists of the fiercest rebels,—and these are the reasons why we think that the end of the great secession revolt is near at hand.

The District of Columbia.

We rejoice in the abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia, as it ought long since to have ceased in the capital of the nation.—We are glad that it is done peacefully and constitutionally. No one can now complain of a violation of that sacred instrument by this act of the national government. This measure will prove useful as an experiment, by which we may be able to estimate the cost of the removal of slavery in the individual States, whenever they may conclude to accept the proffered aid of the general government. We hope at no distant period to see the Slave States, one after another, adopt measures to rid themselves of this great evil. We desire this for their own sakes, as well as for the good of our common country. It is not to be expected they will do it immediately, but if the opportunity is held out to aid them, we may soon witness such a change in their temper and policy, as will lead them to consider it calmly and not upon it scowlingly. We at the North are not fully sensible of the difficulties which surround this question in a slavery community. The institution is so inwrought in all their social, political and pecuniary interests, that it is not to be supposed that the people will be prepared for the great change in a single day. Let them have time to reflect and think seriously about it, without fear of coercion without and they will soon come to think aright and the business will be done.

As to slavery as a political power, its days are over. It is henceforth a state institution and the nation has no more to do with it. This is all that even Senator Sumner, in all his speeches before the war, has asked. This is all we had a right to demand and now we have it. Freedom is national, slavery is sectional. We say nothing of the use of the military power to abolish the institution, only to remark, that its exercise may be required by the persistent resistance of the rebel states.

ARTICLES THAT SHOULD BE TAKEN.—As a means of raising additional revenue to meet the expenses of the war, it is suggested that Congress impose a tax of one dollar upon every man under sixty who carries a cane; a tax of two dollars upon ladies owning poodles; a tax of one dollar upon gentlemen under thirty who wear eye glasses; a tax of three shillings upon ladies who wear three flounces, and for every additional flounce above three, two shillings; a tax of three dollars upon ladies who wear hoops more than ten feet in diameter; a tax of five dollars upon all pretty women who wear veils, and ten dollars upon ugly ones that don't; a tax of twenty-five cents upon every lady who wears more than a dozen finger rings; a tax of fifty cents, upon everybody who torments his neighbor's newspaper and don't subscribe for one himself, and a tax of two dollars upon everybody who subscribes for a newspaper and don't pay for it in advance; also a tax of one dollar upon every man who takes more than twenty-five drinks per diem and doesn't get drunk, and a tax of seventy-five cents upon every cigar which a man smokes a day, over a hundred.

When the veteran Commodore Joseph Smith, on duty at Washington, saw by the first dispatch from Fort Sumter that the frigate Congress, commanded by his son Joseph, had raised the white flag, he only remarked quietly, "Joe's dead!" No Roman father ever paid a nobler or more emphatic tribute of confidence to a gallant son, than is contained in the words so uttered, nor ever gave that to his country with more cheerful and entire devotion.—And the sad assurance was well founded. The flag was not struck until his son had fallen.

Floyd complains that he is unjustly treated. We are disposed to reply in the language of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon—"What! out of hell, and complain?"—(Louisville Journal.)

Iron-Clad War Ships.

All the recent accounts from England represent a feeling of great alarm in the minds of the British public in regard to the efficiency of unclad ships. They conclude that the "wooden walls of old England" are not to be relied upon for protection, and the order has gone forth to stop the building of more wooden ships.

Well may the British government feel alarmed at the prospect of losing the domination of the seas. We may also ask what is the use of fortifications for the protection of cities and harbors? In case of war with France, what is to prevent Louis Napoleon from sending his iron mailed ships into the harbor of Liverpool and throwing shot and shell into the heart of that city? Why may they not go up the Thames and bombard London itself, and toss bombshells at the dome of St. Pauls, or into the new Houses of Parliament? If the ships are truly invulnerable, it is no matter how many other invulnerable ships or fortifications oppose them. They may continue on their way and carry their destructive designs into effect. If these terrible mail clad ships are so strong in their armor that they cannot be penetrated by projectiles or sunk by collision, no city upon navigable waters is safe. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, may all be battered down by any nation with whom we may be at war.

What a mighty change has been made by the invention of the Merrimack and Monitor! The whole British Navy is made useless and lost to the country by a single invention. She may create a new navy of iron ships and another invention may make that also useless. All the books treating of armament and fortifications may be thrown aside as an old almanac. Every thing known of naval construction is to be unlearned, and the latest invention or discovery is to take their place. May we not hope that the additional destructiveness of war will render it of less frequent occurrence.

Hon. Charles Sumner.

It will be seen by the following letter from this distinguished Senator that the Petition circulated by Mr. Burdham has arrived at the Capitol and will, in due time, be laid before the Senate:

SENATE CHAMBER, April 11th, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:—Please say to Mr. Burdham that I have received his petition, through your kindness, and that I shall take pleasure in bringing it before the Senate, on the first fitting opportunity.

Accept for him, as well as for yourself, my best wishes, and believe me,

Faithfully yours, CHAS. SUMNER.

Found!

Some one has left at this office a real, old Dudson pipe which has apparently seen much service and consumed large quantities of the weed. The owner may have it by proving property and paying for this notice. Accompanying the pipe came three lines:

Thou good old pipe, a potent power
And magic spell he laid in thee;
Richer than Ceres' wealth thy dower
Or gems that light the peary sea.
Who hateth thee, he something lacks,
Of verdant mind and soul and spirit.
Who loveth thee, finds Virtue's tracks—
Peace, riches, health—thou good old pipe.

Banks each declare a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent.

The Village Bank, Danvers, has declared a dividend of 4 per cent. on its reduced capital, equal to 3 per cent. on its former capital.

The Danvers Savings Bank has declared its 24th semi-annual dividend of 2 1/2 per cent., payable on demand.

ROCKVILLE.—We learn that a collection was taken in the Rockville Chapel for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, and the sum of \$9.20 contributed. This is a handsome amount as compared with the other religious societies. Few communities have sent more men into the field in proportion to population than Rockville.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.—These pleasant memorials are as popular as ever, and some persons keep several of them. They may be classified by their contents, grouping together intimate friends, distinguished men, or literary characters. We propose to have one devoted entirely to handsome people, and we should be glad to receive contributions for it. At present we have only two, ourself and Old Abe. Mr. Perkins of Salem, will be happy to wait upon any who desire to have a good likeness taken.

ARRIVALS at the Port of Danvers during the year ending April 17, 1862:

Schooners, 122; Sloop, 6—total 128.
Inward Cargoes—Flour and grain, 32; coal, 37; wool, 2; lumber, 10; and slate, 20; wood, 20; coal, 7; wood, 10; corn, 3; cement, 3; lime, 8; iron, 7; salt, 1; sand 1—total 123.
Outward Cargoes—Bricks, 13; iron, 7—total 20.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This Magazine for May is out and besides the standard continued articles, it has the "Speech of Hon. Preserved Duff" as reported by "our own contributor," "Hosea Biglow,"—Miss Prescott gives a new story called "The South Breaker,"—Mrs. Child an article on "Spells,"—Mr. Hazen well essay on effects of "Weather in War,"—Prof. White a paper on "Statesmanship,"—Emerson has a new poem and there are other articles of high merit including Gen. Lander's fine poem, written just before his death. The magazine may be had of Wilkinson at the Periodical Depot.

A COMMODITY.—In the cabinet of the Peabody Institute, may be seen a curiously wrought smoking pipe, exquisitely carved, by Mr. JOHN B. KNOX of this town, a member of Co. B, 2nd Regiment. It represents a rap held in a hand, and on the cap the date of the Ramoth Island battle "Feb. 8, 1862."

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The Continental for May has come to hand and is a number which sustains the previously acquired reputation of the Magazine. It is full of variety, having twenty articles besides the ever spicy Literary Notices and Editor's table. We always read the Continental as people read a Hebrew book, beginning at the end. We are glad to see in this number that there are no long snappy papers, but they are generally short and racy. These are the kind of articles which meet the popular demand and they will give a wide circulation to the work.

Call Accepted.

Rev. O. F. SAFFORD, a graduate of Canton Theological Institute, has received and accepted an invitation to settle with the Universalist Society in this town, as Pastor. He will commence his labors on the first Sabbath in May. This Society has for a long time been without a pastor, and although a large number of able candidates have occupied the pulpit since the resignation of Mr. Gordon, we learn that the invitation which he received was unanimous. He has supplied the desk quite a number of Sabbaths during the past year, and the unanimity exhibited by the members of the Society clearly evinces the confidence which they place in his ability to build up and promote the best interests of the Society.

A ready writer and fluent speaker, with a thorough preparation for, and earnest devotion to, his chosen work, he gives promise of a successful ministry in this, his first field of labor.

Previous to his studying for the ministry, Mr. Safford learned the "art preservative of all arts," and we may be allowed to congratulate the Society upon their securing, we trust for many years to come, one of our own "craft," as their spiritual guide. May success attend his ministrations.

Palm Sunday.

April 13th was Palm Sunday. Eighteen hundred and thirty years ago to-day, the people in Jerusalem cut down branches of palms and strewn them in the way which the Saviour was passing; what a beautiful sight it must have been to witness in that wonderful old city Jerusalem! Two years ago I was in the Imperial City of Rome, and at an early hour went to St. Peter's Church which is the most remarkable Temple now existing where the God of all the earth is worshipped. At 9 1/2 o'clock his Holiness the Pope was borne into the Church, the whole length up to the Pontifical Chapel, where he received the homage of the assembled Cardinals, all habited in violet; soon after he consecrates the palms which are distributed, first to the Cardinals who are highest in rank, then to the Archbishops and Bishops, the Canons of St. Peter's, Corps diplomatique, heads of the different religious orders, and last of all to the military and such private individuals as may wish to receive them. And as they receive the palms they kneel and kiss the Pontiff according to the different rank of the recipient, the highest in rank kisses the ring on the hand of his Holiness as an emblem or symbol of his (the Pope) marriage to the Church. Next in rank comes his knee, and the lowest ones in rank kiss the cross on his shoe. After the distribution (the procession is formed, and the Pope is carried round) followed by all who have received palms which they carry in their hands; (the palms are a beautiful pale straw color beautifully braided).

When you view the interior of St. Peter's you will observe the high altar at the farther end and directly under the dome. The altar stands over the relics of the Apostle Peter, a flight of steps leads down to the shrine, a circular balustrade of marble surrounds the space before the confessional. On this balustrade are suspended 91 lamps which burn night and day.

THE POST OFFICE.—There have been for some time past, painful rumors afloat in regard to our Post Office. Letters and money sent to our citizens have failed to reach their destination, and these cases happened so frequently as to demand investigation. The depredations continued and the matter culminated in the arrest, last Monday, of the assistant in the office, but we are not informed upon what proof. This unhappy affair has caused great feeling in our community, and it would certainly be premature to pronounce judgment until proof is rendered. Let us hope that the acts of the fraudulent may be exposed and the innocence of the upright be made manifest.

THE "MONITOR" AS A MONITOR.—The Monitor cost \$275,000—she has proved herself worth one hundred millions. We do not overstate this, as any one may satisfy himself who will give ten minutes' thought to the damage which the Merrimack might have committed had not the Monitor abruptly arrested her course, which no other power on the face of land or water could have done. She could have blown our best frigates to atoms, could have scattered our blockading squadrons, could have dealt havoc in every Northern seaport deep enough for her to penetrate. Our government could not have afforded to part with the little craft that came bobbing round Cape Charles, just a little above the surface of the water, in the moonlight of that Saturday evening, for the best hundred millions of gold ever coined.

GODBY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The number for May is a treat to the ladies, inasmuch as they are now all agog for the Spring Fashions. The illustrations are very rich and the literary contents excellent. Wilkinson has it for sale and says it is the very best of the Ladies' monthlies.

See Auction column.

Secession in Dubuque, Iowa.

The following extract from a private letter from Dubuque gives some idea of the sympathy with rebellion which exists in that city. There is a paper in a place called the Herald, conducted by a man named Mahoney, which is a rank secession sheet and at the same time professes to be a Democratic paper. Its true meridian should be Richmond or Norfolk. It scarcely disguises its sedition and openly shows its sympathy with the rebel cause. Mahoney is the most prominent of the party leaders, and last year was a candidate for Lieut. Governor of the State! His true place is Fort Warren.

Yesterday was election day and as usual was one of the stormiest days of the season. It snowed hard all day and seemed much more like a day in January than April. To day has been the same, and our streets are again ankle deep in mud and slush—slush ahead. I was at the polls all day acting as vigilance committee, and a rough time I had I can assure you. A great many roughs congregated in our Ward, and for a time matters looked desperate. I was knocked down twice for challenging a secession mob, and the second time I drew a pistol and threatened to use it, when the sheriff (Union) arrested the roughs and ordered me to put up my revolver. About half our citizens were armed and in several cases did use knives and pistols used. Several lights ensued and some of the secession men badly cut up. It was as I predicted in a former letter it would be—the most exciting election ever held here; at least four hundred illegal votes were polled by the "Mahoneyites" and it was not in our power to prevent it. In the afternoon we found how things were going, that secession and whiskey were rampant, and we gave up to them. They have beaten us badly, having elected their whole ticket, and last night it was hardly safe for a known republican to be on the streets. Crowds of drunken secession were reeling through the streets, cheering for Jeff Davis! Southern Confederacy! Merrimack! Mahoney! &c., &c., breaking windows throwing stones &c. These are the voters who elected the Mahoney Democratic ticket; to night they are having a jubilation, speeches, &c. But I have mailed four copies of the morning papers and an "Extra" which will give an account of yesterday's proceedings.

NEW GOODS.—Every body knows that there have been lately public Auction Sales of Goods at Mr. Symonds Store in Trask's Building by which his old Stock has been all sold out. The new firm, Messrs. R. S. D. Symonds & Co., are now filling up that elegant and spacious store with brand new Goods, such as Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, &c., in great variety. The new concern mean to keep the best of Goods and sell at the lowest prices.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

OFFICE OF THE NEWBORN PROGRESS, }
Sunday, April 13th, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—I am no longer a private under Captain Austin, at least for the present, but am released for special duty, and hear a pass which I have to pull out at the corner of every street, and show to the sentry, who then permits me to go where I please. It reads:—
"Head Quarters, Department of North Carolina, Newbern, April 11, 1862. Guard will pass W. B. Hammond within the lines until further orders. By command of Maj. Gen. Burnside.—Lewis Richards, Asst. Adj. Gen. Special pass for all hours."

Now I suppose you would like to know how I came to have such a privilege granted as that, so I will tell you. Friday morning, April 11, as I was sitting in my tent, I heard Lieut. Edmunds inquire of some one which tent I quartered in. I thought to myself what mischief have I been doing now that I have got to account for? but he popped his head in, and told me to pack my things and report for special duty at the "Progress" office. So after breakfast he wrote me a pass, and off to town I went. I walked into the office as my printer would, went up to the press and looked at them, then peered along to the types to see what kind of a set they were, when I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Benjamin Arrington, one of my fellow apprentices of the Gazette office. It was by his recommendation that I was sent for. Liking the looks of things, I "hauled off my coat and rolled up my sleeves," and into the metal I pitched.

At noon I was introduced to sweet potatoes, butter, soft bread, coffee, sugar, milk, and only think, a cup and saucer, a plate and knife and fork to eat with. Can it be possible that I am still in Uncle Sam's service? Well, after sitting and chatting awhile after dinner, we walked down stairs into the office flushed with the paper, and then I went back to camp to sleep for the night. The next morning I started for the city, where I have all the privileges I could ask—Uncle Sam even furnishing me paper and ink to use, besides a gas light to write my letter by. Sunday morning we had beef steak for breakfast, and at noon we had baked beans and plum pudding. Our rations are drawn from the Division Quartermaster, and we have more than we can dispose of.

Sunday afternoon, after visiting camp a little while, I went to the Cemetery, which is filling up at the rate of four or five a day—a great many of our soldiers dying of fever. They do not take care of themselves; they eat anything that comes along, and expose themselves to the night air.

While at Fort Thompson, George N. McIntire of Salem, belonging to our company, shot himself by the careless use of his gun, and lingered in agony for about three weeks, but is now dead. He was taken to the General Hospital, and no doubt the wound was neglected. I don't think that any of our company has had a chance to see him since he has been there.

Saturday afternoon the company came down to the city to bury him, but finding that he was already buried, they went to the grave-yard and fired three volleys over his grave. It is an awful thing to be sick away from home or friends. I would rather a bullet would do its work for me immediately, than to linger along in the way the wounded and sick ones do here.

There was an exhibition here in January last where there were some tableaux, and among them was exhibited the Confederate States of America. The scene was something in this wise: South Carolina was represented by a girl dressed in white, bearing a torch which lighted the whole hall. Maryland was represented as being chained, &c., but all at once the torch went out and left them in the dark, the lights were extinguished at 9 o'clock; but I am quietly seated in the "sanctum sanctorum," with nobody to molest me. You asked how it was my letters were mailed from Baltimore and New York? The gun-bats carried them there. We have received two months pay. The South Danvers boys have sent home a box full of trophies. I send a secession blanket which I obtained at the battle of Newbern.

Wm. B. HAMMOND.

NEWBORN, N. C., 17th Mass. Reg.

Thursday, the 27th of March, an order was received for the 17th to join Gen. Burnside.

After seven months of soldiering on the home-guard principle, we were sent to enter active service; to become actors in those scenes whose descriptions filled the country. We were to exchange our life of almost home-like comforts and ease, for the hardships and privations of the field.

During our stay in Baltimore, having endeavored to conduct ourselves well, we had formed many friendships,—we had friends of the regiment, and personal friends, and to part with them, was but to repeat the parting of the previous August. When at last we did part, the friends of the regiment gave us a handsome "Plug," and the personal friends gave us all we asked, which was their sympathy and good wishes. Late in the afternoon, we embarked on the steamers "Marion" and "Star of the South." The last farewells over, the steamers left the wharf, amid the cheers of the people and the salutes of cannon. A few lingering looks, and our lances were turned on the Monumental City, and we looked for Dixie. Whatever might be our loss in the way of comforts and friendships, still, most of the men were glad when Baltimore had become to us, one of the things that were. The life at Baltimore had become tame and monotonous. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, were all the same. Now we were embarking upon a new life, one of excitement and danger, and full of changes and new scenes. Little of event transpired on our journey, beyond the usual incidents of a short sea voyage; so that one fine morning found us passing the captured confederate batteries, and a few hours later landing in the noted city of Newbern. Here, we were received by one or two Massachusetts regiments, and escorted to our camping ground. Tents were erected, and coffee made, and the evening growing deep, the 17th for the first time slept in Dixie.

ADVENTURE.

THE LADIES.—As the Spring-time has come, the ladies are all interested in the recurring changes of fashions. They are consulting "Godey," and "Peterson," and "Leslie," and thronging the store of our friend, JAMES P. PEABODY, No. 230 Essex street, in full tilt after those little articles of taste and ornament which grace the female figure. It is there that they are sure to find the kinds of goods which accord with the prevailing styles of dress and at prices suited to the state of the times. His store may well be called the Emporium of Fashion.

WE learn that WENDALL PHILLIPS will address the audience at Music Hall, Boston, next Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Burdham's train leaves the Coach office at 8 o'clock A. M., connecting with the Horse Cars at Lynn.

EMBALMING THE DEAD.—A Washington correspondent gives the following account of the process of embalming adopted there:

The body is placed on an inclined platform, the mouth, ears, nose, &c., are stopped with cotton; if wounded, cotton is put in the wound and a plaster is put on; an incision is made in the wrist, the attachment is made from an air pump, and fluid injected throughout the arteries. The wound is then sewed up and the body is hoisted up to dry. To save the eye from sinking in, wax is put under the eyelids. The hair I found to come out very easily, but after the embalming it could not be removed. The bodies take, on an average, about seven quarts, but Gen. Lander's took seventeen quarts.—There were eight bodies on hand; some had been there thirty days. The operator says in four months the bodies will become solidified like marble, but no chance has yet been had to prove it. Col Baker's body, on arriving at San Francisco, was in an advanced state of decomposition.

GRAMMAR.—What do you think of that? I think that that "that" that that boy wrote in his composition was not as well placed as that "that," that that other boy wrote.

The time of the singing of the birds has come and the dear robins and red crested wrens and others make the mornings joyous with a gush of tuneful trills.

The Gardner Journal mentions a curiosity in animal life in that city of a cat petting and taking care of a young mouse, bringing it up amidst her litter of mice.

A Rebel Letter.

NEW SALEM, N. C. November 7th 1861
COUSIN FRANK.—Just as the sun is sinking to his western couch the stars one by one are beginning to peep from behind the folds of the night, I have retired to my room to knowledge the reception of your complimentary, highly appreciative and most worthy epistle 6th inst. I have nothing of it to communicate, as news is very scarce in this part of the world at present war news, and perhaps a more than I can tell you of the going to be a protracted meeting at Bethlehem commencing on Saturday. I wish you could be with us for enjoy it so much, but you are all privileges, but I hope you always have to stand in defense of your country. May God in his wisdom up a delivery. Cheer up, cons there is a better time coming war and commotion shall cease our land, and peace and liberty unsullied and honored banner of our Republic. Then spring visit us in all her gorgeous array of flowers, the flowers will bloom beauty and fragrance, the birds of young love as it soys on its fions, the world will team with life and all things seem to prosper as they go on progress and still faster to the heights of happiness and civilization.

may add that the soldiers will be from strict military duties and rejoiced and perfectly delighted success, and with military laurels and fadeless upon their brows. You stated in your letter that making great preparations for with the enemy. I hope the blown over. I suppose they have for a bad job, at least I had better if they know which bread's buttered. No doubt you have long since the dream-land, and with the your visions may be pleasant, I close.

Write soon to your ever true Cousin AMAS
Kind Providence protect you.

An old darkey at Louisville, joying the privileges accorded to these happy (?) times, was heard to claim: "Bress de Lord, hallelu dis old nigger should lib to see happy time, when white men miss to move about, and nigger him please wid out one. Bress de

An orator recently remarked, "force than eloquence, that the was doing its work in the rebel They were out of soap with wash their dirty faces; they we everything, including fine tooth while every little rebel head was squatter sovereigns, looking for rights" among the tangles.

A well sunk at any point along river, Mich., to the depth of 7 will bring to the surface the strongest salt brine found anywhere United States.

The Lowell Courier learns that than nine cattle have been bitten cord, Mass., within a few weeks mad dog (or by dogs), and that the number have died of hydrophobia.

Calico, the well known cotton named from Calicut, a city in India whence it first came. Calico was brought to England in the year 1533.

HALL OF ENGLISH ENGINE COMPANY, South Danvers, April 21, 1862.

At a special meeting of the Company this evening, called to see what a Committee would take in regard to a of our late Foreman, James D. Morel following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Standing Committee authorized to have the same published South Danvers Wizard:

Whereas, by the mysterious hand of fate, our late esteemed and much Foreman, Mr. James D. Morel, has moved from us by death, therefore Resolved—That in the death of our commander and associate, the Company sustained an irreparable loss.

Resolved—That we deeply sympathize with the widow and family of the deceased, mourn the departure of an affectionate and loving father.

Resolved—That in the loss of our following so soon our late associate, Mr. Tufts, at whose funeral services we with us, we are reminded of the uncertainty and the necessity of preparation for death.

Resolved—That as a last token of remembrance, the Company will attend the funeral of our late Foreman.

R. W. JACOBS, }
N. H. POOR }
T. S. TRASK }

Attest: THOS. S. TRASK, (

The Bangor Whig reports the quar snow which has fallen at Hampden the 1st at ten feet and three inches.

FINCH.—The alarm of fire on Monday was occasioned by the burning of a 1 Beverly belonging to Mr. Alpheus Davis about \$300; probably insured.

SNAKES.—A boy in Lynn killed on 8 last nine black snakes averaging four length. They were sunning themselves. of the group made their escape.

TIGER BEVERLY SOLDIER DEAD.—Private F. Williams, of Co. G, 2nd Mass. Regt., who was wounded in the battle of Newburg at his home in Beverly on Saturday and was buried with military honors on Sunday from the Danvers-street Church. The cause of the death was conducted by Rev. Abbott, whose remarks were exceedingly interesting and appropriate, and were listened to with a crowded and attentive audience. Mr. Williams is the second one of Capt. Haynes' men who has died of wounds received at Newburg.

AL ACCIDENT.—Last Friday evening, a young John Noble, of Malden, was killed by a train at the Eastern Railroad Depot in Boston. He fell upon a car just as a train was starting, and was killed on the spot. He was about 65 years of age. Coroner Nichols was called and took charge of the body.

WILDS OF WILD GESE.—are frequently seen on their way to the north east on their excursion to the cradles of their grand

RIGHT NOT TO BE REGARDED AS A SUCCESSFUL operation for a man to stop a neighbor asking a dollar, by spending seventy-five on his own pocket.

BANGOR TIMES reports that Charles E. formerly connected with the Bangor Times, is now in Gen. Wigfall's rebel staff at Fredericksburg, Va.

X BOSOMS.—10 doz. extra fine Linen to sell for 17 cents each, just opened at J. P. PEABODY'S.

ONE.—Have you seen the 25 cent Rib-PEABODY'S? They are as good as any sold for 28 cents.

REB.—An entirely new stock—all new opened to-day at J. P. PEABODY, 220

S.—Best Cord Nets 15 cts., at JOHN PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, Salem.

n Five Cents' Savings Bank. Semi-annual meeting of the Warren Savings Bank, will be held at the Bank Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, May 1st, at 10 o'clock, P. M. Order, FRANCIS BAKER, Danvers, Ap 23—3w Treasurer.

NOTICE. SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY will meet twice a week, for work, at Sutton's, Tuesdays and Thursdays, P. M. All interested are invited to attend.

JOHN P. PEABODY'S advertisement "Ladies."

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Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.
Take HERRICK'S PILLS
Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never meet our care;
There is a cure for such distress.
In HERRICK'S PILLS
Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure path of little cost.
HERRICK'S PILLS
Should sudden illness hint of grief,
Should cruel landladies turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout,
Is HERRICK'S PILLS.

Advertisements.
NEW STOCK
OF
CLOTHING, HATS,
CAPS, BOOT, SHOES,
Furnishing Goods, &c.
The subscribers having fitted up the Store
No. 52 Main st., Trask's Building,
And having made arrangements with some of
the Largest Clothing and Shoe Houses in Bos-
ton, will keep constantly on hand a complete
and select stock of READY-MADE CLOTH-
ING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, FUR-
NISHING GOODS, &c., and would most re-
spectfully invite the public in want of any
thing usually kept in a CLOTHING, BOOT
and SHOE STORE, to give us a call.

The Goods are all new and just selected, and
of the latest style, and will be sold as low as
can be purchased elsewhere for Cash.

Thankful for past favors, we hope for a con-
tinuance of the same.

R. S. D. Symonds & Co.,
S. Danvers, Ap. 21. Agent.

D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,
S. Danvers, Ap. 21. Agent.

Druggist and Apothecary,
38 MAIN STREET.
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, and Popular Proprietary Medicines.
Personal attention to Physicians' Prescriptions.
South Danvers, May 29, 1861.

POCKET BOOKS AND WALLET
In great variety, new, desirable and cheap
styles, just opened at 190 Essex St., Salem.

ANN R. BRAY,
76 FEDERAL ST., has just opened his morn-
ing, a great variety of NEW GOODS—styles
that are very desirable—which we shall sell at bar-
gains.

COUNTERFEIT COIN DETECTOR,
FOR detecting all imitations of U S Coins, from 15
cts to \$50—for sale by
G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH,
100 Essex Street, Salem.

A "WORD" FROM THE FAMOUS
"LANE,"
Whose Bargains in Good, Durable, and
Fashionable

READY-MADE CLOTHING
ASTONISHES THE WORLD.

Why is it that LANE is so Popular?
WHY IS IT THAT THE GREAT MASS OF THE
PEOPLE BUY THEIR GOODS AT
"LANE'S?"

These are questions the answers to which you
will do well to remember.
1st. We do strictly "CASH BUSINESS,"
buying and selling for "net cash," whereby
saving much from bad debts, and have great ad-
vantages in buying goods.
2d. We on any one but first-class artists in
the cut and manufacture of our goods, there-
by giving to the purchaser an elegant and tasty
fit, combined with great durability.
3d. We always keep a very large stock, and
you are sure to find garments suited to your
taste and pocket.
4th. Our corps of salesmen are all gentle-
men, and you have no fear of being abused if
you do not purchase; but they will, on the con-
trary, take great pleasure in showing strangers
over our immense establishment.
5th. We invite strangers, who are making
purchases in the city, to make our store their
head-quarters, and send any bundle or package
there for safe keeping.

"STRANGERS"
—AND—
"CITIZENS,"
When next in Boston in search of
CLOTHING,
FOR EITHER MAN OR BOY, VISIT
LANE'S
FAMOUS CLOTHING PALACE!
31 AND 32 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON.
Do-Lon, April 23.

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31 AND 32 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON.

220
ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
LADIES!
WE have been in the New
York and Boston markets dur-
ing the last week, buying our
Spring Stock of Ribbons, Flow-
ers, Ruches, Laces, Embroider-
ies, Hosiery, Gloves and Fancy
Goods.
We have bought a full line of
New and desirable Goods—
Bought for CASH—bought low—
and we shall sell them at less
prices than old Shop Worn goods
are offered around town.
In Ribbons, we can sell an ex-
tra wide heavy double-faced Rib-
bon for 25 cts, such as is usual-
ly sold for 38 or 42 cts., and all
other grades in proportion.
In Ruches, we have a full line
of the best Hand-Plaited Goods
from 12 1-2 cts. up.
In Flowers, our stock is choice
in style, color, make and price.
In Collars, we can show Lace,
Needlework, Linen, Crochet, &c.
Our stock of Embroideries is too
well known to need comment.
We will only say, that it is bet-
ter and cheaper than ever before.
In Hosiery, we can show an
endless variety of Ladies' Misses'
and Children's wear. We bought
our Cotton Hose just before the
rise in cotton goods, and shall
sell them at the old prices.
In Gloves, we have a nice Kid
Finished Glove in Silk and Lisle
at 25 cts. A heavy Lisle Glove,
wide cuff, for 12 1-2 cts., and
every other desirable grade. Our
stock of Kids is fresh, and they
are the best goods in the market.
Gloves for Ladies, Misses and
Children.
In Fancy Goods, we have a
very large stock, consisting in
part of Buttons, Braids, Bind-
ings, Elastics, Combs, Pins, Nec-
dles, Cottons, Silks, Twists, Per-
fumes, Puffs, Boxes, Brushes,
Soaps, &c., &c. These goods we
always sell so low that we have
the name of selling them "LESS
THAN COST."

In Handkerchiefs, we have
Wrought Linen, Wrought Cam-
bric, Wrought Muslin, Hem-
stitched, Poena, Grass Cloth, Lin-
en Cambric and Cotton, in prices
from 4 cents to 15 dollars.

We have an extra job lot of
Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,
at \$1.42 per dozen, or 12 1-2
cents each.

In Ladies', Misses' and Child-
ren's Chemises, Chemise Yokes,
Drawers, &c., we have a new
stock. In Corsets and Bodices,
we have a full stock—all sizes;
warranted superior in make,
shape and finish.

We will give a few prices by
which you can judge our whole
stock.

Wrought Collars, from 25 cts to \$3.50.
Black Lace Veils, from 25 cts to \$4.00.
Handkerchiefs, from 4 cts to \$15.00.
Gloves, from 10 cts to \$8.
Hosiery, from 12 1-2 cts to \$1.25.
Edgings, from 1 ct to \$1.50.
Ribbons, from 2 cts to 42.
New Double Ruffle Trimming, per yd, 10 cts.
Magic or Prize Ruffle, 6, 8 and 10 cts.
Best American Pins, 4 cts.
Best Linen Thread, 3 cts.
Whale Bone Buttons, 2 cts.
Silk Cord Nets, 18 cts.
Crochet Nets—Silk Twist, 25 cts.
Linen Collars, 5 cts.
Linen Collars—Ruffled Edge, 12 1-2 cts.
Best Spool Cottons, 4 cts.
Sea Island Cottons, 3 cts.
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Having built up my business
in Salem by doing it strictly on
the ONE PRICE system, and EX-
CLUSIVELY FOR CASH—buying for
CASH, and SELLING CHEAP—I in-
tend to go on, and nothing will
be left undone in the future to
keep my store where it is now,
at the HEAD of the Ladies' Fur-
nishing and Fancy Dry Goods
business in Salem.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.
JOHN P. PEABODY.

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JOHN P. PEABODY.

DRY GOODS
AT COST.
The subscriber, being about to relinquish his
dry goods business, will sell, AT COST, for
THIRTY DAYS, his entire stock of goods,
consisting of
Dress Goods, Prints,
FLANNELS, WHITE GOODS,
Cassimeres, Hosiery,
GLOVES, YARN, WORSTEDS,
SMALL WARES,
With the usual variety of Goods to be found
in a Dry Goods Store.
Also,
HARD WARE, CROCKERY,
—AND—
Paper Hangings,
AMOS MERRILL.
South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

BARGAINS
IN DRY GOODS,
At 198 Essex Street.
The subscriber would respectfully inform his
friends and the public, that on
MONDAY, the 7th inst.,
he will be prepared to sell his
STOCK OF DRY GOODS,
saved from the late fire, at
GREAT BARGAINS.
The Goods are injured by smoke, and the disor-
der attending the removal.
They will be sold at a great reduction in
price, for a few weeks, for Cash only.
All persons who have not settled their
bills of last year, will confer a favor by doing
so immediately, at
198 Essex Street, 198
(A few doors East of the former stand.)
P. W. L. BUNTOON.
Salem, April 16, 1862. 3w

ROOM PAPERS.
The subscriber is now receiving his new
Spring Styles of
French, English & American
PAPER HANGINGS
—AND—
BORDERS,
Comprising all the different grades. Most of
these goods have been manufactured expressly
to our own order, and will be sold at a very
small advance from cost.

CURTAINS,
in great variety.
CLOTH & PAPER CURTAINS,
Fireboard Prints, Decorations,
BORDERS, ETC.
A full and complete assortment in this line al-
ways on hand, and at the lowest rates.

H. P. IVES,
Corner of Essex and Washington streets,
ap 16-2m Opp. E. R. Station, Salem, Mass.

**BLUNT'S MAP OF EASTERN VIR-
GINIA.**
CORRECTED up to the present time, being
the best map of the peninsula, with roads
to Yorktown, &c.; fresh supplies of Lloyd's,
Colton's and Leslie's Maps. Apply to
ap 23 G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH.

WAR MAPS.
FRESH supplies of Leslie's, Lloyd's, Col-
ton's, &c., and the Military Map, at
G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S.

House for Sale.
To be sold at private sale, the pre-
mises situated on Washington street, oc-
cupied by C. B. CURRIER. The house is
in excellent repair—has ten
bed rooms, and a fine fruit garden
adjoining. Terms very low.
Apply to
BENJ C PERKINS,
South Danvers, Feb. 16, 1862

E. A. BESSON,
Having taken the room formerly occupied by SAMUEL
DAVIS has reopened his shop
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.
A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. 15

NOTICE
I hereby give that I have given my son—
WILLIAM O. BATCHELDER—his time;
that I shall claim no wages of his carrying, or
pay no debts of his contracting, after this date.
W. O. BATCHELDER.
South Danvers, March 26, 1862. 4t

TO LET.
On MOUNT VERNON ST.,
A very convenient tenement of
six rooms. Rent reasonable.
Inquire of
PHILIP BLANEY.
South Danvers, April 9—4f

Dissolution of Copartnership.
THE Copartnership heretofore existing un-
der the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL
is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
MOSES A. SHACKLEY,
HENRY M. MERRILL.
South Danvers, N. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line
of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict
attention to the wants of the public to merit
and receive their patronage.
The undersigned is authorized to collect all
bills and to settle all accounts against the late
firm, and all persons interested are requested to
act accordingly.
H. M. MERRILL.
South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861. 4f

White Lead and Linseed Oil.
A GOOD supply constantly on hand, and for
sale by
A. W. WARREN.
Danversport, April 16, 1862. 6m

NEW BOOKS,
AT G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S, 100
Essex st., Salem:
Beauties selected from the writings of Thom-
as De Quincy; Lockhart's Life of Scott, vols.
3 and 4; The Channings, a Domestic Novel of
Real Life, by Mrs Henry Wood, author of East
Lynde, &c.; Train's next Speeches in England,
10 cts.; Leslie's History of the War, No. 19;
Companion to Rebellion Record, with portraits
of Joseph Holt and Charles Sumner, contain-
ing Speeches of J. Bright Thompson, Holt,
Sumner; Letters, &c.; Allen's Mass Reports,
The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry, by Isaac
Taylor, with an Introduction by Dr William
Adams.
Last Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
with a Memorial by Theodore Tilton.
Congregational Quarterly—April 1862.
Health, free Lay Sermons to Working Peo-
ple, by John Brown, M.D., author of "Hab and
his friends."
Harp of Freedom, a collection of Anti-
Slavery Patriotic and Contraband Songs, &c.
Rebellion Record, monthly and weekly parts.

George S. Walker.
FOR SPRING WEAR!
GENTLEMEN'S UNDER SHIRTS.
DRAWERS. HOSIERY. GLOVES.
The largest assortment to be found in the
city, bought for Cash before the advance, and
will be sold at Low Prices, by
GEO. S. WALKER,
Dealer in Men's Furnishing Goods and Toilet
Articles,
228 Essex street, Stearns' Block.

At Old Prices!
SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS!
MADE to order from the best materials, and
Sewed by Hand, at Old Prices. Also,
Shirts in stock, at former prices.
GEO. S. WALKER,
Gent's Furnishing Store, 228 Essex street,
Stearns' Block.

James F. Almy.
FRENCH MUSLINS.
We have opened 1 case Fine French Muslins
at 10 cents per yard. The greatest BARGAIN
we ever offered in Dress Goods.

JAMES F. ALMY,
No. 188 Essex St., op. Central St., Salem.

PLAIN WOOL M. DELAINES.
We have received an assortment of Plain
Wool M. Delaines, at 25 cents per yard.

JAMES F. ALMY,
188 Essex, opposite Central st., Salem.

T. W. Downing & Co.
ANNUAL
REDUCTION OF STOCK!
THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.
Offer their Stock of
DRESS GOODS,
CLOAKS, &c.,
For a Short Time, at
VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH!
Salem, January 15, 1862.

Salem & Danvers Aqueduct Co.
All persons using the water of the Salem
and South Danvers Aqueduct are hereby
notified that the water rents, for the six months
ending May 1, 1862, are now due, and that
they are required to pay the same, at the office
of the Company, No 2 Sewall street, on the 1st
day of May next. Should the bills remain
unpaid for thirty days, the water will be
stopped, in conformity to the regulations of the
Company.
Office hours, from 9 to 1 o'clock, and from 2
to 5.
WM. JELLY, Collector.
Salem, April 2, 1862.

1862. 1862.
SPRING STYLES
FOR
GENTLEMEN'S HATS,
ARE NOW READY
AT OSBORNE'S.
On Exhibition and for Sale,
ONE six octave Melodion, made by Austin
& Son, Concord—round corners, rosewood
case, highly finished—for quality and rich-
ness of tone cannot be surpassed. The above
is a capital instrument for a vestry, or school
room, or any other purpose where a good Me-
lodion is wanted.
We have also received this week, smaller
sizes—five octave and four half octave—equal-
ly as good, which we shall rent for a fair com-
pensation.

ANN R. BRAY,
Salem, March 12. No. 76 Federal st.

PERHAM'S
FIFTH GRAND
EXCURSION
To Baltimore, Washington & Fortress
Monroe.

Excursion Tickets from Boston to Baltimore
and Return, only \$14 00
From Providence, 13 00
Tickets good to leave Boston by either of the
Railroad and Steamboat Lines. The Old Col-
ony and Fall River, and steamers Empire
State and Bay State; the Providence and
Stamington, and steamers Commonwealth and
Plymouth Rock; the Worcester and Norwich,
and steamers City of Boston, and City of New
York; thence by the New Jersey Central Rail-
road and the Northern Central Railroad to Bal-
timore every day (Sundays excepted).
Tickets good to April 30, inclusive, to leave
Boston, and good to return either day to May
31, inclusive.
Tickets for sale in Boston at No. 82 Wash-
ington street, next door to Adams' Express of-
fice; at No. 76 Washington street; at No. 79
Washington street; at the Deposits of the sev-
eral Railroads, and at the Adams House.—
Tickets from New York \$8, for sale as above,
and not in New York.

T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist & Apothecary.
37 Main St., So. Danvers,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Lectures, Shakers'
Herbs, Dye Stuffs, Gums,
Acids, Spunges, Shal-
lor Braces, Trusses,
and Genuine Patent Medicines
Also, Imported Goods of choice brands, Perfumery
Toilet Articles and Stationery.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared by ex-
perienced persons.
37 MAIN STREET.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
WILLIAM J. WALTON,
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,
HAS now on hand, and intends to
continue to keep a full assortment of
all desirable kinds and styles of
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which
he would be happy to dispose of to
his Friends, and the Public, at sat-
isfactory prices.
Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.
WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main st.
South Danvers, 31a 1, 1862. 4f

George S. Walker.
FOR SPRING WEAR!
GENTLEMEN'S UNDER SHIRTS.
DRAWERS. HOSIERY. GLOVES.
The largest assortment to be found in the
city, bought for Cash before the advance, and
will be sold at Low Prices, by
GEO. S. WALKER,
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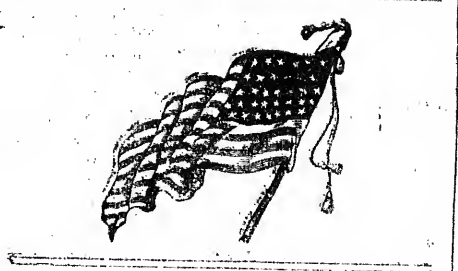
NO. 17.

dorse this; I never tried the first part of the remedy, and the last but rarely; it is very evident however, what his view of it was as a moral excitant. The time that I have been moved in my temper the severest during the present trial was at a time when, my limb at conventional angle, and I enjoying a dish of Hazlitt as a diet, some feminine attempted to pass me and caught my foot in her crinoline, throwing my unfortunate member off its posse and giving me acute pain. I did yell and incontinently grasp a cricket to hurl at the offender's head, but reason stepped in and averted the catastrophe.

This, or something like it, is what I ought to have said to the millions who look into the corner window, and hoping that these crochets of a sick man may please you and them,—

Yours goutily but not greatly,
B. P. S.

The Wizard.



Horace Mann's Statue.

Will some one be so good as to inform us about the statue of the great friend and advocate of Education, HONORABLE MANN? We looked anxiously for it, the other day, on the lawn in front of the State House, which was appropriated for its reception. We did not see it. Why was it invisible? Where is it? In whose studio shall we find the clay model, or what artist is employed in chiseling its form? Can these questions be answered? If not, is it to the credit of Massachusetts, that, after fixing a spot in front of her Capitol, beside the statue of her great Statesman, she places there no such durable memorial of her great Educator and Philanthropist? Perhaps our legislators have no time to spare from making statues, to devote to statues. They may be too intent upon making a temporary history to remember the illustrious characters of the past.

WASHINGTON in marble, and WASHINGTON in bronze, adorn the precincts of the State House, and it is right that they should be so remembered,—but the great services of Horace Mann should not be forgotten.

GEN. MERRILL.—This gentleman proves to be an active, energetic officer, with enough of dash in his composition to suit even Dr. Russell of the London Times. His exploit in taking possession of the railroad line which kept open communication between the eastern and western rebel forces, was one of great importance, and was executed with tact and skill. When he was appointed to command, he was best known as a scientific man, an astronomer, and we supposed him to be a closet man, a man of thought and not of action. The event has proved that he possesses the proper requisites for a brilliant general in the field. We shall be glad to hear of his union with Gen. Halleck's army, when we trust the Rebel forces will be scattered to the four winds. Gen. Mitchell was in the same class, at West Point, with Generals Lee and Joseph Johnston of the Rebel army.

THE CHANNINGS.—A Tale of Domestic Life. This is another of the series of books by Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," and other works which have given her a high reputation as a writer. The "Channings" is written on good paper, with good readable type, making an octavo book of 300 pages. It is published by Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia, which is itself a commendation of the work, and will give it currency with all readers of first class fictions.

The same publishers have issued, and continue to issue, all George F. Train's English Speeches, by which we mean, his speeches to English audiences on American affairs. These are epic reading, and stir the soul like a trumpet. There is another recommendation of Peterson's publications—their cheapness. The Channings may be had of the publishers, postage paid, for 50 cents.

REBEL MUSTER ROLL.—We have received from a member of the staff of the 23d Regiment, a roll of Company B, of the 25th Regiment of North Carolina troops, Col. James Sinclair. It is printed on brown wrapping paper, similar to the secess envelopes, and contains the names of 70 men, of whom 39 were not able to write their signatures! Of the hundred men in our Foster Guard, in the 17th Regiment, there were probably not more than half a dozen who did not sign the muster roll with their own hands.

DOGS.—Our readers have all read the notice of the Selectmen relating to dogs. Dog owners should also be reminded that in addition to the State tax of a dollar, another dollar will have to be paid as a national tax. The old saying of "dog-champ" is not applicable in these days. The last census proves that there are more dogs than sheep in Essex County—more hair than wool. We go for more b-a and less bow-wow.

MAY DAY.—To-morrow will be May Day, when we have a right to believe, according to the poets, that flowers may be found in abundance. We get our notions of May Day mainly from English books, as in that country May is indeed the month of flowers. With us the last day of May would be more appropriate to celebrate than the first.

ST. JOHN'S DAY will be celebrated on a grand scale at Portland, Me., this year, in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Moseley into that State. It is expected to be the greatest Masonic celebration that has ever taken place in New England.

SPIRITUALISM.—On our first page will be found a narrative of events which seem to confirm the doctrine of spiritual communications as believed in at the present day.

Troy and Greenfield Railroad.

We have seen the speech of our Senator, Mr. Northrup, upon this subject. He takes strong ground in favor of the past policy of the State in its grants of aid to the undertaking, mainly upon the broad ground of the public interest and public faith. He contends that another channel and cheaper transportation are demanded for the products of the great West.

The following is the closing paragraph of the speech:—

"With the future growth of the gigantic West, additional avenues to the sea-coast must be opened through which it can pour its vast products. However dark the cloud that now overshadows us, I have faith in a great and glorious future. We have seen the immense advantage to our State from the generous and energetic policy we have pursued in the prosecution of our internal improvements in the past. Since the introduction of railroads, in which we have expended sixty-two millions of dollars, our State valuation has increased from three hundred millions to over nine hundred millions of dollars. Let us continue the same policy, with the same courage and the same hope, and we shall reap our reward in a future progress and wealth which will far outstrip all our achievements in the past."

NORMAL SCHOOLS.—In our last, we made some remarks upon the general character of these schools, as State Institutions for the training of teachers, and upon the obvious propriety of requiring in them, if we wish good instructors in our schools, faithful study and a high standard of scholarship. We also expressed the opinion, supported by good authority, that the injurious effects often ascribed to hard study, in these and other institutions, are really due to causes far the most part beyond the control of teachers.

We understand that, in the Normal School at Salem, the course of study is now so arranged, for the express purpose of securing thoroughness of acquisition without pressure, that it may occupy either a longer or a shorter time, according to the strength and previous attainments of the pupils, and the wishes of themselves and their parents. We are also glad to learn that the statement made a few weeks since by a correspondent of the Wizard, respecting the injurious effects of study in this school upon young ladies in a neighboring town, proved, upon investigation, to have less foundation than he believed when he wrote. Of the two young ladies referred to, in his communication, as having been "laid in an untimely grave," one never attended the school, and the other is not believed by her parents to have been injured by study in the school.

A SINGULAR PROPHECY.—The following circumstance, says the Richmond Whig, recently occurred at Pensacola, and its truth is vouchered for by a trustworthy officer of the army:—

"A soldier in the Confederate service fell into a long and profound sleep, from which his comrades vainly essayed to arouse him. At last he woke up himself. He then stated that he should die the next afternoon at 4 o'clock, for it was so revealed to him in his dream."

He said in the last week of the month of April would be fought the greatest and bloodiest battle of modern times, and that early in May peace would break upon the land more suddenly and unexpectedly than the war had done in the beginning. The first part of the prophetic dream has been realized, for the soldier died the next day at 4 o'clock P. M.—Will the rest be in April and May? Let believers in dreams wait and see."

DIXIE'S BELIEVE IN.—When the news came on Monday of the capture of New Orleans, there were some who couldn't believe it. It was too good to be true. It was too soon to hear of it. The place was too strong. It was a rebel story, got up to deceive &c. Our faith was made sure when we found that OUR FLAG was floating at the mainmast in the square. The newspapers may lie, the rebels may lie, but that flag has always yet been reliable, and told the truth. It has not committed a single mistake in all its announcements of Federal victories. Long may it wave.

There was also a display of bunting from the Engine Houses and on private account.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.—Our Boston correspondent says: "At the Academy of Music we have Jarrett's Combination Company, who have given our citizens a chance to witness some really excellent acting, and it has seemed somewhat like old times to see full houses. Mr. J. deserves success for his enterprise."

At the copy Howard, the beautiful piece entitled The Peep O' Day, has drawn full houses, and demonstrated that the people will appreciate real merit at all times. Mr. and Mrs. Conway sustain the principal characters.

WHERE ARE THE VAN BURENS?—In more than a year of civil war, says the Newburyport Herald, not a word has been heard from the Van Burens—from the ex-President, who was ever ready to write a letter, or from Prince John, who was ever before ready to make a speech. There is no doubt they wish well to their country; but it is about time for John to come out to ventilate his eloquence. The Buffalo platform would be no mean craft in these times.

MESSRS. D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER have sent us, from their music rooms, a popular song entitled "Hattie's Secret," as sung by little Martha Davies with great applause. Messrs. Brooks & Bro. receive all the new music as soon as issued. They offer to rent or sell pianos and melodions on favorable terms. They invite their Danvers friends to visit their rooms and try their new music on their fine pianos.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—We learn from the Lynn Reporter that the Lynn Library Association have voted to transfer their library to the city, upon condition that the City Council shall establish and maintain a free public library, and shall appropriate a sum not less than one thousand dollars for its improvement and maintenance the ensuing year. We trust the act will be consummated without delay.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The sale of this well-known and largely circulated sheet, for this week, was stopped at Fort Sumner on account of its illustrations of the vicinity of Yorktown. This is at least a good evidence of the completeness and accuracy of the war illustrations of this paper. The timely illustrations of every place and object of interest, together with the accurate maps it gives, renders Harper's Weekly an invaluable paper at the present time. Wilkinson has it for sale.

Iron-clad Ships for England.

THE MONITOR COULD SINK THE WARHORN.

On the 30th ultimo an exceedingly interesting debate took place in the House of Commons in relation to iron-clad vessels of war, the principal portion of which we give below.

"Sir F. Smith rose to call the attention of the Secretary of War to what had recently occurred in American waters, with a view of subsequently putting a question concerning the forts now in course of construction at Spit-head. If the government had not gone too far, they could surely suspend their operations. He was told that three forts were in progress. Let the experiment be confined to them, or, at all events, give up the forts in the Isle of Wight. The estimated cost was £1,000,000; but he believed they would cost a great deal more, and that we should be very lucky if we got out of it for less than £2,000,000. It would be better to strip the works and pay a penalty to the contractor, than to spend so much money uselessly."

Mr. Gregory said the event that had lately occurred in America appeared to him a great and entire revolution in the art of naval warfare. He entirely agreed with the member opposite that money expended on fortresses would be money thrown away. What they required were iron ships, not fortresses—vessels that could go out and contend with such an attacking enemy on equal terms. [Hear, hear.] The recent event had solved the whole question, of colonial fortifications. It was positively throwing away money to spend it on fortifications in the colonies. These iron vessels, built in nine days, and costing only £60,000, had guns of such a calibre that they were most dangerous invading force. No fortifications now constructing could beat them. But by building the same kind of vessels the colonies might defend themselves with less outlay. Our superiority on the American Lakes would be very much endangered by this new class of vessels. It had always been said that though the Americans might overrun the border, yet in Quebec they would find a difficult task to crack; but since the introduction of these destructive instruments of warfare the case was very different. If the Warrior had met the Merrimack it was a matter of grave doubt whether the angular-sided vessel would not have overcome her vertical-sided antagonist; but if the Warrior and the Monitor had met there is little doubt that the smaller vessel would have plunged her shot into the unprotected parts of the Warrior, and would, in fact, have overcome the pride of the British navy. He hoped the Government would take this tremendous subject into their consideration. If instead of going about like pottering old pointers, snuffing after the traditions of Blake and Benbow, we accommodated ourselves to the facts which had met our eyes and made proper use of this salutary lesson, we might be able to diminish our expenditures (hear, hear) and to provide an impenetrable line of defence which all the powers of Europe would not be able to break through. [Hear, hear.]

Lord A. Templest said that as he had seen the Merrimack a few words would not be without interest. [Hear, hear.] There was misapprehension with regard to her. Although she was a most powerful vessel, she was not calculated for anything but smooth water. Owing to the weight of the plates put upon her, she was immersed to that extent that there was nothing above water but the deck for her gun ports. The sides were carried up an angle of 45, and at the top was an open bar roofing, the consequence of which was that shipping a sea would certainly sink her. [Hear, hear.] With regard to the Monitor, he thought she was more powerful, because she had made a voyage in rough weather from New York to Fort Monroe; but it was no disparagement to the gallantry of the officers and crew of the Merrimack to say that she was only fit for river purposes, and that the anticipation of her being able to cross the Atlantic was not well founded. [Hear, hear.] The honorable member for Clitham was entitled to the gratitude of the House for having brought forward this important question, and he submitted that the time was come when the Government should reconsider the matter and pause in the construction of costly land fortresses, which practical men were of opinion would not be so efficacious as these new iron vessels in defending our coasts and harbors. [Hear.]

THE TRAITORS BRECKINRIDGE AND BELL.—The following "first rate notice" is from the Boston Post: "We do not think Breckinridge is any better than Bell or Bell any better than Breckinridge. One is very frowy, and the other added. John Bell was a chattering and a traitor from the start; he betrayed the Democratic party, which elevated him to power, for the office of Speaker of the House of Representatives; betrayed Gov. Jackson, through whose strength he rose to consciousness, and was ever ready to chase, cross over, right hand and left, in the grand political dance, and must now swing with his partners. They are miserable, degraded, lost men, both Breckinridge and Bell, and the only benefit they can be to their country hereafter will be found in the sad and terrible warning their example presents to the mad ambition which overleaps itself."

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN RAISES THE "STARS AND STRIPES" OVER FORT PULASKI.—We learn by a letter in the Marblehead Ledger, that Capt. Samuel H. Gregory of the United States gunboat Western World, the first to raise the flag of the Union over the battered walls of Pulaski.

After the surrender Capt. Gregory went to the fort in his boat, and the State flag of Connecticut was then flying from the cross-trees of the staff; he proposed to send down the topmast and reeve the flag halliards which had been shot away, when it was stated that they had no American flag. Capt. Gregory replied, "I have one in my boat," and sending one of the boys after it, he went with a dozen others hoisted it to the truck, where it floated for about three quarters of an hour, when the steamer McClellan arrived from Hilton Head with a larger American ensign which took its place.—Boston Journal.

DANVERS.—Robbery.—The shoe manufactory of Mr. Frederick Parley, at Danvers Plains, was entered during last Friday night,—supposed by means of false keys, as the lock appeared to be slightly disarranged on Saturday morning,—and goods to the amount of about \$300 stolen, among which were sixty pairs of ladies' goat and kid boots, fifty-five pairs of balmaine kid and thirty-five pairs of calf boots. The thieves were probably disturbed, as several other cases were opened and nothing taken from them. A neighbor heard a wagon start from the vicinity about one o'clock on Saturday morning, but saw nothing of it.—Reg.

News Items.

Catapults will be abundant this year, if the quantity of eggs to be seen in trees is an indication. These eggs may be found on the small twigs of apple trees, encircling the limb like a band, and may be easily removed.

A Boston capitalist has been drifting about Manassas Junction for a month, to pitch upon a site for a mammoth hotel, which he contemplates building at the end of the war, to accommodate curious visitors to the Bull Run battle-field.

An Iowa Regiment has a rule that any man who utters an oath shall read a chapter in the Bible. Several have already nearly got through the Old Testament.

Facts indicate that Bill Ballard, of Company A, 1st Kentucky Regiment, with his unerring rifle, "dropped" Gen. Johnston, the Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army of the Mississippi.

The Richmond Examiner learns that the expenditures of the Confederate government are at the rate of two or three millions a day, and there is a weekly addition of that sum, to the currency.

The Capture of Fort Pulaski is pronounced by Com. Dupont, "a purely military operation, the result of laborious and scientific preparation and of consummate skill and bravery in execution."

Beauregard's "victory," at Pittsburg Landing is very much like that described by "John Phoenix." He says, "I held the enemy down by my nose, which I had inserted between his teeth for that purpose."

A disgusted seceder says that Floyd, Pillow and Price are pretty good generals—take them as they run!

Gen. Grant reports to Gov. Yates of Illinois that his details have buried over 4000 of the slain at Pittsburg.

The 1st Mass., which wintered at Budd's Ferry, have been transferred to Fortress Monroe.

If Fort Pulaski had been taken two days later, it would have fallen on the anniversary of the capture of Sumter.

Flattery often makes men flatter than they are.

STOLEN GOODS FOUND.—On Thursday last a lot of shawls, &c., which were stolen from the store of Mr. Joseph A. Paine several months since, were found under an outbuilding in the rear of a gentleman's residence in this city, the floor of which was being removed for repairs.

The goods (the cost price of which was \$35) were in a bag,—such as is used by professional female thieves, so arranged that it may be worn under the dress like a shirt,—and were considerably injured by lying on the damp ground.

A domestic remembrance that last June she saw two well dressed women in the yard who said they had come in to arrange their dress; she had forgotten the circumstance until this discovery brought it to mind.—Reg.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE SICK.—The effect of music upon the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact, its expansive powers, as it is now makes any general application of it out of the question. I will only remark here, that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuous sound, have generally a beneficial effect,—while the piano-forte, with such instruments as have no continuity of sound, has just the reverse.

The finest piano-forte playing will damage the sick, while an air like "Home, Sweet Home," on the most ordinary grunting organ, will sensibly soothe them,—and this quite independent of association.—Florence Nightingale.

SICKNESS IN THE CAMPS.—It is understood that there has been considerable sickness recently among our troops, especially those in North Carolina. A week since, we heard that our friend, John L. Waterman, was dangerously ill with a fever. Since then letters have come to his friends announcing his convalescence.

MESSRS. MERRILL, MILLET and STARK have also been down with sickness, and have since recovered.

FOOT PILLOW has been planned with considerable skill by trained engineers. In commencing the attack on the fort the brave Foote ran past the fort and took up a position below it, so as to fight with his boats headed up stream, a very decided advantage in view of the mighty current of the Mississippi. It is impossible in such a river to fight with the boats headed down the stream. Moreover, their most vulnerable parts are in the rear.

COLONEL NATHAN LORD, brother of Dr. Lord of this town, of the Vermont Sixth, who so greatly distinguished himself with the other Vermont regiments, in the late affair at Yorktown, is a son of President Lord of Dartmouth College. Col. Lord led his regiment with great intrepidity; he had his clothing pierced by several bullets, without bodily injury. His first laurels were won in Western Virginia, as a captain in an Ohio regiment, when General McClellan there held command.

A DIAMOND WEDDING.—Mr. Asa Raymond and wife, of Shimsbury, Franklin county, Mass. respectively ninety-seven and ninety-six years of age, who had been man and wife for the long period of seventy-two years, held the "Diamond Wedding" festival last week Thursday. The old folks are both in excellent health, and a large number of their descendants and relatives were present on the extraordinary occasion.

THE SCHOOLS.—We learn that Miss Richardson who has taught several years in the Center Primary school, is engaged to take the school in the West District No. 7.

Miss Eliza Ann White, has been appointed as teacher in the Sunting District No. 8. All the schools in town are now supplied with teachers for the year.

THE BOYS OF THE "Twenty-third" have formed an association called the "Order of the Sons of Gideon," and have adopted as a battle cry: "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Their war-song was heard when the regiment made a charge at Roanoke.

MONKEY MONSTERS.—Work has been commenced at the Continental Works, Greenpoint, upon three new iron batteries for the United States Government, on the plan of the Monitor, but much larger and carrying a more formidable armament, each vessel to have two turrets.

By statistics just prepared at the State House, it appears that there are 28,774 Massachusetts men engaged in active service in the army.

Great Attraction!

GRAND NATIONAL MENAGERIE.

This great show of remarkable animals is now on exhibition at the National Fair grounds and attracts multitudes of people, who invariably go away fully satisfied with the rare entertainment. Among the curiosities there collected are the following:

CAGE No. 1.

The great ANACONDA. This enormous reptile is a very great curiosity. His body is of great length and excessive strength. He is under the complete control of his keeper, McClellan, who does not permit him to trouble loyal people, but he is a great terror to the rebels, around whom he is continually winding and crushing in his folds.

CAGE No. 2.

The transatlantic BULL called John.—This animal is very excitable and likes to show his horns, especially to the American Eagle who sits perched above him in the same apartment. This Bull delights in making a loud bellowing, greatly to the annoyance of nervous people. It was not long since, one Wilkes took him by the horns, upon which he pawed the ground in great anger and made fearful noises, but soon became calm again.

CAGE No. 3.

The American EAGLE. This proud bird has recently had his wings clipped in his sleep by some evil disposed parties but is as courageous and strong as ever. His feathers are now growing out again, and he will soon be able to soar as high before his mutilation. His beak and claws show that he is still capable of punishing his enemies.

CAGE No. 4.

The old Gallie Cock. This ancient rooster is a majestic looking bird and is now under the keepership of Mr. Louis Napoleon. He is a full blood game, with long, sharp spurs and of courage equal to any emergency. He has been known to attack the British Lion, with whom he is not on the best of terms, although at present they appear to have some apparently friendly intercourse. His keeper trains him carefully and keeps him always in good fighting trim. He has recently armed him with steel gaffs.

CAGE No. 5.

The celebrated southern WOLF is here exhibited. He is a gaunt, hungry looking brute, and the southern people find great difficulty in keeping him from their door. Visitors will do well to keep a good distance from his cage.

CAGE No. 6.

In another cage is kept the celebrated TIGER. This beautiful animal is remarkable for his peculiar growl, which he is apt to indulge in at rejoicings for Federal victories. His sagacity is very remarkable in finding out when these successes happen, so that it has become a proverb; "three cheers and a tiger." This specimen was brought up by the Boston Light Infantry and is the especial pet of that corps.

CAGE No. 7.

The British LION. This majestic beast adds much to the show. He is not at all dangerous except when aroused, at which times his roar is fearful. Miss Britannia has the care of him and can quickly calm him down when most excited. Miss Columbia sometimes amuses the visitors by showing him the Anaconda or the Monitor, just to make him roar.

CAGE No. 8.

The American PARROTT. This specimen has a jet black plumage and speaks very loud. It has also a very strong beak. Some of this species have been pecking at the walls of Fort Pulaski, much to the injury of that fortress. Like other talking birds, she speaks best on an empty stomach.

CAGE No. 9.

A young COLT, raised in Connecticut, is well worth the attention of visitors. He is sleek, sure, and swift. The amazing speed with which he goes round the ring, has gained for him the name of Revolver.

CAGE No. 10.

The well known HOBNOY HORSE, Emancipation. This is a fast horse, but like others of his species, he is apt to over-reach. Horses of this breed are always liable to be ahead of time. This one has been driven hard by old jockeys who have not used good judgment. He has become wind broken, but is still capable of considerable speed. Visitors are allowed to mount him at pleasure, but at their own risk of being thrown.

CAGE No. 11.

The celebrated Massachusetts BONE, Hoosier. This remarkable swine is a cross of the Suffolk and Berkshire breeds. He is a monstrous eater as is well known by the amount he consumes from the public crib. His grunt is very familiar to those about the State House. His motto is "root hog or die." He is undoubtedly the greatest bore Massachusetts ever had.

CAGE No. 12.

The Southern financial WILD CAT.—This is a stuffed skin, but it looks perfectly natural and gives as good an idea of the beast as if he was alive. It is filled with Confederate bonds and shipplasters which well represent the character of the animal.

Position of Affairs.

All of the troops from Massachusetts are now engaged in active operation with the exception of the Mass. 16th 29th at Fortress Monroe, and the 1st. The latter regiment garrisons one of the fortifications at Washington. The of our soldiers are with Gen. McCl at Yorktown, and Gen. Buraside in N Carolina.

There are some rumors from the Y that Gen. Beauregard's army is fast ishing away. After the battle of Pburg Landing large numbers of Tennessee troops started for home, and are said to be now wandering about the country. Other reports are that Beauregard gathered together an army of great strength, but that our commanders are confident of ultimate victory. Still another report that Beauregard has retreated to Columbus, Miss. The rebels, however, in hope, perhaps, of reviving the courage of their troops, are circulating a rumor, battle at Corinth, with the defeat of Federal army and the capture of a thousand prisoners.

We have no news yet of the capture Savannah, but if it is deemed expedient to take possession of the place, it will be done as soon as the order to march comes. The turn of Charleston comes next. The news of the fall of that stronghold of treason should be received at the North with a general illumination.

We are sorry to learn that there is considerable sickness among our soldiers North Carolina, but the disease, principally typhoid fever, does not assume virulent form, and in a very large majority of cases the patients recover. At West, the mortality from sickness exposure is, we fear, very large especially at Pittsburg Landing.

It is thought by some that the President long will issue a proclamation, granting pardon to all rebels (with certain exceptions) who throw down their arms; return to their allegiance to the government of the country.

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THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT say that they shall need at least 800,000 men including the militia, to repel the Northern invaders. It therefore suggests that all the lands of the cotton states will be needed to raise food for the army. The same suggestion is made in other Southern papers; and if the war is a protracted one, there is no doubt that the cotton fields of the South will be converted to other purposes.

THE TRAITOR GWIN, late Senator from California, who was arrested some months since on suspicion of treason, has turned up in Richmond as a red-handed Rebel. We are glad he has found his level at last. A more unscrupulous demagogue never disgraced our National Legislature.

SAXE says that Vermont is famous for four staples, "men, women, maple-sugar, and horses," and that the first are strong, the last are fleet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are uncommonly hard to beat.

ROBERT ANDREWS.—In the late skirmish near Yorktown, Robert Andrews of South Danvers, was one of the killed. He was attached to the First Regiment, Col. Cowdin, in the Chelsea company, Capt. Caruth. He is the first soldier from this town killed in battle in this war. He was in the battle of Bull Run, George W. Gray, who was there wounded, was in the same company. Both were members of Volunteer Engine Company.

FIRE.—Officers Hunt and Thorne, of the Sunday patrol, yesterday afternoon discovered some waste stuff kindled under a pile of slabs near a building on Wiggan & Clark's wharf, and extinguished it without raising an alarm.

About 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon a small wooden building on Grover's wharf, used for storage, was burnt, together with a small lot of cooper's staves. The building was owned by Mr. John Grover, and the stock by Mr. William H. Nichols. Two hundred dollars will cover the loss, although much valuable property would have been destroyed but for the timely discovery, and the prompt exertions of the fire department, particularly Reliance Co. No. 1. These fires are supposed to have been set by boys.—Reg.

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South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS.

MASS., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1862.

NO. 18.

Selected Poetry.

MASONRY.

BY A LADY.
A Mason's life is one that's free—
(Not the life of mortar and brick!)
But out of nights enjoying a spree,
And playing astounding tricks,
While the shill at home is waiting,
No dreaming it all a dodge,
But thinking the sad belating
Is caused by work at the lodge!
Where they meet upon the level,
To part upon the square;
And raise the very devil,
While congregated there.

If a bachelor chaps in his court days
Grows weary of being tied,
Both day and eve, almost always,
To his fair dulcinea's side—
The easiest plan to escape a while,
And in fact some calls to dodge,
Is to seek the aid of a Mason friend,
And join a Masonic lodge.

Where they meet, &c.
Now, what's the Mason's secret?—
Doth he order, forbid, or ban?
Doth he order, forbid, or ban?
Doth he order, forbid, or ban?
Doth he order, forbid, or ban?
Doth he order, forbid, or ban?
Doth he order, forbid, or ban?
Doth he order, forbid, or ban?

Then who betide the sinner,
Who "spreads it" in the East?
Fear will make him rather thinner,
Though he may be fat, the beast.
And all their grand regalia—
Skin aprons, scarfs and jewels—
We'll seize upon as plunder,
For women all ain't fools.

For women all ain't fools,
And don't part on a square;
Still they all can raise the devil,
If they get a chance that's fair.

Tales and Sketches.

The Bag of Wheat.

BY MRS. LUDIA JANE PIERSON.
"So it seems that we have got a thief
in our settlement," remarked Mrs. Green
to a company of ladies who were assembled
around a quilt, each busily plying
her needle.

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Gray.
"I have never heard of a theft being com-
mitted in this neighborhood, and we are
all excessively careless, leaving our doors
unfastened day and night; and our wash
out for days together, and never once
dreaming that anything could be stolen."
"That is true," replied Mrs. Green.
"We have never had lock or bolt upon our
door, but it becomes us to be a little
cautious now."

"What has happened, Mrs. Green?" in-
quired Mrs. Lacey. "I should think you
would tell us what you mean."
"Well then," said Mrs. Green, "though
they talk of keeping quiet as the surest
method of detecting a thief, I see no
harm in telling it, for there can be no
doubt as to who the wretch is."
"You must know that Mr. Frost put up
six bags full of wheat last Saturday morn-
ing, but something prevented his going,
and when he went to the barn yesterday
to take it away, one bag was missing—
So you see it must have been stolen be-
tween Saturday and yesterday, which was
Monday."

"But who is suspected of the theft?"
asked one.
"Oh, as to that you know, as Mrs.
Gray says, we have never had any dis-
honest people among us, so it must be
the poor fellow that moved into Mr.
Frost's old house last month. Mary cal-
led on them soon after they moved in, and
she says they looked miserably—having
little or no furniture, and that little out
of order; that the man sat writing; while
his wife lay on the bed, and a growing
girl tricked out in city finery, was nur-
sing an infant, and hearing two little rag-
ged fellows read. And Mary noticed that
when the boys had done reading, the
youngest whispered to his sister, 'Now,
Alice, I am a good boy, will you give me
a piece of bread?' And the girl whis-
pered, 'Wait awhile Charley, and she
kissed him, Mary said, to hide the tears
that gushed from her eyes. Now if they

are so very poor, you know it is very hard
to hear children cry for bread and have
none to give them."
"Yes," put in Mrs. Lacey, "and my
husband has often said he wondered if
they had anything to eat, and we would
willingly give them something, only they
seemed so proud and stuck-up like, we
were afraid to offer them anything for
fear that they would take it as an insult."
"That's just the way we have felt about
them," remarked Mrs. Gray, "and if they
would have come among us, and told us
that they were in want we should not have
let them suffer. But so it is. The pride
that will not let a man work, or ask re-
lief of his neighbors, often drives him to
dishonest and criminal practices."

"Well, resumed Mrs. Green, "I hope
this affair will drive such people from our
neighborhood, for Mr. Frost intends to
find out the truth of the business, and
tell them to make themselves scarce or
abide the decision of the law."

There was in the company of quilters
a maiden lady of near fifty years of age,
who, during the colloquy, uttered not a
word, but now she turned her head aside,
took off her spectacles, wiped first her
eyes and somewhat faded cheeks, and
then her glasses, leaving a deep sigh, and
murmured, "I fear that we have sinned
against these strangers. We have per-
mitted them to suffer in our midst, and
now impute crime to them merely because
we suppose them to be destitute. Let us
at least be charitable in this case; they
may be worthy people, and there may be
some mistake about the bag of wheat,
and if they have taken what was not
theirs, I fear the sin lies at our own door.
We should have visited them, notwith-
standing their gentry airs and city usages."

As Aunt Sarah was regarded as an or-
acle, the whole circle assented to her ver-
dict, and it was decided that Mr. Frost
should be persuaded to let this one of-
fence rest for the present, and Aunt Sarah
and Mrs. Lacey were deputed as a kind
of committee, to call on the strange fam-
ily and reconnoitre. Now a call, in the
country, means to drop in a little while
after noon, lay off your bonnet and shawl,
take out your work, and sit like one of
the family working and chatting until
evening or bed time, partaking of such
fare as the house affords.

And who were these poor people con-
cerning whom these suspicions were afloat,
I will give you a sketch of their history.
Mr. Howard was the son of an indepen-
dent farmer, who was owner of a superior
tract of land, an elegant and comfortable
house, a fine stock of cattle, and a large
family of handsome and intelligent chil-
ren. These were from childhood accus-
tomed to healthy labor, plentiful board,
comfortable lodging, and substantial re-
ment; besides many little elegancies of
dress and furniture. As they arrived at
proper ages they were well educated and
provided with situations, in which it was
reasonable to suppose that they might in
time, make themselves fortunes. One
studied medicine, two read law, one be-
ing pious became a minister, and this one,
William Howard, served his seven years,
as a clerk in a dry goods store. About
the time he attained his majority his father
died, and the property that had been
riches in one man's possession, was but
small portions when divided amongst ten
children. However, William's share en-
abled him to enter as junior partner into
a respectable mercantile house. He now
thought himself authorized to marry; as
he had long been a sincere lover of Alice
Carroll, daughter to the merchant with
whom he served his clerkship, and of
whom he was now a partner. The girl
loved him, as he was honest, industrious,
handsome, and a real gentleman in his de-
portment, her parents cheerfully consented
to their union.

Alice was a lovely girl, sweet-tem-
pered and highly accomplished, and Howard
perfectly adored her. They commenced
housekeeping in a style of simple ele-
gance, suited to their standing and expec-
tations, and during several years, enjoyed
the sweets of contented competence and
reasonable prosperity.

But reverse came, loss followed loss,
and the wealthy house of Carroll and
Howard became insolvent. Misfortune
seemed never weary of persecuting them,
and blow followed blow until Mr. Carroll
found rest in the grave, and Mr. How-
ard found lodging in a small cottage on
the outskirts of the city. He soon found
employment as clerk, at a small salary,
and if Mrs. Howard had received a do-
mestic education, might have lived com-
fortably. But her parents had fallen in
to the fashionable error of modern edu-
cation, and while they spared no expense in
accomplishing their daughter, utterly neg-

lected that which renders woman good
and valuable on earth. The young ladies
were taught to conceal under the veil of
politeness, every defect of temper, to
please, dazzle, and to seek admiration;
but the virtues and graces to constitute
the wife and mother, and the domestic ed-
ucation which renders a woman capable
of managing her house, were passed by
as of no consequence, or avoided as de-
grading.

Mrs. Howard was therefore incapable
of performing the labors of her house-
hold, and so the servants were retained,
consequently while there were more
mouths to feed, and less economy in
housekeeping, there was wages to be paid
weekly.

Their eldest daughter, Alice, had been
for the last three years an inmate of the
most fashionable school in the vicinity,
but now she was forced to come home,
and endeavor to turn her accomplish-
ments to account in some way; the eldest
son was removed from the seminary and
entered as an errand boy in a store, and
still Mr. Howard's income did not meet
the expenses of his family. What was
to be done? His brothers had families
of their own, and were scattered over the
far West, from Prairie du Chien, to New
Orleans. He could get no aid from any
of them. The Carrolls were all involved
in the fall of their house. What could he
do?

It was on Saturday evening, the week-
ly bills were paid, but the balance was
too small to purchase bread and tea for
the Sabbath, and the quarter's rent would
be due in a few days. Mrs. Howard,
crushed in health and spirits, lay sobbing
on her husband's shoulder, while her
daughter was vainly endeavoring to soothe
the infant which was crying for the milk
which neither the mother's bosom, nor
the father's hand could supply.

"My dear poor wife," the miserable
man said at length, "there is no use in
our remaining here, and struggling thus
against misfortune. I know there is a
living for us somewhere in the world. If
you are willing, poor love, we will sell
our remaining furniture, pay our landlady,
and go West to some new settlement. The
people in such places are kind hearted
and free from pride, we can get a cot-
tage and garden spot for a trifling rent—
I can get some employment, you and Al-
lice can do our housework if the worst
comes. I know how to work on a farm,
and can get employment as a day laborer."

The wretched wife groaned, but she
answered,
"We will make the trial."

Mrs. Howard would not have been so
deserted in her adversity, if she had been
less haughty in her palmy days. True,
she did not intend to assume a false po-
sition, but she actually believed, as she
had been taught, that she was better
than those who were a grade below her,
father in point of wealth, and those who
were degraded by a necessity to labor,
she looked down upon as, from an im-
measurable height. Surely they were not
of her species, and could have neither
feeling or affections in common with her.
Adversity had not humbled her, and she
still claimed the homage which had been
paid to her wealth, and not to her. For
now that the golden orb of wealth no
longer threw his glorious radiance upon
her, she found herself a very inferior orb
amid the galaxy of the female world. It
was rank and fashion, and dress and
showy accomplishments, that had consti-
tuted her charms; these had forsaken
her, and she was only an ordinary woman.

Mr. Howard gathered the poor remains
of his utter wreck together, paid off con-
scientiously, all demands against him,
and with a trifle which remained to him,
turned his face westward.

Sickness among the children detained
him on the road, and when he reached
their settlement he was destitute.

Leaving his family at an inn he walked
out to seek a shelter for them. Mr. Frost's
old house, which, although it answered
his own family very well until by indus-
try and economy he had been enabled to
build a better, was now deemed by the
family, who left it scarcely a year pre-
vious, hardly habitable. But then Mr.
Frost did not require any rent. If they
could live in it they were welcome.

But what were such fashionable peo-
ple doing in that old house in our settle-
ment? Some thought that they were
unfortunates, and some whispered that
they were probably fugitives from jus-
tice.

These suspicions were strengthened by
the conduct of the family, who seemed
to shun all familiar intercourse with their
neighbors; and as country people always

have plenty of employment for every
hour, curiosity cannot be largely indulged
and wonders are short lived among them,
so the Howards and their peculiar cir-
cumstances soon ceased to be a topic of
conversation, or of wondering specula-
tions. But now, the circumstances of
the lost bag of wheat brought them once
more before the community.

But while the quilters at Mrs. Gray's
were thus hazarding conjecture respect-
ing them, how was the real state of af-
fairs at Mr. Howard's? We will relate
only what Aunt Sarah and her com-
panion reported after this visit of inquiry.
They found the house in the greatest dis-
order, and the family in the keenest pos-
sible distress. Mrs. Howard was moan-
ing and shrieking hysterically, while
Alice, with a voice choked and broken
by sobs and tears, was essaying every art
to soothe her. Mr. Howard was pacing
the floor, with hands and teeth hard
clenched, and face white as death; while
the little ones were huddled together in
a corner, crying piteously. Mr. Howard
turned towards the visitors as they ap-
peared at his open door, but Aunt Sar-
ah's meek and gentle countenance
checked the wrath that seemed rising to
his lips, and he staggered back and sank
upon a bench like a person fainting.

Aunt Sarah approached Mrs. Howard,
and inquired the cause of the sorrow
that so afflicted the family. But the suf-
fering lady turned from her, and seemed
not to desire her sympathy. At length
one of the little boys came forward, at-
tracted doubtless by Aunt Sarah's gen-
tle mien and voice, and taking her hand in
both of his, said, "I am so hungry."
George Frost told me that his father
was going to put my papa in jail, be-
cause he said papa was a thief. It is this
makes mamma crying because we were
hungry. We have had no bread this two
days, now we have no potatoes."

The ice being broken, Mr. Howard
confirmed what his child had spoken, re-
lated in his history as sketched above,
and ended by saying that he had asked
Frost to give him credit for a few bush-
els of grain, and had been refused; that
he had written to a friend in Ohio, and
had resolved, if he should get an unfa-
vorable answer, to end his existence by
suicide, before his last blow fell upon
him.

Aunt Sarah, with a few sensible, gen-
tle words quieted the stormy spirits of the
household, reproached herself for having
been deficient in neighborly kindness,
and assured Mr. Howard that if his cir-
cumstances had been known, he would
have found a ready sympathy.

The good lady soon discovered that
Mrs. Howard was in a violent fever, and
Mrs. Lacey, promising to send her
husband, Dr. Lacey, immediately, while
Aunt Sarah remained to take care of the
invalid. The doctor, soon arrived, and
before night the house was filled to over-
flowing with all manner of good things.
His eldest son had just returned from a
short journey, and said that wanting a
bag to fill with oats, to feed his horses
by the way, he had emptied the wheat
into the granary, and used the bag, little
dreaming of the mischief he was occasion-
ing by so doing. Mischievous indeed,
for though Mrs. Howard received every
attention, she never recovered from the
shock, and after lingering a few months,
died.

But Mr. Howard got his expected let-
ter from Ohio, and after the death of his
wife, departed for there with his mourn-
ing family. We heard afterwards that
he was in good circumstances as a clerk
of a bank; that Alice was married to a
worthy young farmer, and that her broth-
ers were at College. But Aunt Sarah
often speaks of Howard as one of the
many victims to the injustice of society,
which never scruples to add to the bur-
den of poverty the soul crushing weight
of unjust suspicion—as if a man must
be dishonest because he is poor.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.
"Tell my wife!" said Aaron Little,
speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half
amused, half troubled way. "Tell my
wife, indeed! Much good that will do.
What does she know about business, and
money-matters, and the tricks of trade?
No, no; there's no hope there."

And Aaron Little sat musing, with a
perplexed countenance. He held a news-
paper in his hand, and his eyes had just
been lingering over a paragraph in which
the writer suggested to business men in
trouble, the propriety of consulting their
wives.

"Talk to them freely about your affairs,"
it said. "Let them understand, exactly
your condition. Tell them of your diffi-
culties, of your embarrassments, and of
your plans for extricating yourselves from
the entanglements in which you are in-
volved. My word for it, you will get
help in nine cases out of ten. Women
have quick perceptions. They reach
conclusions by a nearer way than reason-
ing, and get at the solution of a difficult
question, long before your slow moving
thoughts bring you near enough for accu-
rate observation. Tell your wives, then,
men in trouble, about your affairs!—
Keep nothing back. The better they un-
derstand the matter, the clearer will be
their perceptions."

"All a very fine theory," said Aaron
Little, tossing the newspaper from him,
and leaning back in his chair. "But it
won't do in my case. Tell Betsy! Yes,
I'd like to see myself doing it. A man
must be hard pushed indeed, when he
goes home to consult his wife on busi-
ness affairs."

And so Aaron Little dismissed the sub-
ject. He was in considerable doubt and
perplexity of mind. Things had not gone
well with him for a year past. Dull busi-
ness, and bad debts had left his affairs
in rather an unpromising condition. He
could not see his way clear for the future.
Taking trade as it had been for the past
six months, he could not imagine how,
with the resources at his command, his
maturing payments were to be made.

"I must get more capital," he said to
himself. "That is plain. And with more
capital, must come in a partner. I don't
like partnerships. It is so difficult for
two men to work together harmoniously.
Then you may get entangled with a rogue,
it's a risky business. But I see no other
way out of this trouble. My own capi-
tal is too light for the business I'm do-
ing; and as a measure of safety more
must be brought in. Lawrence is anx-
ious to join me, and says that he can
command ten thousand dollars. I don't
like him in all respects; he's a little too
fond of pleasure. But I want his money
more than his aid in the business. He
might remain a silent partner if he chose.
I'll call and see him this very night,
and have a little talk on the subject. If
he can bring in ten thousand dollars, I think
that will settle the matter."

With this conclusion in his mind,
Aaron Little returned home after closing
his store for the day. Tea being over,
he made preparation for going out, with
the intention of calling upon Mr. Law-
rence. As he reached his hand for his
great coat, a voice seemed to say to him:
"Tell your wife. Talk to her about it."

But he rejected the thought instantly,
and commenced drawing on his coat.
"Where are you going, Aaron?" asked
Mrs. Little, coming forth from the dining
room.
"Out for a little while, he replied. "I'll
be back in half an hour or so."

"Out where?"
"Tell her, Aaron. Tell her all about
it," said the voice, speaking in his mind.
"Nonsense!" She don't understand
anything about business. She can't help
me," he answered firmly.

"Tell your wife!" The words were in
his mind, and would keep repeating
themselves.
"Can't you say where you are going,
Aaron? Why do you make a mystery
of it?"
"Oh, it is only on a matter of business.
I'm going to see Mr. Lawrence."
"Edward Lawrence?"
"Yes."

"Tell your wife!" The words seemed
almost as if uttered aloud in his ears.
"What are you going to see him
about?"
"Tell her!"
Mr. Little stood irresolute. What good
would telling her do?

"What's the matter, Aaron? You've
been dull for some time past. Nothing
going wrong with you, I hope? And
his wife laid her head upon his arm, and
leaned towards him in a kind way.
"Nothing very wrong," he answered, in
an evasive manner. "Business has been
dull this season."

"Has it? I'm sorry. Why didn't you
tell me?"
"What good would that have done?"
"It might have done a great deal of
good. When a man's business is dull,
his wife should look to the household ex-
penses; but if she knows nothing about
it, she may go on in a way that is really
extravagant under the circumstances. I
think that men ought always to tell their
wives when anything is going wrong."

"Certainly I do. What better reason
can you want than the one I have given
you? If she knows that the income is reduced,
as a prudent wife, she will endeavor to
reduce the expenses. Hadn't you better
take off your coat and sit down and talk
with me a little, before you go to see Mr.
Lawrence?"
Mr. Little permitted his wife to draw
off his overcoat, which she took into the
passage and replaced on the hickory rack.
Then returning into the parlor, she said:
"Now, Aaron, talk to me as freely as
you choose. Don't keep anything back.
Whatever the trouble is, let me know it,
to the full extent."

"Oh, there's no very great trouble yet."
"I am only afraid of trouble. I seek it
coming, and wish to keep out of its way."
"Betsy!"
"That's wise and prudent," said his
wife. "Now tell me why you are going
to see Mr. Lawrence?"
"Mr. Little let his eyes fall to the floor,
and sat for some moments in silence."

Then looking up, he said:
"The truth is, Betsy, I must have more
capital in my business. There will be no
getting on without it. Now Mr. Law-
rence can command, or at least says he
can, ten thousand dollars. I think he
would like to join me. He has said as
much two or three times."

"And you were going to see him on
that business?"
"I was."
"Don't do it," said Mrs. Little, emphat-
ically.
"Why not?" asked Aaron.
"Because he isn't the man for you—not
if he had twenty thousand dollars!"
"Because is no reason," replied Aaron
Little.

"The extravagance of his wife is
unanswered, firmly."
"What do you know about her?"
"Only what I have seen. I've called
upon her two or three times, and have
noticed the style in which her house is
furnished. It is crammed in palace attire,
compared with ours. And as for dress,
it would take the interest of a whole
year to pay her milliner's and manufac-
turer's bills. No, no, Aaron, Mr. Law-
rence is not your man; depend on it."

"He'd use up the ten thousand dollars in
less than two years,"
"Well, Betsy, that's pretty clear talk,"
said Mr. Little, taking a long breath.
"I'm rather afraid, after what you say,
that Mr. Lawrence is not my man. But
what am I to do?" and his voice fell into
a troubled tone. "I must have more capi-
tal," he said. "Mr. Little paused."

"Or what?" His wife looked at him
steadily, and without any sign of weak-
anxiety.
"Or I may become bankrupt!"
"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Aaron,"
and Mrs. Little's voice trembled per-
ceptibly. "But I'm glad you've told me.
The new parlor carpet, of course, I shall
not order."

"Oh, as to that, the amount it will cost
can make no great difference," said Mr.
Little. "The parlor does look shabby,
and you have set your heart on a new
carpet."

"Indeed, and it will make a difference,
then," replied the little woman, in her de-
cided way. "The last feather breaks the
camel's back. Aaron Little shall never
fall because of his wife's extravagance. I
wouldn't have a new carpet now, if it
were offered to me at half price."

"You are a brave, true woman, Betsy,"
said Aaron, kissing his wife, in the glow
of a new-born feeling of admiration.
"I hope that I shall ever be a true,
brave wife," returned Mrs. Little. "I
willing always to help my husband, either
in saving or in earning, as the case may
be. But let us talk more about your
affairs; let me see the trouble nearer."

"Must you have ten thousand dollars right
away?"
"Oh, no, no; it's not so bad as that. I
was only looking ahead, and seeking to
provide the means for approaching pay-
ments. I don't want a partner so far as
the business itself is concerned. I don't
like partnerships; they are almost always
accompanied with annoyances or danger.
It was the money I was after—not the
man."

"The money would come dearly at the
price of the man, if you took Mr. Law-
rence for a partner. At least, that is my
opinion. But I am glad to hear you say,
Aaron, that you are in no immediate dan-
ger. May not the storm be weathered by
refusing sale, as the seamen say?"
"By reducing expenses?"
"Yes."
Mr. Little shook his head.
"Don't say no too quickly," replied his
wife. "Let us go over the whole matter."

at home and at the store. Suppose two or three thousand dollars were saved in the year. What difference would that make?

"Oh, if that were possible, which it is not, it would make a vast difference in the long run; but would hardly meet the difficulties that are approaching."

"Suppose you had a thousand dollars within the next two months, beyond what your business will give?"

"That sum would make all safe for the two months. But where is the thousand dollars to come from, Betsey?"

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," replied the brave little woman, in a resolute way. "I'm not afraid of the red flag."

"What do you mean by the red flag?"

"Let us sell off our furniture at auction, and put the money in your business. It won't bring less than a thousand dollars; and it may bring two. My piano alone is worth three hundred and fifty. We can board for a year or two; and when you get all right again return to house-keeping."

"We won't try that yet, Betsey," said Mr. Little.

"But something must be done. The disease is threatening, and my first prescription will arrest its violence. I have something more to propose. It comes in to my mind this instant; after breaking up, we will go home to mother's. You know she never wanted us to leave there. It won't cost us much over half what it does now, taking rent into the account. We will pay sister Annie something to take the care of little Eddie and Lizzie through the day, and I will go into your store as chief clerk."

"Betsey! you're crazy!"

"Not a bit of it, Aaron; but a sensible woman, as you will find before you're a year older, if you'll let me have my way. I don't like that mob, and never did, as you know. I don't believe he's a fair man. Let me take his place, and you will make a clear saving of fifteen hundred dollars a year; and, maybe, of as much more."

"I can't think of it, Betsey. Let us wait awhile."

"You must think of it, and we won't wait awhile," replied the resolute wife.

"What is right to be done is best done quickly. Is there not safety in my plan?"

"Yes, I think there is; but—"

"Then let us adopt it at once and throw all but overboard, or, and she looked at him a little mischievously, "perhaps you would rather have some talk with Mr. Lawrence first?"

"Hang Mr. Lawrence!" ejaculated Aaron Little.

"Very well; there being no help in Mr. Lawrence, we will go to work to help ourselves. Self-help, I've heard it said, is always the best help, and most to be depended on. We may know ourselves and trust ourselves; and that is a great deal more than we can say about other people. When shall we have the sale?"

"Not so fast, Betsey, not so fast. I haven't agreed to the sale, yet. That would be to make a certain loss. Furniture sold at auction never realizes above half its cost."

"It would be a certain gain, Aaron, if it saved you from bankruptcy, with which I understand it, you are threatened."

"I think," said Aaron, "we may get on without that. I like the idea of your coming into my store and taking Hobson's place. All the money from retail sales passes through his hands, and he has it in his power, if not honest, to rob me seriously. I've not felt altogether easy in regard to him of late. Why, I can hardly tell. I've seen nothing wrong. But if you take this place, fifteen hundred dollars will be saved certainly."

"But if I have my house to keep, Mrs. Little answered to this, 'how can I help you at the store? The first thing in order is to get the house off my hands.'"

"Don't you think that Annie could be induced to come and live with us for a few months until we try this new experiment?"

"But the money, Aaron; the money this furniture would bring! That's what I'm looking after. You want money now."

"Very true."

"Then let us hang out the red flag. Half-way measures may only ruin every thing. I know that mother will not let Annie leave home; so it's no use to think of it. The red flag, Aaron—the red flag! Depend upon it, that's the first right thing to be done. A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars in hand will make you feel like another person—give you courage, confidence, and energy."

"You may be right, Betsey; but I can't bear the thought of running out that red flag, of which you talk so lightly."

"Shall I say coward? Are you afraid to do what common prudence tells you is right?"

"I was afraid, Betsey; but am no longer faint-hearted. With such a brave, little wife as you, to stand by my side, I need not fear the world!"

In a week from that day, the red flag was hung out. When the auctioneer made up his accounts he had in hand a little over eighteen hundred dollars, for which a check was filled out to the order of Aaron Little. It came into his hands just at the right moment, and made him feel, to use his own words, "as easy as an

old shoe." One week later, Mrs. Betsey Little took the place of Mr. Hobson, as chief manager and cash receiver, in her husband's store. There were some few signs of rebellion among the clerks and shop-girls at the beginning; but Mrs. Betsey had a quick, steady eye, and a self-reliant manner that caused her presence felt, and soon made everything subservient to her will. It was a remarkable fact, that at the close of the first week of her administration of affairs, the cash receipts were over a hundred and fifty dollars in excess of the receipts of any week within the previous three months.

"Have we done more business than usual this week?" she asked of one clerk and another; and the uniform answer was, "no."

"Then," said the lady to herself, "there's been foul play here. No wonder my husband was in trouble."

At the end of the next week, the sales came up to the same average, and at the end of the third week were two hundred dollars better than before Mrs. Little undertook to manage the retail department. Whether there had been "foul play," or not, Aaron Little could never fully determine; but he was in no doubt as to one thing, and that was the easy condition of the money market, after the lapse of half a year.

For four or five months previous to Mrs. Little's administration of affairs, he was on the street for nearly half his time, during business, engaged in the work of money-raising; now his regular receipts had got in advance of his payments; so that his balance on the morning of each day was usually in excess of the notes to be lifted. Of course, he could give more attention to business; and of course, business increased and grew more profitable under the improved system. By the end of the year, to use his own words, he was "all right." Not so a neighbor of his, who to get more capital, had taken Mr. Lawrence as a partner. Instead of bringing in ten thousand dollars, that "capitalist" was only able to put down three thousand; and before the end of the year he had drawn out six or seven thousand, and had given notes of the firm for as much more in payment of old obligations. A failure of the house followed as an inevitable result.

When the fact of the failure, and the cause which led to it, became known to Mr. Little, he remarked, with a shrug: "I'm sorry for B——. But he should have told his wife."

"Of what?" asked the person to whom he addressed the remark.

"Of his want of more capital, and intention to make a partner of Lawrence."

"What good would that have done?"

"It might have saved him from ruin, as it did me."

"You are mysterious, Little."

"Am I? Well, in plain words: A year ago I was hard up for money in my business, and thought of taking in Lawrence. I told my wife about it. She said, 'Don't do it.' And I didn't; for her 'Don't do it' was followed by suggestions as to his wife's extravagance that opened my eyes a little. I told her, at the same time, of my embarrassments, and she set her bright little head to work, and showed me the way to work out of them. Before this I always had a poor opinion of woman's wit in matters of business; but now I say to every man in trouble:—

"Tell your wife!"

—The democrats appear to be afraid that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be converted into an Uncle Tom's Cabin.

—Morose men are undelighted amidst all delight, joyless amidst all enjoyment, sates in the very lap of satiety.

NAVY CORRESPONDENCE.

ON BOARD U. S. GUNBOAT PEGASUS,
Off Yorktown, York River, Va.,
April 26, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Here we are, lying at anchor in company with five other gunboats, awaiting the final attack of Yorktown, with the grand army of Gen. McClellan in full sight on shore (about one and a half miles distant from us), who are hastening the mighty preparations for the siege of Yorktown and its vicinity. There are reported to be 115,000 troops now before the enemy at this place, and they are constantly arriving here upon the new iron-clad battery Galena, (which carries six 100-pound rifled guns), to take part in the coming struggle. Among the gunboats now here are the Marblehead, Pensacola, Wachusett, Curlew, Sebago and Maratanza. The latter carries a 100-lb. rifled Parrot gun, capable of throwing shell five miles. The Sebago also carries two of the same calibre, which are very powerful. We amuse ourselves occasionally by running up, during the night, under their batteries, (which are placed on a high bluff,) and throwing from four to eight shells among them at each time, but they seldom if ever reply to us.

Night before last, we got under way about ten o'clock, and ran up the river right under the guns of the Gloucester side battery, and threw several of Blaney's incendiary shells into their works, which exploded, and burned the woods for some time. As the night was quite dark, they made no reply to us. We then came about, and threw some more of our fire pills into the Yorktown side, exploding the same as before. We have not yet learned the effect of our shots, but I trust they gave a good account of themselves. These shells are filled with a liquid combustible, and when they explode, it ignites and scatters liquid fire in every direction, burning whatever happens to be in its way.

Rebel schooners can plainly be seen coming down the river to Yorktown, with reinforcements from up the river, and to-day a small steamer made her appearance; but none of them dare to come this side of the batteries. Our gun-boats are an eye-sore to the enemy, as some one of us are harassing them all the time, so they dare not work on their entrenchments, as they would do were we not here.

It is reported here, on good authority, that when Gen. McClellan begins the final siege, he intends to throw one hundred shell per minute into the rebel works. He has an immense number of artillery and siege guns, besides a number of mortars of the largest description. It is the opinion of army and navy officers, that the rebels will make a desperate struggle before they yield, which they certainly will have to do, notwithstanding their heavy fortifications and entrenchments.

I presume by the time you receive this, that Yorktown will be in possession of our troops, and friends at home will be anxiously awaiting to hear of the particulars of the battle. If I find myself on my "pins" at that time, I will give you all the particulars of interest that may occur from the river side. We have captured several spies and one contraband within the past week.

Oysters are plentiful in this section of the country, and they are brought alongside by regular old plantation gigs, at 50 cents per bushel in the shell. Our boys often go ashore and have a run after pigs, hens, and anything else that is eatable, which they bring aboard and make a feast of.

The weather here is quite changeable. One day you will roast with the heat, the next you have to go about with your overcoat collar turned up to keep out the cold drizzling rain that comes every other day.

I understand that there are several of the South Danvers boys on shore in Gen. McClellan's army.

Sunday Morning.—The rebels are firing towards our troops from the masked battery on the Yorktown side of the river. Their shells all explode in the air long before they get within range of our soldiers. The Maratanza is also lying off the Gloucester shore, throwing shells across the river, a distance of three and a half miles, among the rebels, with terrible effect, as they can be seen exploding right among their works on board our vessel.

But I have allowed myself to write more than I intended when I began this letter. Hoping that when you next hear from me, Yorktown will be ours, I remain,

Yours truly,

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have received orders to go down to Fortress Monroe, with special orders, and we shall not probably participate in the battle of Yorktown, which place will be attacked to-morrow morning, and the grand attack by all the army on Wednesday. The rebels have a large 200-pounder mounted on the Yorktown battery since morning, but we have something that will knock it over before long. One of our officers saw on shore a mortar which weighed 17,000 pounds, and it took thirty horses and two hundred men to draw the same. He also saw several others of great calibre. The Rebels have been tossing shell all day into their works, with terrible effect, and our troops are throwing up entrenchments within one mile of the Yorktown battery.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1862.



The Situation.

The last week has been an eventful one. Gen. Butler at New Orleans, the rebel army running away from Yorktown, followed by McClellan; McDowell watching them on the North, Banks on the West and Burnside on the South; Norfolk trembling and Richmond in a panic; Baton Rouge the capital of Louisiana, in our possession and the Rebel Congress running away from Richmond—all these shadow forth the "coming event" of the end of the Rebellion.

The Post Office System.

The system of conveying correspondence and information by post, is one of the grandest agents of civilization, and deserves to rank by the side of the press, the railway and the magnetic telegraph. Every one is interested in the complete and faithful working of this useful and beneficent institution. It is properly a national concern, and its good or bad administration affects favorably or injuriously, all classes of society. To have it fulfill its appropriate mission, it should be so conducted as to merit and receive the confidence of the public. As a whole, it has, considering its extent and the multitude of agents employed by it, secured that confidence in a remarkable degree. Whatever tends to impair that confidence, acts injuriously upon the institution itself and upon the people whose servant it is.

We all very well know with what unhesitating faith we have entrusted our correspondence and our money to its temporary keeping. Thus it should ever be. The institution should be so conducted that there should be no doubt or even misgiving, but that the seal of a letter is a sacred thing. Some of us recall the period, about twenty years ago, when the British public felt a thrill of horror at the discovery that Sir James Graham had caused the letters of foreign refugees to be opened to find evidence against them. This was an act of public policy, relating only to foreigners, but the cry rang through all the British islands that

the sanctity of the letter-seal must not be violated. Most pertinently they asked—"if it begins here, where will it end?"—The principal evil in this case was its tendency to the forfeiture of public confidence in the Post Office.

We are apt to look upon this matter only as affecting pecuniary interests. In this respect the loss of confidence in the Post Office is bad enough. It is bad when the man of business finds that his remittance has not reached his correspondent. It is worse, when the widow is cut off from a portion of the stipend on which she lives. It is still worse when the pittance saved by the soldier from his wages of hard duty in the field, is intercepted on its way to his wife and little ones. But this is not all. We trust our most secret thoughts, our fondest desires and our deepest affections, to the keeping of the Post Office. The same mail-bag which carries the merchant's remittance, the complimentary note and the printed circular, takes within it the condolences of affliction, the friendly epistle and the warm sentiments of the lover. These are not intended for the eye of a third person. They are secrets of the writer, only to be whispered to his or her correspondent. If confidence cannot be secured in the inviolability of the seal, how much must our expressions of feeling be repressed and the communion of thought with distant friends abridged.

Abraham Lincoln.

No public man in the country at the present time stands higher in the regards of the people than President Lincoln. There seems to be an unhesitating confidence in his ability and integrity which is accorded to no other man. His attachment to the Constitution, which he has taken his oath to support, is manifest in all his acts and his expressed opinions. Great influence has been used to cause him to swerve from his chosen path of duty, but he stands firm and unmoved. Extremists on both sides assail him, yet they cannot but hold him in high respect for his independence and moderation. He has the great heart of the country, out of rebellion, with him.

It is most fortunate for our country that we have such a man at the helm. We may confidently hope that by his wise counsels the ship of state will soon find a safe harbor. It is only by adherence to the old Constitution that we can restore the country to a lasting peace. It is now certain that our country, as a country, will henceforth have nothing to do with slavery except to aid in its extermination, in a constitutional way. States may foster it as some of them have encouraged Lotteries, but the Federal Government will have nothing to do with it. It need not be mentioned in our national Capitol, unless it attempts to be aggressive, and it is difficult to see how it can be. With the Rebellion crushed, we look confidently to our President for such action as will again restore friendly relations with all sections of our common country.

The Opportunity and Peril of the Hour.

A young friend has handed us a Discourse with the above title, preached at South Boston on Fast Day by Rev. E. K. Alden. It is an able and ingenious performance, patriotic in its tone, taking the ground that Slavery is the prime cause of all our national troubles. In it, the author introduces the story of the 'Old man of the Sea' upon the shoulders of 'Sinbad the Sailor,' as told in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. The Old man of the Sea is Slavery, fastened upon our country, which is represented by Sinbad. The parallel is admirably carried out, to the death of the tormentor, when Sinbad walked about the island with a happy mind. This is considered prophetic of coming events, as in the following paragraph:

"We have all of us, I think, come at length to the same conclusion—that by the military necessity of the event—the inevitable logic of armed resistance and heavy battalions—this war is to give a speedy death-blow to the system of American Slavery. While in the ordinary course of Providence the end would have been attained in a more devious way—in relation to which we might have honestly differed—now we have learned at length the force of the words,

"Straight the fearful path
Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies, and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering
what it reaches."

RECRUITING.—Lieut. Johnson has opened a recruiting office in Salem to fill up the ranks of the 23d Regiment. Mr. Edward B. Putnam, one of our types, has enlisted and is entitled to a place on our Roll of Honor. He is the third from this office, the other two being Skerry, now with Gen. Butler's expedition, and Hammond, at Newbern, temporarily in the printing office of the "Newbern Progress." Green be their laurels.

Our next neighbor, Mr. Flint, has a shop full of the good things which provoke and satisfy the appetite. If a man is to be known by his friends, Mr. Flint will stand very high. He is quite patriotic and refuses all Confederate money.

SUCCESSFUL BOMBING BOOK.—Allen's Primary Geography, on the Object Method, published in January by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, has reached its fifteenth thousand.

George Peabody.

The English papers, both London and Provincial, are filled with laudations of Mr. PEABODY for his great act of beneficence to the London poor. The corporation of London voting to him the freedom of the city in a gold box, according to an ancient custom in European cities of honoring distinguished characters, is another proof of the impression made on the English mind by this act of generosity. We extract the impressions made upon the Liverpool Post by the Gift of Mr. PEABODY:

MONUMENTAL BENEFICENCE.—Mr. George Peabody—an American citizen long resident in England, and known as long for probity as a merchant and for generosity worthy of antique merchant-prince—has, in quitting the occupation to which his life has been sedulously devoted, distanced commendation by an act of munificence such as the world has never seen. He has placed £150,000 in the hands of trustees to be employed as they may deem best for the good of the poor of London. Honored as has been Mr. Peabody's protracted career, it will be said of him hereafter that nothing became him like the leaving of it. An act such as this goes far to redeem an age from sordidness, and render it illustrious throughout time.

The particular destination of Mr. Peabody's splendid endowment is dictated by feelings of a poetical and natural propriety which the whole world will appreciate. Mr. Peabody gives to London because London has been the scene of his life achievements—because, in a word, he made the money there; he gives to the poor of London, because, as those always are who come from new countries where there is almost literally no poverty, he was much struck when he arrived in London, a stranger, with the plentiful neediness of its population. His sympathies have not been blunted by years of residence, and he still sees that the miserable squalor and degradation of the metropolitan poor form a gulf into which even his month of benevolence might almost sink and be seen no more. It has always been a leading idea of Mr. Peabody's mind to devote a proportion of his wealth for the benefit of places which the accidents of life and the changes of business have associated with his career. He was born at Danvers, in Massachusetts, and in that town he erected, some years since an Institute and library, which have gone on flourishing, and are a real boon to its townsmen. Twenty years of his life were spent in Baltimore, and there he founded, in 1857, a large Institute devoted to science and the arts, with the addition of a free library. The building is ready, but the dedication is delayed, like so many other good things, by the unhappy differences that sever in twain the great nation which Mr. Peabody has long and worthily represented in England, and which we trust he will live to see happily re-united. That his great gift to London is not an institute, but a colossal and perpetual alms to the poor of a city in which poverty is always abundant, shows how healthy and natural are the impulses which this merchant prince has kept unimpaired by the cares and unscrupulous by the successes of his busy life. Had he been a less original and genuine man, he might have merely imitated such noble benefactors as William Chambers and William Brown, by adding to our popular literary institutions, of which on the best model we have too few. But he was true to his American instincts. He bore in mind the revolution of feeling which he had experienced, and which other Americans and many British colonists have often confessed to on seeing in English streets the palpable proofs of wide-spread destitution. He resolved that his memorial gift to London should be a beneficence to its poor.

It is rather for us simply to recognize and pay a tribute to the magnificent public virtue which has thus monumentalized a life already distinguished by usefulness, and elevated by continual benevolence, than to animadvert on the application of the great fund with which the poor of London have thus been endowed. At the same time the amelioration of the seating masses of the Metropolitan poor cannot be indifferent to Englishmen anywhere, and the fulfillment of Mr. Peabody's noble designs will be watched without jealousy, nay with grateful interest, by the nation at large. The names of the trustees, the American Minister, Lord Stanley, Sir Emerson Tennant, and two trusted private friends of the benefactor, are as sufficient as names can be to ensure the utmost wisdom in management. The hint given by Mr. Peabody that the dwellings of the poor would be a fit subject for preliminary consideration, is one which all who possess the least knowledge either of metropolitan life or of the social influences which everywhere operate to sink the poor lower and lower into a slough of despair, will admit to be of primary urgency; but the public will do well to leave all such questions, as Mr. Peabody himself has, entirely to the decision of those whom he has incorporated as his almoners. In the meantime the man of business creeps out in a pleasant hint that he had better put £100,000 of the money into Consols or East India stock, so that it may grow till it is wanted for good work.

It is a worthy feature of this great design, that the only condition by which it is fettered, is, that under no circumstances shall its beneficence be hampered, either now or hereafter, by religious or sectional distinctions of any sort. The poor of London—be they only well contented—will all be freely and without reservation its perpetual beneficiaries. Such charity as this will live forever in the memory of England. And though, with excellent taste, Mr. Peabody says nothing of the kind, surely it should serve to cover a multitude of small offences between us and our Transatlantic fellow-Saxons, that this American merchant, living and thriving amongst us, has nothing but good words and actions for us after knowing us familiarly for a quarter of a century, while our opinion of him is so high, and well justified by experience, that if anything could lessen our wonder at this munificence—unparalleled as it is in amount, and exquisite as is the spirit in which it has been conceived and proffered—it would be that the author of it is George Peabody.

THE MONITOR—not the iron-clad battery, but a new and racy periodical, published at Concord, Mass., has come to hand, and is well filled with literary and art contributions. If its performance is equal to the promise of the numbers we have seen, it will prove a credit to our magazine literature. We would like to see No. 1. Albert Stacy is the publisher, and the work may be had for \$2.50 per year.

THE AUSTRIAN government have sent two naval engineers to America, to inspect the Monitor and Merrimack, and the new coast fortifications.

LOOK at our advertisements before going out shopping. By keeping this rule in mind, you will be sure of securing good bargains.

Southern Cookery.

The accounts we have from the South of the rebels who make drinking cups of the skulls of our men who fall on the field, and finger rings of their arm bones, together with their boasts that they make "prime candles" of fat Yankee fingers, suggest their want of a new Cook Book, or "Complete Southern Housewife." Should such an one be prepared, the Recipes would probably be something like the following:—

Yankee Roast.—Take the tenderloin or the first and second cuts off the back, and prepare as if for pork. Roast by a quick fire, and baste often. When done, serve on a warm dish with the natural gravy. In carving, if you happen to strike a bullet, cut it out carefully, with a portion of the meat around it, as this part may be considered unwholesome.

Yankee's à la mode.—Treat as for beef, using a good quantity of Holland's pepper. Be sparing of salt, as this article bears a high price.

Shoulder and arm.—This part is best corned, but if salt is not to be had, it will make a good pot-pie. Save the arm bones to make lady's finger rings. Take out the marrow, carefully and saw off a thin section. The ring may then be easily filed into shape. It will be an appropriate present to any lady of refinement in the Confederacy.

Lincoln Soup.—Take the feet, with the lower limbs of a Lincolnite, and cut them up in suitable pieces, and boil three or four hours. Skim off the best of the fat for candles, and save the remainder to fry doughnuts. Add seasoning, potatoes and other vegetables. This is an excellent dish.

Rib Pie.—Take the ribs of an Abolitionist and cut them to the size of mutton chops. Then make a paste, shortened with Yankee fat, and spread thin in the dish. Rub the meat, and after seasoning, put it in the dish, and cover with a thicker paste for crust. Bake slowly. This pie is fit to place before the King.

Saused Feet, Hands and Ears.—These are very delicate eating, prepared in the common way. Fry or broil according to your taste.

Yankee's Head.—This is good, boiled with pork and vegetables. Make a gravy of the brains. Save the skull clean for a drinking cup. It imparts a peculiar flavor to corn whiskey.

Abolition Sausages.—Chop up one of the "mudsills" fine, lean fat together, then add some chopped Carolina rattle-snake and Louisiana pelican. Season well, fry in Yankee fat, and eat cold or hot, as preferred.

South Danvers Fire Department.

Chief Engineer—William H. Little.
Assistant Engineers—D. S. Littlefield, John Pinder, Jonathan E. Osborne, Benjamin Huntington.

GENL. FOSTER, NO. 11.
Foreman—William Trank.
1st Assistant—Henry Farnham.
2d do—William F. Pingree.
Clerk—Moses Merrill.

TORRENT, NO. 11.
Director—Amos P. Dodge.
1st Assistant—Daniel Buxton.
2d do—Benjamin H. Dodge.
Clerk—Nathan Busby.

VOLUNTEER, NO. 14.
Foreman—Gordon H. Wallis.
1st Assistant—Thomas Carroll.
2d do—Charles F. Conyers.
Clerk—Charles L. Peirce.
Treasurer—Joseph Fornia.

PAIGE, NO. 15.
Foreman—William E. Sumner.
1st Assistant—William H. Pingree.
2d do—Nathan H. Poor.
Clerk and Treasurer—Thomas S. Trank.
Foreman Leading Hose—Thomas Robson.

DANVERS.—Rev. T. B. Hayward of Salem, a minister of the New Jerusalem Church, (Swedenborgian), lectured in this town on Sunday evening last, at the Bank Hall, his subject being "The Spiritual World; the mode of Departure and Reurrection; into it; its general Constitution and Organization; the nature of the Life, the state of Society and the Employment therein." The lecture was very fully attended. Mr. Hayward is to give three lectures more at the same place, on the three next successive Sabbath evenings. His next subject will be the Bible. The public are invited to attend.

FIRE IN LYNNFIELD CENTRAL.—The barn, wagon house, &c., belonging to Capt. Henry Bancroft, at Lynnfield Center, together with their contents, including two cows and a horse, were destroyed by fire about five o'clock on Sunday morning last. The house, which was connected by a shed with the barn, was saved by the exertions of the citizens of Lynnfield, with considerable difficulty. The Yale engine, of South Reading, was in attendance, and rendered good service, which Capt. Bancroft, with his accustomed generosity, intends to reward. It is said that he will give the Company \$50. The buildings were well insured, but the horse, cows, carriage, &c., were not insured. The origin of the fire is unknown.

THE deep concern which the English journals manifest about the American cruised ships, serves to enliven the wit of the French journals. They point out to the now trembling English nation how, if they had pushed on the war about Mason and Slidell, the little Monitor would have sunk their whole American fleet; and how, if they desire to be ready for the Americans at the end of the civil war, they must at once transform their whole fleet, at an expense of hundreds of millions.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. O. F. Safford commenced his labors as Pastor of the Universalist Society in this town, last Sabbath, on which occasion he preached an appropriate discourse. We regret our inability to give a sketch of his remarks.

SO, DANVERS TO BOSTON.—Mr. Burnham has secured the services of Mr. Frank O. Goldthwait as driver of his omnibus between this town and Lynn, the mere mention of which fact will assure the traveling public that they will be "put through" in good style.

THE AUSTRIAN government have sent two naval engineers to America, to inspect the Monitor and Merrimack, and the new coast fortifications.

LOOK at our advertisements before going out shopping. By keeping this rule in mind, you will be sure of securing good bargains.

Liquor Agencies.

Among the State documents with which we have been favored by members of the Legislature, is the "Liquor Commissioner's Report." In order to make a comparison of the quantity of liquor purchased by South Danvers and by other towns in our vicinity, we append the following table:

Town	Quantity
South Danvers	\$243 35
Beverly	138 48
Danvers	349 58
Marblehead	891 00
Manchester	312 00
Middleton	216 29
Wenham	53 46
Topsfield	177 96
Salem	2 053 09
Lynn	2 290 05

In most of these towns Holland and Medford Rum have the preference judging from the quantity bought. Danvers, Brandy stands above Gin, below Rum. In South Danvers, Rum and Whiskey is the order of preference. Salem has a love for Whisky first, then Gin, then Brandy. Wenham also likes Whiskey best. Beverly dries no Whiskey but buys more Holland than all other liquors. Marblehead, in for Medford Rum and so does Middleton. Middleton also retains her taste for N.E. Rum. Topsfield prefers Rum first and after that her choice about equal between Gin, Brandy and Whiskey.

Hamilton and Lynnfield do not appear in the Report, leaving the inference the people of those towns wisely abstain altogether from strong drinks. And drinks largely of Holland Gin, to amount of \$421.07.

B. F. Watson, Esq.

We copy the following remarks of the Lawrence Sentinel, of which the above gentleman is the editor: proprietor, as a voluntary tribute, first political opponent to the merits of able public man and worthy representative of the Seventh District, as a highly honorable to both the parties. We have too often expressed our own appreciation of Mr. Gooch to render needless to repeat it here:

"Our thanks are due Hon. D. W. Gooch repeated Congressional favors. Our Representative has proven a patriotic and laborious legislator and has brought ability and zeal, highly honorable character, to the discharge of his legislative duties. It is pleasant to do justice to the personal worth and services of a political opponent at all times. That pleasure is increased in the case of Gooch since he has been subjected to some sure and animadversion on our personal account. In passing judgment upon the conduct, or otherwise, of any person it is but simple that the circumstances under which person acts should be known and considered in matters purely personal if parties most interested, and supposed to be best informed the facts, appear to be satisfied, it is a good to presume that nothing dishonorable has done. Mr. Gooch in all of his intercourse us has been courteous and obliging. A never blamed him for was that he fails to politics a good Union Democrat."

"WILLIAM, my boy," the following telegrams are by The Ox, and in absence of dispatches over the reg line, may serve to fill up your val paper.

After the battle of Fort Sumter—
to Abc:

"With mortar, and cannon, paixhan and pe
We tender Old Abe our Beau-regard!"

After the battle of Fort Donelson
Grant to Jeff:

"With rebels all routed, and flying in fear
We tender Jeff Davis our Footie to his rear"

After the battle of Pea Ridge—
to Jeff:

With rebels all flying, and no where to lo
I tender Jeff Davis my General Dodge."

LIEUT. COL. FRANCIS A. OSBORN
We see by letters from the 24th regim that our townsman has been appointed Colonel of his regiment. Col. Stevens is acting as Brig. General of a Bri composed of the 24th and 27th M and the 10th Conn.

Col. Amory is acting Brig. Gen another Brigade consisting of the 1 23d and 25th Mass. This change made by a division of Gen. Fos Brigade.

CONTRABAND SAILORS.—We are to see that the Navy Department given out orders to enlist dark skin sailors in the service. We see no reason why the same policy would not for the army. It is the only way that country can get acclimated men to the heats and malaria of the South. grocers are employed by the rebels to down our men and they cannot resist complain if we use the same age in war.

THE POST OFFICE CASE.—The ex ination of Mr. Daniel Woodbury and son took place last Thursday, before U. S. Commissioner, and resulted in discharge of the father, and commit of the son for trial a week from to row in Boston.

SHARPshooters.—We see account of very effective services by our Shi shooters, and they are all called Berda The fast is; that many of these expl are performed by the men under C Saunders. Honor to whom honor is d

A "WORD" FROM THE FAMOUS

"LANE,"

Whose Bargains in Good, Durable, and Fashionable

READY-MADE CLOTHING

ASTONISHES THE WORLD.

Why is it that LANE is so Popular?

Why is it that the GREAT MASS OF THE PEOPLE BUY THEIR GOODS AT

"LANE'S?"

These are questions the answers to which you will do well to remember.

1st. We do a strictly "CASH BUSINESS," buying and selling for "net cash," whereby saving much from bad debts, and have great advantages in buying goods.

2d. We employ none but first-class artists in the cut and manufacture of our goods, thereby giving to the purchaser an elegant and tasty fit, combined with great durability.

3d. We always keep a very large stock, and you are sure to find garments suited to your taste and pocket.

4th. Our corps of salesmen are all gentlemen, and you have no fear of being abused if you do not purchase; but they will, on the contrary, take great pleasure in showing strangers over our immense establishment.

5th. We invite strangers, who are making purchases in the city, to make our store their headquarters, and send any bundle or package there for safe keeping.

"STRANGERS"

AND

"CITIZENS,"

When next in Boston in search of

CLOTHING,

For EITHER MAN OR BOY, visit

LANE'S

FAMOUS CLOTHING PALACE

31 AND 33 DORR SQUARE

BOSTON

Boston, April 23.

Rare Chance for Bargains.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Large and fine stock of

JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE,

AND FANCY GOODS,

At No. 2 West Black, 188 Essex street.

JOSEPH J. RIDER

Having in contemplation an immediate change of business, offers his entire stock of Fine Jewels

Pure Coin Silver Ware,

Rich Plated Ware,

Fancy Goods,

Spectacles,

Cutlery, &c.

at greatly Reduced Prices, wishing to dispose of all at the earliest possible time.

This stock is quite new, and was carefully selected for the Spring trade, and offers an excellent opportunity, not often presented, of making purchases for Christmas and New Year's Presents, Wedding and Friendly Gifts, Refashioning the Table, &c.

Old Silver taken in exchange.

Don't fail to call before purchasing elsewhere, as all articles are guaranteed as per representation, and prices will be satisfactory.

JOSEPH J. RIDER,

No. 2 West Black—188 Essex street.

MARSHALL'S

DANVERS, SO. DANVERS & SALEM

EXPRESS.

Leave DANVERS daily at 9 A. M.

Leave SALEM daily at 11 A. M.

OFFICE:

In Danvers—At E. B. Walker's and Post Office.

At Salem—At W. W. Wetmore's Office.

In So. Danvers—At Francis Dana & Co's, and No. 2 Main street.

At Derby Square.

All business promptly and faithfully attended to.

Our patrons are particularly requested to write their orders.

Package left at the office, should be marked "Marshall's Express."

Being connected with the RAILROAD we are enabled to forward Notes, Drafts and Bills for collection, and small packages, to all accessible points in the United States, at the usual rates.

P. G. MARSHALL.

dear Sir

No. 76 FEDERAL STREET.

CHOICE SPRING NEW SPRING GOODS.

Patrons are invited to call and examine, at 76 Federal street.

Heckscher Coal!

\$4.75 per Ton on Wharf.

A FULL supply of this Superior Coal.

Both Red and White Ash.

Of the various kinds, for sale at wholesale and retail, FOR CASH ONLY.

W. P. PHILLIPS,

Phillips' Wharf, Salem.

est 7-ly

NEW SPRING PRINTS,

NEAT patterns; Russia, Cream, &c.

ANN B. BRAY, 76 Federal street.

To Let.

A LARGE ROOM, with Sky Light 12 feet square, suitable for a Daguerrotype Saloon; has been used for that purpose. Also a large room suitable for a Day Goods Store, both of which are centrally located. Apply to W. O. BACHELDER, 138 Main st.

South Danvers, April 2, 1882.

CURTAINS and Curtains, and Curtains

at S. C. & A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Still another lot of those nice medium manufactured Albums—real Turkey Morocco Bindings—at a very low price, by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

CHEAP PAPERS—700 Bells pretty styles

low priced Papers, just rec'd at

S. C. & A. SIMONDS', 32 Front

22 Lawrence Place, Sign of Tea Tray.

COUNTERFEIT COIN DETECTOR.

For detecting all imitations of U. S. Coins, from 25

F. eto to \$200—for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

190 Essex Street, Salem.

NEW ROUTE

TO

LYNN & BOSTON

BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR.

E. F. BURNHAM'S

Line of Omnibuses will leave the Stage Office, corner of Main and Foster streets, passing down Main street through Washington street to Lynn, daily, (SUNDAYS INCLUDED, except the noon trip), and

Leave South Danvers at 8 A. M., and 1 and 4 P. M.

Leave Lynn at 10:15 A. M., and 2:15 and 5:15 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, at 9:15 A. M., 1:15 and 4:15 P. M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the above named times, to take passengers to So. Danvers.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers.

Tickets to Lynn, 15 cents.

Through to Boston, 30 cents.

Passengers called for at 5 cents extra, if notice is given at the Office.

EXPRESS BUSINESS

Between South Danvers and Lynn promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.

South Danvers, March 29, 1882.

REED'S

SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON

RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 10:15 A. M.

Express leaves Boston at 5:15 P. M.

Freight on the most direct route.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers Square.

Also an Order Box at 48 Pearl street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.

Packages received and sent forward daily for Baltimore, Baltimore, Annapolis, Washington, Alexandria, and any other point where the different regiments are stationed.

S. F. REED,

South Danvers, March 10—17

HILL'S

South Danvers and Salem

EXPRESS.

Leave South Danvers at 8 A. M., 1:15 P. M.

Leave Salem at 10:15 A. M., 3:15 P. M.

Order also at E. B. Walker's, 22 Derby Square, and M. Jacob's, 20 Danvers Street, and M. Jacob's, 20 Danvers Street, and M. Jacob's, 20 Danvers Street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

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CUSTOM-MADE

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he is prepared to furnish CUSTOM-MADE

BOOTS AND SHOES of every description, at short notice. All those in want of a good article will do well to call and get measured by his German Boot Maker. All of his work will be warranted to fit, and made of good stock.

REPAIRING

Done expeditiously and in a neat and workmanlike manner.

FRENCH CALF SKINS.

And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale.

SALE OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

Consists of 7 on hand, and for sale at the lowest cash prices.

JOSEPH MORRISON,

Central street, opposite Old South Church.

South Danvers, June 5—17

Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of Meakin

Prize Silver and Chester County breeds, of which the Market took the first premium at the 1st

Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

BYRON GOODALE,

South Danvers, March 27, 1882

PERKINS

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes, photographs, Spherographs, Melanotypes, and

all other kinds of photographic work, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when called for.

241 Essex Street, Salem.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers.

Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S

PATENT RIVE TROUGHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 22, 1881.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS, PORT.

OF the various kinds usually kept in a retail

yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Country's Ledge,

Locust Mountain, Black Rock,

And all the other kinds of stone.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low

prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.

Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and

post office, Danvers.

Communications.

Pluck and Prate.

It would seem to be about time for Northern newspapers to stop combating the charge of the chivalry, that Yankees are indifferent fighters. It would rather seem to be a pity that Northern editors have demeaned themselves enough to combat that charge at all, in the way of words. If ever we were reminded of our boyhood days at school, it has been in the last few months, while we have scarcely been able to take up a Northern paper, without our eyes falling upon the last of some paragraph asserting Yankee pluck, and tipped with a wacker of "Now what do you think?" No sooner has there been a skirmish or a battle, and Northern editors have proved themselves what all the world has all along known them to be—strong, steady men in earnest—than the great metropolitan press, in imitation of countless boys, has jumped up and chuckled and cheered and half exploded itself, as in the very joy of unexpected relief. Such jubilation and taunt might perhaps become the editors and reporters of grave newspapers, when they were school boys in their prime, but as representatives, through their papers, of a brave, strong-minded, self-reliant people, we submit that this reputation of their juvenilities is petty, puerile and contemptible.

We object to it in the first place, because virtually it is a concession that the charge of the chivalry was well founded; and that Northern editors regarded it, and were only undecided, through an emergency, which compelled them to a knowledge of their own character. We impute no such ignorance to Yankees. They have known their own character from the first. However surprising it may be to Northern editors, it is not surprising to Northern soldiers that they can fight better than rebels, nor that they cannot run away so fast.

We object to it in the second place, because it would seem to betray us as having been continually assailing from wounded vanity or pride in consequence of this bravado of the chivalry. The truth is, we have not been so snorting at all—not any more than the conscious masses snort at the yelping of a lapdog, which he knows can be silenced at a moult.

What should we think of a Clinton County farmer's Newfoundland that should set up in the Broadway of New York, his deep-toned barking at Miss Potpourri's canine pet, to convince dogdom that he could give blows as well as receive them? The barking of Northern newspapers is even more ridiculous.

We object to it in the third place, and finally, because all such talk is wholly unworthy and prejudicial to the cause for which the fighting is being done. If any one thing more than another ought to be discouraged in this struggle, it is that which shall in any way the least create a feeling that the North and the South are essentially hostile and rival powers. The exultations, the taunts hurled at the South, the expressions of unqualified enmity with which our newspapers flatter, would imply that the two powers engaged were not only "hopelessly hostile to one another," but that they forever ought to be.

What strange, reading the bulletin, the narrative, the mass of editorials, would suspect that this was a war waged by Government for the sole and only purpose of a restoration of fraternal relations for the sake of a Union of interests, feelings, hearts! Who would suspect that the relative pluck and prowess of the two sections were a trifling consideration, and that a common destiny in anticipation was the chief matter? Away with those boasts, and taunts, and this for a tale! We are fighting not for the display of personal bravery—not to demonstrate the pluck and invincibility of Yankees, but to prove the strength of our government, and our attachment to it as Americans. If the South would set us as Yankees rather than Americans, let us show them that we see in ourselves nothing of the kind—teach them that the power against their unrighteousness is not a sectional force, but the majestic strength of government; all powerful for self-protection; that the fame of individuals and the relative gallantry and valor of States, are of no account; but that the liberty of the citizen and the Union of the States is of paramount importance, and that in presence of this grand idea, martial glory, and the question whether the North or the South is the best fighting section, sink into insignificance, and are in no way to be seriously considered.

Letter from Lynnfield.

LYNNFIELD, May 8, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—I again take my pen to inform you of matters and things in general in Lynnfield. This quiet little town has had nothing to disturb its peacefulness since last fall, when Camp Schuler was in its glory. I am informed that a man from Boston will open the Hotel soon. The carpenters and painters will commence on the building this week, to repair and paint it. I trust that it may have the effect to enliven our village to some extent. It will certainly be pleasant to see the place once again inhabited. The house has a dreary appearance at present.

Among the places of interest in this vicinity, the Lake, with its surroundings, is doubtless the most pleasant. This was once owned by a man named Humphrey, and is now spoken of as Humphrey's Pond. I presume that the name Sunda was the original Indian name. The beautiful little island situated very nearly in the center of the pond, is owned by Hon. Mr. Salmon, whose country residence stands on the Danvers shore, near by. This island, I am told, was used by the early settlers as a place of refuge and defense against attacks by the Indians.

The Lake was also the scene of a casual, some years ago, occasioned by the upsetting of a boat containing a party of young ladies and gentlemen, by which thirteen of the party were drowned, mostly all of whom were young ladies under 20 years of age. The accident was caused by gross carelessness in overloading the boat. The boat was being pulled by two oarsmen, a paddle wheel being placed in the center, which was turned by hand. The Lynn Herald and other papers of Lynn have recorded the event in verse. The victims of this sad disaster were a part of a picnic party from Lynn.

Standing at certain points on the shore of the Lake, the view is very romantic and beautiful, one of which is the fine bank, on the Camp Ground, where a fine view may be had of the Lake and Island. Another point is what is called the Sand Hook. This is a place where the shore is very shelving, running off gradually, making a fine place for bathing, the bottom being composed of fine white sand, smooth and hard, and you may wade to a distance of

two or three rods without getting deeper than the armpits.

I think that any one wishing to pass a day pleasantly, cannot do better than start a little party, and pay a visit to Sunda Lake the coming summer. The Lake is not all the place in the vicinity to interest the visitor. There are other places I shall mention in my next.

Yours truly,
LYNNFIELD.

Letter from Newport.

NEWPORT, VT., May 9, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD:—Some of the citizens of South Danvers and Salem have no large pecuniary interest at this place, that it must be pleasing to you to hear that the investments will be profitable, and are appreciated.

Messrs. Simon & Samuel D. Pendar, after investing some \$30,000 in building and furnishing one of the best hotels in the State, on the anticipation of a railroad, are about to have those anticipations realized to the fullest extent. The road is to be built, and that immediately; and in less than one year, if you will visit Newport, you shall hear the whistle of the engine. Not only this, but a connection is to be made by this road with the Grand Trunk Railroad, and also with the M. S. & S. Railroad, which will bring Boston and New York over fifty miles nearer Montreal and Quebec than by any other route. This is not mere anticipation. The programme is settled—the actors engaged—and each one knows his part.

A large surprise party visited the Memphremagog House a few days ago. Some one hundred citizens of this place, including the clergy and business men, about 9 o'clock P. M. entered the hotel, and were unceremoniously told possession of a large parlor, and while the good landlord was looking with surprise at their audacity, a committee waited upon Josiah A. Pendar, Esq., and desired his presence. As he entered the room, with wonder depicted on his countenance, the N. B. Bank struck up an appropriate air, after which Dr. E. Palmer, in a neat and appropriate speech, presented him with a valuable gold headed cane, upon which was the following inscription:

"Presented to Josiah A. Pendar, Esq., by the citizens of Newport, April 26th, 1862. Fides et Justitia."

During the remarks of Dr. Palmer, Pendar recovered his presence of mind, and, on receiving the cane, said:

"Gentlemen, among the many virtues which guide the actions of my numerous friends at this place, that which is most characteristic is gratitude, but believe me when I say that the acts which in me you are pleased to call 'kindness,' have only been the dictates of duty. These I have endeavored to follow, and if I have been successful, I could not be satisfied without this public demonstration; how much more, then, should I endeavor in future to follow those dictates, when daily reminded of them by this beautiful and costly present. Accept, gentlemen, my heartfelt thanks for this testimonial of your favor—it is received in the same spirit as given, and will be ever retained as a memento of the past and a monitor to spur me on to better acts in future."

After discussing a little more music and some of the refreshments for which Pendar is so famous, three times three were given for Josiah and the Hotel, when the company departed with the happy consciousness of having done a good act.

TIMOTHY GUN.—This invention, which has done more to develop and enrich the cotton growing States than all other causes combined, was discovered by Eli Whitney, at New Haven, Conn., about the year 1792. It was brought into use and successful operation about the year 1807. Like most other discoveries of value, it had to encounter many obstacles—chiefly made by interested and unprincipled individuals. By means of this invention, the quantity can be multiplied to ten times the amount of any other process. There is no other invention, within our knowledge, that has brought a greater benefit to humanity.

The Conduct of the War—A Serious Charge.

JOHN S. C. ABBOT, the well-known biographer of Bonaparte, publishes a letter in the New York Post upon the errors of our military officers in the present war, in which he says:

"If I am in possession of information which allows me to say, without fear of contradiction from any military officer in Washington, that had the General known, as they now know, what was the real condition of the rebels at Manassas last December, there would have been an immediate advance and the rebels would have been driven from their strong holds in utter rout. Why did we not know this? The answer to this question is very instructive. In all Napoleon's wars he found no difficulty in obtaining the most accurate information respecting his foes. He was fighting for the rights of the people against aristocratic usurpations. Even when on the continent, the people knew, as by instinct, that he was their friend. Consequently they were crowding to his camp with intelligence, and ready to act as guides. Now, there were tens of thousands in the vicinity of Manassas, many of whom were white men, and nearly all partially white, who were men of energy, and who were our friends, eagerly watching for our coming. Familiar with every ravine, and morass, and forest path, no earthly power could have prevented them from escaping to our camp, with instantly almost unparalleled in the history of the world, we had not discouraged them from coming.

Will future ages believe that, under these circumstances, some of our generals issued orders not to allow these our friends to enter our lines? Others, like General Stone, when one of these men happened to get within the lines, would allow the man called his master, though a rebel against our flag, to ride into our camp, and there, under the Stars and Stripes, to which this patriot had fled for protection, to tie a rope around his neck and trot off, dragging him back to bondage. As soon as this wretched victim of this insane policy was within the entrenchments of Manassas, he was scourged as an example to those to beware how they carried intelligence to the Stars and Stripes. And then with his back lacerated with the lash from neck to heels he was driven into the trenches to throw up ramparts which our fathers, brothers and sons were to attempt to scale, and before which as in that awful day of Bull Run, they were to be mown down before the artillery of the foe.

EFFECTS OF A VIKING'S POLICY.
We wonder not that a French writer has re-

marked that 'such a mode of conducting war excites the contempt of every military man in Europe! And we wonder not that God should frown upon such outrages. There was no necessity for any general act of emancipation; simply the cordial welcome to our lines of every man ready to aid in the defence of our imperilled country would have given us that information which would have placed Manassas and all its stores in our hands. Millions upon millions of money we have lost by the policy which has been pursued, and no one can tell how many thousands of valuable lives."

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1862.



What will Mrs. Grundy say?

We care now very little what the English or press may think or say of us, except as matters of curiosity, and in this view we look for the next and succeeding accounts from over the water with some little interest. We are not so credulous as to think that the London Times or Blackwood Magazine will at once back down and own that all their prophecies of evil to our nation have been falsified, but we want to see what new dodge they will invent to provoke the opposition of the English to our country. We have also a kind of gratification in the disappointment which will be felt by Dr. Russell, the special correspondent of the Thunderer, as the news of our brilliant successes follow him in quick succession across the Atlantic. How will they all like to hear of the fall of New Orleans, the battle of Shiloh, the siege of Yorktown, the occupation of Fredericksburg, and the march on Richmond? What will the financial editor of the Times now say of our worthless securities, when it finds United States bonds above par and better than gold? We want to hear their sneers at our little navy after they have intelligence of the bombardment of Fort Jackson and Phillips. We would just like to know their feelings when they hear how expert their rebel heroes are at running away as our armies advance.

Nothing but the successes we have attained will so well serve to command for us the respect of Great Britain and all Europe. We fancy that it will excite some surprise among politicians and statesmen in England and in France who have credulously listened to the tales of Rebel agents of the strength of the South and the weakness of the North, when they get advice from this country up to the present period. What will they now think of the labored arguments of their periodical press to prove the essential weakness of representative governments? What will they think of the immense resources, the vast armies, the powerful navy which this struggle has created?

In nothing will they feel more respect than for our inventive ingenuity and resources. We invent, build, and employ new structures of naval warfare, such as the world has never seen. Our navy achieves a bloodless victory by employing our engineers to cut a canal across an isthmus of the Mississippi. On that same river it runs the gauntlet of batteries, forts, fire-ships and chain cables. It paints its black hulls the color of the muddy waters of the river and conceals its spars with evergreen like that growing upon its banks; and there passes along the shore unobserved until it chooses to toss its destructive bomb-shells into their fortifications. What Sir Joseph Packenham failed to do with a British army and fleet in 1815, we have done with a smaller force in 1862. New Orleans fell before a few gun-boats and sloops of war without a land force. The fall of this city is an event which will create more sensation abroad than that of any southern post, and the account of it will be received with more surprise than would a rebel capture of Washington itself. What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Confiscation.

Congress is now busy with the question of confiscation of property of the rebels. It is plainly right that property held by rebels and conspirators against the government, should be confiscated. They caused the war and all its vast expenses, and they ought to be made to pay a portion at least of its cost. This is legal and constitutional. The rebels say so. They confiscate the property of loyal men, and thus acknowledge the principle to be right. They need the lesson and it will have a good effect on those in future who may contemplate rising up against the government. The power to confiscate should not be used vindictively. There should be a wise discretion in its use. None should be spared the indignity who instigated and voluntarily aided in carrying on the rebellion. The case of those who were led or forced into it, should be considered charitably and acted upon leniently. There are many degrees in the guilt of those who engaged in this war. It should be only in the

cases of those who are clearly and prominently in the wrong that confiscation should be demanded.

Prospects of Peace.

Every one must heartily rejoice in the anticipation of having a sure and lasting peace restored to the country after it has so long suffered the horrors and expenses of this civil war. We want a peace which shall be permanent. Anything short of this is worse even than open war. Those that caused the war must submit, and that too without conditions. The rebels must be treated as stubborn, disobedient children. They must be humbled and punished just so much as to quell their obstinacy and teach them that they are not to rule. They must be put completely down upon their marrow bones, submit to confiscation of their property, and no treaty must be made with them. If there are loyal men among them, or if they choose to become loyal, these may be recognized as citizens and having the rights of citizens.

On the other hand, all that should be required of them to re-instate themselves as citizens is, that they should come in humility back to the shelter of the old Constitution of the country from which they have revolted. Under that shelter, notwithstanding their errors and crimes, committed under the instigation of ambitious leaders, we should receive them with open arms. We should rejoice to have them come back and should extort no unreasonable terms. The only basis for an enduring peace, is compliance with constitutional obligations on both sides. The constitution has always been, well enough when it has been rightly interpreted and obeyed. There is no danger now that the government of the country will not be rightfully administered. Slavery and the old slave power is to have no more a preponderant influence in our national councils. Its strength was gone when the rebellion began and because of this, the rebellion was instituted. The war has prostrated it still more, and it is to grow weaker every year and every day. It is restricted in territory, and free population will surround it and overpower it. Slowly, surely, but under the Constitution and the light of the age, it will pass quickly away with the other barbarisms which have been tolerated and then been unable to bear the light of advancing civilization.

We do not presume to say that all this will happen without effort to sustain and protect the Constitution from the encroachment of wily and ambitious men. Parties at the North will combine with the southern slave interest to obtain possession of the government and subvert the constitution, but they cannot succeed. The cloven foot will appear too plainly again to deceive the people. That vigilance which is the price of liberty, will be aroused, and all their schemes will be frustrated.

The rebels well understand that they can have no peace until they comply with the terms of the Constitution, and that is why they hold out so stubbornly. They very well know that under that instrument, fairly interpreted, their power is gone forever.

Evacuation of Yorktown.

Our news-loving people were electrified on Monday, by the news of the rebel evacuation and surrender of Norfolk, the blowing up of the Merrimack, and the capture and destruction of the rebel fleet. "It never rains but it pours," and at the same time came the news from the Mississippi river that we had been victorious over the rebel fleet above Fort Wright, and sunk three of their flotilla.

Our naval vessels are ascending James River, and Richmond is likely very soon to fall into our hands. All this was glory enough for one day, and if our advantages are followed up with the spirit and determination we shall soon witness the crumbling ruins of the sham Confederacy.

OMNIBUS FROM SALEM TO LYNN.—We omitted last week to mention the fact that our enterprising townsman, Mr. Moses A. Shackley has put a line of omnibuses on the road from Salem to Lynn. For this act we believe the Eastern Railroad Company have not yet given him a vote of thanks, but the people of both cities have given their approbation to his enterprise. Mr. Shackley is the modern Colossus of Roads, and is pretty sure to carry through what he undertakes.

JOHN B. GOUGH IN SALEM.—There is to be one more opportunity to hear this tried champion of the Temperance cause, on the subject which has won him so much fame as an orator. He is to speak on Temperance, at Mechanic Hall, on Monday evening next, for the benefit of the Salem Young Men's Christian Association, and he will have a crowded house. Our citizens will be glad to help swell the throng.

INVALIDS FROM THE ARMY.—We are sorry to learn that several of our young men have been obliged by illness to be returned to their friends, where better care can be taken of them than in camp. Messrs. B. Hardy Millett, Charles Brooks, Samuel Southwick, and Herbert E. Larabee, are of the number.

Thunder all around the sky.

The past week has been an exciting and eventful one. The gathering clouds have looked threatening and black over the heads of the rebels, and the reverberations of the thunder from New Orleans had hardly ceased before it burst forth over the Yorktown peninsula. The electric thunderbolts are falling fast and heavily on the Old Dominion, and the rebels tremble in their Capital. Their sham Congress pack up and take to flight preparatory to the fall of Richmond. We have now four armies in Virginia; McClellan's, McDowell's, Fremont's, Banks' and Burnside's are all ready to occupy her soil and intercept the southern flight of the rebels.

At the West and Southwest, Corinth is invested and Mitchell intercepts the rebel communication between Beauregard and Johnston. The great astronomer causes them to "see stars" but shows them no "milky way" to join together to help their desperate cause. Gen. Mitchell has proved himself a true son of Mars.

Not only at the points above indicated, but at Mobile, Memphis, Charleston and Savannah, the rebels may look out for a federal thunder-storm. Everywhere to them the heavens must look black and frowning, for—

Par along.
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not one lone cloud
But every mountain now hath found a tongue!

LIEUT. WORDEN.—Public attention has been drawn to the situation of this gallant officer who commanded the Monitor when she drove off the Merrimack. He was then disabled by an injury to his eyes from which he has not recovered. His service in that action deserves well of his countrymen. We have seen a statement made that it saved at least one hundred millions to the country. A monument has been made for a substantial testimonial by a free contribution by everybody in sums of five cents each. Let this half-dime fund be followed up here by a general contribution. Let collectors be appointed in every neighborhood that all may have the opportunity to add their mite. We learn that some progress has been made.

MR. HARRISON WHITEMORE.—The accounts of the battle of Williamsburg, gave among the casualties, a statement that Mr. Whitemore of this town, belonging to the Mass. 1st Reg., was wounded in the head. As may be supposed, this was distressing news to his numerous friends here, as they might well have apprehensions that such a wound would be likely to be mortal. Later accounts represented the injury to be slight, and letters from the camp say he bore the hurt manfully, picked up the fragments of shell which caused it, and after having his wound dressed by the surgeon, marched on with his company.

LONDON PUNCH.—This merry periodical has a good hit upon those persons who would advise Mr. Peabody how to dispose of his wealth. There are a good many others besides the "swell" who think they could dispose of it better than its owner. The following is the paragraph:

A GENEROUS IDEA.—"A'm told Mr. Peabody," remarked a swell, "has appointed a hundred and fifty thousand pounds towards ameliorating the condition of the London poor. A hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Half that sum would make my wife and children happy, if a wa' married, and—twice as much would make me tolerably comfortable."

JUVENILE PHILANTHROPY.—We learn that some young Misses in the Wallis and Center Districts have associated themselves to labor, and procure mugs, handkerchiefs and other little conveniences for the sick soldiers in the army. This is a highly commendable imitation of the example of the Ladies Aid Society which has done so much for the relief and comfort of our brave defenders. We hope the younger Society will persevere in their benevolent undertaking.

WALKING MADE EASY.—See the advertisement of Dr. P. Kenison, Chiropodist, in this day's paper. We recommend him to all who suffer by corns (and their name is legion) because we know by our own experience of his skill. We have tried others who profess the art, but when Dr. Kenison did his work so easily and kindly, we acknowledged the corn.

APPROPRIATE.—Jeff. Davis has appointed a day of Fasting and Humiliation for all Rebeldom. This is making a virtue of necessity, as the rebels are fasting for want of food and humiliated by their want of success. It would be appropriate for our President to appoint the same day for a Thanksgiving for the loyal population.

REJOICINGS FOR VICTORIES.—We have been requested to suggest that upon the fall and occupation of Richmond by our forces there should be public rejoicings by the ringing of bells, national salutes and illuminations. We shall listen attentively for the barking of Mr. Wilkinson's young bull-dog on that occasion. Who will supply the powder to feed him?

State Military Defenses.

We have before us the able Report of the Committee on Federal Relations on the Military Defenses of the State, drawn by its Chairman, Hon. Mr. Northend. It relates to armor ships and supplies of ordnance. It recommends, in conjunction with the Federal Government to case in armor two steamers, which can be done in fifty days. Appended to this report are two papers from Commissioners on the two subjects of armor ships and ordnance, which are full of interesting details.

The following is a portion of Mr. Northend's report on the subject of ordnance:

"The attention of the Committee has also been directed to the subject of ordnance, and from the reports from General Totten it is apparent that the General Government will not be able for years to supply the guns necessary for the fortifications already constructed on our coast. Your Committee deem it of great consequence that the State undertake at once to aid in obtaining the necessary supply. The experience of the last few months has demonstrated many facts upon the subject of ordnance of great importance, and it seems now indispensable that we obtain guns of greater strength than are ordinarily made, entirely of cast-iron, both of smooth bore and rifled.

Experiments recently made in England with the Armstrong smooth bore guns, demonstrate the fact, that, for close quarters, they are more efficient than rifled ordnance.

The initial velocity of a solid shot from a smooth bore was found to be about one-fourth greater than from a rifled gun, and the superiority of the smooth bore at a distance not exceeding five hundred yards is substantially demonstrated. Beyond that distance, the advantage is greatly, and increasing with distance, in favor of the rifled gun.

It is very desirable, with the necessity for the use of solid shot against armor-clad vessels, that we construct guns of such strength that they can be fired with safety with a full charge. The Commissioners upon this subject, appointed by the Governor, have given the subject a very careful and elaborate examination, and their very able and interesting report is herewith submitted. They recommend the construction of guns upon the plan invented by Professor Trevellick, which is fully described in their report. The plan is attended with improvement upon the Parrott and Blakely guns, new used, and your Committee unanimously concur in the recommendations of the Commissioners, that a contract be made for the manufacture of at least one hundred.

MR. PEABODY'S MONUMENT.—In commenting upon Mr. Peabody's unprecedented act of charity, an English paper, handsomely says:

"When so many causes conspire to keep up a mischievous irritation between the two families of the English race, when so many pens are busy and so many arms applied to make them defeat one another; when the hostilities and politicians of the two countries delight in holding up to contempt the hard-fisted, restless, unscrupulous Yankee, and the loud-mouthed, aggressive and overbearing John Bull, why should we not be allowed to get all we can out of Mr. Peabody, in order to strike a friendly and just balance, on one side at least, between the two nations? If we could only persuade some Englishman to do at New York what he has done here, we might then augur success on a complete scale. Mr. Peabody is a Yankee. He does not come from the 'chivalrous South' or the 'proud West,' but from the cradle of the American Republic, from the spot where its most marked and characteristic features were first drawn—from a homely, rugged, manly Massachusetts. When any miserable reviler attempts to excite our prejudices by some one-sided caricature of Yankee nature, we shall have one practical argument in our mouths. It will be easy to tell him that we know at least one man of that race who would have been an honor to any nation, and that if goodness is distributed among the people there in the same proportions as in other parts of the world, we cannot think exceptionally ill of his countrymen."

SOUTH SHORE LADIES.—The Hingham Journal, in giving an account of an extensive conflagration which occurred in that town on the 3d inst., says:

"The position of the firemen was peculiarly trying. They were short-handed, many of their members having gone to assist in suppressing rebellion. The citizens were begged by the firewards to man the brakes, many of whom heartily responded, but some of the brakes were still unmaneuvered. An appeal was made to the ladies. No second appeal was needed; they sprang like deer; their hands were on the brakes in an instant, nor did they leave them until the fire was entirely extinguished. They should be credited honorary members of the fire department."

The ladies of Hingham are not only appreciated at home, but abroad, as Uncle Sam has taken a lively interest in them, and complimented them by the appointment of one of their own sex as Post-Master of one of our cities.

GOOD LUCK.—We have on our table a bottle of very excellent ink, which was left, in our absence, by Mr. George W. Quay, who has the article for sale. We can heartily recommend it. It flows well from the pen, and is black and clear of sediment. It turns to a jet black after a little exposure to the air. We hope Mr. Quay will find here a ready sale for it. We know his friends here will give him the preference, on account of their knowledge of him and his career in the army. Wounded and helpless in that farm-house hospital at Centerville, then carried to Richmond to the "Tobacco house," suffering all the time intensely by his wounds, he was at last released; to come home and find his house desolate by the death of his wife. As the effects of his wound do not allow him to labor, he has taken up this means of support, and we trust he will be well patronized.

DROWNED.—Charles Plummer, a lad 16 years of age, son of Mr. M. J. Plummer, was drowned, on Thursday last, near the Gas Works. He was missed about 5 o'clock, and his basket and fishing line were found on the railroad bridge, from whence it is supposed he fell into the water; and as he had been subject to fits, no doubt his fall was in consequence of such an attack. The body was not recovered until about noon yesterday. Coroner Walton investigated the case.—Obit.

THE NEWS.—Our gentlemen readers will find the new news interesting, and ladies will be much interested in the advertisements of JOSEPH PEABODY. They will not fail to read them carefully.

Peabody Institute—Another Gift.

The government of this institution has surprised and gratified by the receipt of a nation of valuable books, about 180 vol. from its great patron, Mr. PEABODY. A them is a complete set of the Massachusetts Historical Collections, a work sought after every library of any pretension, a set, of the Democratic Review, and a set, of the Knickerbocker Magazine in 52 volumes. These two last works are in splendid binding. There are also 19 bulky volumes of the "London Illustrated News," brought 1857, and comprising a complete historical pictorial illustration of events in the Crimean War. The remainder are books of a miscellaneous character, rare in this country, and whole will prove a very valuable access to the shelves of the Library.

These books were purchased for Mr. Peabody at the sale in London of the library of Henry Stevens, by Mr. Peabody's friend, Mr. Somerby, formerly of Newbury. It must be very gratifying to Mr. Peabody to find that, while Mr. Peabody is besting his gifts with a munificent hand in the public, he is not unmindful of the pleasure of his birth, and the institution which was founded by his generosity for the promotion of "knowledge and morality" among his townsmen.

THE VILLAGE BANK IN DANVER.

We have seen a well written and printed pamphlet, containing some severe strictures, upon the management of this institution, but of the correctness of which we are unable to judge. Salem Gazette thus speaks of it:

We have received a pamphlet of thirty pages, entitled: "The Village Bank in Danvers: a Glance at its History, with other Matter, for the Consideration of Stockholders and the Community Interests of a Citizen." We quote a sentence or two from one of the concluding pages of the pamphlet, to show its tenor and spirit, as follows: "What drove natives of Danvers off to do business in honor in their despair of home? and finally brought about the things that exist—a town nearly hopelessly ruined? If the Village Bank in Danvers does not answer it, in vindication of yours, answer, 'You, you, Village Bank, have systematically harassed and gang the commercial mind of Danvers, by a series of indecencies, outrages and meanness.'"

FIRE.—On Friday afternoon between two o'clock, fire was discovered in a wood and coal shed belonging to the I Railroad, situated on Bridge street, near South Reading Depot. The building contained but a few tons of coal, and was of value. Loss about \$200; covered by insurance. The wooden buildings in the neighborhood were in considerable danger from the wind at the time, and were scorched some. A freight train had to be removed. Buildings on Bridge street, near the foot of Peter street, were also set on fire by sparks carried by the wind, but the danger promptly discovered and guarded against. Fire department mustered promptly, and vented an extensive conflagration; the steam were kept in play for several hours. The was probably caused by sparks from a locomotive.—Register.

AMUSEMENTS IN DANVER.—At the Hov Athenaeum, we have a series of dramas which Wyzeman Marshall, Esq., sustains principal parts, ably assisted by a good company. He is aided by Miss Eberle. At the Aquarial Garden, in addition to usual attractions, Prof. Cutting has introduced the wonders of the Stereoscopic, which exhibits the wonders of the world with great accuracy.

At the Academy of Music, the grand C. bination Company close this week. Improve the chance to see them before they leave. At the National, Mr. English has revived popular play of the "Three Past Men," an excellent success. He deserves it. The thirty-eighth exhibition of Paint and Statuary, at the Boston Athenaeum, Be street, is now open day and evening.

ARMY AND NAVY MEMORIES.—If we have song books, it is better to have those which patriotic in their sentiments, and of a good moral tone. Such is the character of "Army and Navy Melodies," compiled by a clergyman, one of them a Chaplain of Mass. 10th Regiment. This book of melody has musical notes as well as text, and is appropriate to the times. Price 30 cents. Williams & Co., 100 Washington st., Boston are the wholesale retailers, and it may be of E. B. Wait, agent, Danvers.

A LYNN BOY KNIGHT.—It is stated the Lynn Reporter, that the Emperor of Russia has conferred upon Col. J. E. Gow a decoration of Knight of the Order of St. Stanislaus, as a fitting acknowledgment of his public services and perseverance in removing the sunken vessels from the harbor of Sebastopol. We learn that Col. Gow has completed his work in Russia, and is probably now on his way home, or soon will be, with what may be called a "competency."

A FAMILIAR FACE MISSING.—The travel public will be pained to learn the retirement of Mr. William Dempsey, from the list of omnibus drivers between South Danvers and Salem. Mr. Dempsey has been long and favorably known to those who have occasion ride in the "busses," and by his gentlemanly deportment has won hosts of friends. He has our best wishes for his future success.

"BALLADS OF THE WAR."—The first run of a new work with the above title is received containing "The March to the Capitol." It is published in twelve parts, at 25 cents each. The object of the series is to present a series of Political Lyrics on the War. The work is finely printed and illustrated, and is published by New York by John Robbins. A. Williams & Co., are agents for Boston (Wilkinson has for sale here).

THE NEWS.—Our gentlemen readers will find the new news interesting, and ladies will be much interested in the advertisements of JOSEPH PEABODY. They will not fail to read them carefully.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Perkins, who is well known in Danvers and South Danvers (where he has operated in the time of Daguerrotypes) is now taking the best of photographs at his rooms 241 Essex street, Salem. They are not only good likenesses, but finished with the true Paris gloss. Our suggestions, in a late paper, recommending separate albums for handsome people, has been generally adopted. We infer this from the great demand we have had for our own likenesses. If the demand continues, we shall have to answer the applicants with the negative.

Mr. Perkins has in his show-case an assortment of Photograph Albums of beautiful styles. We also saw a card picture of portraits of nine of our prominent Generals, and another of the same number of our Commodores of the Navy. A great curiosity, to our eye, was a view of the old Court House, standing in the middle of Washington street, as it stood fifty years ago.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—The Sawyer Estate on Lowell Street, in this town, was sold at auction last Tuesday week, by George Nichols. House and Land, Lot No. 1, to Asa Sawyer, for \$2000; Lot No. 2, 5800 feet, to — Sawyer, for \$325; Lot No. 3, 5000 feet for \$250; Lot No. 4, 5600 feet, to T. M. Simpson, \$330; Lot No. 5, 10,700 feet, to Geo. P. Tilton, \$700.

A TOTAL Eclipse.—The Confederate Almanac for 1862, published by Rev. Dr. Sumners, at the Southern Methodist Publishing House, announces an "eclipse of the sun, visible over the Confederate States." To this the Nashville Union adds, that about the same time "there will be a total eclipse of the Confederate States, visible all over creation!"

Tax Sufferer.—In despite of being able to "extort" the pirate steamer Santee from the harbor of Gibraltar, the rebel authorities have at last concluded to sell her.

Annals of Philadelphia.—The Rev. Dr. Sumners, will lecture on Slavery, in Mechanic Hall, Salem, next Sunday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BUNYAN'S READY WIT.—Towards the end of Bunyan's imprisonment, a Quaker called upon him, hoping to make a convert of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He thus addressed him: "Friend John, I am come to thee with a message from the Lord, and after having searched for thee in half the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last."

"If the Lord had sent you," sarcastically returned Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been a prisoner in Bedford jail these twelve years past."

68 cts.—Best Paris Kid Gloves, Regular \$1.00 goods now 68 cts. at PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, Salem.

88 cts.—Best Clasp Corsets 88 cts. at JOHN P. PEABODY'S, 220 Essex st., Salem.

12 1/2 cts.—Nice Belt—Regular 24 cent Belts now 12 1/2 cts. at PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, Salem.

25 cts.—Heavy Double Faced Ribbons for 25 cts. at PEABODY'S. Look at them before buying.

10 cts.—Lisle Thread Gloves, fine and nice for 10 and 12 1/2 cts. at PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, Salem.

Visit Osborne's Store, and look at the unusual variety of new styles in Hats and Caps—191 Essex street, Salem.

S. Y. M. C. A.—JOHN B. GOUGH will deliver a Lecture, before the Salem Young Men's Christian Association, at Mechanic Hall, next MONDAY EVENING, May 19, at 8 o'clock.

Tickets 35 cts.—to be obtained at the usual places in Salem; and at D. B. Brooks & Bro's Store, South Danvers, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 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3893, 3895, 3897, 3899, 3901, 3903,

Miscellaneous.

Matrimony.
A couple sat beside the fire,
Debating which should first retire:
The husband positively said,
"Wife, you shall go and warm the bed."
"I never will!" she quipped replied,
"I did so once, and nearly died."
"And I will not!" rejoined the spouse,
"With firmer tone and lowering brows;
Continuing till they nearly froze,
When both grew mute, and hovering higher
Around the faintly glimmering fire,
They trembled at the dying embers,
As though some had seized their members.
Resolved like herons not to yield,
But force each other from the field,
And thus this once fond, loving pair
In silence sought and shivered there,
Till midnight faded into morn,
And cocks were crowing at the dawn;
When all at once the husband said,
"Wife, had we not better go to bed?"

How to Write for a Newspaper.
As a general rule, short pieces are the best liked. A gentleman in a bank once told us when we asked him to subscribe for a certain quarterly review: "Read a Review! why I never read anything longer than a telegraphic despatch. But I will take it, and send it to my brother, who is a minister in the country." The public like a short article when it is a condensation.
This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be conclusive; if pathetic, it should move the eye; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go to the primitive rock; if practical, it should go like an arrow to its work; if spiritual, it should have the soul that reads it.

Jacob Ridgway once wrote: "Whatever success I have in business I owe mainly to continuous advertising, and I deem it good policy to advertise long in the same paper. From a close observation, I am convinced that it is impossible to make much headway in any branch of commerce without the facilities which the printer alone can give."

A GREAT CAUSE.—Sir William B., at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer: "Sir, do you know that I have been to two universities?" "Well sir," said the farmer, "what of that?" I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked, the greater the calf grew."

SATISFACTORY.—Viscount S. once met Mr. de V. and said to him: "Is it true, sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said that I had no wit at all?" Mr. de V. answered: "My lord, there is not a word of truth in the matter. I never was in a house where you were thought to be witty, and I never had occasion to tell anybody you had no wit at all!"

"John, have you sanded the sugar?"
"Yes."
"Watered the rum?"
"Yes."
"Mealed the ginger?"
"Yes."
"Then come to prayers!"

An old lady observing a sailor go past her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy, said:
"Billy, where is my cow gone?"
"Gone to the devil, for ought I know," replied the sailor.
"Well, as you are going that way," said the old lady, "I wish you would let the bars down."

"Can't be did." A butcher's boy carrying a tray on his shoulders, struck it against a lady's head and discomposed her wig.
"The deuce take the tray," cried the lady, in a passion.
"Madam," said the lad, gravely, "the deuce cannot take the tray."

A preacher, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up all her good qualities, added: "That she always reached her husband this without muttering."

Some persons shame the devil, not by speaking the truth, but by outlying him.
A barn door fowl and a lawyer who talks for pay pick up their living with their wits.

It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.
Many a person in a fine suit of clothes is but an ugly maggot in a good looking nut shell.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,
ONE PRICE
HAT, CAP & FUR STORE,
281 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.

"LANE,"
Whose Bargains in Good, Durable, and Fashionable

READY-MADE CLOTHING
ASTONISHES THE WORLD.

Why is it that LANE is so Popular?
WHY IS IT THAT THE GREAT MASS OF THE PEOPLE BUY THEIR GOODS AT

"LANE'S?"

These are questions the answers to which you will do well to remember.
1st. We do a strictly "CASH BUSINESS," buying and selling for "cash," whereby saving much from bad debts, and have great advantages in buying goods.

2d. We employ none but first-class artists in the cut and manufacture of our goods, thereby giving to the purchaser an elegant and tasty fit, combined with great durability.

3d. We always keep a very large stock, and you are sure to find garments suited to your taste and pocket.

4th. Our corps of salesmen are all gentlemen, and you have no fear of being abused if you do not purchase; but they will, on the contrary, take great pleasure in showing strangers over our immense establishment.

5th. We invite strangers, who are making purchases in the city, to make our store their headquarters, and send any bundle or package there for safe keeping.

"STRANGERS"
AND

"CITIZENS."

When next in Boston in search of

CLOTHING,

FOR EITHER MAN OR BOY, VISIT

LANE'S

FAMOUS CLOTHING PALACE!

31 AND 32 DOCK SQUARE,

BOSTON.

Boston, April 23.

Rare Chance for Bargains.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Large and fine stock of

JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE,

AND FANCY GOODS,

At No. 2 West Block, 188 Essex street.

JOSEPH J. RIDER

Having in contemplation an immediate change of business, offers his entire stock of Fine Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, and Fancy Goods, at greatly Reduced Prices, wishing to dispose of all at the earliest possible time.

This stock is quite new, and was carefully selected for the season trade, and is of excellent opportunity, not often presented, of making purchases for Christmas and New Year's Presents, Wedding and Friendly Gifts, Refurbishing the Table, &c.

Old silver taken in exchange.

Don't fail to call before the closing sale, as all articles are guaranteed, as per representation, and prices will be satisfactory.

JOSEPH J. RIDER,
No. 2 West Block—188 Essex street.

MARSHALL'S

DANVERS, SO. DANVERS & SALEM EXPRESS.

Leave DANVERS daily at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M. for SALEM and BOSTON.

Leave SALEM daily at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M. for DANVERS and BOSTON.

Leave BOSTON daily at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M. for DANVERS and SALEM.

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NEW ROUTE

LYNN & BOSTON

BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

E. F. BURNHAM'S
Line of Omnibuses will leave the Stage Office, corner of Main and Foster streets, passing down Main street through Washington street to Lynn, daily, (SUNDAYS INCLUDED), except the noon trips, and

Leave South Danvers at 8 A.M., and 1 and 4 P.M.
Leave Lynn at 10 1-2 A.M., and 2 1-2 and 5 1-2 P.M.

Horse Cars leaving Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, at 9 1-2 A.M., 1 1-2 and 4 1-2 P.M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the above named, to take passengers to So. Danvers.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers.

Tickets to Lynn, - - 15 cents.
Through to Boston, - - 30 cents.

Passengers called for at 5 cents extra, if notice is given at the Office.

EXPRESS BUSINESS

Between South Danvers and Lynn promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.

South Danvers, March 29, 1862.

REED'S

SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON

RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 10 1-2 a.m. and 4 p.m.
Express leaves Boston at 8 1-2 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Office—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, Freight Office, 1 Fulton st.

Also an Order Box at 68 Pearl street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.

Packages received and sent forward daily for Daily mail, Porters, Monroes, Annapolis, &c. and all other places where the different regiments are stationed.

South Danvers, March 19-47.

HILLS

South Danvers and Salem

EXPRESS.

Leave South Danvers at 8 a.m. and 1 1-2 p.m.
Leave Salem at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Office at 23 Park St. P. O. Grover's, and W. M. Jacobs, So. Danvers; Davis Express Office, corner of Washington and Front streets; Adams & Matthews, 212 Essex St., Salem.

All orders promptly attended to, and a share of patronage solicited.

S. Danvers, March 29. B. M. HILLS.

GEO. E. MEACOM,

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,
126 MAIN ST., 126

Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

VOL. XIV OF GRAY'S REPORT

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Bound in cloth, and in a neat leather cover.

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100 E. 2d St., Salem.

HAIR AND TEETH BRUSHES.

A VERY large assortment of every quality, at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

SOMETHING NEW.

Highly Important to the Ladies!

DOWNER'S

Patent Hemmer and Shield

FOR HAND-SEWING

"Is just the thing" for all who use the Needle. This Hemmer and Shield is a new and original invention, and is the best and most perfect ever made. It is made of the finest material, and is so constructed that it will protect the hand from the needle, and will hem and shield the fabric at the same time. It is a most valuable and useful article, and is highly recommended by all who use the Needle. It is sold at a very low price, and is a most desirable article for all who are engaged in hand-sewing.

Price 50c. to \$1, according to style and finish.
\$100 PER MONTH CAN BE REALIZED BY ENTERPRISE AGENTS (wanted in every town) and country throughout the United States and Canada, selling the above articles, as sales are rapid, profits large, and the business a liberal discount to the trade.

CUSTOM MADE

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he is prepared to furnish CUSTOM-MADE BOOTS and SHOES of every description, at short notice. All those in want of a good article will do well to call and get measured by his German Boot Makers. All of his work will be warranted to fit, and made of good stock.

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Done expeditiously, and in a neat and workmanlike manner.

FRENCH CALF SKINS.

And all other kinds of Shoe Stock for sale.

SALE OF BOOTS AND SHOES,
Constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest cash price.

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Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale PIGS of Muckle Prime Breed, and of every County breed, of which the Muckle took the First Premium at the last Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

South Danvers, March 27, 1862.

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Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,
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MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers,
Are Agents for

GEORGE W. WISKE & CO.'S

PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

RIP FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 23, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS-PORT,

WOOD AND COAL

Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard, constantly on hand.

Franklin, Old Company's Ledge,
Locust Mountain, Black Heath,
and all other kinds of wood, at low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

Office—No. 6 Allen's Building,
Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,
J. Q. A. BACHLEDER,
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Regulated.

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INNER SOLES

AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.

2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

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WE have received our assortment of BLACK SILKS for Spring and Summer wear, which we can recommend, as we always have them of our house.

100,000 BARRELS OF THE
LODI MANUFACTURING CO.'S

POURDETTE,

For Sale by Lodi Manufacturing Company,
100,000 BARRELS OF THE Lodi Manufacturing Co.'s

For Sale by Lodi Manufacturing Company,
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FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

Central street, South Danvers,
Having procured himself with a

NEW HEARSE,

Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Waterworks,
Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

of all sizes and prices.

METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
PLATES—Silver and Plated.

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Arrangements for preserving.
Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, &c.

All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.

All orders from neighboring towns will be promptly attended to, &c. aug 7

To the Ladies and Gentlemen

OF SOUTH DANVERS.

JOHN J. ASHBY,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

of all kinds.

Ladies' Mittens and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds, made to order, at short notice, and at the lowest prices.

Repairing of every description, done in the best manner. Also, for sale—the Copper-Tread Boots, for Children.

2 SILVER Plated Egg-Cups for \$1—

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Are you Insured?

THE subscriber would respectfully call your attention to the fact, that he is prepared to effect INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, by any amount, at current rates, on

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Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c. &c., and on buildings in process of erection.

And that he is the authorized Agent for the following responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:

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Also, with direct insurance on the LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS, for any years, or for the whole term of life, in the

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Calvin Rice, Pres. D. B. Bacon, Secy.
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WM. ARCHER, Jr.,
18 Washington st. and 34 Front st., Salem.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS.

MASS., WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1862

NO. 20.

Selected Poetry.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fugal's crack, and the clock's dull
click,
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear one all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came to meet her son—
She kissed me and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden, where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers are all decayed;
I shall see his boy and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our father's house—
To our father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,
O, I love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river of
peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of life be
The little boy that died.

Selected.

The Tennessee Blacksmith.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the
Cumberland Mountains, stood the village
forge. The smith was a sturdy man of
fifty. He was respected, wherever
known, for his stern integrity. He served
God, and did not fear man—and it
might be safely added, nor devil neither.
His courage was proverbial in the neigh-
borhood; and it was a common remark,
when wishing to pay any person a high
compliment, to say, "He is brave as Old
Bradley." One night, toward the close
of September, as he stood alone by the an-
vil, plying his labors, his countenance
evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he
brought his hammer down with a vigor-
ous stroke on the heated iron. While
blowing the bellows, he would occasion-
ally pause and shake his head, as if com-
muning with himself. He was evidently
meditating upon something of a serious
nature. It was during one of these
pauses that the door was thrown open,
and a pale, trembling figure staggered in
to the shop, and sinking at the smith's
feet, faintly ejaculated—
"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the pro-
strate form, three men entered, the fore-
most one exclaiming—
"We've treed him at last! There he
is! Seize him!" and as he spoke he
pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order,
but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the
sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about
his head as if it were a sword, he ex-
claimed—
"Back! Touch him not; or, by the
grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward,
not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith,
for his countenance plainly told them he
meant what he said.
"Do you give shelter to an abolition-
ist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless
man," replied the smith.
"He is an enemy!" reiterated the
leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.
"He is a spy! an abolition hound!"
exclaimed the leader, with increased ve-
hement, "and we must have him. So I
tell you, Bradley, you had better not in-
terfere. You know that you are already
suspected, and if you insist upon shel-
tering him it will confirm it."

"Suspected of what?"
exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riv-
eting his gaze upon the speaker.
"Why, of adhering to the North," was
the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated
Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at
the speaker. "I adhere to no North!"
he continued. "I adhere to my country—
my whole country—and will, so help
me God, as long as I have breath, be
added, as he brought the sledge-hammer
to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Brad-
ley, without further trouble. You are
only risking your own neck by your in-
terference."
"Not as long as I have life to defend
my," was the answer. Then pointing to-
ward the door, he continued, "Leave my

shop!" and as he spoke he again raised
the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm
demeanor of the smith averted them into
compliance with the order.

"You will regret this in the morning,"
Bradley, said the leader, as he re-
treated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he
pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to
the entrance of the shop, and watched
them until they disappeared from sight
down the road. When he turned to go
back into the shop, he was met by the
fugitive, who, grasping his hand, ex-
claimed—

"Oh, how shall I ever be able to thank
you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters,
unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the
country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But
you must go to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes," in the morning, if not sooner,
they will return with a large force and
carry you off, and probably hang you on
the first tree. You must leave this very
night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendez-
vous of our friends. There is a party made
up who intend to cross the mountains and
join the Union forces in Kentucky. They
have provisions for the journey, and will
gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered
the shop, and hurriedly said:

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?"

Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she
approached him, and, in a sympathizing
tone, continued,

"Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come
so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine, rosy
girl, just passed her eighteenth birthday,
and the sole daughter of Bradley's house
and heart. She was his all—his wife
had been dead five years. He turned
toward her, and in a mild but firm tone,
said:

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters
to the rendezvous immediately; then re-
turn, and we will call at the parsonage to
cheer his family. Quick! No time is
to be lost! The blood-hounds are upon
the track. They have scented their prey,
and will not rest until they have secured
him. They may return much sooner
than we expect. So haste, daughter, and
God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie
had been called upon to perform such an
office. She had previously safely con-
ducted several Union men, who had been
hunted from their homes and sought shel-
ter with her father, to the place desig-
nated, from whence they made their es-
cape across the mountains into Kentucky.

Turning to the fugitive, she said:
"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon
ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop, and proceeded but a
short distance up the road, and then turn-
ed off in a by-path through a strip of
woods, closely followed by the fugitive.

A brisk walk of half an hour brought
them to a small house that stood alone in
a secluded spot. Here Mattie was re-
ceived with a warm welcome by several
men, some of whom were engaged in
running bullets, while others were clean-
ing their rifles and fowling-pieces. The
lady of the house, a hale woman of forty,
was busy stuffing the wallets of the men
with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very
kindly.

The fugitive, who was known to
two or three of the party, was received
in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all,
saying that they would make him chap-
lain of the Tennessee Union regiment
when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return
home, two of the party prepared to ac-
company her; but she protested, warning
them of the danger, as the enemy was
doubtless abroad in search of the minis-
ter. But, notwithstanding, they insist-
ed and accompanied her until she reached
the road a short distance above her father's
shop. Mattie hurried on, but was
somewhat surprised, upon reaching the
shop, to find it vacant. She hastened to
the house, but her father was not there.

As she returned to go into the shop, she
thought she could hear the noise of horses
hoofs clattering down the road. She lis-
tened, but the sound soon died away.

Going into the shop, she blew the fire
into a blaze; then beheld that the things
were in great confusion, and that spots of
blood were upon the ground. She was
now convinced that her father had been
carried off, but not without a desperate
struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of
blood, a wagon, containing two persons,
drove up, one of whom, an athletic young
man of five-and-twenty years, got out
and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your
father?" he said. Then, observing the
strange demeanor of the girl, he contin-
ued, "Why, Mattie, what ails you?"

"What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for
her tongue to give utterance, and throw-
ing herself upon the shoulder of the young
man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't you
see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon
your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to
narrate the events of the evening. When
she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the
day that old Tennessee was to be this
disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this, the other person in the wagon
alighted and entered the shop. He was
a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you
would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like
much to leave you, but don't I like to be
a free man?"

Joe, the white man, had maintained
their liberty by their valor. Are you
willing to fight for yours?"

"I fight for yours, any time, Massa
John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have des-
perate work on hand to-night, and I do
not want you to engage in it without a
prospect of reward. If I succeed, I will
make you a free man. It is a matter of
life and death—will you go?"

"I will, massa."

Then kneeling down and swearing before
the everlasting God, that, if you filter or
shrink from the danger, you may hereaf-
ter be consigned to everlasting fire.

"I swear, massa," said the negro,
kneeling. "An I hope that God Al-
mighty may strike me dead if I don't go
wid you through fire and water and ob-
eying!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master,
then turning to the young girl, who had
been a mute spectator of this singular
scene, he continued,

"Now, Mattie, you get into the wagon,
and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and
you remain there with Mrs. Peters and
the children until I bring you some in-
telligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was
awaiting the return of his daughter, the
party that he had repulsed returned, with
increased numbers, and demanded the
minister.

A fierce quarrel ensued, which
resulted in their seizing the smith and
carry him off. They conveyed him to a
tavern half a mile distant from the shop,
and there he was arraigned before what
was termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long room on the
ground floor, dimly-lighted by a lamp
which stood upon a small table in front
of the chairman. In about half an hour
after Bradley's arrival, he was placed
before the chairman for examination.

The old man's arms were pinioned, but
nevertheless he cast a defiant look around
him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against
you. What have you to say?" said the
chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" de-
manded the smith, fiercely eyeing his in-
terrogator.

"The authority of the people of Ten-
nessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You
are accused of harboring an abolitionist,
and the penalty of that act, you know, is
death. What have you to say to the
charge?"

"I say that it is a lie; and that he who
utters such charges against me is a scound-
rel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the
leader of the band that had captured
Bradley, and who now appeared with a
large bandage about his head, to bind
up a wound which was the result of a
blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simp-
son," continued the chairman, "what have
you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had
tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's
shop, and that Bradley had resisted his
arrest; and that, upon their return, he
could not be found, and that the prisoner
refused to give any information concern-
ing him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said
the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be
insulted with impunity. I again demand
to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you
tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you
are not only a member but an exhorter
in Mr. Peters' church, and therefore some
little excuse is to be made for your zeal
in defending him. He is from the North,
and has long been suspected, and is now
accused of being an abolitionist and a
dangerous man. You do not deny shel-
tering him, and refusing to give him up.
If you persist in this, you must take
the consequences. I ask you for the last
time if you will inform us of his where-
abouts?"

"And again I answer, no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another se-
rious charge against you, and your con-
duct in this instance confirms it. You
are accused of giving comfort to the en-
emies of your country. What have you
to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who
makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him of being a traitor, and
aiding the cause of the Union," said
Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits
for me the name of traitor, then I am
proud of it. I have been for the Union
—and will be for the Union as long as
life lasts."

At these words the chairman clutched
a pistol that lay upon the table before
him, and the bright blade of Simpson's
bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's
breast; but before he could make the
fatal plunge, a swift-winged messenger of
death laid him dead at the feet of his in-
tended victim; while at the same instant,
another plunged into the heart of the
chairman, and he fell forward over the
table, extinguishing the light, and leav-
ing all in darkness. Confusion reigned.

The inmates of the room were panic-
stricken.

In the midst of the consternation, a
firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoul-
der; his bonds were severed, and he hur-
ried out of the open window. He was
again a free man, but was hastened for-
ward into the woods at the back of the
tavern, and through them to a road a
quarter of a mile distant, then into a
wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an
hour the smith made one of the party at
the rendezvous that was to start at mid-
night across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped
the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes
glittered and a tear coursed down his fur-
rowed cheeks, "I should like to see Mattie
before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped
his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in
that lone house in the wilderness, sur-
rounded by men who had been driven
from their homes for their attachment to
the principles for which their patriotic
fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old
smith, a type of the heroes of other days,
pressing his daughter to his breast,
while the tears coursed down his furrow-
ed cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to
be his last embrace; for his heart had
resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar
of his country, and he could no longer
watch over the safety of his only child.

Was she to be left to the mercy of the
partisan wretches who were attempting
to destroy the country that had given
them birth, nursed their infancy, and
opened a wide field for them to display
the abilities with which nature had en-
dowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a
short pause, "as you leave the State, it
will be necessary, in those troublous
times, for Mattie to have a protector, and
I have thought that our marriage had
better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relin-
quished his embrace and gazed with a
fond look at her who was so dear to
him, "I shall not object if Mattie is will-
ing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came
along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted down min-
ister was called upon to perform a mar-
riage service in that lone house. It was
an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds
glittered upon the neck of the bride; no
pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure
love glowed within her as she gave ut-
terance to a vow which was registered in
heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade
his daughter and her husband an affec-
tionate farewell, and set out with his
friends to join others who had been
driven from their homes, and were now
rallying under the old flag to fight for the
Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old
Tennessee!"

Battle of Williamsburg.

The following graphic and picto-
rial description of this important trial of
strength between Southern desperation
and Northern bravery, we copy from the
Tribune's letter:

"Between 7 and 8 o'clock Hooker gave
through the down-pouring rain the order
to drive in the enemy's pickets. The
battle began.

The enemy were met in great force—
Our utmost numbers were 8000. All
of these were exhausted with a twelve-
miles' march through the most atrocious
mudroads that can disgrace the barbarism
even of a slave State—with a twenty-
four hours' rain from which they had no
shelter—with a want of food for which
official negligence cannot justly be im-
puted. But they went to work with
characteristic Northern resolute, and sent
the rebel pickets in flying. But re-
inforcements from Williamsburg began
to come in immediately—the oldest and
best troops in the rebel army—most of
them of the Bull Run and Manassas ex-
perience. At 9, the enemy grew thick-
er and more aggressive. Hooker's sec-
ond and third brigade went in, and were
soon followed by Emory's cavalry and
Benson's battery.

The fight now became furious. The
great preponderance of the rebels, with
their carefully cultivated contempt of the
courage of Northern men, impelled them
upon our regiments with audacity and
the characteristic rage of their civiliza-
tion. The steadiness and pluck of the
Northerners were what was expected of
disciplined American troops. Our mus-
ketry fire was terrible. Rapid, in time,
and with deliberate aim at the breast,
it moved the enemy in great swaths. The
oldest Mexican war soldiers on the field
noted its rapid and solid character, and
said that they had never seen it equalled.

It, however, began to exhaust the car-
tridge boxes. Soon the equilibrium of
the fight was lost, and the result to He-
intzelman's experienced eye, when he ar-
rived on the field at 12 1/2, was a doubt-
ful look. He instantly sent to Kearney
for reinforcements—then hurried an or-
der to Gen. Sumner to represent the in-
stant necessity of his reinforcing him
with more troops, or by a diversion to be
made by an attack on his part on the en-
emy's centre. To Kearney, in his rear,
full eight miles off, he sent staff officers
after staff officers, to hurry him to extra-
ordinary efforts to come up.

For a whole hour at a time he was left
entirely alone on the field. His im-
pudence, like Napoleon's for the head of
Grouchy's column at Waterloo, was so
intense, that in five minutes after the re-
turn of his messengers, he repeatedly
sent them back with new entreaties to
Kearney to move quickly, to save the un-
equal fight. They did not come, for the
rain had utterly ruined the swamp road.

The danger grew fast, and began to cul-
minate at 1 1/2 o'clock, when the en-
emy made a determined charge with the
bayonet on Hooker's left with a column
of 6000 fresh troops just up from Wil-
liamsburg. They, of course, pushed our
few and exhausted men back, and cap-
tured six of our field pieces, three of
which they succeeded in finally carrying
off. The nature of the ground was such
—covered with thick woods and brush—
that we could not use our artillery with
full effect; but its fire compelled the
shouting captors to abandon three of
their prizes. The loss of these guns was
purely the result of the killing of their
officers and cannoniers and drivers and
horses in numbers sufficient to disorgani-
ze the sections, and more especially of
the exhaustion of the supply of ammu-
nition by the supporting infantry regiments
behind them.

Here now commenced the develop-
ment of the crisis of the fight. Volleys
of ball cartridges cannot long be resist-
ed by the bravest of the brave holding in
their grasp only empty gunbarrels. Pressed
harder and closer by the new
troops that Johnston had got up from
Williamsburg, the 7th and 8th New Jer-
sey gave ground, and soon fell into disor-
der. It was not strange, for their car-
tridge-boxes empty, the men felt them-
selves to be unarmed. Capt. Chauncey
McKever threw himself in their way
and endeavored to rally them, without ef-
fect. His resolution was promptly taken.

He took a squadron of Col. Averill's
Pennsylvania Cavalry, deployed them in
the woods on each side of the road, and
ordered them to fire upon the straggling
and force them back into the fight, un-
der the reinforcements should come up.

The order was obeyed. The men—who had
not shown any symptoms of panic, and
were in any danger of a stampede—re-
turned to their work. But without car-
tridges it seemed useless, and soon
straggling into the woods again commen-
ed. Heintzelman, having no aid within
miles of him, took his escort of 8d Pen-
sylvanians, commanded by Capt. J. C.
White, and persuaded them to return to
their ranks and resume their ground.

It was here of any portion of the 8000
exhausted and now substantially unarm-
ed men to face 25,000 comparatively
fresh troops, pouring in upon them with
a fierce and steady increase. But a Mas-
achusetts regiment—God bless that
State, and God bless her people!—greatly
assisted this devotion by fixing bayo-
nets on their empty musket barrels, and
standing still for the coming avalanche.

It was now that Death passed fastest
through our ranks. Officers fell thickly,
and men went to earth in heaps. Ten
minutes more would have ruined us—
for demi-gods could not have sustained such
an inequality as 3,000 to 22,000. Ten
minutes more would have saved the Re-
bellion and caused the recognition of the
revolted States; ten minutes more would
have crushed military reputation, and
driven a political party out of power—
and its administrators perhaps out of life.

But now Brigadier Berry of the stout
State of Maine—wading through the mud
and rain at such speed that he actually
overtook and passed three other brigades
came in sight. Heintzelman shouted
with gratitude. He ran to the nearest
band and ordered it to meet the coming
regiments with "Yankee Doodle," and to
give them marching time into the field
with the "Star-spangled Banner." A wild
"hurrah" went up from the army, and
with a yell that was electric three regiments
of Berry's brigade went to the front,
formed a line nearly half a mile
long, and commenced a volley firing that
no troops on earth could stand before.

Then at the double-quick dashed with the
bayonet at the Rebel array, and sent them
flying from the field into their earthworks,
pursued them into the largest of them,
and drove them out behind with the pure
steel, and then invited them to retake it.

The attempt was repeatedly made, and
repeatedly repulsed. The count of the
rebel dead in that battery at the close of
the fight was 63. They were principally
Michigan men who did this work.

The equilibrium of the battle was re-
stored. It was now 4 o'clock, and Jar-
vis and Birney came up with their bri-
gades, covered with mud and steaming
with the rain, but eager for a share in the
blessed work. They went to the front,
and soon the tide of the fight turned
backward. But Berry's timely arrival,
for which he is entitled to both gratitude
and honor, saved the day. At dark his
troops were in unresisted possession of
the battery they had captured; the rest of
Heintzelman's force was well placed,
and in full front of the enemy's line,
while the enemy themselves had with-
drawn from the plain to the cover of their
works. We were ready for the renewal
of the fight on the morrow. They were
whipped. Our men lighted their fires
and cooked their coffee, and tried to dry
their clothes. They were strapping their
knapsacks on their shoulders for a fight.

They had met the Yankees on an open
field, and knew that at last they had
met their masters. So, through the mists
of the rainy night, the Confederate Army
of the Potomac stole out of their in-
trenchments, and obeyed the order to re-
treat. Bull Run was avenged. The
Williamsburg Run began at 9 o'clock in
the evening, and now, 30 hours after, is
in full panic and disorder, under the sa-
bering of our cavalry and the shelling of
our artillery—far away here toward Rich-
mond.

It was not till after sunrise that the
last of the Rebel army, composed of cav-
alry, passed through Williamsburg.

They left one large gun in their works,
abandoned a splendid brass piece,
with two caissons; strewed every rod of
their path with muskets, bayonets, knap-
sacks, blankets and overcoats; littered
the way with all the wreck and ruin of a
beaten and demoralized army in full flight
from imaginary as well as real terrors.

There was a harvest for the blacks who
had not been driven in coffles by their
owners to Richmond. From all parts
they alighted upon this abandoned prop-
erty, much of it new and valuable, fresh

from the Commissary's stores, and left upon the roadside in wagons, only because it impeded flight. The blacks of Williamsburg are rich in 'portable property' to-day.

The battle of Williamsburg, in Heintzelman's portion, was an infantry battle purely. The use of artillery was almost impossible. It was a square, stand-up fight with leaden balls and steel bayonets, for conducting which to a successful issue no man in the United States could have been better chosen than this grizzled and bronzed Pennsylvanian of 36 years' active service. It is not the flattery of compliment to say that he saved the battle and saved the army. It is a truth which the soldiers and officers on the left gratefully feel and surely know. From the beginning of the action to the end of it he was without a superior in rank, and received not a single command. He did what he did unaided and unadvised, and an advised people will surely give him his reward."

The Wizard

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1862.



Constitutional Limits.

We often complain that foreigners cannot be made to understand our system of government. That they fail to comprehend the different powers of our national and state legislatures. We have abundant reason for such complaints when we read their absurd comments upon our political system. Are we sure that we understand it ourselves? Do we not often fail to see that, under the Federal Constitution, the limits of its power is restricted and confined? We often meet people whose intelligence and means of knowledge ought to make them better informed, who speak of our national government as one of almost unrestricted powers. In their impatience at the acts of certain people in rebellious States, they appear to ignore entirely all rights of States, as such. They call upon Congress to pass acts which are inconsistent with the acknowledgment of State rights. Perhaps this results more from impulsive feeling against the rebellion and against slavery as its prime cause, than from calm reasoning and mature thought. What ever may be our disgust and indignation against rebels and traitors, it is well not to forget that if we are ever to have all our territory included under one government, the rights of individual States must be recognized. We must adhere faithfully to the Old Constitution with all its limitations.

In considering this question we would not look upon it in any aspect of partisanship. We would do nothing and say nothing to revive party issues, but we cannot better express the true doctrine of the reciprocal obligations of national and state sovereignty than in the words of one of the resolutions unanimously adopted at Chicago at the nomination of Abraham Lincoln as the candidate for the Presidency:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, as essential to the balance of powers on which the endurance of our political fabric depends."

Here is distinctly and lucidly stated, the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, as essential to the balance of powers on which the endurance of our political fabric depends. It would be well for all, particularly for all who have been connected with the Republican party, to keep in mind this maxim of political wisdom. Our country has lived and prospered for three score years and ten under this "political fabric" and it becomes us to maintain and perpetuate it. It is for the maintenance and support of the Union under the Constitution, that we are now contending with rebels in arms. Let us show them that all we desire is the restoration of the authority of the Constitution, with its balance of powers, and invite them to come back and live peacefully under it. They will then have time to repent and lament their own insane withdrawal from its kindly protection.

THE POST OFFICE.—It is understood that Mr. Woodbury has forwarded his resignation, and a rumor is prevalent that a good looking young man of our own age is likely to be his successor. As he is a particular friend of ours, we shall probably be able to speak, next week, more definitely about it.

"OLD GLORY."—We learn that Capt. WILLIAM DRIVER has arrived in Washington from Nashville, and will soon visit Salem, the place of his nativity.

BROWNING & LONG.—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of this new and enterprising firm.

What to do with Sambo.

Sambo is making trouble again. This "colored gemman" is the innocent cause of all our national evils, and the great political and social question is, What to do with him? This question does not seem to trouble Sambo as much as it does his pale-faced brothers. Congress is always in a stew about him. The Senate tosses him into the House, and the latter tosses him back again, and nothing is done. The President would get rid of him by first making him a free man, and then causing him to emigrate. Our generals are as much divided in regard to him as the civilians. Halleck will have nothing to do with him, not even allow him to come into camp. Hunter seeks him out, and invites him in, and offers him a gray uniform and a musket, and teaches him how to use it. Which is right?

Sambo has many and sincere friends, who differ very much as to the best mode of doing him a service. He has a friend in Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner. He has true friends also in those who differ widely from these gentlemen as to the mode of befriending him. He often has a kind friend in the master who claims ownership of him. All Sambos are not Uncle Toms, nor are all masters Legrees. The trouble about Sambo is not so much in him as in his relation to his master. Sambo is not so badly off as we are often told. He is doubtless an injured man, but the one most injured by the relation, is the master. The possession of Sambo makes him proud, arrogant and overbearing. He becomes a very uncomfortable man to live with, and is quarrelsome if he cannot have his own way with other people, as he can with Sambo. He becomes unreasonable and unbearable, swaggers, talks large, sometimes profane, and carries a bowie-knife and pistol. If you say an unpalatable word about Sambo, he draws his knife or cocks his revolver, and tells you to "shut up."

It is not Sambo, but the ownership of Sambo, which so changes the master from a naturally amiable and gentlemanly man to a seeming brigand. Let him get rid of Sambo, and help do Sambo's work, and a great and beneficial change will result to himself. But how to do it? That is the question.

British sympathy with Rebels.

Late accounts from England give notable instances of the sympathy of British subjects for the rebel cause. The occasion was the recapture of a prize ship by the former captain and crew. For this exploit the people of Liverpool are getting up testimonials of various kinds and the rebel captain is eulogized and petted. Very well. If this is the real feeling of the British public toward the rebel cause, it is right that they should manifest it and let us know what their former professions of horror at the bare mention of a slavery republic meant.

No matter on what a trivial matter this feeling shows itself, whether in the capture of a merchant ship or a reverse by our armies, it serves just as well to show us the actual sentiments of the people of the British islands. We hope now to hear no more hypocritical assurances that they have had a leaning to the Federal cause. Let us be put upon our guard lest the hatred of the English people may be further manifested by the action of their government. "Forewarned, fore-armed." Let us henceforth be fore-armed with the heaviest of modern defenses as we have been so plainly forewarned of incipient British hostility.

Bank of England.

We have before us the Royal Almanac of London, which is full of details of the men and institutions of London and of the United Kingdom. The Bank of England is managed by a board of twenty-six directors, called governors. It requires a long list of salaried officers to conduct its business, there being eighteen cashiers besides ten supernumerary cashiers, in all, twenty-eight. It has its secretaries, clerks, legal advisers, stock and bullion clerks, legal advisers, surgeon and military guard. Besides this institution there are in London eighty-five other Banks and Bankers, but we do not see the name of George Peabody & Co., as this firm does a mercantile, as well as banking business, and hence they are called merchants.

CONGREGATIONAL ITINERANCY.—The old custom of having the pastoral relation of a permanent character is well nigh discarded. This is made manifest here by the striking fact, that of the five religious societies in this town, Rev. Mr. Barber, of the Old South Church, is now the oldest settled minister, and he has held the position for the period of about seven months. His four earliest predecessors ministered to the same society more than a century. This is a proof that itinerancy is not a monopoly of the Methodist persuasion.

REMOVAL.—It will be seen by his advertisement, that Mr. A. Hammond has removed his shop to the railroad ground on Central street, where all his customers are expected to follow him.

The London Times.

We have before us a copy of the London Times of April 30, sent to us by a friend on a European tour, in which appears a letter from a correspondent in this country, from which we extract the following paragraph, which looks queer enough in that journal. It is followed by uncompromising remarks upon the country and its armies, and lamentations on the expulsion of Dr. Russell from our military lines. The Times correspondent thus speaks of the President:

"President Lincoln has so conducted himself during his short tenure of office as to have acquired a high reputation for prudence and sagacity. In the estimation of the whole North, Democratic as well as Republican, he is a man who looks before he leaps, and who never takes a step in advance without having made sure of the step preceding."

In like complimentary terms he also speaks of the services of Gen. Mitchell: "Gen'l Mitchell, formerly of the Cincinnati Observatory, and whose name may be known to English readers as the author of a very popular book on astronomy, originally published in America under the title of the *Planetary and Stellar Worlds*, and reprinted in England as *The Orbs of Heaven*, has just won his first honors as a soldier by a rapid movement from Nashville, in Tennessee, to Huntsville, in Alabama. He took possession of this little city without much resistance, and he has since succeeded in making himself master of about 100 miles of the railroad connecting it with Memphis and Charleston—a very important acquisition, that interrupts the communications between the Confederate armies in the Southern Atlantic States and the whole West, where they are still in a position to offer resistance."

We make one more extract relating to the "redoubtable Merrimac" which later events may lead the writer to modify at his leisure:

In the remarkable struggle before Yorktown, towards which all eyes are now directed, the part played by the redoubtable Merrimac is not a little exciting. The presence of that vessel and her five consorts, the Yorktown, the Patrick Henry, the Teazer, the Raleigh, and the Empire—two, if not three, of them iron-plated like herself—is quite sufficient to keep in check the whole Federal navy in Hampton Roads, and is admitted to be fully equal to an additional force of 50, 000 men for the defence of the Confederate position. The Merrimac, whether under the command of Captain Pegram, late of the Nashville, or under that of Commodore Tatnall, as some recent reports allege, is ably handled, and keeps the whole country in a fever of anxiety.

TEXAS HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.—The number for February commences the fourth volume of this valuable periodical. We cannot but admire the spirit and perseverance with which this work is conducted. It is no small matter to search out and decipher old records and ancient documents, to collect reminiscences and traditions, which would otherwise be lost, and to herd them all into enduring materials for the future historian. This is the province of the publication before us, and well has it accomplished its mission. The Committee of Publication, in the introduction to this volume, ask as a special favor, that persons in all parts of the country, possessing records and papers of historical value, will furnish them in form for publication. We heartily second their request, and trust that the active labors of the members of the Committee may be lightened by the accession of new contributors to its pages.

This number has an interesting account of Salem Common, and the improvements made upon it during the last 60 years, and some account of the contributors to the fund collected for grading it. It also has a copy of the book of births of the town of Rowley, from 1639 to 1662, by M. A. Sibley. Extracts also from the Salem records, by Mr. Patch, with a continuation of his abstract of Wills, &c. Mr. Cheever contributes an interesting paper upon the prosecution of Ann Pudenter for witchcraft. The lecture of Rev. Joseph B. Felt, the annalist of Salem, on the piracy of William Kidd, is also published. Mr. Felt shines brighter as an annalist than as a historian, and his style somewhat resembles that of the Reverend Homer Wilbur, A. M., although he has not the poetic fancy of Mr. Hosen Higlow.

Patterson Park Hospital.

BALTIMORE, May 7, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to state, through your valuable sheet, a few words in regard to the kindness and liberality of the Union ladies of Baltimore. In the early part of September, 1861, they formed an association called "The Ladies' Union Relief Association," for the benefit of Union Soldiers, and since that time they have been untiring in their efforts to do good to those who needed food and clothing. They have distributed, since their formation, nearly \$25,000 worth of food, clothing, bedding, bandages, books, papers, &c., to the sick in the hospitals, and to soldiers going to and from their regiments. There are nearly four hundred members, and it is conducted in a most excellent manner by the following board of officers:

President—Mrs. Revord Johnson.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. Alexander Turnbull, Mrs. Thomas Whitridge, Mrs. Laurin Norris.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Agnes V. Norton.
Treasurer—Mrs. Julia Morton.

I make this statement, that Massachusetts mothers who have sick sons in the hospitals, may know that Massachusetts soldiers are treated better than they were a little more than a year ago.

CHAS. M. GOLDENWAT, 17th Mass. Reg.

COM. FOOTE arrived at Cleveland on Tuesday, on his way East. He is quite feeble from his wound and disease.

Emancipation in Virginia.

We copy from the Boston Liberator of Dec. 3, 1847, part of an account of an important movement of slaveholders in Virginia for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Western Virginia. Among the chief actors in this movement, we find the name of JOHN LEXTER, the present rebel Governor of Virginia! May we not hope that this Saul of the secessionists may yet be found to be a Paul among the prophets of Loyalty!

An address to the people of West Virginia was published, showing "that slavery is injurious to the public welfare, and that it may be gradually abolished, without injury to the rights or interests of slaveholders." This address was prepared by Rev. Henry Ruffner, D.D., who is well known as an able Divine of the Presbyterian Church, and one of the learned men of the South. After speaking of the obstacles to success in the fact that Eastern Virginia possesses the power of the State, "not because she has a greater white population, but owing to her abominable apportionment system, her power is kept east of the Blue Ridge," he goes on to speak of the Free States having "a dense and increasing population—cities, towns and villages growing up everywhere—manufactures, agriculture, commerce—all active and thriving." He then presents the reverse of the picture, "in the South a sparse population; cities, towns and villages stationary or stagnant, worn out fields and an exhausting agriculture, manufactures limited, and commerce languishing." Hear what the address says of the Old Dominion:

"Some Virginia politicians proudly—yes, proudly—follow citizens, call our old Commonwealth *The Mother of States*. These enlightened patriots might pay her a still higher compliment, by calling her *The Grandmother of States*. For our part, we are grieved and mortified to think of the lean and jagged condition of our venerable mother. Her black children have sucked her so dry that now, for a long time past, she has not milk enough for her offspring, either black or white. But, seriously, fellow-citizens, we esteem it a sad, a humiliating fact, which should penetrate the heart of every Virginian, that from the year 1700 to this time, Virginia has lost more people by emigration than all the free States together. Up to 1810, when the last census was taken, she had lost more than 300,000. She has sent—or we should rather say, she has driven from her soil—at least one-third of all the emigrants, who have gone from the old States to the new. More than another third have gone from the old slave States. Many of these multitudes, who have left the slave States, have shunned the regions of slavery, and have settled in the free countries of the West. These were generally industrious and enterprising white men, who found, by sad experience, that a country of slaves was not the country for them. It is a truth, a certain truth, that slavery drives free laborers—farmers, mechanics, and all, and some of the best of them, out—out of the country, and fills their places with negroes."

Is this true? We all know it to be so. What then ought we to do? Two alternatives present themselves. We must either take the position of South Carolina, and, for the perpetuation of slavery, sacrifice everything, or else we must resort to emancipation. Can we do the first? Are the old slave States ready to destroy the Union—to forbid the commerce of the free States entering their borders—to establish commercial relations with Cuba and Brazil, for the sole object of extending negro slavery? Do they demand, will they think of demanding, the creation of the Institution, in territory now free, and if this be not one, read the government of the United States under? We shall not insult their patriotism, or mock their sense of justice, by supposing them capable of such folly or madness. They will emancipate. At the proper time, and in their own way, they will liberate the slave, and thus free the white man from a curse as ever poor humanity inflicted upon itself."

In Memoriam.

"We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps." Augusta Hicks Lusk, whose death recently occurred at Belfast, Me., was formerly, for a season, a resident of this town. She came among us a stranger, won all hearts, and left us a friend. Our acquaintance with her was comparatively a short one, but sufficiently long to appreciate her virtues and her grace. In early autumn she left us on a visit to her relatives in Belfast; went home to her father's house to sick and to die. The night upon her had come, and the over-hawking night; As a bird returning to its home, From every flight.

Farwell, Augusta; we had fondly hoped to have again seen thy fair form gliding among us, like a thing of light; we had fondly hoped longer to have basked in the sunshine of thy kindness; we had hoped for the life, Heaven gave thee life, even life eternal.

Night shall love the spot where thou art laid, The stars shall look in silence on the scene; The moonbeams there shall slumber, And the dews weep o'er thy early grave.

South Danvers, April 7th, 1862.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE.—As a lady's magazine, Godey stands at the head of all such publications. It has no equal in this country. With its double fashion plate, and numerous novelties for the summer, the June number, which has just been received, has more than the usual number of attractions. The stories are all good. For sale by Wilkinson.

SECRETARY CHASE says that the expenses of the war have been exaggerated. On a thorough review of our past, present and prospective expenses, he does not estimate the total debt on July 1 at over \$600,000,000. He has recommended to Congress the issuing of \$25,000,000 of Demand Treasury Notes of denominations under \$5.

GEN. WOOL reports 200 cannon captured at Norfolk.

Our Victories.

The Newburyport Herald, after enumerating our late successes in Virginia, and the Southwest, discourses thus eloquently upon these events:

"It is a series of triumphs—from conquering to conquering—won by genius, daring, naval and military skill, and the blessings of God on a good cause. It is a harvest of grand results that will give permanence to our institutions, and glory to the old flag, that is being borne back to the fields where traitor hands have banished it, and where yet loyal hearts will be found to receive and wave it aloft as the emblem of hope to the nation and the sign of liberty to the world. How greatly may all true men rejoice in the gracious providence of God that smiles on us; in the heroic chiefs—the McClellans, Wools and Farraguts—that are all the measure of their country's glory; and in the brave men who follow such leaders in the accomplishment of such victories. We rejoice heartily that we have been vengeful to the veteran Wool, full of years and full of love for his country, to crown a life of brilliant deeds by the restoration of Norfolk and its surroundings to the government. And how fortunate is it that that young Chief—suffering the public animadversion so calmly and patiently, as all public men may be called to, by the vigor of his campaign on the Peninsula to blow away the mists that were collecting during the time he was planning for the East and the West, and by rapid and brilliant successes to exert from his most bitter opponents laudations and votes of thanks. He moves forward in triumph, rebellion fleeing before him like the vapors of the morning before the sun, and insurgent generals retreating as Austrians and Italians in other days fled before the vast armies of the great Napoleon. And, God save the President! 'Old Abe' was there, the fires of his bosom and his anxiety for the success of the Republic, making him forgetful of himself, and the first to leap upon the 'warred soil' and point the road to victory. 'History records no worthier deeds; and the world has known no higher patriotism than we have witnessed in Virginia in this month. Men are gathering laurels there that shall be green when statues of bronze would have perished and monuments of granite crumbled to the dust; they are writing names that shall be familiar in poetry and prose, when generations and generations shall have succeeded each other to the grave of everlasting forgetfulness."

No wonder the rebels were thunder-struck when they heard of the fall of New Orleans! No wonder they covered as before a storm of blasting fire, when they thought of Farragut daring to run the blockade! No wonder they said:—'It is all up, let us retreat,' when they heard of one gunboat attacking a whole fleet of thirteen of their vessels, and sinking one with her last broadside, when already the waters were on her own dock. We see the effects of such daring on the rebels; they are filled with despair. We shall soon see the effects on foreign nations, who, however reluctant, will be forced to applaud; while any of them hereafter will think twice before they provoke a war with us once.

McClellan and his Troops.

We have had the pleasure of perusing a private letter from Mr. Moses Shackley to his father, which speaks in the highest terms of the confidence reposed in Gen. McClellan by his men. Mr. Shackley says: "Gen. McClellan and staff were here on the 12th inst., and the men ran out, cheering and throwing their caps in the air. They are always glad to see him. The men place the utmost confidence in him." We judge that the writer expects soon to arrive in Richmond, as, in closing his letter, he says, "I shall not write again till I reach Richmond." *Richmond, May 17th, 1862.*

THE GALLANT NAVY.—The Bangor Evening Times pays a well deserved compliment to the gallant Navy of the United States, and to the heroic enterprises and substantial service of the Gun Boat Fleet. We copy and commend its remarks:

"The navy has proved itself worthy of its reputation in the last war with Great Britain. Where have there been better performances than in the approach to New Orleans—wooden vessels coping with stone forts, and iron-clad rams and batteries—overcoming obstacles that were relied upon as impregnable? Then there was the capture of Port Royal where our vessels were handled in a masterly manner. 'At the gunboats must be awarded great praise for the part they are performing in the contest. On the Mississippi, Tennessee and Cumberland rivers they have been a terror to the rebels. At the Pittsburg Landing fight they saved our army from defeat, previous to Genl. Buell's junction. At the West Point battle on York river, on Thursday, they rendered most important co-operation, and probably decided the battle. All honor then to our gallant navy!"

This taking of New Orleans was the work of the navy alone, and that arm is fast asserting immense power. We shall come out of the war with a maritime reputation vastly increased, and earning nothing for all the noyes of all Europe, though admitting their strength all the while."

VERMONT that go South, excepting in the employ of the Government, no matter what their cargo may be, will be seized and confiscated.

This Government pays the expenses of all sick and wounded soldiers sent home, until they are fully recovered, and restored to active service or discharged with a pension.

UNTIL recently the nations of the earth didn't know our power. We don't know it yet. One half of it has not been put forth.

ALTHOUGH Gen. Wool entered Norfolk with Mayor Lamb. It is not to be presumed that he was Lamb's Wool.

THE PEAR TREES are just coming into bloom, and never before gave promise of so great a crop.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Mass. Seventeenth.

IN THE WILDERNESS, six miles from Newbern, N. C., May 7, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps this may never reach you; and if, by chance, it does, perhaps I shall never be the wiser; but just now feeling inclined to while away a little idle time, I am willing to run the chances, and so here goes.—Matters concerning our regiment are, for the most part, of a decidedly interesting character, but whether I shall be able to make this appeal to your hundred thousand (more or less) readers, is what I shall endeavor to, but fear I may not accomplish.

Since our arrival in Newbern, the first of April, we have, with the exception of about ten days, been on picket duty, which we are still doing, and not likely to be relieved for the present, at least. We are in the midst of the enemy, and it is no novelty to go out shooting and occasionally exchange shots with the rebel pickets; and although our outpost extend out about two miles, it is only a few days ago that the rebels returned within half a mile of our camp, and deliberately shot dead a vidette, and seriously wounded a second one, while on their horses—both belonging to the Rhode Island 7th battery. Our camp was at once alarmed, and started as double quick, in full pursuit, but to no purpose—the rebels having taken to their heels, keeping at a safe distance.

This was not the first instance that our camp has been alarmed. The 19th of April, four companies, among them Co. B, were started in pursuit; the occasion being that the rebels had fired and shot a horse from under a vidette.—In this instance, as in others, we were unfortunately in getting no nearer, it being considered not expedient to venture too far into the enemy's country.

Scouting parties frequently go out and seldom return without some evidence of the success of these expeditions, as the number of mules, horses, &c., used in and about our camp will testify. So far we have captured but three rebels, prisoners of war, and but one from our regiment, a private named Robbins, of Co. D, has been taken prisoner by the enemy.

Considerable confiscated property has fallen into our hands, and the boys often find sport enough visiting deserted rebel houses, and seizing whatever may be laying around loose, comprising all kinds of household furniture, provisions, and, in fact, everything but money, except occasionally coming across a roll of shavers, valuable only as a curiosity, and an evidence of a most unorthodox rebellion.

This morning, Co. B made a successful expedition to a deserted plantation, some two miles distant, and secured a large quantity of provisions, including hams, two barrels of pork, a barrel and a half of lard, turkeys, geese, &c. Yesterday, was a most memorable day in many respects, and might have been much more interesting, but sufficiently so, to notice particularly at this time. Arrangements had previously been made, and the programme being perfected, seven companies, (all but D, K and E, those companies being detailed for guard duty in and about camp) went out on a reconnaissance expedition, and penetrated about nine miles into the enemy's country. A detachment of two companies from the 23d Mass. Regiment also took part in the expedition, and acted in conjunction with us. We started with high hopes, of accomplishing something "big," but as I fear you may anticipate me, I will give you the sequel before ending the story, which is all comprised in these two lines:—

"Twenty thousand men marched up a hill, and then they marched down again." The only thing worthy of special interest, and which for a few moments seemed decidedly warlike, was the too common occurrence of the mistake made by our own pickets, of firing upon each other, being mistaken for rebels; but, fortunately, without accident to any one. We halted at a deserted plantation, ransacked the buildings, secured a lot of household materials, and had a good time generally, but didn't get "nary a rebel." In one of the out-buildings were evidences that the rebels had not long vacated the premises, for they had left a hot dinner, and a part of it still cooking over the fire. It consisted of "chick-cakes," boiled pork, sweet potatoes, &c., which were quickly disposed of by the boys. The roads over which we passed, were in a horrid condition, caused by a very severe thunder shower the night previous, and in many places we traveled through water knee deep, rods in width, which was not at all agreeable, but a good deal funny, some one accidentally sitting down for variety's sake, upon a muddy road, the stream. We finally reached home about sunset, in a wet and weary condition, and now await further orders.

Being situated in the wilderness, we are of course deprived of many privileges, especially in the way of purchasing articles of necessity, and many little luxuries we might desire.—The latter disadvantage has, however, in a degree, been provided against by our good friends—Mr. George Kimball of Lynn, and Mr. Michael Mullally of Salem—who are acting sutlers for our regiment, and daily visit our camp with a team loaded with what the market affords in the way of luxuries; the variety just now being rather limited, as there has been no late arrivals of fresh articles. We are expecting to be paid off again in a few days, and then business will be good for our sutlers. They are, both good fellows, and know how to "keep a hotel." "Hard tack" and "salt horse" are good for a change, but they don't relish for a standing meal. We get soft bread twice a week.

It is uncertain when we shall be called upon to take part in a battle, and we have only to fear that the war may be ended, and peace declared, before we are made aware of the fact. We do not average getting a mail more than once in ten days, consequently we are not very well informed of passing events.

Yours truly, SHOOTER.

GEN. MCCLELLAN.—Forney's Press in discussing upon the Commander of the Potomac army says:—"One thing is certain; Genius cannot finally be cheated of its meed. The mists of envy, detraction and falsehood may temporarily obscure the most brilliant display of great qualities, as clouds obscure the sun; but facts and acts will at last make themselves felt and acknowledged. No combinations can successfully war against their sure witnesses—no gag-law can stifle their voice. They will take the stand and testify when malice is dead, and envy has 'peaked and pinned' itself into premature decline."

The cry now is,—"On to Charleston!"

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT not only clears this country from Rebel but fills foreign nations with new trouble dissensions. The iron-clad revolution in time warfare enables us to defend our against all foes, domestic and otherwise necessitates vast expenditures on the p distant Governments, in order that they not lose the empire of the seas. France England, already most jealous of each have had a violent altercation, through military and diplomatic agents, in Mexico the dislocation of the combination in quarter bids far to end in a general ru between these two powerful rivals.

"CHALLENGE" writes the Boston Journal near Corinth, about the muddy condition the roads and the dirty state of morals—hear on unbroken chorus of curses from t sters, and behold a pounding, thrashing, ing of horses and mules till your heart sic I have not seen since my arrival at Pitts Landing any "rebellion" whatever of a preme being, except through the profan of his name. Undoubtedly there are reli men in the army, but their voices are not l There is no Sabbath here that I have se It has been abrogated. We are an hun thousand heathens, more destitute of reli to all appearances, than Hottentots or Hine They worship something—we nothing."

An Official dispatch to Secretary W gives a few alligial particulars of the engagement on the Mississippi. The ste *Cincinnati* was sunk, but will be raised, C Roger N. Stembel who fought the *Cinchi*, so splendidly is a native of Maryland but a izen of Ohio. He entered the service in 1

THE PENALTY FOR SHOOTING BIRDS.—bird laws impose the following penalties bird shooting at the present season of the) For shooting partridges and quails from first of March to the first of September, woodcock, from the first of March to the 30 of July, \$5; for shooting or killing any l upon another's land, without his consent, l the first of March to the fourth of July \$ for shooting, at any time during the year, robin, thrush, linnet, sparrow, bluebird, b link, yellow-bird, woodpecker or warbler, \$

Economy.—A penny saved is as good a penny earned.—Ladies can save about two five per cent by buying their Ribbons and Fl ors at PEABODY'S, 220 Essex St. Go i see.

38 cts.—Look in PEABODY'S Window e see the 38 ct Collars—the latest style—all ma Worth at regular prices 75 cts.

35 cts.—Nice Chemise Yoks for 25 cts—PEABODY'S.

-Cotton Hosiery at last years' prices. —at PEABODY'S

88 cts.—Best Clasp Corsets at JOHN P. PE BODY'S.

So. Danvers Horticultural Society. The Annual Meeting of the South Danv Horticultural Society, for the choice of offic will be held at the Exchange News Room, MONDAY Evening, June 2d, at 7-1-2 o'cloe M. O. STANLEY, Secretary, South Danvers, May 21—2w

Female Benevolent Society. The members of the Female Benevolent S cety are reminded that their Annual Meetin will be held at the Peabody Institute this a ternoon, at 2 o'clock. A general attendance requested.

Visit OSORNE'S Store, and look at th unusual variety of new styles in HATS an Caps—101 Essex street, Salem.

Port of Danvers.

At 10, sloop Comet, Boston; 12th, schr Mary Ann, Walboro; 13th, Mary Emily, Snow, N Mass; sloop Agent, Boston; 14th, Dr sch Mrs B. Cochran, Wilmet; 16th, sch Hud son, Philadelphia; 19th, sloop Comet, Boston.

Marriages.

In Salem, 18th inst., by Rev Mr Spaulding, John J Dalrymple to Mary E Evans.
In Beverly, 11th inst., by Rev Mr Foster, G Russell to Mary A Raymond, both of Danvers.

Deaths.

In this town, 18th inst., Mrs Julia, wife of John Reagan, 33 yrs.
In Salem, 15th inst, James H Lewis, 74; 15th, Mrs Hannah, wife of Timothy O'Leary, 44 yrs; 16th, Mrs Nancy T. widow of John and Mary Briggs, 77; John, son of John and Mary Durgin, 41 yrs; 17th, Mrs Mary, widow of the late John Jackson, 80; Mrs Caroline V, widow of the late Mathias Olsson, formerly of Gloucester, 83.
19th, Miss Hannah S Swasey, 63 yrs.
In Beverly, 15th inst., Mrs Rebecca, wife of John Clark, 60.
At Winchester, Mass., widow Martha Gardner, 97 yrs 8 mos. She was 11 years old at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and witnessed the burning of Charlestown from Indi an Hill, a very high eminence near her late residence.
At Providence, R I, 9th inst, Perry Davis—He was widely known as the inventor of "Davis' Pain Killer."
At Philadelphia, this, 14th, Hon. Charles Ingersoll—ex-member of Congress.
At Washington, Hon. Samuel F Vinton, of Ohio—for many years a Representative in Congress.
At Hong Kong, China, Moh I, Mr James E. Cook, 49 yrs 9 mos—son of Mr James P Cook, of Salem, Mass.

In South Berwick, Me., May 18, Rev. Howard Malcolm Emerson, aged 28 years. Mr Emerson graduated from Brown University with the class of 1866. He then spent two years at the Theological Seminary at Newton, and was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Methuen. Only a short period of labor, however, was allowed him, for in a brief year he was summoned away from his chosen work, leaving a young and fond wife, and a wide circle of friends to mourn his loss. His last words were, "All is well." His trust was in Jesus.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

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MASS., WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1862.

NO. 21

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FITZGERALD, Editor.

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50 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to sales of real estate, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rate.

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Mr. Upham will attend to the collection of Pension and Bounty money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.
Jan 4-ly.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building,
December 7, 1859.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
December 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.
January 1, 1860.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. O. P. Lord,
No. 47 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.
December 7, 1859.

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Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

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INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs).
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Hamilton and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Boston;
Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

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January 1, 1862.

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June 26

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WINDOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
mch 6-18

Selected.

SLAMMERVILLE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I spent a portion of last year at Slammerville, a village situated in the western portion of these United, or rather dis-United States. I have no intention of indicating the exact locality of the town, and when I call it Slammerville, I beg to state that the name is not the proper one. Slammerville is not put down on any map; it does not even figure on those charts where cities yet unborn, and railroads not begun, nor even thought of, are marked with careful accuracy for the temptation of unwary purchasers of real estate. Slammerville is the *alias*, so to speak, of a very respectable, thriving village, somewhere in the West, duly baptized, long since, by the name of one of our first Presidents—no matter which. Respectable as it is, however, I believe that I should never have heard of the place had it not been that the Brown family, consisting of Brown *pere*, and Brown *mere*, and the nine Misses Brown, took up their residence within its bosom, and sent from thence a letter informing me of their location, and calling upon me to fulfill my promise or suffer under their displeasure. Now, the said promise was neither more or less than that I would visit them as soon as they were "settled," and this process, the meaning of which every housekeeper understands, having been duly performed, they were, unless Miss Miranda Brown indulged in the fabrication of "white lies," expecting me with the utmost impatience.

"It will be such an excellent time for you to come, my dear Olivia," wrote the young lady, "for Mr. Silas Silkskin is in New York—making purchases for his uncle's store—and will be delighted to be your escort back. He will call upon you with a letter of introduction, and if you don't come with him, I'll never speak to you again in all my life."

Of course such a threat decided me, and I awaited Mr. Silkskin's arrival with impatience, and had my trunks already packed, when, one evening, some one was heard to rap violently upon the panel of the front door—an unnecessary exertion, considering the close proximity of the bell—and an excessively gruff voice inquired of Biddy—

"Say, miss, do you know of anybody by the name of O-l-i-v-i-a—Olivia L. double e—Lee; Miss. Olivia Lee? Do you know anybody of that name round here?"

It was Mr. Silkskin, and he was reading the direction from the back of my friend's letter of introduction. I was certain of it. And as Biddy ushered him in, (he had accidentally walked into the hall pantry in the first place,) I looked up, expecting to see a form which matched the voice—a heavily built man of about forty-five or fifty, red faced and double-chinned—an individual naturally associated with the title of Uncle John or Dick, with broad shoulders, fat hands, and a capacious chest. How I was astonished! Mr. Silkskin was perhaps eighteen. In height he could have no rival save Jack the Giant Killer's beanie. His shoulders were narrow, his limbs thin, and his gruff voice issued from a mouth which might have belonged to a baby. He looked at me, made what he considered a bow, said, "Miss Lee, I s'pose," and poked the letter towards me.

It was as I supposed; this was Mr. Silas Silkskin. When I turned towards him once more, this gentleman was sitting on the sofa with his hat on, and both hands on both his knees; his coat sleeves had climbed his arms, and his pantaloons had climbed his lower limbs in assuming this position; and there was more freckled red wrist and gray worsted stocking than I thought was ornamental. He was overwhelmed with confusion when I addressed him, and nearly choked himself with a straw which he had been chewing. Recovering from this accident, he entered into conversation; informed me that he left the Browns' right well; that the weather was warm; and that Slammerville would be a "right smart place" if they had a little more female society, and finally plunged into his pocket, and drew forth a little note. "I almost forgot it," he said; "Mrs. Brown told me to give you this, just as I was starting. It's about a young woman to help."

I opened the missive, and read as follows:—
DEAR MISS OLIVIA—Will it be troubling you too much to ask you to se-

lect a girl for me? Hannah has left me to be married. Choose the ugliest one you can find, for they marry so soon, if they are pretty, and send her right on, even before you come yourself."

"Hannah married!" I said, turning to Mr. Silkskin; "I am surprised. She has lived in the family twenty years. I never thought she would be married."

"Female society is scarce in Slammerville," replied Mr. Silkskin. "I don't wonder a bit."

Thereupon he lapsed once more into silence, and chewed perseveringly at the straw until he took his leave.

We were to start in about a week, and meanwhile I busied myself in selecting a "girl" for Mrs. Brown. Many and many a single Hibernian female was willing to "go back west," but, by a strange fatality, nearly all were fresh, rosy, good-looking young women. I was in despair, and was about leaving the intelligence office, when the door opened and a female entered. She was perhaps thirty years of age; her face pitted with the small-pox; she had but one eye, and her left shoulder was higher than the other; add to this a head of fiery red hair, and a ridiculous pug nose, and you will not wonder that I cried "Eureka!"

"Mrs. Brown may keep her for life if she choose," I said to myself; and forthwith entered into negotiations with the damsel.

She was favorably disposed, and even- ing saw her on her way to Slammerville. Six days after I followed with my escort, Mr. Silas Silkskin. That gentleman was unusually taciturn; and after remarking that he was warm, and politely offering to "tote" a little basket which I carried, made no further remark until we were far upon our way, when he suddenly thrust his head out of the car window at intervals, and uttered the names of the places past which we flew, as though he were a showman, occasionally accompanying the word by some remark, such as "smart chance of houses," or "fever-n-agery place."

I do not know whether it was the same straw, but he had one in his mouth still, and chewed it whenever I saw him during our four days' journey. Throughout that time, he never said anything worth mentioning, and generally appeared to be asleep. When we arrived at our stopping-place, however, he became suddenly animated.

"Your dude can be toted up," he said, "and we can walk up to Brown's house. It's only a few steps, just past the squire's. The house with the red roof is the squire's. I'm going to build my house after that pattern when I marry."

After vouching for this information, he offered me his arm, and we walked on until we were directly opposite the mansion alluded to, when he came to a sudden pause.

"That there's the squire's," he said.

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes, that is the squire's," continued Silas, still lingering; "Miss Lee, s'pose we go in?"

"Go in! what for?" I asked.

"Why, to get married, of course," said Silas.

"Sir!"

"I've taken an awful shine to you," proceeded Mr. Silkskin, "and female society is so very scarce in our neighborhood, and if I don't speak now, somebody else will cut me out. Won't you say 'Yes,' Miss Lee? Do, now."

"Impossible, Mr. Silkskin," I answered. "I have only known you a day or two—we are scarcely acquainted."

"That don't make any difference here, where female society is so scarce," replied Mr. Silas. "Do, now, come into the squire's and have it settled."

I replied by walking on a little faster than before.

"Is it a prior engagement?" queried Mr. Silkskin; "because if it is, I'd like to know the fellow's name. Is it a prior engagement, Miss Lee?"

I shook my head.

"If it ain't," continued Silas, "I s'pose you'll change your mind when you've seen a little more of me—won't you? Don't you think you'll change your mind now don't you? I've got my heart on having you for a wife, I have. Say, when you know me a little better, Miss Olivia, won't you change your mind?"

"Oh, dear, no! I am sure it couldn't make any difference," I answered.

"I got my heart on it," persisted Mr. Silas; "you ain't in earnest?"

"I am," I answered. "Once for all, Mr. Silas, I couldn't possibly think of such a thing."

"I'll bet half a dollar it's a prior engagement," muttered the youth. "Say, Miss Lee, ain't it?"

Receiving no answer, he walked beside me in silence, and relieved his feelings by whistling, until we had arrived at the door of my friend's dwelling; when he muttered:

"I s'pose s'cep, what's passed, my room would be better than my company," and turned upon his heel and left me.

I knocked at the door several times, and received no answer, and finally decided to venture in without further ceremony. A hubbub of voices greeted my ears as I opened the door, and I stood in the long, low-roofed kitchen, in the midst of a crowd of excited females.

Mrs. Brown reclined in a huge Boston rocking chair, with a handkerchief in her hand, and tears in her eyes. Biddy was perched upon her trunk, in the centre of the room, ugly as ever, but with a glow of triumph in her one green eye, and the nine young ladies were grouped, like so many Niobes, in various postures of despair. They were so much occupied that they did not notice my entrance, but continued their discussion in ignorance of my presence.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Brown, "stay one month longer, and I'll double your wages."

"Stay, indeed! A party goose I'd be to do that same, an' me own illigant farm waitin' for me!" ejaculated Bridget. "I'll have a husband of me own, to-morrow, and I wonder ye expect a poor girl to be an old maid to suit ye!"

"But he'll wait, Bridget," pleaded Miss Miranda; "I'm sure he'll wait."

"Faith, I'm not sure," answered Biddy. "Any way, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I'll be married while I've the chance."

"And what will we do?" sobbed Mrs. Brown.

"Ye can work meanwhile," replied Bridget, coldly. "I'll ask no wages for the few days that I've been wid ye, for I made me match by them, and I'm not mame."

"You wretched girl!" began Mrs. Brown, but in the midst of her sentence she espied me, and broke off with the words, "there's Olivia!"

Immediately the Niobes became animated, and Biddy, for a moment forgotten. Once gathered about the tea-table, however, her conduct became the general topic of conversation. One-eyed, red-haired, pitted, and high-shouldered as she was, she had found a suitor on the third day of her residence at Slammerville—a well-to-do, elderly farmer, who knew, by long experience, that the only way to keep a housekeeper was to marry her.

"You see," said Mrs. Brown, "there are no single ladies here, and any girl, or any widow under fifty, is sure of making a match."

And following this remark, came so many giggles and blushes, that I ventured to say:

"Some of these girls are engaged?"

"All of them," said Mrs. Brown, in a solemn voice from the foot of the table.

"All of them. The nine are to be married to-morrow."

"To-morrow! They've only been here six weeks!" I ejaculated.

"No one is engaged more than a month here," said Mrs. Brown. "They cannot keep a school-mistress without signing papers to stay a fortnight. There is a great want of young ladies here."

I thought of Silas Silkskin, and was no longer astonished.

The nine Misses Brown were going to be married; and on the following evening a banquet was prepared, a minister announced, and the nine bridegrooms, in awfully new attire, arrived to claim their lady loves.

Each Miss Brown wept and blushed in turn, and as a bridesmaid did my duty. Supper followed, and after that a dance, of which I will only say that if you never saw a western ball, you cannot imagine to what a pitch the art of dancing can be carried.

My partner was a stalwart youth of six feet three inches, sun-burnt and black-eyed, and wearing his gala suit with a jaunty abandon which was rather taking. He kept excellent time and made considerable noise with his feet. When the set was over, we sat down in a quiet corner to rest, and as I was fanning myself, I was astonished to find Mr. Stickem (for that was his name) had taken the opportunity of encroaching on my chair with his arm. I shoved my chair a little, but he only edged the nearer.

"Do you know you are the prettiest gal that's been in these parts for ten years?" he asked. "If you don't know it, you are. Now I'm considerable sweet

on you, and I want you to hev me—'T'would be a good notion to step up and ask the parson to fix us like the other nine. Wouldn't it? Ef you will, I will."

The whole affair was so ludicrous, that for the life of me I could not help laughing.

"Ha, ha!" roared my suitor, "t'would make 'em laugh, wouldn't it? Come, it's a funny notion, let's do it." And he pulled my arms so vigorously that I was obliged to seize the back of the settee to regain my seat.

"I don't mean to marry, Mr. Stickem," I remonstrated. "I am going home next week. We don't marry in such haste in my part of the world. Please drop the subject."

"Look a here, you don't know who I am," remonstrated my suitor. "I'm a real half-hoss, half-alligator feller. I'm death on whiskey, I am, and can lick any ten from anywhere; I've shot down half a dozen in my day, and the way I kin handle a bowie-knife is a caution. No kind of a varmint kin escape me, and I'm a catch for any gal, I tell you."

I shook my head and kept my hand upon the settee.

"If you won't hev me now, when will you, say?" persisted the "illegible match."

"Come, speak out, I'm obligin', and will wait as long as you like."

I shook my head again.

"You'd better not take a shine to any other feller while I'm round," pursued my suitor. "I'll put half an inch of cold steel into him if you do. Why, I wouldn't stand it, I wouldn't. I kin lick any twenty, I can."

I could not stand it any longer, but, freeing myself from the detaining grasp which my warlike suitor kept upon my wrist, escaped from the apartment, vowing to avoid all single gentlemen during the remainder of my stay at Slammerville.

I laid myself in the shadow of my bedroom until the guests had begun to depart; and such as were accommodated with beds had begun to snore, and then sought old Mrs. Brown, and confided my troubles to her ear.

"Most girls like it," was all the consolation I received. "After a while you will get used to it, and make a nice match."

The next day and the next passed quickly in the bustle of the brides' departure for their new homes, and on the third, Mrs. Brown and myself sat alone in the parlor, when a boy entered, bearing a package of notes. "Miss Jones is dead," he said; presenting one to my hostess, "and this here is an invitation to her funeral." And vanquished as quickly as he came.

"Poor Mrs. Jones, so she is gone," said Mrs. Brown. "Well, well, poor Jones is in trouble now. We must go to the funeral, Olivia."

There will be no gentleman bold enough to make a proposition on such an occasion, I thought to myself, and sadly pondering on the early death of this young Western matron, the wife of one short year, I prepared myself for the sad visit.

The house, when we arrived there, was crammed, and the husband, in decorous garb of woe, was doing honors in a manner which rather surprised me. There was no accounting for Western customs, however, and I tried to believe him in-consolable. The long funeral wound along the road, the chief mourner in his proper place, and women sobbed and men looked down and sighed. A prayer was uttered, the earth thrown in, and all was over. The mourners went back to the desolate house, and, according to custom, sat down to tea. Then the spirits of all took a sudden rise, and even the widower smiled. "I do not like to speak of it. I had rather avoid it if I could, but this is a true chronicle of Slammerville, and I must proceed."

When Mrs. Brown signified that the moment of our departure had arrived, I went into the parlor to get my bonnet. Tying it on before the glass, I was aware of the presence of the widower. He stood behind me.

"Can I assist you with your shawl," he said. I thanked him, and he put it on for me.

"This will be a desolate house," he said. "A man's wife is an awful miss," continued the widower. I sighed again, and tried to think of some word of comfort. I need not have troubled myself for doing so, for the next words were these:

"It's sudden, I know, but female society is scarce here. Couldn't you be persuaded to be Mrs. Jones the second?"

I don't know what I did—I don't know what I said, but I left the house that day and left Slammerville the next. I have never set a foot in it since. But if there be amongst my readers any despairing elderly maiden, any widow hopeless of a second match, I recommend her earnestly and seriously to go to Slammerville.

Selected Poetry.

Published by Request.

THE VISION OF DEATH.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

Go, Death, to thy mission!—the mandate was given,
And the echo rolled back through the chambers of Heaven;

Then faint in the distance its mutterings grew,
And a being of horror came forth to my view!
He seemed as commissioned for terrible deeds,
For dark was his chariot, and pale were his steeds;

One hand grasped a sceptre, the other a dart,
And the glow of his eye, told the pride of his heart;

The Sun, at his glance, shed a sicklier ray,
And Nature, astonished, in fear shrunk away;

The heavens grew black at his pestilent breath,
And owned him the monarch invincible—
DEATH!

He cast a proud glance on Earth's happy throng,
And breathed to the Nation's his horrible song:

"I am lord of the Earth—I am lord of the Main—
All Nature I hold in my withering chain:

From my shadowy realm, in the chambers of night,
I will come on my pathway of mildew and blight;

The sweetest destruction 'tis mine to impart—
My arrow shall pierce to the manliest heart;

I will shroud man's proud hopes in the darkness of gloom,
And bear him from all that he loves, to the tomb;

"I will spare neither innocence, virtue, nor truth,
The aged, the manly, nor childhood, nor youth:

The monarch will find that no sceptre can save—
The beggar must go with me down to the grave;

The sad and the sorrowing, with the happy and gay,
Must leave all behind them, and hasten away;

Man alike is my prey, nor shall favor be shown,
I will give each an arrow, a pall, and a stone!

"The being, who, sporting in infancy's morn,
Is amused with Life's roses, but copies not its thorn,

I will mark—and my dart shall in pity be hurled—
To bear him away from a cold-hearted world!

He would turn with disgust from his fountains of strife;
It were best that he drink not too deeply of life."

In the grave's quiet gloom shall he rest from his woes,
He would turn with disgust from his fountains of strife;

Not Earth's saddening conflict disturb his repose!

"I will visit the couch of the mother's first-born,
And the mother, despairing shall sorrow forlorn;

I will leave the fond wife from her little one's clasp,
She must come at my call—she must shrink from their grasp;

The father, though dear to the group of his heart,
From his wife and his infants forever must part;

In the hall of election my banner shall wave—
I am lord of the Earth—I am lord of the Grave!

"I will visit the maid in her jessamine bower,
When she waits for her lover to come at the hour;

He will come—but to find 'I have laid her at rest,'
And cold is the heart that beat warm in her breast!

"I will bid the bride, when arrayed for the 'wedding morn,'
And bid her prepare to descend to the tomb;

At my withering touch all her roses shall fade,
And the 'couch of the bride' a bier shall be made."

"I will sever the pair at altar united—
The joyous connubial bliss must be blighted;

Though locked in each other's embrace, they shall part,
Though the absence of one break the other's fond heart!

I will come to the scene when long parted ones meet,
And in Friendship's fond pressure delighted shall greet;

I will tear them apart—they shall ne'er meet again,
Till they meet in a land where no parting gives pain!

"I will visit the sage, when, through night's lonely hours,
O'er the lore of past ages devoutly he pores;

No learning can save, I am true to my trust!
I will come to the dragoon, an angel of peace,
And grant to the captive a joyful release;
Their chains cannot bind—they will come at my call,
And sorrow, no longer, shall hold them in thrall!

"I will visit the proud one, exulting in state,

Who shall spurn the poor beggar that kneels at his gate;
I will humble his might—I will adden his hall—
And his couch shall be spread with my finer pell!
I will come to the orphan, despoiled and rejected—
I will visit the widow, by false friends neglected;

And the lordings, who left when in sorrow's sigh,
By conscience affrighted, despairing shall die!

"I will curb mad ambition, when wading through blood,
And mounting the throne o'er the hearts of the good,

I will call upon avarice, toiling for dust—
His treasures, forsaken, neglected, shall rust;

And the stoutest transgressor turn suddenly pale;
I will conquer oppression, and tyranny quell!

But unto the righteous—it all shall befall!
The song shall be hushed, and the dancer's gait tread—
For the proud and the joyous shall sleep with the dead!

I will follow the hunter, when bounding with speed,
He follows the game over valley and mead;

He shall find that a hunter, with 'wee' in his breath,
Is close on his track—and the hunter is Death!

"I will come to the banqueting-hall, in power,
When music and beauty alike rule the hour;

And the bugle, at morning, will call him to plain,
He shall sleep on my arms, with no shroud but his mail,

Nor awake when the war-cry swells loud on the gale!

Where the cloud of the battle is dark in the air,
And foam-en encounter, then look for me there!

The proud, vaunting warrior shall bow to my will—
I will say to the war-horse—lie down—and be still!

"The sailor, careering on Ocean's rude wave,
Shall descend to a fathomless, watery grave;

I will visit the hammock, and visit the deck,

For Earth's countless millions were sleeping in death!
There were "heaps upon heaps" of the mangled and slain—
The Tyrant had boasted, nor boasted in vain!
'Twas a horrible scene; not a breath—not a groan—
And Death, the proud victor, was talking alone!
He was weeping with slaughter—thirst was his trend—
And he sat him at rest on a heap of his dead!
I looked to the ocean; 'twas placid and fair—
But Death, with his mildew, had also been there!
The ships were all riding along to their doom,
Not the sailors had gone to their deep ocean-tomb!
Old Time, fast expiring, drew tardily nigh—
But his arm was now nervous, and languid his eye;
'Twas his last hour, my last victim, thy sceptre resign,
And bow thee, in humble submission, to mine!
And Time came in despair to the Conqueror's seat,
And expired, with a quivering groan, at his feet!
The thunders rolled off on their final career,
Like the last rending groans of some perishing sphere;
The lightnings sped forth on their terrible track,
And in tempest and terror the curtain rolled back!
'Fear not!' said the Spirit, 'this kingdom is o'er—
He shall speak to the awe-stricken mortal no more!
Though dominion o'er Earth to his sceptre was given,
Yet Death shall not enter the portals of HEAVEN!'

Train's Speech in London on the American Navy.
The Boston Commercial Bulletin publishes a characteristic speech of George Francis Train— "Lightning Train," as the Post calls him—recently made in London before the "Cagers," a sort of debating club we take it. One speaker had spoken disparagingly of America, and the audience called on Mr. Train to reply. He did so, and the following extracts show the style, and with what effect:

"You know the history of the Merrimack—how she was sunk at Norfolk, burnt nearly to the water's edge, armor-plated, iron-plated, and created into a huge war machine upon the ideas which Buchanan, the commander of the Washington navy-yard, gathered from the unfinished Stevens' battery.
So still has been the movement we had almost forgotten that such a ship existed, when, presto! James River is alive again. The Cumberland receives a fatal thrust from her iron antagonist, who, like Spanish Matador with Spanish Bull, withdraws a little, fires another broadside, heading plunges into the Cumberland, who bravely strives to strike her flag—and two hundred gallant men are with the fishes at the bottom of the sea! Like the soldiers who presented arms when the Birkenhead went down in Algoa Bay, (cheers!) the men of the Cumberland sank to rise no more in this world.
Another broadside from the iron monster and the Congress struck, for blood was to deep upon her decks to fight! It was not war, it was murder! Still another broadside, and the Minnesota, Roanoke and St. Lawrence would have shared the same unhappy fate, when lo! a strange, turtle-shaped craft, startles the Merrimack's captain, compelling him to let go his expected prize, and stand to arms. They fought for five hours like two wild boars, now battery to battery, now hand to hand; but the little warrior gained the victory. Heenan broke the arm of Sayers (cheers and laughter), and the Merrimack returned to stop her bleeding wounds.
The Merrimack has proved herself not a safe vessel to lay round loose, (laughter.) Suppose the Monitor had been forty-eight hours sooner, she would have been in Washington! Forty-eight hours later, the Merrimack might have been there instead. Give her coals and munitions of war, what prevented her running down the coast, and smashing up our fleets! Who wonders that New York was frightened! No doubt, we would have found means to stop her progress, but not before some magazine of mischief had exploded. Here is my point. The Warrior will destroy any half dozen wooden men-of-war afloat, (cheers.) And in thirty minutes the Merrimack would destroy the Warrior, hence the Merrimack alone would destroy the British navy, while the Monitor gave the Merrimack one crack between the eyes and sent her back to her berth! I saw the Warrior was a failure, when I found that she could only go into Portsmouth for coal fifteen days in the month. The Orlando, the Emerald, and the Warriors are all to deep for any port in American waters!
No greater event has happened this last three hundred years. The locomotive was destructive to the stage coaches; telegraph made havoc of the letter-bag; revolver proved itself a full-blooded cock among horse-pistols. As the British rifle laughed at the old brown Bess, and the flint-lock smooth-bore of the early wars—the Monitor in naval warfare is what Mr. Peabody is in charity. (loud cheers.) You had better tell that to stop the Merrimack at Birkenhead, and Bell to stop the Merrimack on the other iron-clad battery. Telegraph to Portsmouth to discharge the workmen on the fortifications, and order the Admiralty to turn your entire navy into cotton ships, coal ships, and lumber-men; for half a dozen Monitors would destroy as many enemies. (cheers, and dissent.)

Some gentleman doubts it; but her recent action convinces me that the Monitor having proved herself a better sea-boat in the terrible gale on the 7th than the Warrior did in the Bay of Biscay, could steam across the ocean and place Liverpool under tribute, knock down your fortifications at Spithead, destroy your fleet at Portsmouth, steam up the Thames—for you know how opposed England is to sinking vessels in the river, (laughter and cheers), and place London at her mercy, with her turret-revolvers pointed at the Houses of Parliament, while Lord Palmerston was discussing the propriety of spending twelve millions sterling on the fortifications of England. The Monitor had two men—the Merrimack ten; the Monitor had fifty men; the Merrimack five hundred. The Monitor is not twelve hundred tons burthen, the Merrimack five thousand. The Monitor draws but eight feet, the Merrimack twenty-eight. The Monitor cost fifty thousand pounds, the Merrimack five hundred thousand. The Monitor

of the Monitor was laid in the middle of October. She was launched in the middle of January, and before the middle of March completed a principle that has rendered obsolete a hundred navies and a thousand line-of-battle ships. The Warrior was only a year and a half old. The wooden walls of England are buried with Campbell, who in poetry made his name immortal (cheers), and Pemberton, I trust, is already at work on the iron ideas of England—for Britain does not need half works since the Monitor has rendered unsafe her march upon the deep. The Monitor has introduced a new epoch in naval history. Already the French Minister has received the plans from our Secretary of War. Already the Russian Legation have got the models, and Lord Lyons has already sent Lord John Russell plans for the Admiralty. You see that America is generous. We will not only send you the plans, but the men to make the steamers as we did to make the Birkenhead! (laughter and cheers.)

Who wonders at the astonishment of the Times. How anxious Napoleon must be to go to work—for the Monitor could steam into Cherbourg and sink the navy of France; for cannon balls rattle off her bomb proof deck like Minnie on the side of a rhinoceros, or buckshot on the corrugated back of an alligator. The first naval power to-day is America. (Oh! cheers and laughter.) Our navy consists of the Monitor—but we have voted five millions sterling to build a hundred more during the next six months—some of which are to go, like the Stevens Battery, fifteen miles an hour, and to throw Rodman shot—some one writes to Laird—weighing half a ton. (laughter and cheers.) Do you know why you cannot fire over a hundred pound shot without bursting your Whitworth's and your Armstrong's? Let me tell you a secret, as you know I bear England the best of good will. It is because you have not learned the art of gun-powder; you have been spending your time on shot and shell, and cannon, and armed plates; but you still use the old-fashioned small grain powder, which has made the Armstrong gun a failure—by the way, as your Government has the monopoly of that gun, will some of you be kind enough to tell me where the Merrimack got her two Armstrongs from? (Hear, hear.) You say you are not awake to the use of powder. When Dupont was here buying up the shells, he seemed astonished at seeing large guns still loaded with small-grained powder. Your War Department should know that during this war all our large guns were loaded with a kind of gun-powder an inch cube in size, which gives new power to the projectile, a fact which your Admiralty should have made use long before this. This is the age of Monitors and gun powder! Have you not noticed Nelson's animated appearance since the recent naval battle? Oblige me by standing a minute on the steps of the Hotel du Morley, and contemplate his manly attitude both in peace and war. (laughter.) How surprised old Napier would have been, could he have had one of the reserved seats at the trial of armored battle ships. Why! the Monitor could have steamed through his fleet in the Baltic, sinking his men-of-war right and left, as the Merrimack did the Cumberland, and Congress—steamed into Cronstadt, sunk the Russian squadron, sailed up the Neva and asked the Emperor in his winter palace for a small tribute, if he preferred it to the destruction of his capital! Nay, more; the Monitor might have paid her respects to Dundas in the Black Sea, and swept away the Agamemnon, and Napoleon the Third of the allied fleet like so many wooden houses—run into Sebastopol—sunk the Twelve Apostles—smashed Port Constantin, and made Menashikoff on his knees beg for the safety of Sebastopol! Of such gentlemen is the Monitor. You must wipe off the score and begin anew. You have no navy now. Suppose that both of us go to building Monitors so that in 1868 we can start off on a pleasant filibustering expedition over the world together, instead of your going alone as formerly. (laughter and cheers.)

Look at Home—Advertise.
We wish to say a few words in advocacy of patronizing our own. Not that we think our citizens are much behind other communities in this regard, but by way of encouragement in well doing. It is a help to the prosperity of a place to foster the trade and manufactures of the town where you reside.

In this connection, we may as well mention the printer; for it is no time now to be mealy-mouthed for so particularly sensitive. The Fish-kill (N.Y.) Standard says:

"No one should ever go abroad for what they can purchase at home. Home mechanics are always safe to trade with, because we know them. The safest place for children is the roof-tree of their paternal home. So with everything else. Home products are the best. But in nothing is it more important to look after home than in selecting your reading matter. Do not send to the cities for your newspapers, but first encourage those published in your locality. City papers are well enough in their place, but they cannot pay attention to your local matters. By all means take your country paper, whatever you do, and advertise in it, for business is more inspired by a knowledge of what is buying and selling, than any other cause. A man who hasn't local pride and public spirit enough to give adequate support to his own local paper, isn't very likely, on the whole, to do much good himself, or anybody else either."

A little reflection will make any reasonable man acknowledge all this, and endorse it as heartily as must the printer, to whom it is of such vital interest.

Again, to create a good business; and to maintain it, men must advertise. It is all folly to hesitate about this. It is the universal testimony of all successful business men, that systematic advertising is seed sown upon good ground to the business man and merchant, from which, in due season, a rich and abundant harvest is sure to result.

Business men often say, "I would advertise, but I can't afford it." How ridiculous an argument. "Can't afford it!" Why, a business that won't pay ten hundred per cent. upon the amount, in its increase, invested in advertising, won't support anybody, and ought to be abandoned instantly. The newspaper is now the medium through which all information is conveyed—the people's business almanac, to which they turn for information how and where to supply every want. George Brown wants fifty yards of canvas; he consults the paper to know who has that article for sale. He comes to town, is a stranger, hasn't time to loaf, goes directly to the place indicated, and makes his purchase. Mrs. Brown wants a new dress; she looks over the advertisements till she finds a

store that advertises the style of goods she wants, and tells George to go there and get it; George doesn't know much about women's fashions, and does as directed. John Smith says Sally Thompson, and the whole family of Jones, read all the new advertisements each week, and pretty generally determine their immediate wants of something, new and cheap, just offered for sale. People don't begin to know what, or how much, they want, until their memories are jogged by a well gotten up advertisement.

Professional and business men who do not advertise, may be safely set down as old fogies—a hundred years behind the age—and therefore not the men to employ or deal with in these "twentieth" times.

If you would succeed in business, you must keep your mechanism, goods or profession, always before the public, and the advertising columns of your town, county or city newspapers is the place and way to do it. If you are a pretty clever fellow, the editor may occasionally give you a plum, in his editorial column.

Rebel Literature.
The following letter of a rebel in the army at Yorktown, we clip from the Woburn Budget. It was sent home by the editor of that paper, who saw it on the blank leaf a Bible at Yorktown, after the evacuation.

"To the Yankees.—Brothers of the south you will no doubt have the pleasure of visiting Yorktown, but if I had my way with you (I would) before the night be told the last one of you, in the bottomless pit of hellfire we will meet you somewhere between here and the Rignand where you will [be] relieved warmly or as hot as market balls will make you. We do not leave here because of fear of you but because it is necessary for our benefit this place is of no service to us. We live like white men here as well as at home, and hope you all will die before we can get off the peninsula—farewell for this time may the devil relieve you in short notice I may praise on the lid of the word of God.

So more but hoping you remember for what you are fighting we are only fighting our rights and hope God will be with us in the end
a true southerner of Georgia.
W. H. Lott.
6th Regt. Ala. Vols., Co. K."

A PRUCKY READER.—The Dubuque (Iowa) Times says that Lieutenant-Colonel Herrow, of the Ninth Iowa, relates an incident about the battle of Fox Ridge, which illustrates to a remarkable degree the admirable pluck and unquenchable courage of our brave Iowa soldiers. Many of our volunteers were quartered at the Elk Horn Tavern, which had been turned into a hospital. This building was situated in the very midst of the battle field, and was surrounded on every side with the dead and dying. The rebels sent a body of five hundred cavalry with a flag of truce to bury their dead. Our pickets brought them immediately to head quarters. When they were first seen coming across the field, many of our men thought from the large number, that they were making a fresh attack upon them. The long roll was sounded, and the men rapidly fell into the ranks, and prepared to meet the foe. The mistake was discovered in season to prevent bloodshed, but Col. Vandever says when he came to review his regiment, over one hundred of the wounded had limped and crawled out of the hospital, and taken their places in the columns. It was an affecting spectacle. The brave boys were bandaged and bloody, yet more eager for another conflict than those who were unscathed. Iowa boys forever.

FLAMING HYPERBOY.—We do not remember to have read anything better than the following sentiments. They are true to the letter:

"Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge his enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find means to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion; allowing and crowding all who differ from him." That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion; so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they respect you more for turning your coat every day, to match the colors of theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind and weather, storm or sunshine. It is the everlasting and irrefutable truth that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground. Take what time you please to make up your mind; having once made it, up, stick to it."

Our Schools.
We have been continually favored, by the publisher, with the Reports of our Schools for the year just closed. We are pleased to meet some sensible remarks about the grading of schools, and as you, Mr. Butler, have had experience in school-ology, we presume you will pardon a brief notice of the Report. First and foremost, it indicates a decided interest on the part of the Committee, in the discharge of their duties. From our own observation, we know that many of the teachers, both male and female, are faithful and true—and where the Committee shall be found co-operating with them, there is no doubt of a successful result. There is no town more ready to appropriate liberally for schools, and there is no one in which better progress may be looked for.

The news of the surrender of Cornwallis came to Stratford, Ct., on Sunday just as the minister was preaching. Making known the news to his hearers he said—"My friends, the house of God is no place for boisterous demonstrations; we will, therefore, in giving thanks, only go through the motions," thus showing the antiquity of the "silent Josh."

QUEEN VICTORIA is opposed to having her birthday observed this year, that day falling some few weeks hence, when she will have reached the interesting age of 48. It is because of the recent death of her husband that she takes so gloomy a view of things.

It is thought that iron-plated ships will play an important part in the next effort that Italy shall make to get rid of the Austrians. The Italians are said to have several vessels of the kind, while the Austrians have none to none, though the accounts do not quite agree on this latter point.



WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1862.

The Uprising.
Last Monday witnessed another patriotic uprising of the people of the old Bay State, and it was a cheering spectacle to see the alacrity with which our young men answered the summons of the Governor. It is a source of pride that our own town, although so large a number have already gone forth in defence of the country, was not a whit behind other communities in this glorious uprising. Sudden and unexpected as was the call, and brief the time of rallying to the rendezvous, they sprang at once to their arms, leaving their several employments, the clerk from his desk, the mechanic from his tools, the farmer from his fields. Whatever may be thought of the action of the Governor, the spectacle was a grand one, of devotion to the cause of the Union and the old Constitution. It will not only give strength and confidence to the government, but it must strike a wholesome dread to the hearts of the rebels, whose failing cause was already well nigh desperate. It will give a thrill of pleasure to the brave men who have gone before, as they see their old companions and acquaintances so ready to join them in coming trials for the complete overthrow of this unholy rebellion. They will accept it as an earnest that they are not forgotten at home and they will work all the more earnestly in the righteous cause.

It is not to be disguised, that, with all our exhilaration in view of this patriotic movement, there will be sad hearts at home at parting with the loved ones whose zeal and patriotism have prompted them to leave their paternal fire-sides and submit to the privations and dangers of a soldier's life. Let us all feel that duty to our country demands the sacrifice and we should not only willingly but cheerfully submit to it. That is but a poor spirit of devotion to a cause which does not readily submit to sacrifice in its support. Let us rather cheer on and encourage those who with stout hearts and able bodily organization, go forth to battle against the enemies of our common country. Let them be remembered at home by providing them with all the comforts consistent with a soldier's duties. Our ladies deserve great praise for their former works of benevolence and patriotic endeavors in remembrance of our absent sons and brothers, and their efforts will now be redoubled as others go into the field of duty. We know at least that their efforts will not be slackened by this new demand or their sympathizing hearts and skillful hands.

The Fine Arts.
While visiting recently a school in a neighboring city, we were greatly pleased with some beautiful paintings of ancient buildings and cities, suspended on the walls, and also with the busts of the celebrated heroes, statesmen, poets and orators, whose lives and writings are the constant study of the lads of the school. These works of art were presented by the former graduates of the institution, to assist the boys of the present and future generations who may attend the school, in studying the ancient classics. As they read the spirited and indignant invectives of Cicero, hurled against the conspirator Catiline, the bust of the noble orator stands before them, in solemn dignity, as if to warn them not to misconstrue his thoughts or language, while, on the picture of the ancient Rome, which hangs on the wall, they can locate every building and street to which the orator alludes in his orations. Under such circumstances the classics are invested with a new interest and vitality, and the student feels that he is reading about realities, and about men of like passions, and hopes, and fears, and sympathizes with himself. If these artistic representations of ancient men and things are interesting and profitable to the classic student, they are not less so to the English student of ancient history. A mere map, showing the situation of a town, in reference to a river, mountain or the ocean, is an indispensable assistant to the student of history; but how much more real does everything appear, when he sees before him the busts or portraits of men who figured in those ancient times; or beholds the pictured ruins of those ancient structures, whose halls once echoed to the tread of men, whose mighty influence is still felt, and will be felt, till the end of time. Besides, those beautiful specimens of art, constantly exposed on the walls of the school room exert a refining influence on the young and plastic minds of the pupils, who insensibly acquire a taste for the beautiful, which will be a source of happiness to them during all their future lives. We would be glad to see every

well ordered school room in the State, thus decorated, and men of wealth, we believe, could in no surer way secure the grateful remembrance of posterity.

General Ben. Butler.
Events occurring since the capture of New Orleans prove that Gen. Butler was just the man to hold authority over that rebel city. Although before he came he was ridiculed and nicknamed as Picayune Butler, no sooner was he in possession of the city than his government quickly began to respect him. He first claimed the famous St. Charles Hotel, which had been shut against him, as his quarters, and forced the proprietor to open it for his special use. When there he summoned the city government before him, and when they complained of his military rule, he laid down the martial law to which they were required to submit. It would be a subject for a painter to represent the scene, where the whole city government were arrayed before him to hear his scorching rebukes. We can all imagine how he looked and how he spoke in presence of that rebel band. We can see how their cheeks blanched before the withering look of the cross-eyed and strong-willed Yankee general, whom they had stigmatized as the Picayune. They soon found that he could not only talk but act. The Mayor was horror-struck at his temerity in ordering a battery of artillery to quell a street demonstration, and begged him to desist. The order went, and so did the cannon, and the mob dispersed. The rebel government found him to be a man not to be trifled with, and concluded to submit to his sway as the least of evils. In this they showed more than their accustomed wisdom, and proved themselves to be much smaller coin than the once despised Picayune.

The Post Office.
Having entered this week upon the duties and responsibilities of the office of Postmaster, and received the congratulations and good wishes of our friends and of the press, we desire to tender our acknowledgments for their kind interest, and to assure them and the public at large, that we shall endeavor, to the best of our power, to perform our duties with fidelity and with a spirit of accommodation, to those who have business with the office.

We deem ourselves fortunate in being able to secure an assistant, whose good character, past experience, and firm hold on the respect and good will of our community is such that a generous confidence will be likely to be felt in the faithful discharge of the duties of the office.

We take pleasure in saying, that in receiving the trust from the hands of the late incumbent, we have been treated with all kindness and courtesy, and it is but simple justice to Mr. Woodbury to say, that coming into the place with a sincere desire to give satisfaction to the people of the town, he has introduced new conveniences and facilities, and kept the office with such order, method and neatness, as to be worthy of imitation as well as commendation.

REV. CHARLES C. SEWALL.—The Dedham Gazette, of May 17, has an excellent address delivered by the above-named gentleman, our former townsman, on the burial of ALAN H. KINGSBURY, a soldier, who fell mortally wounded at a battle on the Yorktown, Peninsula. He was from Medfield, the place of Mr. Sewall's residence. The address, although prepared at short notice, is an excellent production, full of sympathy for surviving friends, and fervor for the great cause in which the victim fell. In the course of his eloquent and patriotic appeal we find a prediction to which we can all add a hearty amen:

"Our country will be saved. The union of the States will be restored. Our national banner—the emblem of freedom, peace and right—shall finally wave in triumph again over every city, town and hamlet in the land. Universal liberty, security, prosperity and happiness shall yet be the possession and glory of the American people."

LONG.—A parsnip grown in the garden of Mr. Charles Remick, of this town, was a few days ago shown us, measuring three feet one and three-fourths inches in length. A portion of it still remains in the earth.—Granite State News.

We can tell a bigger parsnip story than the above. One of our neighbors, the late Capt. William Silver (usually called "Capt. Bill") used to relate with apparent sincerity, that he had parsnips in his garden that grew so long that the roots came through at the antipodes, and somebody in Australia PULLED THEM THROUGH!

THE WORDEN TESTIMONIAL.—We learn that the generous sum of \$33 has been collected in this town, by half dime contributions, in behalf of the Worden fund. This is fully our part, unless it is contemplated to make the fund extravagantly large. We are not sorry that the movement was made, but rather rejoice at the spirit which originated it. A fund collected in this way, for the more general purpose of aiding our sick and wounded soldiers, would be worthy of effort, and in this work there could be no danger of swelling the amount too largely.

EXERCISES FOR DICTION AND PRONUNCIATION.—This is a new and excellent school book for instruction in Orthography, which no teacher of any grade can well afford to be without. Its author, CHARLES NEWBURY, now of New Britain, Conn., is well known among us as a former teacher and superintendent of schools, and more widely known as the writer of many text books, and other publications on the subject of education. In our own schools, where it is a general practice to give out for spelling the most difficult words in the reading lesson, it is found that there are very many which ought to be familiarly known to the pupils, which are not to be found in the reading books. In this work are found a great variety of such omitted words, which are arranged under specific heads and classes, in a way to afford much collateral information and thus give interest to the lesson. The chapter on synonyms, words of different pronunciations, those liable to be misapprehended, and those varying in use, are instances of this. The short exercises in reading, in which are introduced many out-of-the-way words, are admirable tests for the scholar. The hints of teachers are suggestive and commendations are already adopted by most of our teachers. The list of words of different meaning, although spelled alike, or nearly alike, make a good exercise, especially if the pupils are required to understand the definitions of each. The book, as a whole, is an excellent aid in Object Teaching, which has of late received, deservedly, more attention than in former years. We might mention many other useful features which make the work desirable for use in schools, but its merits can only be fully appreciated by an examination of it.

BROWNING & LONG.—We stepped, a few days since, into the store of this new firm, situated on Essex street, Salem, and were fairly dazzled with its extent and the variety of goods which met the eye. The interior is more than a hundred feet long, and there is a vista of another hundred feet, as seen through the large mirror at the end. Beyond the store is a sales room for articles of peculiar interest and value to the ladies, and ladies are always at hand to wait upon customers of their own sex. The crowd of customers in the store prevented more than a casual glance at the great variety of goods, and even if we could have seen them all, we never could remember their names. The proprietors are successors of the celebrated MAYNARD, and they not only equal but surpass their predecessor in the amount and character of their business. They keep goods nowhere else to be found in this vicinity.

Their goods are bought in New York at cash prices, and their motto is, "small profits and quick sales," by which they are enabled always to have fresh goods. Their vests, veils, gloves, handkerchiefs, and Malta corsets, are in great variety of style and quality. Ladies should first read their advertisement, and then call and look at their goods, No. 117 Essex St., Salem.

ADVERTISING.—Read and ponder the article upon advertising and home trade, in another column. There is a sure way to get customers. It is to let people know what you have to sell. Nothing shows the life and business of a place like the advertising columns of a newspaper. Salem is kept from a Rip Van Winkle sleep by a few of her live business men. The more of such there are in a place the more will they be patronized. They do not hurt but help each other. Leave nothing but old fogie shopkeepers in Salem and everybody would go to Boston who wanted a yard of tape. Let people know that Salem has all the desirable goods, and people will find them. There is a large population in and about Salem who buy goods, and they will buy them there so long as the names and business of dealers are kept before their eyes. What a dead place would Salem be without Peabody, Browning & Long, Albany, Presby & Pearing, Archer & Co., and Walker? These are the men who brush away the cobwebs and dust which threaten to envelop the good old City of Peace. Its inhabitants should therefore encourage them, and if they have any grist to grind, carry it to their mills.

What is true of Salem is also true of our own town, and it is for our own business men to learn the true value of printer's ink to promote the success of their trade.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This publication for June comes freighted with good things in prose and verse from such writers as Agassiz, Thoreau, Frothingham the historian, Weiss, Hale, Aldrich, Higginson and others. A Bigelow paper, and poems by Rose Terry, Alice Carey and Whittier, are above the general run of magazine verse, and we regard this number as of more than average merit. The article by Higginson, whom we consider the "Country Parson" of the Atlantic, is very pleasant, and suggestive, and will be admirably read. The Atlantic may be had at \$3 per year at Wilkinson's, and the next number begins a new vol.

TAR CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—This favorite magazine for June comes a little later than its usual time, but makes up in the style and vigor of its articles for the delay. The vivid and graphic picture of southern life, called "Among the Pines," is approaching its end, and is to be published in a 12 mo volume. It will be eagerly sought after. Mr. Richard D. Kimball, the popular author of "Undercurrents in Wall St.," commences in this number a new serial entitled, "Was he Successful?" This magazine is to be had at Wilkinson's. Next month a new volume begins.

On the 4th of July, 1829, Mr. Shillibier— which sounds like a very respectable name— commenced running omnibuses in London, from Paddington to the Bank.—Boston Evening Gazette.

We know a man, bearing the above very respectable name, only spelt differently, who has lately been sorely afflicted with gout (a very respectable malady) and Zollicoffer. We hope he has now got rid of them both.

OLD GLORY.—We hear incidentally that there is a prospect of having Capt. Drayton, late of Tennessee, to lecture to us on the state of Rebellion in that State. We hope it will prove true, as everybody will want to see and hear the dauntless old hero who first raised Old Glory, the American flag, in Nashville. If he comes it will be under the auspices of the Irving Literary Association.

88 cents. The best clasp Corsets (\$1.50 goods) are sold for 88 cts. at PEABODY'S, 220 Essex Street, Salem.

Movements in Salem.
In consequence of the defeat of Gen. Bay and certain reports tending to the impression that Washington was in danger, and that rebels were marching on Harper's Ferry, Secretary Stanton sent a series of despatches to Gov. Andrew on Sunday night, the last of which was received at two o'clock on Monday morning, requesting the Governor to send the troops available in the State, and to as many additional as his judgment approved. Gov. Andrew accordingly sent despatches to the various towns as soon as practicable. Newburyport, where the telegraph operator sleeps in the office, the Governor's order received at once, and the citizens were called out by the ringing of the bells, and at an hour on Monday forenoon, the Cushing Gun from that City, passed over the Eastern Railroad into Boston. In Salem, the order (which was for the companies to report to Maj. Andrews, on Boston Common, forthwith) received soon after eight o'clock. The rebels were rung, and the citizens met at the T. Hall, where the Mayor, Mr. Webb, read the order of the Governor, and invited those who wished to enlist to report at the various arms depots where they were at once thrown open, and preparations were immediately made to fill up the ranks and departing. The Salem Infantry, Capt. Putnam, with about fifty left in an extra train at two o'clock, with companies from the patriotic town of Mayhead. At half past two, the Salem Cadets, der Maj. Marks, with about one hundred left also, for garrison duty at Fort Warren is understood, and, at the same hour three companies departed from Lynn. The Mechanic Society, Capt. Staton, with about fifty men, the city at half past four, having been previously briefly and patriotically addressed, in the armory by the Captain and Rev. Mr. Win. An hour later, the City Guards, Capt. I. forth, with forty men, left the city. The was in an excited condition during the day, but at night the general conclusion seemed to be that, while it was best to be always on safe side, the authorities and the public had been a little more frightened than hurt. hope this will prove to be the case.—Gazette.

MILITARY AT PARTINGTON HOUSE.—The tramp! tramp! footsteps sounded along passage way leading from the gate to Partington's back kitchen, censuring the v "Halt!" "Dress! Shoulder arms! Sup arms! Carry arms! Charge bayonets! March said a voice in a rapid succession of orders Mrs. Partington opened the door at the march, as like charged through with a weapon made of half a clothes pole that he taken for the purpose, and found herself "ing back" before the furious assault, not a ping lit her main body lighted under the ble, her right wing resting in a saucer of put there for the cat, and her left much deluzed by a flank blow from the leg of the She scrambled to her feet as she withdrew force towards the door. There was a upon her cheek and anger in her eye, as brought her forehead to "Present," for a elderly lady of propriety and some fat we like to be knocked under a table by a misch you boy, even to illustrate military science "What do you mean by doing this, you boy?" said she, as she found her tongue. you think you are in a squirmish, that you tuck a body in, that way? Let let you k better, sir, when you go to bed. Dear how you have discomfited me! I come knocking my brains out." Seeing that had not struck her head it was wonderful this could be, but it was to be excused in excitement of the moment. Like stood naturally at "Shoulder," and then remarked that he was only going through the mane "And what has a boy to do with the Man-I'd like to know?" asked the old lady sev ly; "you'd better be a recruit, and done it, and go to Pamunky Creek, if you wan cut up such monkey chimes." "Right at face; march!" said like, wheeling low the door. "Stop!" said Mrs. Partington, like kept on. "Stop!" she repeated, but didn't mind. Then her spirit was aroused, charging after the withdrawing forces, seized him by the arm. "Why don't you stop she cried. "The command wasn't right." "Ike, "It should have been 'halt,' " make you halt," said she, taking off her s in anticipation of the sentence of a humil court martial. But, as she raised the shoo caught a glimpse of the profile of the Attili Corporal on the wall, in military rigidity ing out on nothing, the sword awarded had flashed over the Beauville master-fel the Bloody Leventon, and her eye moist with a new emotion. Gone was her excitement, and gone was the rage, ran out of the back door and leaped the steps.

"Progress" will do well to bear mind that there has been already too much witchcraft in the locality he refers We shall endeavor to "lay" the evil of Giles Corey and Cotton Mather, keep their bones as quiet as possible their graves.

OLD BROWN WINDSOR.—We have had an opportunity to test the qualities of this gelatin soap, which in our younger days was the only kind that scrupulously neat people would use. It retains all its ancient good qualities, and may be found at J. P. Peabody, 220 Essex street, Salem.

IMPORTED UMBRELLAS.—John J. Peabody has just opened a few real French Sun Umbrellas at his usual low prices. He has a full of custom-made Umbrellas and Parasols home manufacture, which customers will find are superior in shape, quality and durability 220 Essex Street, Salem.

CARPETS.—Large quantities of these goods have been brought over to our city from the cent auction trade sales in New York, by New England Carpet Co., who are sent them up to their retail trade at an undented and astonishing rate.—Boston Post.

Irving Literary Association.
A Meeting of this Association will be held at their room Saturday evening, May 31st, 7.1-2 o'clock. A full and punctual attendance of members is requested as business of importance will come before the Association. WALTER P. SPRINGFIELD, Secy, South Duffield, May 25, 1862.

Concegnantes.

Eastern Railroad.

On and after MONDAY, Ap. 14th, Trains leave Salem daily, (Standard accepted).

From SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON.
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 a.m., 1, 2.30, 5.30, 7.15, 8.45, 9.15 a.m., 1, 3.15, 3.45, 6.05, 7.45 p.m.

W Beach, Man'r and Glouce' 8.15, a.m. 5.45, p.m.

Newburyport, 8.15, a.m. 1, 5.45, 5.45 p.m.

7.05 p.m.

Amesbury, 8.15, a.m., 3.45, 5.45, 6.45 p.m.

Portsmouth, 8.15, a.m., 3.45, 5.45, 6.45 p.m.

Portland, 8.15, a.m., 3.45, p.m.

Marblehead, 7.15, 8.15, 9.25, 11.15 a.m., 4.45, 7.15 p.m.

BOSTON for SALEM, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 6, 8.20, 7, 19.30, p.m.

Portland for Salem, 8.45 a.m., 3 p.m.

Portsmouth for Salem, 7.15, *11.15 a.m., 6.30, p.m.

Amesbury, for Salem, 7.35, 9.40, a.m. p.m.

6.15.
Ipswich for Salem, 7.25, 8.25, 10.25 am
6.40 pm.
*Concester for Salem, 7.10, 10.10, am
pm.
Beverly for Salem, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50, 10.
12.50, 6.50, 7.05, pm.
Lynn for Salem, 3, 9, 11, am., 12.
4.30, 5.30, 6.50, 7.30, 10.00.
Marblehead for Salem, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45,
12.45, 1.45, 5.15, 6.45, pm.
*Or on arrival from the East.
*On Wednesdays 11.15, P. M. via S.
Branch, and on Saturdays at 10.15 pm.
South Reading Branch R.R.
On and after Monday, Nov. 4, 1861, I.
leave S. Danvers for Boston, 6.45, 9.55,
12.5, 3 p. m.
Boston for Salem, at 7, 12 m., 3, 5.30 p.
m.

Essex Railroad.
Trains Leave S. Danvers for Lawrence,
Way Stations, at 7.05, 11.20 a. m. 4.55 p.
Trains Leave Lawrence for S. Danvers

Salem and Lowell Railroad
On and after MONDAY, Nov. 4th, 1890
Trains will run as follows:
Leave Lowell for Salem, 7.25 a.m., 8.40 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.55 a.m., 1.55 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 5.55 p.m., 7.55 p.m., 9.55 p.m.
Leave Salem for Lowell, 6.40 a.m., 8.10 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 1.40 p.m., 3.10 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 7.10 p.m., 9.10 p.m.
Trains will connect at West Danvers Junction with trains for
Lowell, Lynn, Lynnfield Centre, South Reading, Mass.,
Malden and Boston; also for Topsfield, Boston,
North Danvers, Georgetown, and Newburyport.
Leave Salem for Ballardvale, Andover, and
Lowell, 7.25 a.m., 8.40 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.55 a.m.,
1.55 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 5.55 p.m., 7.55 p.m., 9.55 p.m.
For Melburn, Manchester, & Concord, 8.40 a.m.,
10.15 a.m., 11.55 a.m., 1.55 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 5.55 p.m.,
7.55 p.m., 9.55 p.m.
SALISBURY, HAVERHILL, & NEWBURYPORT RAILROAD
By connection of trains at West Danvers Junction passengers by 7.15 a.m. train from
Lowell, Lynn, Lynnfield Centre, South Reading, Bradford,
or Topsfield, via Danvers Railroad, will
proceed without delay to South Danvers
Junction. Passengers leaving Salem (Court House
Station) by 6.55 p.m., or South Danvers, (Salem
Station) by 7.15 a.m., will proceed directly
to Salem, Georgetown, Haverhill, and
Newburyport. Through tickets can be obtained

MARSHALL'S
DANVERS, SO. DANVERS & SALISBURY EXPRESS.

Leave DANVERS (daily) at 9 A. M.
at SALM at 11 P. M.

OFFICES:
Danvers—At E. B. Wall's and the Post Office.
Salisbury—Richardson & Watson's Store.
So. Danvers—Francis Drake & Co.'s, and No 2 street.
Salem—No 7 Washington Street, 199 Essex st,
17 Derby Square.
These promptly and faithfully attended to.
Our drivers are particularly requested
to their order.
Express packages left at the office, should be made
Marshall's Express."

"Being connected with the RAILROAD,
we carried by express all kinds of goods,
collection, and small packages, to all places
in the United States, at the MARSHAL'S
P. G. MURRAY,
dec18-1f

Abbott's South Danvers & Salisbury

Leave South Danvers, 10 a. m.,
 Leave Salem, 10 1/2 a. m.,
 Orders left at Tont & Montilton's, and principal stores
 of the city, South Danvers, and at the Market
 street, and at Reed's in the Market. Salem
FOR NEW YORK
Norwich Steamboat Train.
 ABIN Passage, \$3; Deck Passage, \$2.
 The new and elegant sixteen wheel car
 steamboat express train leave the Boston
 depot, for New York, Albany st., at 10
 M., daily, connecting with the new steam
 train (daily expressly for this line) CITY OF BOSTON,
 Capt. Wilcox, Mondays, Wednesdays,
 and Fridays; CITY OF NEW YORK, Capt.
 Wood, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,
 leaving at 10 P. M. F. Waller and W. F. Barton
 accompany the train.
 Tickets, berths and staterooms secured at the
 Railroad Station, and at the office of the li-
 brary Washington street.
 Through tickets to Philadelphia, Baltimore
 and Washington can be had at 73 Washington
 street.
 C. H. BREWER, Agent.

N and after MONDAY, Nov. 4, 1861, the South Danvers and Salem Line of Omnibuses will run as follows: Leave the Hourly Office, South Danvers at 7, 8, 8-1/2, 9, 9-1/2, 10, 10-1/2, 11, 11-1/2, 12, 12-1/2, 1, 1-1/2, 2, 2-1/2, 3, 3-1/2, 4, 4-1/2, 5, 5-1/2, 6, 6-1/2, 7, 7-1/2, 8, 8-1/2, 9, 9-1/2, 10, 10-1/2, 11, 11-1/2, a.m. Leave Salem at 7, 8, 8-1/2, 9, 9-1/2, 10, 10-1/2, 11, 11-1/2, 12, 12-1/2, 1, 1-1/2, 2, 2-1/2, 3, 3-1/2, 4, 4-1/2, 5, 5-1/2, 6, 6-1/2, 7, 7-1/2, 8, 8-1/2, 9, 9-1/2, 10, 10-1/2, 11, 11-1/2, a.m. Ladies' Room, at South Danvers and Hawkes' Passes Street, and at the Offices. Twenty Fare on the regular route, 6 cents. Twenty Tickets for \$5.00. Passengers called for or left off the route, passengers distance, the fare will be 12 1/2 cents. EXTRA COACHES furnished, at all hours, and at special prices.

BY
27 HENRY M. MERRILL.

PINPREE'S JOB WAGON,

The subscriber is still prepared to do at kinds

...will be received at the Essex Railroad Station
and at the Essex Hotel, and the subscriber will be
thankful for past favors, he would solicit a contin-
ued patronage.
W. H. PINGREE
MUSICAL NOTICE.
ELEPHONS—A good assortment of 4, 5
and 6 Octaves, warranted.
Desiring to put within the reach of every
person an opportunity of obtaining a good
Musical Instrument, the subscriber will offer the purchase
of the above by paying in monthly instalments.
Piano FORTES will be sold on the same
terms.
All who may wish to avail themselves of this
privilege are invited to call.
ANN R. BRAY, No 76 Federal st.
MUSICAL NOTICE.
Peckering & Sons' Piano-Fortes.
ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St.
would inform her friends in South Jan-
tary and the public generally that she
has for sale a large stock of Chickering
Piano Fortes. They are selected with great
care and are tried to prove their superi-
ority over every other in the market. The best

...ING & NICHOLS' SERAPHINES
...le and to let. For power and quality of tone
...can surpass them.
A. R. BRAY,
76 Federalstr.

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

South Danvers Wizard.

I. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1862

NO. 22.

THE DANVERS WIZARD is published every Monday, at Allen's Building, South Danvers, by ARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor. One dollar and a half a year, in advance. RATES OF ADVERTISING. 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year. 10c. \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00. For a column, 1.50 2.50 5.00. (a column). Nonpareil type are equal to a square. For political, civil, or religious purposes, or for the purpose of acknowledging, &c., all orders of Annual Advertisers are limited to immediate business, and all advertisements of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or of persons, must be paid for at the rate.

Cards.
WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
and will attend to the collection of Pension Money.

JOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem.
advice Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.
er 7, 1859.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
er 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Rise near the Monument.
er 1, 1859.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
RIVER, MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
Jewelry, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
B. IVES, JR. J. B. PEABODY.
under 7, 1859.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
DENTIST,
Main Street, So. Danvers Square.
Dental Dentistry Neatly Executed.
directed by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDOIN,
URGENT DENTIST,
Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No. 37 Washington street.
—ly

F. POOLE,
SURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
on and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Boston,
Atlantic and Rockingham, Buxter.
Salem, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
ly Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church.
NEWMAN. S. SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
ery, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ing; Solar and Battery Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
2 Front street, Lawrence Place,
SALFORD, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
USE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
orders promptly and faithfully executed.

J. J. HEYLINCBERG,
Fashionable Hair-Dresser,
No. 24 Main Street.
HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED.
Particular attention paid to cutting Children's Hair
er 1, 1862.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Furniture and Dealer in

Id and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aueroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.
MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
keeps constantly on hand

A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
No. 165 Essex street, Salem.

JOHN MOUTON,
VERY STABLE,
St., (opp. Danvers Square), So. Danvers

WILLIAM BLANEY,
DUEB & SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paper Hanger,
104 Main Street, Corner of Grove,
DANVERS, MASS.

SHOES AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
104 Main Street, Danvers, Mass.

Original Poetry.

Slavery.

BY S. J. C. NREDDHAM.

By TELEGRAPH!—most startling news!
Our Banks retreats, the foes advance,
With ever quickening steps pursue,
And look ahead with eager glance.

To view the White House looming high,
And soon to be within their power,
On Baltimore seerch rely
Our country's foe at every hour.

But thirteen months ago, we saw
A mighty mob in Peatt street rise,
And shed true blood by seerch law,
Throughout the North the sad news flies.

And when that mob was quelled at length,
The naughty boys all promised well,
That they would give the Union strength,
And we believed 'twas truth they tell.

Go, trust the snake, whose image twines
Their seerch rag, an emblem true
Of gross deceit, in devious lines;
And then let's see their word is true.

As worthless is their "sacred word,"
As Carolina's favorite tree,
All fair to view, but false indeed;
They are and yet will seerch be.

But now to-day the word flies fast
That Baltimore again is roused,
Their good behavior now has passed,
Disgraceful much again has ground.

Will you believe one single inch
Of Maryland is loyal now?
Will you again 'neath her power flinch,
To her false word so humbly bow?

A word of faith,—what is't to her?
An idle breath—a gust of wind;
No, trust her not,—she'll but betray,
And soon her "solemn oath" rescind.

I'd sooner trust the Evil One,
Than one who e'er has seerch been,
And promised since his course to run
According to our loyal men.

But why not stike the very root
Of all this wrong and shameful war,
That noble, worthy enterprise
The Southrons strive to spread more far?

Oh! let them tread upon the toes
Of their feeling border states,
Perchance would gain, then as our foes,
Who would remain as neutral states.

Well, let them rise; the loyal true
Can tear down every star and bar,
Secession waves before our view,
If we but strike the root of war.

But no!—the chattel must remain,
The boasted chivalry must be
Wasters of life, and soul, and brain,
And must retain their Slavery.

Such damage it would do the world
To have this damning wrong removed,
We'd rather see our brave men die,
Than fire upon the magazine.

We'd rather see our brave men die,
Than fire upon the magazine,
The South claim as peculiar right;
—ly

We'd rather see our troops repulsed,
And run before a rebel foe,
Than Slavery should be dissolved,
And let the black in freedom go.

The white man's soul, and mind, and life,
Are far more costly in God's high sight,
We mock the black man's freedom strife,
And will not let him win the fight.

O no! 'tis wrong—the skin must be
All white to gain renown or fame,
T'is white man only can be free,
The black enrolls in Slavery's name.

For shame, you cowards! dare the right—
Speak boldly for the truth you know,
Your duty do with all your might,
Let not your voice for Slavery go.

This noise, foul, and damning curse,
Is making brutes of God-formed men,
And fires their flaming passions worse
Than any other wide-spread sin.

And dare you cringe and wear the yoke
Of foul abettors to this wrong?
On your own heads will be the sin
Which cleaves the galling fetters strong.

No, let the North a mit be,
Prepared to end this cruel strife,
By making all the bondmen free,
And owners of their soul and life.

May 20, 1862.

A VERDICT against a horse railroad—"tram-
ways" they are called in England—from Ken-
nington to Westminster Bridge, has brought
Geo. FRANCIS TRAIN very prominently before
the public, with which he is very popular.

His speeches are received with delight, and
command deep attention. A petition numer-
ously signed will be sent into Parliament for
legalizing tramways.—*Evening Gazette.*

One of the assistant superintendents of con-
trabands at Port Royal, speaks of the extra-
ordinary fact that three days after a seed of cot-
ton was planted, it had come up and a leaf had
formed. This was mentioned to show the al-
most miraculous fertility of the soil.

Mrs. BARROW, the talented actress, is now
playing an engagement at the Howard Athe-
naeum, Boston. She is ably supported.

JOHN BULL now relies upon the ram for de-
fence.

Selected.

The Little Heroine.

BY MRS. CAROLINE SOULE.

'Morning again!' and the weary, wast-
ed invalid lifted his head from his pillow
and looked pitifully over the dim room.
'Oh that the night had been longer! To
the wretched, sleep is dear. My poor,
poor wife, my darling babies, must they
freeze and starve? Oh, God! it is too
much!' and with tears gushing from his
eyes, the pale man buried his head in the
seamy covering and groaned aloud.

It was no wonder that he was out of
heart on that cold, dark December day.
At best, he had a hard struggle to get
food, and for the past six months the
struggle had been almost desperate, for
his wife had been unable to assist him in
the least, being confined to her bed by a
slow wasting disease. His little daugh-
ter Marie, a pretty child of twelve, kept
the room tidy, and herself and two little
brothers like wax. By the aid of her
mother's whispered directions she also
managed to cook the scanty meals, and
also managed to do up the weekly wash-
ing and ironing.

'My little sunbeam,' the father fondly
called her, while the mother would say,
in low sweet tones, 'our angel.'
One night the young housekeeper wait-
ed until it was pitch dark, for her father
to come home to his frugal supper, and
then, with fearful foreboding at her heart,
undressed the little boy, and put them to
bed, and tied on her cloak and hood to
go for him. A crowd met her at the very
threshold. With a wild cry she rushed
toward the inanimate form they carried
upon a board. It was her father, brought
home to them with a broken leg.

A week had passed since this misfortune.
By the sale of their few pieces of furni-
ture, the wolf had been kept from their
door. But now nothing remained save
the coarse bed on which the distressed
ones slept. No coal for the little grate;
no tea for the feverish lips; no crust for
the famished children! What should be
done?

It was a question little Marie asked
herself again as they lay there watching
the few pale sunbeams that struggled
through the window. And she asked it
oftener after she had risen and dressed
herself and brothers, and smoothed the
two beds. Brad they must have that
day. They were all faint, even now, and
the boys clamoring for their breakfast.
Suddenly a bright thought came to the
little daughter. She remembered having
seen in the coffee houses young girls no
taller than she, waiting upon the custo-
mers. Perhaps they would try her. 'If
they only would!' she murmured softly.

'I am handy, quick and patient, and I
would try so hard to oblige.' 'I am pret-
ty, too, she might truly have added, had
there been a spark of vanity in her heart;
for she was a sweet child, with a brow
like a sunny snow-drift, and eyes like
spring violets that nestle in the wood-
lands. 'I will try, at least, and see what
I can do,' and after watching a moment
the weary sleep of her parents, she whis-
pered to the little boys that she was go-
ing out to get some bread for them, and
hurried away.

She did go to the baker's, but her pit-
iful story failed to touch his hard heart,
and there were tears on his cold cheek,
as she turned away. Even if she secured
a place, she could hope for no wages till
Saturday, and there were four weary days
between this and that. Bread would be
too late if she waited till then. What
should she do—beg? She asked herself
the question with a quivering lip. Never
before had their poverty driven them to
that strait, and it was hard, even now,
with the picture of that wretched home
fresh in her vision, to plead for charity.

But she did it. Again and again, she
said to the passer by, 'Please sir, please
ma'am, give a penny to buy bread for my
sick parents.'

But the gentlemen had their overcoats
buttoned to their chins, and the ladies
were enveloped in furs, and it was too
much trouble to find their pocket-books
or purses just to supply a beggar's wants.

'Go to the soup-house,' said one, at
last, more churlish than the rest. 'The
city provides for such as you.'

It was a new idea to her, and as fast as
feet could carry her she went, and enter-
ing in breathless haste told her story to
the attendant matron.

'I will report the case to the commit-
tee,' said the woman quietly, making a mem-
orandum of the name and number of the
street. 'Come in to-morrow morning,
and I will do what I can for you.'

To-morrow! She would be too weak
to walk so far by that time, and what
would become of the rest?

With a heavy heart she went home,
having no courage to present herself as a
waiter to any of the coffee houses she
passed on her way.

'Did you get some?' cried the boys,
gathering about her, and pulling off her
cloak to see if it were hidden in her
cloak or under her arms.

'Did you get some?' said two faint
voices from the bed in the corner, and
the coverlet thrown off, and two pairs of
thin, white hands, put forth.

'No, no,' she answered plaintively.—
'But I will try again. Keep up good
hope.'

'There will be plenty out of the oven
now. Yes, plenty,' she said to herself,
as she buttoned her cloak on the thresh-
old: 'plenty, and I'll have some too.—
They shall not starve. Men and women
forsake me; God doesn't hear me any
longer! There is nothing left for me to
do but starve.'

Her face paled as she spoke it, and for
a few moments there was a wild wrestle
in her heart. Then she went on quietly,
pausing an instant before each baker's
door, and looking anxiously within. By
and by she found one that seemed empty.

A whole pile of steaming loaves lay
upon the counter.
She rushed in and seized one, and hid-
ing it under her cloak, fled madly up the
street. But the baker had seen her from
the little sitting room door, and was after
her, crying lustily, 'Stop thief, stop thief!'
A crowd followed her and the poor child
was soon run down.

'A clear case,' said the police officer,
who took her in hand—'property found
on her. She must go to the court room.'

In vain she pleaded with them and
told her story. 'They must do their du-
ty, she might have begged; she might
have gone to the soup-house; there was
no excuse for stealing, at any rate.'

No excuse and her mother was dying for
food?
An important trial was just closing,
and all the avenues to the court house
were thronged.

'They'll be through, soon, said the offi-
cer to the baker; 'we'll wait here a few
moments. No danger of her getting
away while my grip is on her, and he
tightened his grip on the shrinking arm,
till the flesh quivered with pain.

'Take me home first,' she said sadly,
'they will worry about me so. My poor
mother will die if she thinks I'm lost.'

'They will soon find out where you are,'
said he gruffly. 'Bad news is like light-
ning, it travels so fast.'

'Oh dear, oh dear! What will become
of them!' and she sobbed aloud.

A little girl about her age was passing
by—a rich man's child—you would know
it by the embroidered dress and cloak, the
rich velvet hood, and the costly fur tip-
pet and muff. But there was no false pride
hidden under the expensive raiment; a
warm heart was beating there, and its
sympathies went out far towards the poor
little prisoner. For a moment she paused,
as if irresolute upon her plan of ac-
tion; then laying her mittened hand
gently on the officer's she said politely:

'May I speak with her?'
'Oh yes,' she's not committed yet.'

'Putting her soft rosy cheek to the cold
one, she whispered very earnestly. Marie
told her a touching story; and begged
she would by the love she bore her moth-
er, to find out her humble home, and
comfort the distressed ones.

'I will, I will,' the stranger replied ear-
nestly; 'and don't you cry any more, my
father knows the judge, and he'll get you
away to-morrow. Good-by—keep up a
good heart,' and off she ran.

She knew her mother to be one of the
most charitable of women, and hastened
home to tell her the story of Marie; but
unfortunately she had just gone to ride,
and would not be back till near dinner
time.

'What can I do?' she cried, and wrung
her hands.

'They want coal, and bread, and tea,
and so many things, and I have only ten
cents in my pocket.'

She sat down on the marble steps and
pondered. All at once her eyes bright-
ened, and a beautiful color flushed her face.

'I'll do it,' she said resolutely; 'mam-
ma will forgive me when she knows all.
Without fire, without wood, nearly naked,
quite starved, O, she will be so glad I
thought so far,' and she bounded down
the street and rushed round the corner.

Pushing open the plate glass door of
the most fashionable hair-dresser in the
city, and went quietly up to the attendant,
and asked to see Monsieur B. He usher-

ed her into the inner room, saying he
would call him.

'Ah! it is my little Theresa,' and
Monsieur B took her hand kindly.—
'Good morning, dear. Come to have
your ringlets dressed for the ball to-night
—no?' as she shook her head, 'why
not?'—you go, certainly; you are one of
Monsieur's best pupils. What is it, then,
my dear?

For a moment her lips quivered; then
she spoke up quickly:
'You said once, sir, you would give me
an eagle for my curls. Will you do it
now—to-day—this minute?'

The hair-dresser was astonished.—
What could the child mean? To cut off
those curls, long silken, and gold-colored,
the pale gold of a stray sunbeam, it
would have been sacrilege almost for a
mother to have done it; to sell them was
surely a crime.

'Does she, your mother, does she know
you came here?'

'No sir; but she will not blame me
when I tell her how it was. Oh no, she
is so good.'

'And how is it my dear? Make a
friend of me, and tell me how it comes
you to ask me to buy your hair; and he
stroked the glossy curls as tenderly as a
father might.'

She hesitated, and then opened her
heart to him. There was a mist on his
eyes when she finished her plaintive story.
He walked the floor a moment as if ir-
resolute, then stopping before her, he took
out his pocket book, and handed her two
half eagles. 'She put them in her purse
and quietly took of her hood.'

'Not now, my little angel,' he said,
hastily; 'not now, I am too busy, to-
morrow will do as well; or stay; I will
come in this evening. Till then do not
mention it to any one. Go now on your
mission, my Sister of Charity,' and he
led her to the door.

How quick her little feet flew over the
pavement. She could hardly speak when
she had reached the baker's shop.

'Two loaves, sir—large ones, too,'
she gasped, and threw down one of the
gold pieces.

The man stared at her curiously. The
color rose to her brow, but she said noth-
ing, and hurried away with her warm fra-
grant bundle.

'Is it you Marie?' What kept you so
long daughter? Quick, break me a
crumb, I am faint.'

Like an angel the little stranger look-
ed to them as she glided in, her cheeks
like apple blossoms, and her hair falling
over her shoulders, like ripples of sun-
shine.

Marie cannot come home yet,' she said
in a voice that was sweet as a robin's in
May time. 'But she will return to-mor-
row; perhaps this evening. See the two
nice loaves I've brought you, and she tore
it in fragments. Tears coursed down her
face as she saw how eager they clutched
them. She had never dreamed of pover-
ty like this; never known how hungry
folks may be, and live.

'I must go now she said opening the
door; 'but I will come again soon and
make you comfortable,' and she hurried
to the nearest grocer and bought a basket
full of provisions, and engaged him to
send in some kindlings and coal.

The little boy helped her to build a
fire in the cold stove, and when it blazed
merrily she put on the kettle, and soon
had a refreshing cup of tea for each in-
valid and a platter of smoking potatoes for
the children.

'Where is Marie, do you know, little
angel?' asked the sick mother as she
gave back the cup.

'O yes, I know,' she answered, cheer-
fully. 'Didn't I say she would be home
early to-morrow? Don't worry. Better
days are coming. I'll bring her in the
morning. Good-bye.'

It was as though a fairy had come and
vanished; a kind-hearted fairy, too, for
beside the supply of coal and wood, a
half eagle lay in the sick father's hand.

Murmuring to himself all the tender
adjectives in the French language, the
good hair-dresser immediately hastened
to the court room. The judge was a
friend of his, too, and he hoped to save
the child from prison. She had not yet
been brought in, the court having ad-
journed for half an hour. He asked for
a private interview with the judge. As
soon as it was granted, he told him all
Marie's distress, and the generous kind-
ness of little Theresa.

'Poor child! good child!' said his lis-
tens, wiping his glasses. 'She must go
to prison I suppose, but it shall be to a
chamber in my own house. Go into
court and tell the same story over, it will
be better than a lawyer's plea.'

He did so, and there was not a dry eye
in the audience when he ceased. Even
the baker hung his head and seemed to
muse. Before the breathless silence had
been broken, he looked up and said to
the judge, 'I withdraw my complaint;
let her go with me and take all she wants.'

The spacious room rung with applause,
and while the enthusiasm was at its
height, a thoughtful old man went about
the crowd with his hat. People's fingers
found their pocket-books as if by intu-
ition, and when he poured the collection
into Marie's apron, she screamed with joy.
No more hunger, no more cold, no more
nakedness this winter. They were rich!

The baker took her home himself, and
told her not to worry about bread till
spring, for his wagon would leave them
all they wanted every morning. How
lightly she bounded up the staircase. It
was like a bird's footfall, a singing bird
in the time of flowers.

'Have you come, Marie?' Two voices
spoke at once.

'Yes, mother, yes, father, and we are
rich, see?' and she emptied her apron on
the bed. How merrily the silver and
gold coin jingled. It was like the echo
of a harvest song, the distant echo
brought back by summer breezes.

'Bless you my little sunbeam, bless you
my angel.' And two hands were laid
upon her head, and tears and smiles were
strangely mixed together.

'What does it mean, Theresa?' and
the mother looked wonderfully at her
beautiful little daughter as she came into
the parlor, in obedience to a message
brought by a servant. Monsieur B.
says you promised to see him to-night.'

'I did, mamma. Did you bring your
scissors, sir? And she carried a foot-
stool to the sofa upon which he sat, and
quickly nestled at his feet.

'Yes, my dear, see! and he took from
his pocket a shining pair.

'Theresa, what means this?' the moth-
er spoke sternly.

'I have sold my hair to him, mamma,
and he is come to cut it off.'

'Sold your hair! cut it off! were you
crazy, are you in earnest? And she
gathered her to her side, and laid her
hand protectively over the precious curls.

'Tell her how it was, sir. She won't
be angry, then. Please sir, tell her.'

He did so. Closer and closer to her
heart was the child drawn by the fearful
mother, as the narrator proceeded with
his touching story. And when it was fin-
ished, she covered her face with kisses,
and said in a broken voice, 'Of such is
the kingdom of Heaven.'

A single ringlet was severed from the
beautiful head that night; one long, soft,
golden curl, which the hair-dresser car-
ried home as reverently as though it had
been drawn from an angel's wing. On
the morrow he had it woven into a heart's
case, and the sunny, shining human flow-
er was ever afterwards worn next his
heart, a talisman against besetting sins.

But the Greatest of these is Charity.

An incident in the life of a young man
in this city came to our knowledge the
other day, which, from the spice of ro-
mance which it contains, as well as an
illustration of what a vast deal of good a
slight bestowal of charity sometimes does,
makes it worthy of record.

As the young clerk and a friend were
passing hastily through Broad street, one
chilly day in November, a few years ago,
they saw standing near the corner of In-
dia street, as they turned to go down the
wharf, a poor old woman, thinly clad, in
a calico dress, tattered bonnet and shawl,
holding on her arm a small basket, in
which were a few uninviting looking ap-
ples, which she vainly offered to the hur-
rying pedestrians that passed her. Her
stockings feet thrust into old slippers,
and a few threads of white hair scattered
over her forehead, she stood shivering in
the keen searching wind, as our two clerks
drew near.

'Poor old woman!' said one as he ap-
proached the poor creature, and with a
sudden impulse he plunged his hand into
his pocket, and grasping every cent it
contained, threw it into her basket. The
old woman's 'God bless you' followed
him on the frosty air as he rapidly passed
away. His companion, who witnessed
the act, ejaculated at the moment of its
performance:—

'Bill, you're a fool to throw money
away on street beggars.'

'Perhaps I am,' said the other, 'but I
could not help it; she may be an impos-
ter, but I do not believe it.'

The next day the affair was forgotten,
and indeed might never have been re-
membered again had it not been brought
to mind in the following manner:—

The next summer, one day, as the
young man was busy over his ledgers in
an inner counting room at his employer's
store, he was summoned to the outer of-
fice by the message that some one wished
to see him. Going out, he saw waiting
a fine looking sailor, in nautical costume,
who eyed him closely as he approached.

'Did you wish to see me, sir?'
'Is your name William?'
'Yes, sir, that's my name.'

'Blue eyes, light complexion, straight
stature, speaks quick,' said the sailor,
half soliloquizing. 'Yes, you must be
the man,

shunning Seilla, we have approached too near Charybdis. We often butcher in the evening and devour in the morning, and sometimes eat for breakfast that which was killed at sunrise. Except in case of necessity, this is not wise. Meats do not come into that condition in which they are most readily assimilated, and most nourishing, until some time after slaughtering—longer in cold weather than in warm, and longer with some kinds than with others, at the same season.—Until then, they are tough, and, although "there is no disputing of tastes," it must be admitted that they are, to a large majority who have fairly made the comparison, less tasteful, if not absolutely unsavory.—*American Agriculturist.*

DANGEROUSLY BRIGHT.—A beautiful, fascinating lady came in yesterday to arrange for the admission of her son to the Gymnasium. She exhibited her darling with a glow of pride, and declared that she never saw such a creature; he never played like other children, but would sit from morning till night with his book.—Although he was but eight, he had read everything, and was going over Josephus or the second time.

In a polite way I warned her against such a course, and assured her if he had not learned to read, it would be far better for him, that, in brief, the chances were very strong that he would turn out a nervous, unhappy, feeble-minded man; but I fear she went away not only unconvinced, but pretty firmly resolved not to come again. Good physical education might perhaps save him, but it is almost sure that he will do up his thinking before he is fifteen, and as a man will prove a regular noodle.—*Levi's New Gymnasium.*

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEAR WILLIAMSBURG, VA.,
May 24th, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND,—I suppose you have read all about the battle in which we were engaged last Monday, but perhaps a few words about my experience would not be devoid of interest. It was discovered Sunday morning that the rebels had left Yorktown, but we did not get started in pursuit until one o'clock. I cannot say anything about the works at Yorktown, only that they were very strong and evidently planned by a skillful engineer. Torpedoes had been buried in many places, but very few of them did us any injury. We pressed forward until night and camped in an opening in the woods. The country hereabouts is very thickly wooded. The next morning (Monday) we were on the road at sunrise. It stormed nearly all night, and I assure you we were not in the best of marching order in the morning. Our knapsacks are very heavy when dry, and of course the rain did not make them lighter.—However, we went through mud and rain for a few miles, until we reached another open space filled with fallen trees. Perhaps five acres on each side of the road beyond this came the open country, and there in full view were the rebel works only about an eighth of a mile distant. It was still raining and we were wet, tired and muddy, but in among the trees we went, and, pushing our way through, each on his own hook as skirmishers, we advanced amidst a shower of bullets. The 2d N. H. regt. followed close behind. We had no artillery but the rebels soon opened fire with theirs, and almost at the first round a shot went crashing through the ranks of the 2d N. H. I saw one man fall with his leg shot off. He died in a few minutes.—The bullets went over our heads. A few (one or two companies) went forward, engaged the rebels, and the remainder of the two regts. concealed themselves as best they could and awaited the arrival of artillery. With half a dozen others, including our 1st Lieut., I remained behind a large but where the cannon balls and shells came dangerously near. A limb, three inches in diameter, within six feet of me, was cut off and thrown down just behind me. In about half an hour the artillery came up and was placed in position at the edge of the fallen timber in the clearing, but the men refused to work the guns on account of the hot fire which was directed upon them. Some of our own company held the horses until men could be found to work the pieces. The volunteers soon opened a hot fire upon the rebels, and after several hours sharp fighting the largest battery in front was silenced. During this cannonading the remainder of our regt. was deployed as skirmishers, and moved forward as best we could among the fallen trees and kept up a brisk fire upon the rebel gunners and infantry wherever they showed themselves. A rebel battery on our left annoyed us by a destructive cross fire, and some of us were ordered to advance in that direction, and if possible pick off the gunners and silence the battery. With a single comrade, Charley M., I was making the best of my way in that direction, when he, being about eight feet behind me, fell wounded in the face. I turned back to his assistance, and a shower of bullets fell about me, and, at the same instant, the battery threw grape shot and you can imagine our situation.—Laid down beside him, took off my knapsack, in which I had some bandage, and dressed his wound as best I could. It was on the cheek just under the eye and completely closed it. He said he could follow me if I would lead the way out. We had not taken half a dozen steps when he fell again shot through the right fore arm. He was in terrible pain and was very faint before the blood was stopped. I took hold and helped him along several hundred feet, when we met the major, and with his assistance the flow of blood was checked, but his groans were heart rending. I picked up a rubber blanket, and, with the help of others, carried him back into the woods about half a mile distant where we found the doctors. The mud was knee deep and my shoes were full. I returned to the battle field and reached the front again just as the regt. was being relieved by another one.—I had left my gun, knapsack and haversack with the major, but he had to move to another place before I got back, and my knapsack had been robbed of my rubber blanket, two straps, my haversack, and my tin dipper. We fell back to the edge of the woods in as good a place as possible on the field, and those who had food tried to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Up to this time I had not eaten a single mouthful since we left Yorktown, for I had not been

hungry. While we were resting the enemy made a desperate attack on our left upon the Jersey troops, and succeeded in forcing them back. We were ordered into a new position to meet the attack if they forced the Jerseys into the road. The Jerseys and Michigan troops who were with them fought like tigers and disputed the ground inch by inch. Reinforcements came up at this critical time, and we fell back to give them our place and in so doing the regt. was entirely broken up and scattered. The men only had a few rounds of ammunition and could not have stood long if attacked at that time. A part of our company with the officers retired to a ravine on the right of the road. We were anxiously awaiting the result, seated on the ground, when a piece of shell struck me on the head, making a slight wound which bled freely. The blow was sufficient to knock me over but did not make a serious wound. It is doing well. My head aches but little. I shall be ready for duty in about a week. I was assisted to the doctor and sent to the hospital, but returned to the company the next day. I know nothing more about the fight only that we won the victory and the rebels are on the retreat. We are now encamped on the battle field directly in front of the rebel works. Tuesday was a pleasant day and I took a walk over the scene of action to recover property enough to make good my losses.—The horrible part has been described over and over again and you have read it. Suffice it to say, this battle field was like all others. Let your imagination fill up the picture if you wish. Some prisoners have been taken, but there are so many stories we cannot ascertain the facts. It is also reported that Norfolk and Richmond are taken, but I don't believe it.

Yours Truly,
H. WHITTEMORE.

ON THE ROAD TO RICHMOND,
May 24th, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND,—We are having a rainy day. Have just paid ten cents for a paper, and one of my comrades is to read it to me while I write you a letter. We did some nice shooting at Yorktown. Berdan's men got the praise, but we do not care so long as it was well done, for God knows who shot the fox, I am satisfied our boys did well. One of our men was wounded and is at Fortress Monroe, very low. But we expect these things you know. We do not think so much about it as you do. We feel more than we show we do. Our feelings are fine when you get at them. We have to be rough sometimes. Have seen men here that seemed as though they had forgotten their mother and their God, when occasion requires are very humane and of very tender feelings.—The rebels kept up heavy cannonading the night they left Yorktown. When we went into their entrenchments, everything looked as though they left in a hurry. They were strongly fortified. The towers did not forget to leave torpedo shells to blow our men up. Had not our men been so inquisitive they would not so many of them been blown up. We got some of their supplies, such as flour, molasses, pork and meal, and I know of somebody that had a little poultry. The newspapers may say what they are a mind to about Gen. McCLELLAN, we like him and will fight for him if he stands at the door, as long as he does as well as he has done. He has had everything to contend with. I did not vote for "Old Abe" but think him a noble man. Went a nigger. We took a boat and went up York river to West Point.

They were fighting when we landed. They shelled us, but did no damage; our gun-boats opened on them and they soon stopped their noise. Some of our men were a little careless; they went into the woods and camp and were surprised. Some were driven into a hole and wounded. The negroes in the rebel army cut our wounded men's throats. They cried for quarters, but they butchered them and shot them, showing them no mercy.

They were free negroes that volunteered in the rebel army. If we get at them they will have but a short time to repent. They are a poor set at best, and they do them ditto. The 19th is with us. I go over and see them one in a while, for we like to see one another. I see Moses Blackley every day or two; he is well. Benny Symonds has been slain, but is better. Nat Harris was unwell but is better.—David Jeffry is in our camp now. He is encamped about a mile from us. George Symonds is well, and all the rest of the South Danvers boys. It is quite warm here. Some of our boys were sent struck day before yesterday.—Do not know that any of them died. I keep the men of the South Danvers boys, so if anything happens I shall know it, and they shall not want if I can do anything for them. It is a pleasant country here in fair weather, but when it rains and the army moves the mud is very deep. I cannot write half as much as I want to. We had a heavy thunder shower with hail. Will not undertake to tell how large the hail stones were for fear you will think I am lying. Will give you some idea.—They were as large as the old-fashioned cent, and flat. Tall some of the South Danvers folks to write me, for a letter is a letter.

Yours truly,
J. S. INGALLS.

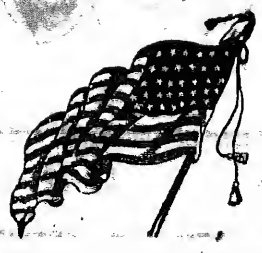
A POPULAR TRAIL.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of gentlemen who are about making their spring purchases of Clothing, to the favorite and well known establishment of Geo. H. Lane, 31 and 32 Dock Square, where they will be sure to find a large and very desirable stock of fashionable garments, adapted to the present season, and at a very low price. Mr. Lane has recently fitted up new apartments for the exclusive sale of Boys' and Youths' Clothing, and the grace and ease which characterise the garments in this department, has already won him hosts of patrons. Lane's popularity will stand the test of time. That's so.

FRESH & FRANKING.—Look at their advertisement of a large stock of Goods which are to be closed out in less than Thirty Days. It will be seen that they have marked down their goods to very low prices, and that they have a good assortment of articles very desirable for this season of the year. Their object in selling out is to change their place of business and go to Boston. This is therefore the last chance for their customers.

FRESH FISH.—Those who have a taste for good fried fish, may be gratified by a call at Mr. Johnson's Fish Market, in the basement of Allen's Building. Mr. Johnson will furnish the fish, but his customers must do the cooking. We had some of the fattest mackerel from his ice box last week that we ever saw. He has fresh fish of many kinds for all varieties of cooking.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1862.



BOY WANTED.—at the Wizard Office—to learn the printing business.

Cheering.

The progress of the national cause the past week has been of the most cheering description. Everywhere the rebel cause has lost ground. BUTLER at New Orleans is fast whipping the city authorities and people into the traces; HALL-LECK is driving Beauregard; FREMONT and BANKS are driving Jackson; McCLELLAN is crowding the enemy on Richmond, and will himself soon be in that rebel city; CURTIS has taken Little Rock City, the capital of Arkansas, and our gun boats have taken Vicksburg. In a more quiet way, BURNSIDE is bringing North Carolina to her senses; DU PONT is approaching Charleston, and that city and Savannah must soon fall. Verily, the work goes bravely on!

Malediction.

We wish to bestow our severest malediction upon all creaking boots and shoes. We are not sure but we shall extend it to the wearers. We do not pretend to be a connoisseur in music, but we pretend to say that the sound of squeaking boots is not musical to our ear. We can bear a steam whistle, a child's crying, a piano forte, the filing of a hand saw, and a squeaking fiddle, but we cannot endure squeaking boots. We notice, too, that other people are annoyed by these ear-torturing pests. We have seen a whole congregation disturbed and their nerves dislocated, as a pair of these tormentors creaked along the whole length of the broad aisle, distracting attention and driving away thought from all else but the horrible infliction. We have noticed, too, that the wearers of these nuisances seem to be uncomfortable when they are made conspicuous by the atrocious music of their sole-leather. Why, then, do they wear them? Why do the cord-wainers make them? There ought to be a law enacted, making it a State Prison offense to make creaking boots, and a misdemeanor to wear them. Is there no cure for a pair of boots afflicted with this disease? Answer us, disciples of St. Crispin. If there is, tell us and we will publish it and make the world more enjoyable. If there is no cure, we advise all owners of these abominable pests, to sell or give them to the old boot-man—but stop—this would be wrong, as they would be used to afflict other communities. Throw them away, bury them out of sight and hearing, and then you may walk the earth with a clearer conscience.

Danvers Literary Circle.

We have recently come in possession of some of the papers, the production of members of this Association, which possess great interest to those who survive and who remember the occasions which called them forth. The discussion of questions proposed by members, was an interesting feature of the society, as it was carried on either orally or by written communications. Some of the latter are still preserved. Several are upon the question, "Does the Soul always think?" Some of the questions were of a political or scientific character. One, which elicited considerable discussion, was upon the "unhealthy character of the East Wind," the debate upon which nearly rose to a tornado. Some of these writings are in the form of essays and poetry and from the hands of those who have gone from us. We insert in another place one of the lighter essays, from the pen of one of the most talented members, now departed, giving an account of an "indignation meeting" of the musical instruments. Its many good hits cannot now be appreciated so well as when the paper was written, which was about the time the organ was first introduced into our churches.

THE BRITISH PRESS.—The London Times and other English papers have somewhat changed their views of our affairs since they have heard of the fall of New Orleans and of our other victories. The evacuation of Yorktown was against all their calculations and prophecies.—They yield their cherished opinions of our prowess only so far as we advance. "Nothing succeeds so well as success."

NEW BOOK BINDERY.—It will be seen by the advertisement that Mr. William S. Hiltz, late of New York, has opened a new bindery in Salem. He is said to be an expert and tasteful workman, and asks a share of public patronage which it is right that he should receive. As this is the season of the year when many of our periodicals close their volumes, it will be a good time to call upon him.

The November Elections.

We notice in the Newburyport Herald a leading article upon the Fall Elections, from which we select the following paragraphs, not that we think the time has arrived to draw the attention of people to the discussion of party subjects but as a matter of local interest in our county and district. We hope the attention of the people will not be turned to party conflicts until just before the time of the elections, and that unanimity and good feeling will then prevail as far as is possible:

The new census of the State reduces our representatives to ten, and the new districting will lead to some changes. The Essex district retains all the towns it had before, and has additions, chiefly to the south part. So far as location has influence it will be more difficult than ever to nominate anybody from this section of the district; and we do not anticipate such an event for years to come. But one person, Hon. A. A. Abbott, present District Attorney, has been added to the district, who would be prominent as a candidate in the convention. He has been talked of, but it is understood that he is satisfied where he is.—Among others, whose names have been mentioned, are Frederic Robinson of Marblehead, Joseph B. Morse of Newburyport, and Asahel Huntington and William D. Northend of Salem. We do not know that either of these gentlemen are anxious for themselves, and there may be other aspirants whose names have not reached us. The probabilities are, however, that Mr. Alley will be re-nominated, should he desire it, as he probably does. The general sentiment is in favor of continuing men longer in the public service than heretofore, and the multiplicity of candidates is also in his favor as well as his very judicious and conservative action during the present session of Congress.

In the County we are to have several elections of importance—the choice of Sheriff, District Attorney, and County Commissioner. Mr. Cary has been a popular Sheriff, but we understand that Lynn will present a candidate. Mr. Abbott may have no competitor; he is more popular now than he has been at any time since he has held the office. Of the County Commissioner little is said as yet, though generally the candidates are numerous. Newburyport has as little interest in the County offices as is possible for a place of so much population and wealth. It is several years since any one of them has been held here, and the excessive modesty of our politicians may bar them from looking in that direction for years to come.

Henry Ward Beecher.

In an article in the Independent written by Henry Ward Beecher, we find an account of the Hanover St. Church in Boston which was under the pastoral care of Lyman Beecher.—We make two extracts, one of them giving an account of the writer's admission to the church, and the other, a sketch of the destruction of the edifice by fire.

If somebody will look in the old records of Hanover street church about 1829, they will find a name there of a boy about fifteen years old, who was brought into the church on a sympathetic wave, and who well remembers how sold and almost paralyzed he felt while the committee questioned him about his "hope" and "evidences," which, upon review, amounted to this: that the son of such a father ought to be a good and pious boy. Being tender-hearted and quick to respond to moral sympathy, he had been caught and inflamed in a school excitement, but was just getting over it when summoned to Boston to join the church! On the morning of the day, he went to church without seeing anything he looked at. He heard his name called from the pulpit among many others, and trembled; rose up with every emotion petrified; counted the spots on the carpet; looked pitifully up at the cornice; heard the fane crack in the pews near him; felt thankful to fly that lit on his face; as if something familiar at last had come to break an awful trance; heard faintly a reading of the Articles of Faith; wondered whether he should go to hell for touching the bread and wine, that he did not dare to take nor to refuse; spent the morning service uncertain whether dreaming, or out of the body, or in a trance; and at last walked home crying, and wishing he knew what, now that he was a Christian, he should do, and how he was to do it. Ah, well; there is a world of things in children's minds that grown-up people do not imagine, though they too once were young!

About this time, say 1829, one night a fire broke out in Hanover street church. The Temperance Reformation had just begun. The "Six Sermons on Intemperance" had just been preached in this church; and at that very time the cellar was filled with liquors, being rented for warehousing purposes! The flames spread rapidly. In the first floor was the Tract Society Room, and the American Board of Foreign Missions. The street was whitened with scattered leaves and papers. The Jolly Brethren, knowing the church only through the fierce edicts of the newspapers, pumped away, singing, "Satan's kingdom is tumbling down—Oing, glory hallelujah." The front part of the building was earliest burned. By a back stair leading into the pulpit, the organist stole in to see the organ gallery in flames, and his instrument dissolving in the fervent heat. His tears were his only words. The loss was great. Many will remember the sermon of the pastor on the Sabbath after the conflagration, in the Salem street church, from the text, "Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers prayed thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." At that, fear and despondency prevailed. It was thought a fatal blow. But only for a day. A new and better house was begun, and under a better site, in Bowdoin St. We saw the stones go up, and the rafters laid. Here for the residue of his ministry in Boston, Dr. Beecher labored until 1852, when he removed to take the Presidency of Lane Seminary in Cincinnati.

ANOTHER MILITARY CAMP AT LYNNFIELD.—Our quiet neighbor town of Lynnfield is likely soon to be animated by military sights and sounds as last summer were seen and heard. The 83d regiment, four companies for the 82d, and six companies for the battalion, will go into camp at Lynnfield, which camp will be called "Camp Edwin M. Stanton," and Col. Maggi, late Lieutenant Colonel of the 21st, will be placed there in command.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

ELIZABETH ROSSMAN, M. V.,
May 27, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND,—I now take up my pen to inform you that I am in good health, and I hope you enjoy the same blessing. I thought you would like to hear all my adventures since I started off to the war, and how much I have done to put down the rebels. You know all about how a stir was made when the Governor's proclamation came out, and how we boys all rallied to save Washington. Every one of us felt that the safety of the whole country rested on his own shoulders, and so we shouldered our muskets in her defense. I did not have any musket, but I took a cane with me until I could be supplied with better means of defense from attack. You don't know how strong and courageous I felt when I started off in the forenoon. Mother felt bad and cried, and after charging me to keep out of all danger, gave me her blessing, and two doughnuts. I promised her that I would come back just as soon as we had put down the rebels, which I knew would be in a very short time. She dried up, and so did I, and I went off pretty bright, considering.

When I got to Salem there was a multitude of people, and as I went through the streets to our army, I thought every one of them was looking at me. No wonder I felt proud to be thus looked upon as one of the defenders of Washington. I was all the stronger for it, and was certain that if the rebels had the city, our company could easily retake it. We were not nearly equipped and started for the cars. I forgot to say that mother provided me with some nice soap, a small hand looking-glass, some spoons of cotton, some needles, a hair brush, a bottle of cologne, some more soap, a tooth brush, and other little indispensables of a soldier's life. These, with my three nicely done-up bosom shirts, made a good size bundle, but I did not then have any knapsack, so I carried it in my hand.

We at length started on our fatiguing march to Boston in the Eastern Railroad train, amidst the firing of cannon, the shouts of the people, and the ringing of the locomotive bells. There was a great crowd gathered at the station to see us off. The ladies were there too, and some smiled, and some cried, and some did both, so there was a good supply of wet cambric. It was a grand time for us soldiers to see how much our patriotism was honored by the fair sex. As we rode along in the cars, I could not help thinking what a sensation would be made in Washington when we arrived, that is, if it was not in possession of the rebels. I was confident that our company would attract the most attention, and that it would have the especial notice of Old Abe.

We arrived in Boston rather late, and marched to the Common, where we rested and took our ration. We had to put up with plain dry bread without a bit of butter! This, thought I, is the way the country treats her brave defenders! Just at the time, too, when butter is the sweetest and best, and plenty of it. I however made up my mind to bear it like a stout-hearted soldier. I felt, too, that when we got to Washington we should be much better. After supper we were marched to our quarters for the night, in the upper loft of a large building in Congress Street. They gave us each a blanket and the bare floor to lie on. How was a man expected to sleep on such a bed? We didn't sleep, for the boys made such an uproar as to make sleep impossible, even on a bed of down.

As may be supposed, we were up early, and in due time were marched off to another building to get our breakfast. It was good enough what there was of it, and enough of it such as it was. The trouble was how to get it. The scene reminded me of the line—

"Now had the Grecians snatched a short repast," and I could fully appreciate the meaning of it. I snatched my portion of it and fell to the rear, but a comrade on my left wing was not so lucky, so I gave him half my ration, leaving myself rather short.

It was a rainy, drizzly morning, and from want of sleep and the state of the weather the boys became rather dull. Just at this time it came out that we were not three months men after all! We all of us turned out for a trip to Washington, stay there three months or less and then go home full of honors. It is now told about that we are held for eight months, and as much longer as Congress please! You ought to have been here to see what a change came over the faces of our brave volunteers when this came out. We were all in a muss, quandary, a perplexity, a stew. Here was a thermometer to test our patriotism. The scale runs from three months to eight, or during the war. The patriotism of some of us stood at "water boils," of others, myself included, it was "fever heat," of others, "blood heat," and of a few more it was only "temperate."—Now there was danger that it would fall down to "zero." I am sure I saw some of our boys where it had fallen to "freezing."

Tired of the loud discussion and wrangling about the time of service, and having made up my mind to do as the rest did, I got liberty to go out and look about the city. I first went up to look at the State House, thinking it might not be there when I got back from the war, and then I went to look up something to make up for my short rations. Went to Parker's and had a splendid dinner for only 85 cents, and wondered why the government did not provide just such fare for the army. It must be horrible to have to eat our rations at Washington without four-pronged forks and napkins. I suppose government will soon provide these conveniences so essential to the comfort of civilized man.

I now took up my line of march back to our quarters in Congress Street, where I safely arrived without any other opposition except from some wide-spread ladies, who filled the whole sidewalk, and sent me into the gutters in the attempts to get around them. When I arrived I found the excitement somewhat abated, as news had come from Washington that the city was as safe from the rebels as South Danvers, and that forces were wanted as much at Buxton's Hill as at the Capitol. "What a fall was there, my countrymen!" What could we now do to show our patriotism? Countermarching orders were momentarily expected from Washington, and, sure enough, they came. I felt led to go home without any more glory, and burned to show off my patriotic ardor, and so did all our company. Just then we got the news that Gen'l McClellan's troops had taken Hanover Court House. This suggested that perhaps our company might, by a strategic movement, be able to take Salem Court House. We started for home to-morrow morning, and I suppose the flags will be all up in honor of our arrival.

Yours,
INVINCIBLE.

Meeting of the Musical Instruments.

According to previous notice, in our public print, the musical instruments met at their room, on the evening of the 23d inst. After a few moments of silence the Violin in a sweet voice stated the object of the meeting, at some length, and then moved that we choose a Moderator. The Tambourine seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted, for which office the Bass Viol was chosen by a small majority. The violin was chosen secretary. The clarionet rose and said—Mr. Chairman, I rise, with diffidence, in this august assembly, to express my views in relation to a subject of the utmost importance to this community. Sir, (Mr. Chairman I would have said) it causes tears of the most unfeigned sorrow, to think, aye, to know, that I am so utterly neglected. Sir, I am the fundamental—

"Mr. Chairman, I call the gentleman to order," said the organ, on his lowest key. The clarionet said he intended no harm to the gentleman on the other side of the house, but with his liberty he would proceed. I say, sir, that I am totally neglected, and I further move the abolition of all instruments but that whose humble name I now represent. The whole joint called for order in a most tremendous tone. The Bassoon now rose and said he would ask the attention of the honorable body for one moment, while he made a few remarks on the neglect which he had of late experienced. "I'll join with you there" said the Bass Viol—yes, sir," continued the Bassoon, "on the same neglect. Hardly one Sunday out of two am I called upon." "Nor I," said the Bass Viol. The Organ now rose, and, after a sort of prelude and a most majestic groan, said, Mr. Moderator, being rather indisposed in my lungs, I shall not detain you but for one moment. Sir, I am of a truly yankee breed—born and bred in the town of Salem—celebrated for my distinguished properties, my fame rang from Salem to Danvers—yes, sir, to this town of Danvers—you complain, gentlemen, of the hardness of the times. But consider one moment, think of me, I have been kept up so late and risen so early, that it is the opinion of those sons of Galen and Hippocrates who ushered me into existence, and inflated my lungs with the breath of heaven, that I have got, or shall have the PHRISIC, and what is worse, my lungs are used, and swelled to such an extent, that, in order to raise my voice so that my lowest Bass can be heard, I have nearly been obliged several times to stop, through absolute indisposition. And what is the cause of this? Why, Mr. Chairman, a musical machine, you stare, sir, and you, gentlemen of the Bassoon and Violin, but it is no less true, that a musical machine is set in motion of its own accord, which utterly destroys all my properties, which are acknowledged good. I have frequently noticed my nearest friend when he has been running his fingers over my keys look me in the face and blush with shame to think that I could not be heard by the congregation. Now, Gentlemen, I appeal to you for relief. You have heard my grievances, and how shall they be remedied? I move, sir, that a committee of three be appointed from the chair to draft a set of resolutions for this society, which was agreed too, mem con. After a few moments the Organ rose and said: "Mr. Chairman, your committee beg leave to submit to the consideration of this society the following resolutions:

1st. That we have entire confidence in one another.

2d. That we think our rights have been infringed.

3d. That we will not perform in any place where we cannot perform.

4th. That we consider it worse than useless to perform in any place where the leader, male or female, sings so loud as to drown all our voices.

5th. That no musical instrument is under obligation to perform in any place unless there be a meeting one Sunday out of two.

6th. Lastly, that we recommend a handsome gratuity to be given to the society for the suppression of intemperance, as we consider the latter to be injurious to our interest.

All of which were unanimously adopted. (Signed) Bass Viol, Chairman.

Attest,—Violin, Secretary.

The Confiscation Bill was passed by the House of Representatives in nearly the same form that it was reported by the Committee of which Mr. Elliot of Massachusetts was chairman. The vote stood yeas 82, nays 62.

The Emancipation bill reported by the same Committee was defeated by four votes, namely—74 yeas to 78 nays. The Massachusetts delegation voted as follows on both measures: Yeas—Messrs. Alley, Buffinton, Elliot, Gooch and Hooper. Nays—Messrs. Dawes, Delano, Rice, Thomas and Train.

Gen. McClellan reports the capture of Hanover Court House, eighteen miles north of Richmond, on the railroad from Richmond to Fredericksburg. Hanover Court House, capital of Hanover County, Virginia, is situated one mile from the Pamunkey River, and is memorable as the scene of Patrick Henry's early triumphs, and in more recent times, as the birthplace of Henry Clay. The railroad from Richmond to the Potomac passes through it.

A MISTAKE.—Gov. Andrew made a sad blunder when he undertook to get to the War Department that Massachusetts, to be relied upon for her quota of men for the war, must be made that emancipation was its object. It looks too much like stating condition the government, and, if adopted by the states, we should be in a poor condition to carry on a war. All kinds of impossible schemes would get into the heads of governors of different states, and one the same right as another to propose conditions or offer bribes as the case might be. There is no true patriotism in a course. We are willing to believe the act of the governor was the result of impulse and not of deliberate thought, and we know that it has received a condemnation from the people that he not likely to repeat it. We have doubt at all of Gov. Andrew's patriotism although we may sometimes question his discretion.

DEATH OF MR. WIGGIN.—We regret to learn that a letter has been received by the friend Mr. WALLACE S. WIGGIN in this city, announcing his death, which took place at the hotel in Louisville, Ky., on Thursday of last week. The circumstances attending the death of Mr. Wiggins at the battle of Pittsburg Landing where he lost his right arm, while fighting in the ranks of the rebel army, and his subsequent removal to Louisville, I have recounted in our columns. Those who knew him, while a lad, in this city and Swasey, will drop a tear to the memory of who was a pleasant companion and kind-hearted young man. "After life's fitful fever sleeps well."—*Lynn Reporter.*

We add our own token of respect to memory of a brother typist at whose house we have worked many a pleasant hour in office in Lynn. A green be the above him.—Pub.

LARGE RHUBARB.—Mr. Tilton shows some stalks of Rhubarb plant as round as a small lady's wrist, weighing pound to the stalk. This plant is one of the pleasantest vegetable acids used in cookery.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you or some of your young patrons parse the following sentence: Perhaps it can be done by some of our scholars. 1. How do you do? 2. Do you know me? 3. This grass looks green.

BLACK KID GLOVES.—Ladies who have been troubled to get good Black Kids, will be glad to learn that they can get them at PEABODY'S as good, soft, and elastic as in other colors. Is now selling the very best Kids, in all colors for 68 cents. Remember at Peabody's, 220 Essex street.

SUPERIOR COURT.—The June Term of the Superior Court commenced in Salem to-day Judge Lord presiding. The juror from South Danvers is Stephen Fernald; Danvers, Reut Wilkins.

FIRE.—A barn in Salem owned by Dr. C. situated in rear of houses Nos. 7 and 9 Ly street, was destroyed by fire about noon on Sunday, together with the contents, comprising some property owned by Mr. Samuel Sheppard who occupies No. 9, and a quantity of furniture stored there by Mrs. Morse, valued about \$200. The building was not very valuable, and Mrs. Morse is probably the greater loser, as she was not insured.

So. Danvers Horticultural Society.

An adjourned meeting of the South Danvers Horticultural Society, for the choice of officers will be held at the Exchange Reading Room THURSDAY (To-morrow) EVE'G, June 6th at 7-1-2 o'clock. A full attendance of members is requested.

M. O. STANLEY, Secretary.
South Danvers, June 4—1w

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.—See the advertisement in our paper of the New England Carpet Co.

The very best Kid Gloves are sold for 68 cts at PEABODY'S. Remember this.

Visit OSBORN'S Store, and look at the unusual variety of new styles in HATS and CAPS, 191 Essex street, Salem.

South Danvers Fish Market.

P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge. ap30

SPECIAL NOTICE. Purchasers of Ladies' Cloth Outside Garments can buy them at Wholesale Prices, of JAMES P. ALMY, 188 Essex, opposite Central street, Salem. We make our own Garments—thereby saving one profit.

EDWARD HAMMOND

Herby gives notice to the people of South Danvers, that he still continues to offer his services, when needed, as an

UNDERTAKER,

and Furnisher of such articles as are used in the solemnization of funerals. His residence is on Hammond's Corner, Wallis street, near the Essex Railroad Station.

South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease of Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in rendering this information is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, and he will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamburg, Mass. my21-3m

King County, New York.

Buy a suit of the new styles of Hosiery, for Gents' Summer wear, at 54 Main St., R. S. D. SYMONDS & CO.

Port of Danvers.

At 24th, Schs. Gen'l Taylor, Jones, N York; h, Elizabeth, Remick, Ellsworth; Cornelia, rrier, and Helena, Harris, Bangor; 28th, tie, Digby; Wm R Newcomb, Bacon, Phila- a; Ada Hobbins, Crowell, N York; 27th, a Perkins, Bridge, Philadelphia.

Marriages.

At Danvers, by Rev Mr Fletcher, Mr Albert Leathers of South Reading, to Miss Susan Jansfield, of Lynnfield; Mr Charles H Giles to Miss Ellen J Campbell, both of D. t Salem, June 2d, Mr John B Copeland, of ton, to Miss Elizabeth N Leach, of Salem.

Deaths.

At this town, 27th ult, Mr Thos Graham, 79. une 2d, Nellie D, daughter of James and y Ann White, 4 weeks. "The bud will in Heaven." t Danvers, Maria, daughter of John and tge Connelly, 15 y, 5 mos, 14 days. t Danvers Center, 30th ult, Mr Otis Mudge, 148 years. t Salem, 28th ult, Miss Eliza Ann Brown, re—daughter of the late Mr Geo. Brown; t Mrs Martha, widow of the late Mr David thum, 90; 30th, Mr John T Pope, 29 ys. t Swampscot, June 1, Mrs CLARA B, wife fr. BENJAMIN CURRIER, aged 24 years— neral this (Wednesday) afternoon. t Howley, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Capt Mo- Todd, 75 yrs. t Boxford, 4th ult, Mrs Hannah G Hood, sw of the late Mr Francis Hood, 80 years.

Advertisements.

WM. S. HILTZ, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BOOK-BINDER, No. 157 Essex Street (up stairs), Salem.

bles, Music, Magazines, Periodicals, and ooks of every description bound with neat- and despatch at the lowest cash prices. em, June 4, 1862. 1 y

Assignee's Notice.

SEX, ss.—The third meeting of the creditors of JOHN V. STEVENS, South Danvers, tanner, will be held at the t of Insolvency in Salem, in the County of x, on the twenty-third day of June inst., at 1 o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting tions may be presented and proved, their is. JOHN V. STEVENS, Assignee.

2 MONITOR. \$22

NEW IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

TWINING MACHINE

Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

mbining all the latest improvements that est mechanical skill can invent. e proprietors, practical Sewing Machine itors, having had many years experience e business, and having devoted the past to the perfection of the MONITOR, are now ent that for simplicity of construction, lence of workmanship and durability, ty of design and finish, the MONITOR may sede all others as the best practical Fam- ing Machine yet offered to the public.— y variety of sewing that can be done n machine can be done on the MONITOR. It a straight needle, and will sew any fabric e most flimsy muslin to the coarsest loth and leather. All kinds of thread direct from the spools without the trouble winding, from the finest cotton and sew- ilk to the coarsest linen.

THE MONITOR

two threads, making the double lock stitch. e is no spool on the under part, like al sewing machines; both are on the upper where any child can adjust them. nident that a first class Family Sewing ine at a moderate price, has long been d to meet the wants of all the poor as as the rich—and believing that such a a- e must command the liberal patronage o eople and find a rapid sale, the proprietors the MONITOR at the extremely low price 22. The MONITOR is warranted to give t satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect five years without charge.

ents wanted in all parts of the United- and the Canadas to whom the most lib- nducements are offered.

l communications must be addressed to undersigned, at the Bureau Sewing Machine- and Patent Exchange,

6 Washington st, Boston.

PHOS. DERMOT, Sole Agent. ne 4—6m

NEW BOOKS

G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S—190 Essex street.— e Old Judge, by Judge Halliburton, au- of Sam Slick; The Horse-Owner's Guide, ractical Instructions on the Horseman's s.—The Horses' Teeth—The Horse in h—the horse in sickness—the horse's— the age of the horse—treatment of his e—how to buy a horse. Embracing also- ber of the most valuable recipes in use e best European Veterinarians, never be- brought into public notice, illustrated with plates; History of the War, No 21;— hly Religious Magazine. June 4

GENERAL MITCHELL.

excellent Card Photograph of the Astron- mer General—also many other desirable ts, just received by G. M. WHIPPLE & A A SMITH

SUMMER READING.

the new books are put into our Sub- scription Circulating Library, as soon as hed—only \$4 a year, with privilege of ooks out at a time. G. M. WHIPPLE & A A SMITH.

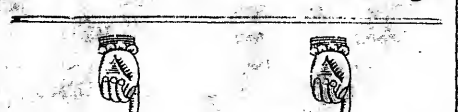
TOILET WARE.

COY and White Toilet Ware, in complete ts, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

FOOT TUBS.

ANNED FOOT TUBS, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

Browning & Long.



NOW OPEN

BROWNING & LONG'S,

No. 177 Essex Street,



Through our special agent in New York, we are daily receiv- ing New Goods as fast as they appear in that Market.

JUST RECEIVED,

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

LACE VEILS,

In every style and quality, which we of- fer at unusually

LOW PRICES.

JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE STOCK OF

RICH EMBROIDERIES,

—AND—

LACES.

"New Styles"

ETRUSCAN COLLARS and CUFFS, in

MUSLIN AND CAMBRIC.

"New Styles"

REAL POINT,

POINT APLIQUE,

THREAD LACE and

MALTA COLLARS and SETTS.

New Styles best ENGLISH CRAPE,

COLLARS AND SETTS.

—ALL AT—

LOW PRICES.

JUST RECEIVED

A FULL VARIETY OF

PLAIN CAMBRIC,

NAINSOOK, and

MUSLIN SETTS,

With LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS.

—ALSO—

Ladies', Misses' and Boys'

Linen Collars,

The best makes and finish.

Lace and Cambric Ruffles.

IN GREAT VARIETY.

We have made arrangements to have these Goods refinished equal to new.

JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE INVOICE OF

FRENCH CORSETS,

Making our assortment replete in every variety. Also, a large stock of

Watch Spring Skirts,

which, with all goods, we are selling at

LOW PRICES.

BROWNING & LONG,

—Successors to—

J. MAYER.

No. 177 Essex Street,

SALEM, MASS.

Salem, June 4, 1862.

George S. Walker.

Notice to Gentlemen.

FOR THE WARM WEATHER.

Summer Merino Under Shirts; Gauze Merino Under Shirts; Gossamer Merino Under Shirts; Silk Merino Under Shirts; Silk and Wool Under Shirts; Cotton Under Shirts;

IN EXTRA LARGE AND SMALL SIZES.

Summer Merino, Silk and Unbleached Cotton Drawers, in sizes from 28 to 44 inches.

Summer, Merino, Lisle, Silk and Unbleached Cotton Half Hose, in a great variety of styles and in all sizes.

These Goods were bought early in the winter, before the advance, for Cash, and will be sold at less than last winter's prices.

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James F. Almy.

SILK OUTSIDE GARMENTS.

WE have opened THIS DAY, a great variety of

Ladies' Silk Outside Garments,

We are closing CLOTH GARMENTS at Wholesale Prices.

JAMES F. ALMY,

188 Essex, opposite Central st., Salem.

Advertisements.

CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

Furnishing Goods, &c.

A new and fashionable stock of Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, etc., kept constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices for Cash, at

No. 54 Main st., Trask's Building,

R. S. D. Symonds & Co.,

So. Danvers, May 28. Agents.

HORSES FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for sale a lot of young and sound HORSES, just received from

Vermont and Canada. They may be seen at the stable of

Burnham's Express, opposite Lowell Railroad Station, and will be sold at good bar-

gains for the purchaser. Such an opportunity to obtain a good family or working horse, does not often occur.

E. F. BURNHAM.

South Danvers, May 28.

Assignee's Sale of Real Estate in South Danvers.

Will be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the sixth day of June next, at 4 o'clock, p.m.

THE FINE ESTATE, situated in South Danvers, at the corner of Central and Stevens Streets, hitherto the residence of Mr. John V. Stevens.

The Dwelling House and Buildings are well finished, commodious, and in perfect order, and the land well stocked with choice fruit trees.

Also a lot of land on Stevens Street, opposite the last described premises, and adjoining land of the town of South Danvers.

The sale will be on the premises. Per order of

JOHN V. STEVENS, Assignee.

STEPHEN UPTON, Auctioneer.

South Danvers, May 28, 1862.

Assignee's Notice.

IN INSOLVENCY. The undersigned has been duly appointed Assignee of the estate of

DAVID DANIELS & COMPANY, of South Danvers, in the County of Essex, shoe manufacturers, insolvent debtors:

The second meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtors will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Salem, in said county of Essex, on the ninth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.

A. A. ABBOTT, Assignee.

South Danvers, May 28, 1862—2w

Sheriff's Sale.

ESSEX ss. May 12, 1862. Taken on two executions, and will be sold at public auc-

tion on THURSDAY, the 19th day of June next, at 4 o'clock, p.m., on the premises here-

inafter described, all the right that JEREMIAH DRESNAHAN has of redeeming the fol-

lowing described mortgaged real estate, to wit:

A certain lot of Land with a Dwelling House thereon, situate on Washington st., in South Danvers, in said county, and bounded north-

erly by said Washington street, southerly by land of Goodridge, westerly by land of Thomp-

son, and easterly by land of Douglas Osborn. DANIEL POTTER, Deputy Sheriff.

South Danvers, May 28, 1862—3w

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.

The current of trade is always turned to that House which sells at the lowest prices.

From the great auction sale of English Car-

pets in New York, on the 8th inst., we are now receiving English Tapestries, Velvets and Brus-

sels, which we shall sell for less than import- ers' prices.

Also, an invoice of very choice and elegant Tapestries, imported especially for the Broad-

way City Sales.

Also, an invoice of the new productions of Higgins' celebrated American manufacture of

Tapestries and Velvets.

Also, an invoice of State Mills Tapestries, subject to manufacturers' slight imperfections in weaving, at low prices.

Also, an invoice of Canton Matting, assorted widths, at low auction prices.

Also, an invoice of Floor Oil Cloths, com-

prising the entire stock on hand of a celebra- ted manufacturer at factory prices.

Systems strictly adhered to:

We buy all our goods for cash down. We make all sales for cash down. We make no variations from our prices.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY, 75 Hanover Street, Boston. may 28—3w*

John P. Peabody.

Ladies !

Have you visited PEABODY'S

Ladies' Furnishing Store, 220

Essex Street, Salem? If not,

you had better read this adver-

tisement, and then go and see his

extensive stock of New Goods.

THE NEWEST STYLES,

THE LOWEST PRICES.

BONNET RIBBONS, BONNET RIBBONS, BONNET RIBBONS, BONNET FLOWERS, BONNET FLOWERS, BONNET FLOWERS,

FLOWERS, FLOWERS, FLOWERS, FLOWERS, FLOWERS, FLOWERS,

LACE VEILS, LACE VEILS, LACE VEILS, LACE VEILS, LACE VEILS, LACE VEILS,

HOSIERY, HOSIERY, HOSIERY, HOSIERY, HOSIERY, HOSIERY,

Kid Gloves, 68 cents, Kid Gloves, 68 cents, Kid Gloves, 68 cents, Kid Gloves, 68 cents, Kid Gloves, 68 cents,

Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts,

The Best Goods, The Best Goods, The Best Goods, The Best Goods, The Best Goods,

Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts, Clasp Corsets, 88 cts,

Cord Nets, 15 cents, Cord Nets, 15 cents, Cord Nets, 15 cents, Cord Nets, 15 cents, Cord Nets, 15 cents,

At PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, At PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, At PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, At PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street, At PEABODY'S, 220 Essex street,

VOL. III.	SOUTH DANVERS:	MASS. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1862	NO.
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Trainer, Glazier and Paper Hanger,
64 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
DOWNS and BLINDS cheap for cash.
16-17

made out to get a dinner from an over-
num, but I could find no work.' work
and where have you looked to-day? time
n, everywhere. I have been to a cents

ollar; and thus he continued to
for a week, and at the end of which
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 and that the neck of Secession was
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say, been reproduced faithfully. in my
And I note, our happy line, and said

of complicated wheel-work for
anican, a pair of globes for a
er, a nautical compass for the
(continued on fourth page.)



hat time comes we do not look for immediate peace but for a long and bloody struggle; yet it will be a shorter one than if the government is required to carry on the war and protect slavery at the same time.

National Tax Bill.
We propose the following additions to the Tax Bill now under consideration in Congress, to aid in the raising of revenue to sustain the war and provide means for carrying on the government. We think if this amendment was adopted and the taxes collected it would add materially to the national revenue and be strictly a tax upon luxuries.

For smoking long pipes or short pipes, 2 cts. each.
Cigars of higher cost, 5 cts.
Cigar pipe, 2 cts.
Meerschaum, 5 cts.; if colored, 10 cts.
Short Duden, very black, 1 ct.
For a drink of Soda Water, 1 ct.
Ale, Beer, or Cider, 2 cts.
Anything stronger, 5 cts.
Riding in an Omnibus of 12 seats with 25 passengers, 5 cts. each.
Pulling a door bell and running away, 25 cts.
Discharging tobacco juice on a white fence, 20 cts.
On a fence of any other color, 15 cts.
On the floor of a public hall, 10 cts.
Profane language, each word, 20 cts.
Driving a fast horse, 10 cts.
Stealing at young ladies in the street, 10 cts. each.
Wearing breaking boots in the street, 10 cts. in church, 50 cts.
Tall stove-pipe hats, 25 cts.
Tail Bonnets, 20 cts.
Broad skirts, over 15 feet circumference, 50 cts.
Eating pea nuts at a public lecture, 10 cts.
Writing with pencils in library books, 30 cts.
On remotes and gate posts, 20 cts.
Drinking Rye Coffee without sweetening, 5 cts. in church, 10 cts.
Looking into people's windows, 12 cts.
Going to Washington to fight rebels and coming back next day, 75 cts.
Illegible superscription on a letter, 8 cts.
Singing songs in the street after ten o'clock, P. M., 25 cts.
Lending an umbrella, 10 cts.
Returning a borrowed one, 15 cts.
Astray in summer, 15 cts.
Eating out with a two-pronged fork, 70 cts.
Ladies wearing Garibaldi dresses, 10 cts.
Trying to "beat down" the price of postage stamps, 5 cts.
Spilling Congress water on a K. 10 cts.
Forgetting to wind up the clock, 5 cts.
Blowing out the gas flame on going to bed, 20 cts.
Leaving the front door unfastened, 5 cts.
Omitting to search the house for robbers before going to bed, 10 cts.
Neglecting to subscribe for the Wizard, \$1.50.
Forgetting to pay for it, \$2.00.

The Object of the War.
We have so frequently stated that, in our view, the sole object of this war on our part, is to free the existing rebellion and not to emancipate the slaves; that it is wholly unnecessary to repeat it, except to anticipate the occurrence of events which may compel the government to emancipation. We have all along maintained that it may reach this point before the war can be ended, but the time is not yet. As the war progresses and it is found that its leaders, and with them the great body of the southern people, obstinately and persistently refuse peace on the basis of the Constitution, it is well to imagine whether there is any other object of conquering a peace. Their great arch-leader, Jeff Davis, declares that they are not to be brought to terms, but to continue the war twenty years in Virginia. In all the places of importance restored to our army, the union sentiment is found to be so slight that there seems at present no hope of its prevailing to such an extent as to restore the several states to their allegiance.

If this state of things continues it will soon be time to change the object of the war, but to ascertain the best means of bringing it to a speedy close. The square looks lively on occasions of success to our arms, by the display ofunting. Among the flags almost daily floating to the breeze, are those from the house of Dr. Osborne, the jewelry store of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Williams's periodical store, the Branch Railroad freight station, the room of the Everet club, and occasionally above them all, the noble flag at the top of the tall flagstaff in the center of the Square.

Gen. Casey's Division.
The repulse of these troops in the fight before Richmond ought not to be criticized too severely. Nothing is more common in war than for the best troops to give way under a first charge of a powerful enemy. The attacking party always has the advantage of enthusiasm and choice of time and place of attack. It requires more nerve and steadiness to receive a charge than to make one. The events of this war show that the early success has almost uniformly been with the first onset. It was so with McDowell at Bull Run, Lyon at Wilson's creek, Beauregard at Shiloh, and now at Richmond we witness the same effects of an enthusiastic and powerful force thrown upon a resting column. Gen. Casey is said to be an able army officer, and his troops are probably equal to the average of our forces.

The Star-Spangled Banner.
Our Square looks lively on occasions of success to our arms, by the display ofunting. Among the flags almost daily floating to the breeze, are those from the house of Dr. Osborne, the jewelry store of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Williams's periodical store, the Branch Railroad freight station, the room of the Everet club, and occasionally above them all, the noble flag at the top of the tall flagstaff in the center of the Square.

Post Office-Ladies' Entrance.
Ladies will find an entrance to the Post Office between Mr. E. F. Stevens's Jewelry Store and the Post Office Building. We are satisfied that the lady visitors to the Office are in favor of an entrance exclusively for themselves, and we have therefore caused this passage-way to be re-opened.

Boxes similar to those at the other entrances have been provided, which will be rented at 15 cents per quarter. Ladies leaving boxes at the front entrance can have them transferred upon application to the office. There are some boxes to rent at the front office at the above low rate, the quarter ending on the first of October. Persons wishing to secure boxes will please apply at the office.

Lawyer.—Mr. Thompson thus reports the result of his engagement at Washington: "The enemy came out two to one, and whipped me, when I left."

The Soldier's Aid Society.

Now is the time to awaken new interest in this benevolent association of ladies which has already done so much for the comfort not only of our own brave townsmen, but of other soldiers engaged in the war. In order to afford all, both men and women, and we may add, children, an opportunity to contribute to the funds of this Society, it is proposed to place a box in some public place, perhaps at the Post Office, to receive the offerings of the people. Let this plan be encouraged. The smaller coins will be acceptable and so will the larger. Let the free will offerings come as a shower, and as often as we see a returned soldier, sick or maimed, let us be reminded of those in the camps and hospitals who miss the comforts which this Society can supply, if it has the means. As often as we hear of a battle or sickness in the army, let new exertions be made and new contributions offered.

The following letters of acknowledgment, which we are permitted to publish, will give some idea of what our Ladies Aid Society are doing and how their bounty is appreciated.

It is well also to bear in mind those sick and wounded who are daily expected to arrive in Boston, who will need all the aid and care which our Sisters of Charity can bestow.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1862.
To Mrs. HENRY COOK, Boston, Mass.
Dear Madam:—A barrel containing most valuable hospital stores was received by me a few days ago, with the South Danvers Express. Co's label upon it, so I have presumed that it came from yourself and the good ladies of your vicinity, no letter having been received in regard to it. In the absence of Mrs. Fiske at Pittsburgh Landing, I will see that the articles are properly disposed of in the hospitals here. There will soon be a great demand for such things. Yesterday I saw fifteen four horse wagons loaded with the wounded, just brought from battle in the neighborhood of Williamsburg, Va.

My wife will return home in a few weeks to continue her labors here. She has been about about five weeks, helping to take care of the sick and wounded in the West, and in returning them to their homes, or to hospitals, where they could be better cared for than in Tennessee.

In the meantime hospital stores will be thankfully received here.
Respectfully yours,
JOS. T. FALKS.

United States Sanitary Commission—N. E. Women's Auxiliary Association.

BOSTON, May 31, 1862.
To Mrs. HENRY COOK, Boston, Mass.
Dear Madam:—We have just received, through you, from the ladies of South Danvers, a most welcome and generous donation of sheets, shirts, drawers, handkerchiefs, hose, shoes, pillows, ticks, towels, fans, bandages, flannel, sponges, stationery, dressing gowns, and one piece of cotton cloth all of which we shall take great pleasure in forwarding as articles which have been sadly needed and will be most gladly welcomed by our suffering soldiers in hospital.

Respectfully yours,
MISS WILLIAMS,
Of the Executive Committee.

Photographs.

A lively article on photographs appears in our columns to-day. These pictures are interesting to examine, not only on account of their resemblance to the sitters, but there are not a few cases where they are found to be good likenesses of others. We know of some stereoscopic pictures which are strong likenesses of persons who never saw the artist who produced them. It seems strange that a picture, taken of a person in Germany or France, should be a striking likeness of another person here, but we have known such an instance of remarkable resemblance. This is not the only one, where a better likeness has thus been accidentally discovered, than could be obtained by an actual sitting. It is undoubtedly true that no two persons look exactly alike, but these pictures make them seem so. Those who have looked over many portraits will call to mind such cases of marked likeness to some well-known friend, so striking as to excite pleasure and surprise.

So. Danvers Horticultural Society.

At a meeting of the South Danvers Horticultural Society, held on the following gentlemen were chosen Officers and Standing Committee for the ensuing year:

President.—LAWRENCE ALLEN.
Vice President.—John V. Stevens, Warren M. Jacobs, Stephen Blaney.
Treasurer.—F. Baker.
Secretary.—M. O. Stanley.
Finance Committee.—F. Baker, Lewis Allen, Stephen Blaney.

Committee on Fruit.—Hiram Plumer, Stephen Blaney, Joseph Fenderson, A. H. Sanger, A. K. Abbott, T. A. Sweetser, J. V. Stevens, W. D. Toole, T. B. Proctor, Sumner Southwick, Geo. T. Osborne.

Committee on Flowers.—George C. Fiske, A. L. Pearson, Dr. Joseph Osgood, Jefferson Taylor, B. O. Perkins.

Committee on Vegetables.—Henry Root, Jas. Perry, A. W. Bancroft, Henry A. King, Henry A. Hardy.

Committee on Gardens.—Rufus H. Brown, E. W. Jacobs, Henry Cook, B. C. Perkins, Nathan H. Poor.

The Beginning of the End.

There is no room to doubt that the more intelligent of the rebels begin to comprehend their situation, and they must be discouraged at the prospect. Their newspapers begin to show this feeling, so far as they dare, and with a boldness which they would not be permitted to display if the rebel government felt very secure of its continued rule. The Richmond Examiner foresees plainly that if Richmond is captured, the rebel cause is lost, and broadly intimates that McClellan has, so far, outgeneraled the Confederate commanders. It adds that if these leaders do not change their policy, "the country will seek to save itself by a new creation of commanders and rulers; adding thus to all our calamities and difficulties, that of revolution."

Such plain talk would not be allowed in the rebel states six months ago, and it shows that the bubble of secession is, on the eve of explosion. The Examiner is not alone in complaints against the Confederate authorities. Other rebel papers in Memphis, Montgomery and other cities threaten the government for not showing more respect for the people's will.

The Examiner, which, by the way, has removed itself from Richmond to Petersburg, thus reviews the work of the year:

What have been the results of the campaign in Virginia? The war has lasted a year. Many battles have been fought. In every one of the battles fought in Virginia, with the exception of Cheat Mountain and Roanoke, the Confederate soldiers have had the advantage; yet, never in advance, abandoning position after position, according to rule and square, till now the state is nearly all swallowed by the enemy, its fields desolated, farm houses sacked, the slaves wandering in troops, the people a nation in exile, and the capital still safe only on the supposition that the president of the past shall here be abandoned. It is time to give a protest against president, and to put solemn warning to all those, if any there be, who propose to continue the campaign in Virginia as it has been commenced.

Rev. Mr. Quint.

A life in the midst of war in a Slave State soon convinces a pro-slavery man that slavery is the cause of this rebellion as will be seen by the following extract from Rev. Mr. Quint's letter in the Congressionalist.

Many of our readers will remember his strong opposition to any agitation of the slavery question. He has become a convert to Mr. Sumner's views; that slavery tends to barbarism. As Mr. Quint is personally acquainted here, it is well as more publicly known as a member of the Board of Education, the extracts possess peculiar interest for our readers.

The passage through Winchester illustrates again the influence of southern education. Man were repeatedly shot after having been captured. Women had accumulated pistols and hand-grenades, and used them on helpless men. What causes this? The education of slavery. That brutalizes the people it curses. In the town of Winchester, when we occupied it, not a house was robbed, not a woman insulted. Such is the return. We be to that town when our troops set it again. As Sodom was, it is as Sodom is, I trust it will be. But what else is to be expected? "Conciliate" Conciliate rattle-snakes, if you will. The spirit of a slaveholder, as such, is the spirit of hell.

There are other indictments for similar offences against Mr. Woodbury, on which he has not yet been tried.

Gen. Beauregard's official report of the battle of Pittsburg Landing has been published. He acknowledges a loss of 10,000 in the action of both days, of which number 1,720 are reported as killed, 5,015 as wounded and 3,265 as missing. After paying a tribute to the general gallantry of his officers and men, he adds that "others retired shamefully from the field on both days while the thunder of cannon was the battle of mauls; told them that their brothers were being slaughtered by the rebel legions of the enemy." He says he has ordered "the most conspicuous upon this roll of legends and cowards to be published." He admits that the substantial fruits of the partial victory on Sunday over the troops of Gen. Grant were snatched from his grasp by the arrival of Gen. Buell's army.

Mr. SHELLEY and his family, in Paris, are endeavoring to make a political impression by grand dinners and living in a more stylish shape than Minister Dayton maintains. They have also the advantage of speaking French and English equally well. But it all has no result such as was looked for. The only impression made is a pleasant one on the living of the monarchs of the parvenues. However, Shelley is very rich, and can well afford to indulge in these luxuries of living.

PARROT.—Our jolly neighbor, E. S. Flint, still refuses to take Confederate money in exchange for his oranges and bananas. He is constantly receiving fresh arrivals of foreign fruit, and sells it readily for U. S. currency.

OURLOSS.—At the late battle of Fair Oaks we lost 800 killed, 3,221 wounded, 1,222 missing—making a total of 5,243.

Mr. Peabody's Gift to London.

Through the attention of a friend, we have obtained the loan of a copy of the London Times of the 23d ultimo, which contains the proceedings of the Common Council of London, on the occasion of voting the "freedom of the city in a gold box" to Mr. PEABODY. We are enabled to-day to give only a portion of the excellent speech of Mr. CHARLES REED on that occasion, reserving the remainder till next week:

Mr. CHARLES REED, pursuant to notice, proceeded to move a resolution founded on the recent munificent donation of 100,000 by Mr. George Peabody towards the relief of the suffering poor of the metropolis. At the present time, he said, the country rang with the name of a man hitherto but little known among us, who by an act of unparalleled munificence had laid this city and the nation at large under the deepest obligations. (Cheers.) If it were a more question of money-giving, large as the amount undoubtedly was, he should not have submitted a motion such as that he was about to propose to the Court, because the bestowment of money did not in itself necessarily give any evidence of the charity of the donor (hear, hear); some men gave grudgingly and meanly, others lavishly and indiscriminately, while some bequeathed with a regretful relaxing of a word grasp hoarded treasure which it was impossible for them to retain. But the free-handed charity of which he spoke commanded their profoundest admiration, and it was because it bore about it the tokens of unaffected and overflowing benevolence that he asked them to confer upon the donor an honor which if it could be purchased with money would be utterly valueless, but being the reward of the truly meritorious alone, was ever accepted as a mark of high distinction. (Hear, hear.)

About fifty years ago a youth entering upon the busy scenes of commercial life, with a patriarchal example before him, registered this vow:—"If God spares my life and prospers me in business, then the property with which I may become possessed I will devote to His glory in seeking the good of my fellow-men, wherever their claims may seem to roost upon me." (Hear, hear.) The promise of the youth had been the life-long purpose of the man, and George Peabody had given to the world a splendid example of unwavering fidelity to an early resolution. (Cheers.) Prospered beyond his utmost expectations, he revisited the home of his childhood in 1825, and founded in Danvers, Massachusetts, an educational institution for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen at a cost of 30,000. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and the wealthy London merchant went out again in 1827 to build and endow in Baltimore, where he had first commenced his business career, an institution devoted to science and morality, and embracing a free library, which had already cost him more than 100,000. (Cheers.) This might seem to have been enough for one man; but, resolute to his purpose, Mr. Peabody considered that a residence in this metropolis implied a claim upon his bounty, and he was not slow to recognise the liability. He said:—"It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a stranger in a strange land, for in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period I have constantly received kindness, sympathy, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, encouraged by early associations, and stimulated by my views as well of duty as of inclination to follow the path which I had hitherto marked out for my guidance, I have been prompted for several years past repeatedly to state to some of my confidential friends my intention at no distant period, if my life were spared, to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London." And thus the opulent banker, retiring from business, and with an feeble health referring to his native land, ratified his word by severing at once and for ever the sum of 100,000 for the poor of this metropolis. (Cheers.) It was nobly done; the gift was as graceful as it was great, and one knew not which most to admire—the breadth of the liberality, or the pious simplicity of spirit which enhanced it. (Cheers.) Here was a man, a denizen of this city, bound to us by no ties but those of common humanity, at a crisis when some men delighted themselves in reviving the memory of ancient jealousies, talking loudly of national animosities and implacable hatred, who stood out and rebuked our unworthy suspicions by an act of kindness to our people, which brought the blush of shame to our cheeks; as we thought of merchant princes of our own who, living, had been strangely insensible to the claims of Christian charity, and, dying, had left no trace behind. (Hear, hear.)

There probably was never a larger funeral procession in Boston than that which followed the remains of Cornelius Doherty to the grave on Monday last. He was an Irishman, and a man of respectability and wealth. The funeral cortege, besides associations on foot, numbered nearly 800 carriages.

GEN. HUNTER had nearly two regiments of black soldiers under arms, and the prospect is that they will soon be able to garrison the fortified places while the white army moves inland. The black regiments in the English service in the West Indies, make very serviceable soldiers.

EXHUMATION OF THE BODIES OF SOLDIERS.—Notice is given by the War Department that the further exhumation of bodies of deceased soldiers, in cases where public means of transportation would have to be relied on, cannot be permitted, and has been prohibited.

PERSONAL.—One year ago, on the 3d of May, Jeff Davis sent an ear of corn to Gen. Scott, to show him to what straits the Union forces would be reduced if they invaded Virginia. One year has elapsed, and now Jeff would be glad of a return of the gift.

FOUNDING LETTERS.—The Cape Ann Advertiser states that many letters sent to that place by the soldiers, and containing money, have failed to come to hand, and the editors of that paper have also come in for a share of the loss.

THE TREMONT WEEKLY. is the title of a new paper devoted to music and literature. It is handsomely printed on large paper. Published by Russell and Patee, 108 Tremont Street Boston, at \$1 per year in advance.

Gen'l Butler.

It is generally admitted that Gen. Butler is the right man in the right place. He exhibits tact in his administration. He understands his position and that of others, and he knows precisely what to do in any exigency. This is visible in the ludicrous position in which the City Council was placed when they tendered the freedom and hospitalities of the city to the French frigate Catinet. He informs them that

"This action is an insult, as well to the United States, as to the friendly and powerful nation towards whose officers it is directed." The offer of the freedom of a captured city by the captives would merit letters patent for its novelty, were there not doubts of its usefulness as an invention. The tender of its hospitalities by a government to which police duties and sanitary regulations only are entrusted, is simply an invitation to the calaboose or the hospital.

The United States authorities are the only ones here capable of dealing with amicable or unamiable nations, and will see to it that such acts of courtesy or assistance are extended to any armed vessel of the Emperor of France, as shall testify the national, traditional and hereditary feelings of grateful remembrance with which the United States government and people appreciate the early aid of France, and her many acts of friendly regard, shown upon so many national and fitting occasions.

Now we look upon the above as pretty plain speaking, and the rebel government were probably able to understand and profit by it. It is not only plain but racy, and a little tart, just enough to give it a flavor. It is worthy of the second "Hero of New Orleans," whose strong will and prompt action remind us of the military career of the first.

George H. Tucker.

The following letter gives all the information now known of the whereabouts of Mr. George H. Tucker, of this town. His friends are waiting very anxiously for other intelligence:

CAMP OF 2d MASS. REGIMENT,
WILLIAMSPORT, Md., May 31.

Mrs. TUCKER.—Dear Madam,—Your letter to your husband came this morning, and in order to relieve the anxiety of his friends at home in regard to him—which they would certainly feel if their letters remained unanswered—I took the liberty of opening and answering it. George is probably a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. He had been unwelcome for a day or two previous to our move. Our march from Strasburg to Winchester, together with the skirmish Saturday night, used him up. He was in the battle of Winchester, but was uninjured. When the retreat commenced he was unable to run, and fell out of the ranks at Winchester. I think he went into a house, and was taken prisoner when the rebels came up to him. He may, however, have escaped, and may yet come in, but hardly think it probable. If I learn anything more of him I will write you. It is probable that in a few days we will discover the fate of all our men.

Truly yours,
B. A. PHALEN,
1st Serg't Co. C, 2d Mass. Reg't.

DANVERS.—Heavy Robbery.—A whole Stock of Goods Stolen.—We learn from Marshall's Express, that the Merchant Tailoring Establishment of Mr. Geo. C. Cook, in the Village Bank Building, Danvers, was entered some time during Wednesday night last, and goods, consisting of ready-made clothing, pieces of broadcloths, cassimeres, doekins, vestings, &c., to the value of ten or twelve hundred dollars stolen therefrom. From appearances, it seems the store was entered in the rear of the building, by prying up one of the large windows in the back room, with some kind of an iron instrument, by which the fastenings on the window were broken. After the rogues had gained access to this apartment, they came to a door which opens into the main room of the store, fronting on Main street. This door was looked on the inside next the street, as is the usual custom, and the key left in the lock. The rogues probably, finding this to be the fact, bored some twenty or twenty-five holes with a common half-inch bit or auger and made an opening in the door near the lock, of about four by six inches, thereby gaining access to the key, and unlocking the door they entered the front room as above stated. The goods of Mr. Cook, who had recently made some additions to his stock, and was contemplating an enlargement of his business, were nearly all taken away by the thieves. No trace of the goods or thieves has as yet been discovered. The Fancy Goods Store of Mr. Levi Merrill, on the same floor next adjoining, and whose stock of goods was quite as inviting, were not molested in the least.—Observer.

DEGENERATION OF THE NEGRO.—The Cairo Gazette suggest that the Constitutional Convention of Illinois prohibit the inter-marriage of negroes and abolitionists, "on the ground that such connections degenerate the negro."

WENHAM.—On Tuesday morning the extra baggage-train of the Eastern Railroad struck a valuable horse belonging to Mr. J. H. Whipple, which was grazing on the track, and killed him instantly.

The Louisville Journal says:—"It is stated that Beauregard is in sore want of money. This is strange when we consider what a big check Buell and Grant lately gave him on the bank of Tennessee."

Gov. Sprague will be the youngest man in the United States Senate. We are not aware that a younger man ever has been honored with a seat in that august body.

"Where will Jeff Davis stop?" asks a contemporary. The Post answers, "Where Beauregard said he would water his horse, probably."

The alarm of fire Sunday noon was occasioned by the burning of a chimney, or some other inconsiderable fire, in Beverly.

The liabilities of the Southern Confederacy are reported as upwards of \$410,000,000. Who pays them?

A favorable chance is offered to furnish your Dwellings with New Carpets. See advertisement of New England Carpet Co.

Don't fail to read the advertisements.

From Caroline Amanda.

Mr. Editor.—I have been in the way some little time past of perusing your valuable paper, and have been much interested in contents. In a late issue, a story by M. Kyle Dallas, giving some account of her visit to Slammerville, was to me exceedingly interesting. And by the way, Mr. Editor, who this Miss Mary Kyle Dallas? Does she live South Danvers? If she does, could you give me an introduction to her? I would please to have a little conversation with her. Perhaps she would tell me where Slammerville is. I wonder whether Mr. Jones has found kinder maid to woo. It seems very strange to me that she did not accept his very generous offer. How could she have had the heart add the disappointment of spurned affection the already inconsolable grief of the poor d man at the loss of his young and loving wife? Would it not be a vocation congenial to the spirit of even a ministering angel to bind the wounds in his bruised heart, to dispel the dark clouds that hover over his spirit, and to be to him a confidant in his sorrows, a share of his joys, while my bosom should be a pillow whereon to rest his weary aching head. Excuse me, Mr. Editor, I did not mean to say I meant the well, I don't know what I mean. But really, I have met with such unfortunate bereavement this morning that could not help sympathizing with Mr. Jones his sorrows. Would you believe it? My dog—my dear little Flora—this morning fell into a tub of hot water, and was sealed death! O! poor, dear little Flora! As lifted him from the fatal tub and took him my bosom, O, could you have seen the grief and imploring look he turned upon me from those sweet, and eyes, while every nerve quivering in anguish, and then closed the forever "in that last peaceful sleep that know no waking."

Do you remember those beautiful and often quoted lines of Moore's, commencing: "Never reared a bright gazelle"? I have been trying all day to recall them, they seem so comforting and consoling. Though it seems little singular that those in sorrow should take comfort in knowing that others have been just as miserable, or are, even now, making themselves so, by their sympathy with us. Might it not be a consolation in the bitter cup of Mr. Jones' affliction to know that even in the darkest hour of bereavement my soul throbs with his in the sadness of congenial sorrow, and that I would willingly share his sorrows and minister to the anguish of his bruised heart.

I have written, sir, much more than I intended. Please excuse the outpourings of a burdened heart, and if possible will you gratify me with the intelligence I seek, while I remain Ever thine,

CAROLINE AMANDA.

P. S.—Dear Sir,—Can you inform me how far it is to Slammerville, and whether it would be safe for a comparatively young and lovely lady to travel alone in that direction. C. A.

JOHN B. GOUGH was born in Kent county, England, August, 1817, and came to this country when he was twelve years old. He learned the book binder's trade at the Methodist Book House in New York, and in the same city he learned to be a drunkard till he sunk in the extreme of poverty and wretchedness. He came to Newburyport where he married in 1839, and carried on his trade; but he did little better there than in New York, till the Washington Reformation, when he took the pledge. The pledge he could not keep; his wife and child died; and next he turned up in Worcester, once more having signed the pledge, in 1842. The next year he commenced lecturing and has continued ever since in this country, England and Scotland, being the most successful lecturer in the world, and turning multitudes from drunkenness to sobriety. He married a second time, some years since to a very fine lady near Worcester, and has accumulated a handsome property.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial says:—"Meanwhile, 'little Mac' is every day showing his rare military genius, and his thorough knowledge of the art of war. Like Napoleon the First, he is idolized by his troops, and they evidently have the greatest confidence in his generalship. Equally active and indefatigable in body and mind, he appears among them when least expected, encouraging them in critical moments. And yet, since Marlborough won the battle of Blenheim, that most decisive struggle of the last century, there has not been a campaign carried on under such difficulties, or so clogged by political intrigues and official jealousies, as this advance on Richmond."

Private letters from our soldiers in McClellan's army confirm the above in every particular. They have the highest confidence in his skill and management.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE.—Towards the close of the Revolution, the owners of the North Church, in New Haven, sent to Boston for nails to make repairs with, when one of the kegs sent in return for the order was found to contain Spanish dollars. The deacon wrote to the Boston merchant that there was an error in shipping the goods; but he answered that the nails were sold as he bought them from a privateer, and he couldn't rectify mistakes. So the silver was melted up and made into a service of plate for the church, where it is in use at the present day.

A well sunk at any point along Saginaw river, Mich., to the depth of 700 feet, will bring to the surface the strongest and purest salt brine found anywhere in the United States.

The government has promptly taken measures to demand redress from the Sultan for the recent cold-blooded murders of American missionaries in Turkey.

Commodore Foote is a very religious man, as is well known. Some one says that the rebels, who have been feeling his bombs, must think he belongs to the "hard shell Baptists."

A LIE.—A lie has no legs, and therefore it cannot stand. It has wings, and can fly far and wide.

The rebels are the opposite of Achilles. His danger was in his heels. Their whole safety is in theirs.

SOUND COUNSEL.—Gen. Butler has told the belles of New Orleans, that they must not be so tongue-y.

HARD REBEL.—Stonewall Jackson. Our Stoneman will yet lay him low.

Conveyances.

Eastern Railroad.

On and after MONDAY, Ap. 14th, 18
Trains leave Salem daily, (Sundays
excepted.)

From SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON
6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 am., 1, 2.30, 5.30, 7.15 pm.
Westmouth, 8.15 am. 1, 3.15, 5.45, 5,
7.05, 7.45 pm.
W. Reach, Man's and Glouce' 8.15, am., &
5.45, pm.
Newburyport, 8.15, am. 1, 3.45, 5.45 pm. &
7.05 pm.

Amesbury, 8.15, am., 3.45, 5.45, p.m.
Westmouth, 8.15, am. 3.45, 5.45, pm.
Portland, 8.15, am. 3.45, pm.
Marblehead, 7.15, 8.15, 9.25, 11.15 am.
6.44, 6.55, 7.15, p m.
BOSTON for SALEM, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, &
12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 6, 6.20, 7, [9.50], 9, 10,
Pm. Portland for Salem, 8.45 am. 3 pm.
Westmouth for Salem, 7.15, *11.15, a
5.30, pm.
Amesbury, for Salem, 7.35, 9.40, am., 5.
pm.
Newburyport for Salem, 7.05, 8, 10, am.,
3.15, pm.
Ipswich for Salem, 7.25, 8.25, 10.25 am 12
40 pm.
Gloucester for Salem, 7.10, 10.10, am., 4
pm.
Doverly for Salem, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50, 10.50 a
6.10, 5.20, 7.05, pm.
LYNN for Salem, 8, 9, 11, am., 12.45 3
30, 6.30, 6.50, 7.30, [10.00].
Marblehead for Salem, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, o
2.40, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, pm.
* On arrival from the East.
+ On Wednesdays 11.15, P. M. via Saug
Branch, and on Saturdays at 10.15 pm.

South Reading Branch Railroad

On and after Monday, Nov. 4, 1861, Trai
ns leave for Boston, 6.45, 9.55, a
5 p m.
Boston for Salem, at 7, 12 m., 3, 5.30 pm.

Essex Railroad.

Trains leave So. Danvers for Lawrence an
ny Stations, at 7.05, 11.20 a m. 4.55 p m.
Trains leave Lawrence for S. Danvers,
m., 12, 49, 6 p m.

Salem and Lowell Railroad.

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 4th, 1861.
Trains will run-as follows:

Leave Lowell for Salem, 7.25 am. *2.45 pm.
Salem Station for Lowell, *9.40 am, 5.55 p
The 7.25 am. train, and 5.55 pm. train co
rect at West Danvers Junction with train fr
ymfield Center, South Reading, Melrose
alden and Boston; also for Topsfield, Buxton

Leave Salem for Ballaraville, Andover, Lanes and Haverhill, 9.40 am., or 4.55 pm. for Methuen, Manchester, and Concord, 9.40 am.

SALEM, HAVERHILL, & NEWBURYPORT.

By connection of trains at West Danvers passenger passengers by 7.15 am. train from Newburyport, Georgetown, Haverhill, Bradford, Boston, or Topsfield via. Danvers Railroad, may proceed without delay to South Danvers an analem. Passengers leaving Salem (Court House) by 5.55 p.m., or South Danvers, (Station and Lowell Railroad Station) may proceed direct to Topsfield, Georgetown, Haverhill, or Newburyport. Through Tickets can be obtained at the several Ticket Offices.

MARSHALL'S

SOUTH DANVERS & SALEM

EXPRESS.

Leave Danvers (daily) at 9 A. M.

SALEM at 11 P. M.

OFFICES:

Danvers—At E B Warron's, and Post Office.

Newburyport—Richards' and A W Warron's Store.

Salem—Francis Dane & Co's, and No 2 Main Street.

Salem—No 7 Washington street, 190 Essex at, and 10 Derby Square.

Our business is conducted by

Our patrons are particularly requested to

Our Packages, left at the office, should be marked "Marshall's Express."

Goods being consigned by the RAILROAD we are enabled to forward Notes, Drafts and Bills for collection, and small packages, to all accessible points in the United States, at the usual rate.

R. G. MARSHALL.

1864-5

South Danvers & Salem

EXPRESS.

Leave South Danvers, - - - 7 1/2 am, 1 p.m

FOR NEW YORK.

Norwich Steamboat Train.

RABIN Passage, \$3; Deck Passage, \$2.00.
The new and elegant sixteen wheel cars of
steamboat express train leave the Boston &
South River Station, South Avenue, at 6.00
A.M., daily, connecting with the new steamers
which expressly for this line) CITY OF BOS-
TON, Capt. Wilcox, Mondays, Wednesdays,
Fridays; CITY OF NEW YORK, Capt.
Carter, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Conductors, J. W. N. H. F. Barton ap-
pointed the passengers through-
out tickets, berths and staterooms secured at the
Broad Station, and at the office of the line,
Washington street.

Through tickets to Philadelphia, Baltimore
and Washington can be had at 79 Washington
street. C. H. BREWER, Agent,

Jan 21

South Danvers & Salem Line of Omnibuses.

Leave after MONDAY, Jan. 8, 1861, the
South Danvers and Salem Line of Omni-
buses will run as follows:

Leave the Hourly Office, South Danvers at
7, 8, 8-1-2, 9, 9-1-2, 10, 10-1-2, 11, 11-1-2
at 1-2, 1-2, 1-2, 2, 2-1-2, 3, 3-1-2, 4,
4-1-2, 5, 5-1-2, 6, 6-1-2, 7, 7-1-2, 8,
8-1-2, 9, 9-1-2, 10, 10-1-2, 11, 11-1-2, a.m. 12,
1-2, 1-1-2, 2-1-2, 3, 3-1-2, 4, 4-1-2, 5,
5-1-2, 6, 6-1-2, 7, 7-1-2, 8.

Leaving for Lowell, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

SINGLE FARE on the regular route, 6 cents,
 Twenty Tickets for \$1 00.
 Passengers called for or left off the route, at
 a reasonable distance, the fare will be 18
 cents.
 EXTRA COACHES furnished, at all hours, at
 advance prices.
 W. H. FINGEREE,
 76 Federal street.
PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.
 Our subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of
 Work and Teaming, such as removing Furni-
 ture and Merchandise of any description about town
 and from the neighboring towns.
 Orders will be received at the office, Railroad St.
 and at S. Flint's store, on the Square.
 The subscriber, for past favors, he would solicit a contin-
 uance of the same.
 W. H. FINGEREE.
 76 Federal Street, 1860.
DANVERS. NOTICE.
 LOODENS—a good assortment of 4, 5,
 6 and 8 Octaves, warranted.
 Nothing to put within the reach of every
 one, the opportunity of obtaining a good Me-
 lodion, the subscriber will call on the purchaser
 and the privilege of paying in monthly installments.
 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal street.
MUSICAL NOTICE.
Chickering & Sons' Piano-Forte.
 ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St.
 would inform her friends in South Dan-
 vers, and the public generally, that she has
 a few for sale and to let Chickering &
 Co. Pianos. They are selected with great
 care and are ready to be sent to any quarter
 of the city or even other in the market. The very best
 of the kind.
 ANN R. BRAY,
 76 Federal street.
ANNING & NICHOLS' SERAPINES.
 and to let. For power and quality of tone
 an surpass them.
 A. R. BRAY,
 76 Federal street.
Dr. Williams' Sperm.

South Danvers Wizard

VOL. III. SOUTH DANVERS, MASS. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1862. NO. 25.

SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday at Allen's Building, South Danvers, Mass.

CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.

One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
Square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
A line, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
Line, .50 1.25 3.00

Advertisements for political, civil or religious purposes, or of any kind, will be charged for on a special scale.

Advertisements for the sale of real estate, or for the sale of any other property, will be charged for on a special scale.

Advertisements for the sale of any other property, will be charged for on a special scale.

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Original Poetry.

FREEDOM.

New England homes are bright and fair,
Adorned with blessings rich and rare,
Her institutions for outlying
All those beneath Scotia's line.

The pilgrim fathers blest her soil,
With honest, hearty Christian toil,
Sitting beneath their vine and tree
They worshipped God; whom made them free.

But now their sons, a numerous band,
Possess this fair and happy land,
And trusting in the pilgrim's God,
Still bless the soil our fathers trod.

People of every nation thrive
Around New England's busy hive,
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
May find in her a home secure.

Why are New England homes the best?
What makes her sons and daughters blest?
Why should this be a favored spot,
While all the sunny South is not?

'Tis Freedom's laurels, rich and rare,
That make New England homes so fair,
'Tis Freedom's soul-inspiring light,
That makes her homes so fair and bright.

Oh! glorious freedom! sacred prize,
Man's richest gift beneath the skies,
Thou hast been and shalt ever be
Our watchword and our victory.

On Bunker's Hill, now towering high,
That monument salutes the sky,
And tells of deeds by heroes done,
Of battles fought, and victories won.

And as we view that lofty spire,
That tombstone of our Freedom's sire,
May every heart within us burn,
While we its noble lessons learn.

Learn how our fathers bravely fought,
How they with blood this freedom bought,
And skillfully did wield that stroke,
Which freed us from a galling yoke.

There let us learn as faithful sons
To fight, like noble Washington,
Learn to defend, like heroes brave,
This Freedom, which our fathers gave.

And when rebellion's scourging hand
Shall smite Columbia's happy land,
May we, by Freedom's dazzling light,
Put every traitorous foe to flight.

Then may our nation's flag of wars
With gorgeous stripes and sparkling stars,
Be lifted high, o'er land and sea,
To tell the world Columbia's free.

Byfield, Mass. J. C. S.

Original.

Sermons from Stones.

BY TIMOTHY OLDROYD.

No. 1.

I have told my friend Stebbins over
and over again, that there is not the
remotest chance in the world for his son
Oscar ever to become President; and
have as often advised him to inform the
young man that such was the case. I
was honest in the matter. I don't think
that young Oscar Stebbins, now in a
short jacket, ever will be President or
even Vice President, or will, as the world
goes, amount to much any way. I know
strange things happen in this world.

Emperors have been made from cobblers,
Popes of goatherds, Presidents of flat-
boatmen, and Governors and Congress-
men from nothing at all. But I don't
think any of these things will ever fall to
the lot of young Stebbins. To be sure,
he is a bright, promising, curly-headed
boy, and as likely to set rivers on fire as
any body else; but, work as he may, he
never will be President. 'Tis not his
fate. He may attain to the dignity of
Alderman, or fill the position of mod-
erator in some country town; but I think
not. The Stebbinses are not great peo-
ple, but they have too much good sense
to seek these high parts of littleness. I
don't think young Oscar will ever become
a rich man, or obtain notoriety of any
sort. I hope he never will try.

"Stebbins," said I, talking one day
with my middle aged friend upon these
matters, "we do wrong to fill the
minds of the young people with these
notions of the great things they are
to do or become. There are high places
in the world, to be sure, and great men,
some achieve greatness and some have
greatness thrust upon them, but through
all these ways only a very few become
great. For one, I am glad of it. Past
all doubt,

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And walk with humble livers in content,
Than to dry up the soul in buffeting
the world for place.

But may we not point our children
to the founders of great families, or the
creators of great fortunes? those who be-
gan low, who worked hard, and rose
high? The world is wide. Any one
may succeed. Let us try; let us get
money; what does a man amount to

without money? Ay, that's the ques-
tion, Stebbins, without money. Not
much, to be sure, in the eyes of a fool;
but it is some where said that God's ways
are not as our ways, neither are his
thoughts as our thoughts. And Stebbins,
between you and me, there certainly
is a God—other than mammon. A few
may become rich, but let us remember
that it is the duty of most men to remain
poor. Mark that, Stebbins, duty. It is
nowhere written, 'Thou shalt forsake
father and mother, brother, and sister,
and get rich.' But it is written, 'Let every
man wherein he is called therein
abide.' Let him, if he may wish, be a
contented spirit.

"We are not wise in our day and gen-
eration. Far from it. We are, to speak
plainly, for the most part, great fools. —
Any man may be elected President, and
every boy is taught to consider himself a
candidate for that office. Starting with
this exalted notion, the young man comes
to grief. He wears his body and vexes
his soul to become somebody, when it
were better for him and his friends that
he should remain contentedly nobody, as
nature intended. Society permits every
man to be a great man; but the fact is,
God has made most of us very small
men. One would like to be rich, but
there are better things in this world than
money. One would like to be Lord
Chancellor or Attorney General—to be
consulted about the affairs of nations—at
least I should; but an obscure attorney
in a country village, honestly advising
poor Irishmen about their small affairs
may be quite as useful, perhaps more so.

Life, Stebbins, life does not consist
in multitude of days or length of years.
Neither are its great works done in the
sight of men; but quietly, as the must-
ard seed grows up in the night. The
vine is drunk in cool places, and its suc-
cess is measured by humble lightning
deeds, not the applauding thunder at its
heels which men call fame.

"Stebbins," said I, solemnly, as I laid
my hand upon his knee, "tell your son
to get knowledge—to get understanding,
to buy wisdom and sell it not; but tell
him not, O Stebbins, tell him not that
so doing he may some day become Presi-
dent, for in all the days of his life he
never will."

Finding my discourse had produced
the usual effect of a sermon, that is, put
Stebbins to sleep, I retired, and next day
sent him the following epistle.

O brother Tom, vex not thy soul
With serious thoughts, of good or ill,
Let bygones be bygones, as they must,
Of late, forsake knowledge and free will,
Enough that you your dinner get,
And sometimes pay your tailor's bill.

Enough, that all life's weary ways
Through you are fair to two or three;
To greener make a road of earth,
May be enough for you or me.
We're not the keepers of the guides
Of those that dwell across the seas.

Let's live upon the surface, Tom,
Among life's common men and things,
Walking along the dusty earth,
Since nature did not give us wings,
And fill our buckets as we may
With water from the nearest springs.

The seats of power, the heights of fame,
Are reached by toilsome steps and slow,
And who would climb the mountain's peak
To stand alone mid ice and snow,
When in the valleys green and still
The violets and daisies grow?

O brother Tom, vex not thy soul
Although thy life seems poor and small,
For He who made these made the stars,
And his large love enrictheth all.

These things happened before the
Maine Law was written; but yet the
time is not so distant but that the actors
are still living, and hence I have chosen
to give my characters the benefit of as-
sumed names.

Ezekiel Lapstone was the cobbler, and
he had the name of being an honest, hard
working man. He owned a little, got in
the village; and he owned a few acres of
land, which enabled him to keep a cow,
and to raise vegetables for the use of his
family. Ezekiel's hammer was to be
heard early and late, for the children of
that neighborhood wore away the soles
of their shoes rapidly upon the sharp
gravel, and there was need of constant
tapping.

And yet, notwithstanding all his hard
work, Ezekiel Lapstone was very poor.
His wife was obliged to forego many of
the little comforts of social life, and his
children were not dressed so well as the

children ought to be dressed. Some peo-
ple said, "No wonder," and they said so
in view of the cobbler's large family; for
he had six strong, healthy children; and
as the eldest was only thirteen, they
could do little towards helping their father
earn a livelihood. And some other
people said, "No wonder," and they said
so with another view. Close by Ezekiel's
shop was the store of Adam Nichols,
where, as was the custom in those days,
a little bar was kept in one corner, at
which were dispensed glasses of rum and
gin and brandy. These latter people
said, "No wonder," because they saw
Ezekiel very frequently at neighbor Nich-
ols's bar.

And I think these latter people were
right; and, better still, Ezekiel himself
came at length to think the same. It
seemed kind of curious not to see the
cobbler's merry face at the little bar in
the corner of the store; and for a while
his hearty laugh and humorous jest were
sadly missed by the drinkers; but like all
social changes, the people soon became
used to it, and finally ceased to comment
upon it.

One spring Ezekiel Lapstone's cow
died. It was a sad loss, but the cobbler
bore up, and set about finding another
cow; for a cow he must have, or his fam-
ily would be without milk and butter.—
At length he found one that suited him,
and he was assured that he could have it
upon the most favorable terms. A farmer,
living near the village, named Solomon
Shute, had a cow to spare, and he
offered to trade.

"I haven't got the money," said Eze-
kiel; "but I will pay you in boots and
shoes."

Now Solomon Shute had several chil-
dren, and as he had to purchase quite a
number of shoes in the course of a year,
he considered this offer good enough; and
he told the cobbler he would trade in
that way.

"But," said he, "as we don't know what
may happen, it is best to make our bar-
gain a safe one for all parties. I will
give you the cow, and you shall give me
a note for the amount payable on demand.
Whenever I get a pair of shoes I will en-
dorse the price of them on the back of
the note as so much money received; and
thus we shall both be safe; and when the
note is all paid will be right."

The cobbler could see nothing objec-
tionable in this; so he took the cow, and
gave his note, payable to Solomon Shute,
or order, on demand, for twelve dollars;
and he calculated that in two years, at
least, Solomon's family would take up
boots and shoes enough to cancel it.

And now came another character,
Deacon Seth Tobias. The Deacon was a
shoe-maker; but he had a larger shop
than had Ezekiel, and he did business on
a grander scale. He employed many
workmen, and sent off many boxes of
shoes to the city market. But the Dea-
con did not work much with his own
hands. He laid out the work for his men,
and did the buying and selling. People
supposed that Deacon Tobias was very
wealthy, and hence they put up with the
proud airs which his wife and children as-
sumed.

But there was one individual who shook
his head when people talked of the Dea-
con's wealth; and that individual was
Ezekiel Lapstone.

"I don't know," the cobbler said. "I'm
afraid the Deacon's in a bad way. If
he don't stick to his business a little snug-
ger, and leave off going quite so much to
neighbor Nichols's bar, he'll be going
down hill afore long."

And sure enough, in a little while Dea-
con Tobias failed—made a very bad fail-
ure—and many workmen lost much money
which he owed them. But when he
came to settle up, the law pronounced all
his transactions to have been legitimate;
so he came forth from the crash with hon-
or, and the poor men who had lost their
pay were assured that they had better
keep quiet.

One thing troubled Deacon Tobias
more than all the rest. He knew that
Ezekiel Lapstone had predicted his down-
fall, and that said prediction had been
based upon the assertion that he—the
Deacon—went too often to the little bar
in the corner of neighbor Nichols's store.

Now it so happened that Ezekiel Lap-
stone was a member of the church of
which Seth Tobias was deacon; and a
very worthy member was he, too, so
worthy that the idea had been whispered
about in certain circles of making him
deacon. These things were known to
Mr. Tobias, and so wrath was he that he
was bent upon revenge. He declared
that he would bring the cobbler to the
stool of repentance; and to that end he

set his wife to work to discover how he
could best accomplish his purpose. He
learned that Solomon Shute held Lap-
stone's note for twelve dollars; and as a
convenient opportunity he approached
Shute, and offered to buy the note. It
chanced that the farmer was very much
in want of money at the time, and with-
out stopping to consider what the conse-
quences might be, he let the note go.—
Deacon Tobias now chuckled with satis-
faction, for he fancied that he had the
poor cobbler within his power. He had
thought of suing the note, and getting an
execution against Ezekiel, for he did not
believe that the cobbler would raise
the money to pay it. But ere he had en-
tered upon the execution of this plan, a
better opportunity for revenge presented
itself.

Of course, before suing the note, it be-
came necessary that payment should be
demanded; so the deacon called upon
the cobbler for that purpose. Lapstone
was astounded when he found that Tobias
held that note; but he did not wish to
have many words with the deacon, for he
saw at once what it all meant.

"I agreed to pay that note in shoes," he
said, "and I will do so."

"I don't want shoes," replied Tobias.—
"I want the money."

"But I can't pay the money. I never
agreed to do so."

"Certainly you agreed to pay money,"
Mr. Lapstone said.

"No, sir."

"But here it is, in black and white."
For value received I promise to pay
Solomon Shute, or order, twelve dollars
on demand. There is nothing said about
shoes.

"You know what I mean that such was
the express agreement I made with Mr.
Shute."

"Ah! I don't know anything about that."
I have come into possession of the note,
and I must have the money."

"But I haven't got the money."

"You can raise it."

"No—I can't do it."

"Then let me have part of it."

"I haven't got a cent, sir—not a cent."
The last penny I owned, I paid for meat
this morning."

"Perhaps you can pay it this week?"

"No."

"In two weeks, then?"

"No, sir. I shan't have any money in
that time, not more'n enough to keep
my family in food."

"Very well," said Deacon Tobias; "we'll
see what the next thing to be done is."

And as he thus spoke he turned and left
the shop. Several people were present
to hear the conversation, and though their
sympathies were all with the cobbler, yet
they feared that he would have to suffer.

This was on Monday. On the follow-
ing Tuesday Ezekiel Lapstone bought a
very nice dress for his wife and new
clothes for each of his children. He
bought the goods at the large new store,
and paid for them in cash, nearly fifty
dollars. When Deacon Tobias heard of
this he was on his taps in a moment.—
Here was an opportunity to come down
on the cobbler with a vengeance.

"How that man did lie to me," he said,
in relating the circumstance to his friends.
"He swore he did not have a cent of
money in the world; and he declared that
he should not have any for two weeks; and
yet, just see what he has been doing! A
man who will cheat me'll be looked after."

Deacon Tobias resolved to present the
matter to the church. He knew that the
cobbler had many friends who had been
urging him forward as a candidate for
deacon, and he thought he would now
crush the aspirant, and no plus his friends
felt sure that he had a good cause.—
An action for falsehood and dishonesty
would certainly hold against the cobbler.

And so Deacon Seth Tobias made his
complaint, and Ezekiel Lapstone sum-
moned before the church to answer it.—
The meeting was held on Saturday even-
ing in the large vestry, and the place was
so crowded that many were obliged to
stand. It was plain to be seen that the
most sympathy was with the poor cob-
bler; but then, if he had been guilty of
things charged against him, he must fall.

The meeting was finally called to order,
and after some ordinary business had
transacted, Brother Ezekiel Lapstone was
called up to answer to the charge pref-
erred against him by Deacon Tobias. The
charge was read, and it sounded very hard
and severe.—It was drawn up with legal
precision, and the language was set forth in
stunning phraseology.

What had Brother Lapstone to say?

"Brothering and sisters," said the cob-
bler, rising in his place, "I can't make
out the whole drift of that ere document,
but I ken tell ye what I reckon it means.

It means that Deacon Tobias comes to me
to give me to pay a note, and at I told
him I hadn't got any money, and at I
shouldn't have any for two weeks."

"That is not all, Brother Lapstone,"
mildly suggested the president. "The
charge furthermore sets forth that only
three days thereafter you paid nearly fifty
dollars in cash for dry goods and finery
for your wife and daughters."

"Sartin!" responded Ezekiel, "I under-
stand all that. But in the first place
that's somethin' about that ere note at
just exactly the thing. I giv that note to
Brother Shute, and was to pay it in work."

The president reminded Brother Lap-
stone that that had nothing to do with the
question. "The only question presen-
ted before them was, how came the accus-
ed brother to make false statements in or-
der to avoid paying the note?"

"Then," said the cobbler, "I shall show
you 'at that ere money was mine—not a
penny on't."

Brother Lapstone had the floor. He
Ezekiel worked his way out into the
open space before the president's chair,
and spoke as follows:

"Mister President—Brothering and Sis-
ters—I think I ken show you 'at I aint
quite sich a rascal as them ere charges
says 'em. In course I admit all that's
said about the note; so all I need to tell is
where that money come from."

The president nodded his head in to-
ken of assent.

"Wal," resumed Brother Lapstone, in a
very calm and easy manner, considering
that he was not used to public speaking,
"I'll tell you jest exactly where that mon-
ey come from. Jest two years ago—two
years ago 'last Thursday—I said to my
wife—'Betsey, I'm a goin' to turn
over a new leaf.' Says I, 'I'm doin'
wrong. I'm payin' away my money for
strange drink when my family need it. I'm
makin' a brute of myself, and my wife
an' babies have to suffer.' And says I,
'That's Deacon Tobias—he's a goin' the
same way, an' I'm goin' to take a warnin'
afore it's too late.' Says I, 'The Dea-
con'll git into trouble if he don't quit it.'"

At this point Deacon Tobias arose to
call the Brother to order; and Brother
Lapstone was cautioned not to be per-
sonal. He said he would not.

"As I was a sayin'," pursued the cob-
bler, "I told my wife

this 25th day of June. Probably your wife
knows all about it; and their progenitors of
hundred and seventy years ago didn't
very conscientiously on the devotions of
neighbors. But times have changed; and
also have witches—and if they will come
none of them shall be hung, if they do n
ing worse than was done by the like of
in olden times. Mr. Prescott has promised
a special favor to all coming from Wauke
School and South Danvers that if there

dispense with the ancient custom of seating on broom-sticks, and come by rail, pulling, or other folk, they shall have at the door of the Festival, *Return Tickets Free.*

No. Withen

P. S. Don't let them raise a great stir this morning', for then the Festival might be postponed to a fair day.

New Orleans.

From New-Orleans we learn that Gen. Bu is steadily progressing in his wise, firm and prudent administration of affairs. He has arrested Pierre Soule, on the charge of high treason, and will at once send him North. He has ordered the banks to pay specie to their depositors without demand. He has ordered the churches to be opened for service as in times of peace, but prayer for the destruction of the Union or success of the rebels will be tolerated. He has given public notice that the Chief of Substave will sell to families for consumption, in a

per pound, and flour at ten cents. Into the immense reduction on city prices, and is destined to meet the wants of the suffering population. The church bells given to Beauregard to cannon with he has gathered up and will sell them North. Trade is beginning to open, the arrival and departure of vessels being announced. Butler is the very man for New-Orleans. There is no nonsense or misapplied squeamishness in him. He knows how to deal with bloody traitors.

Shields' March.

The editorial correspondent of the Lawyer, 'Sentinel, who was with Shields' division speaks of the march, as follows:

"Shields' march from Fredericksburg by way of Callist's to Front Royal was a masterpiece of operation. I believe that whatever has been or can be accomplished to the damage of Jackson in this bout is due to the energy and activity of Shields and his command. I doubt, if a

have endured like hardship and labor. On one evening, after an exhausting day's march following upon a week's severe marching through country, the gallant General drew up his division and addressed it in terms like these: "Brothers! It is very important to reach Fort Roy before morning. I wish to make a forced march through the night. You have done nobly all night long, and I want you to keep it up until you ought to have rest. Let only those who are unable and willing to go forward volunteer for the second night's march." The whole division volunteered with enthusiasm, swept over the country like an avalanche, marching seventeen miles that night and surprised a body of rebels, took many prisoners and recaptured many of our own soldiers previously taken by the enemy, seized a lot of locomotives and cars, and saved a long stretch of railroad that the rebels were intending to destroy. The soldiers have unbounded pride and confidence in Shields. They know him to be brave, energetic and skillful, and are devoted to him.

...and written against golden vessels. Many
 people have found fault with him and called
 him names. Some have assailed him because
 he wears a long, silvery beard, and is the hands-
 onest old patriarch in the country. Other
 have objected to his two and a half per cent
 transactions with brother-in-law Morgan,
 if the Scriptures did not call a man "worse than
 an infidel" who did not "provide for his own
 household." Others still have abused him be-
 cause he would not resign when everybody
 wished him to leave. At any rate, Gideon
 Welles has at last done a good thing. He has
 written a letter to Congress about our navy,
 and its future necessity of iron-clad vessels, which
 exceeds any document ever issued from the de-
 partment over which he has control. This
 is a good many of the past short com-
 ings. Everybody must now let Welles up for
 a little while. "Until he does something ridicu-
 lous enough to counterbalance this letter, we
 must let him rest all the rest of mankind, must belong to
 Gideon's band."
 —Lawrence Sentinel.

THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH BY THE MEXI-
CANS, on the 6th inst., is fully confirmed by the
official dispatch. Indeed, as no other engage-
ment took place for three days afterwards, it is
reasonable to conclude that the French were
completely whipped that they had no stomach to
resume the fight. The Mexican general, Berio-
nabel, says in his report, "All the commanders
and officers in the brigade under my command
conducted themselves in the most brilliant
manner. For this reason I do not make special
eulogies, because I repeated—all have per-
formed their duty. It is only thus that one
can explain the rout of an enemy accustomed
to conquer everywhere, [as is attested by the
regiments, which the soldiers bear on their
trunk] and its flight before our troops in the
middle of the combat. We have taken some
prisoners, who have been sent to the fortress,
and have collected more than three hundred
dead belonging to the enemy."

before the fourth of July. A subscription par has been started to raise the necessary funds, and the response has been liberal. The appeal for Leslie's Retreat has been marked by the acceptance maintained by the citizens of North Salem many years, the past few excepted. The successful efforts made to raise a monument appeared to require a resting-spell, which, being attained, the public have concluded to settle down upon a liberty-pole as of old.—*Western Gazette.*

GODFREY'S FIRST BOOK. With its usual complete this popular book for July is received in advance of the month. It is embellished with engravings of a very attractive character, besides a rich array of fashion-plates, and is always up to the mark in its variety of interesting reading.

The Louisville Journal states that a trade in beer, more or less extensive, is now carried on between Cincinnati and the rebel dominions.

[illegible]

The Boston Journal of yesterday says that before this time the readers definite intelligence of the terrible conflicts which have raged the last four or five days in Ireland. But we have denied the probability of any such event, and have proved the same of knowing the worst. Let us, the best of the circumstance that, so far as we are concerned, the worst, or anything. Our direct intelligence comes down this afternoon, at which time the rebels were in the neighborhood of the Wick and cut the telegraph wire in a chaotic style. At the first view, this seems like a serious interruption, but we have learned from our troops who may be between the Chickahominy and the James, and nearly unopposed by foes. It is observed, by the tenor of the dispatching the announcement, that the rebels in the vicinity of our men had been for a long time, and was successful in getting everything had been calm, if not positively wished for.

Indeed, the dispatches referred to only assuringly cheerful in tone, and the outlines of new strategy, and the grandest character. Gen. Grant, as if to make room for our coming, the Stoneman carefully moves away to indicate to him in advance. A great transports appears at the mouth of the river, obedient to Gen. McClellan, another fleet is already up James. Our previous correspondents we have heard of an important naval movement, with the land forces. Perhaps this is on which the critical events of the days have been turning. While it has been allowed to scatter over the Richmond road to the North, Chickahominy, McClellan's army has come into a more compact and defensible position, but has the invaluable reinforcements on both rivers. Nay, that—who knows but that the rebels, coming into the waste and useless territory, have only uncovered Petersburg, elicited a fatal fire in their rear?

At any rate, let us wait with alacrity. At the worst, our army, excellent defensive situation, where we must secure—while the possibilities, most cheering type. As the lines are, we have now to rely on the news brought by steam to the neighborhood of Fort Mifflin, it is wholly uncertain when it may.

TRAIN'S SPEECHES.—We put day two of the characteristic of our countryman, Charles Francis Train, delivered by him to audiences in New York. It will be seen by the numerous citations, that some of his statements, though true, were not relished by editors. John Bull is however in free speech generally, and he will make more information about himself, as of his American cousins, in plain spoken Train. The speeches laid will be immensely popular. Irishmen everywhere, but the career of Lord Brougham, the most seasoning. Train keeps it well posted on the subjects upon he is to speak, and when interrupted always able to put down his assailants adroitly.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN SALEM.—The people of Salem have a goodly number in the selection of Hon. Wm. D. Fessenden as the orator of the glorious day. The Oration is to be at Mechanics Hall, 10 o'clock and should attract a large crowd as public affairs will be dealt with ability and freedom. We are glad to commend our Salem men for their liberality and enterprise in making the day observed in such a manner, as to stir up the glowing patriotism of their patriots—but we cannot.

LARGE STRAWBERRIES.—We have Strawberries of immense size, which exhibited at the Strawberry Fair last week in Boston. The largest of these reached to the circumference of four and a half inches, and obtained a premium. South Danvers has a Mr. Isaac Hardy, near Elm Street, plucked one from his vines that was and three quarters inches round. We have seen, carved, and inwardly, and some of this family of strawberries single one is altogether too much mouthful.

THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL AT LYNN.—A success, notwithstanding the postponement. The idea that our fellow Wizards and Witches raised the storm out of mischief, is entirely erroneous. We raised a storm to raise the crops. It was the strawberry Witches that they were wrong day. Time and tide wait for no man or woman, either. Neither do we. Now, Mr. Suntang, do we not deserve a of thanks?

THE Essex Institute Field Meeting.—The meeting was postponed from last week, will take place to-day. The rambles will be in the vicinity of Ship Rock, and the afternoon meeting at the Chapel, will take place at meeting. The locality is a pleasant one for rambling, and poses, and no doubt a goodly number will attend.

D. R. GROSVENOR, Esq., has for sale a more of those fine card photographs of Gen. McClellan, taken by Addis, of Washington. The photos are considered perfect copies. 25 cents.

THE HENRY HAND.—In view of the events near Richmond, now is the time to get every thing at home for the comfort of our men and wounded soldiers. The following extract from a Washington paper was sent to our male Soldiers' Aid Society here, and they have published it. It is a statement from the part of the men of South Danvers, that no material is wanting to enable them to go on with their good work.

[illegible]

Conveyances.
Eastern Railroad.
On and after MONDAY, Ap. 14th, 1862,
Trains leave Salem daily, (Sundays excepted.)
From SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON.

6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 am., 1, 2, 30, 5.30, 7.15 pm.
Beverly, 8.15, am. 1, 3.15, 5.45, 6.45
.05, 7.45 pm.
Amesbury, Man's and Glouce' 8.15, am., 3.15,
4.05 pm.
Newburyport, 8.15, am. 1, 3.45, 5.45 pm. 6.45,
7.05 pm.
Amesbury, 8.15, am., 3.45, 5.45, 6.45 pm.
Porsmouth, 8.15, am., 3.45, 5.45 pm.
Portland, 8.15, am., 3.45 pm.
Marblehead, 7.15, 8.15, 9.25, 11.15 am. -
1.45, 6.45, 7.15 pm.
BOSTON FOR SALEM, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, am.
12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 6.20, 7, 7.30, 9 pm.
Portland for Salem, 8.45, am., 3 pm.
Gloucester for Salem, 7.15, *11.15, am.
5.30, pm.
Amesbury, for Salem, 7.35, 9.40, am., 6.50, pm.
Newburyport for Salem, 7.05, 8, 10, am., 12,
1.15 pm.
Lowell for Salem, 7.25, 8.25, 10.25 am 12.25
4.0 pm.
Gloucester for Salem, 7.10, 10.10, am., 4.40
pm.
Beverly for Salem, 6.45, 7.50, 8.50, 10.40 am,
12.20, 6.30, 7.05 pm.
Salem for Salem, 8, 9, 11, am., 12.45 3.30
5.30 5.30, 6.50, 7.30, 11.00.
Marblehead for Salem, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45,
10.45, 1.45, 5.15, 6.45 pm.

South Reading Branch Railroad.
On and after Monday, Nov. 4, 1861, Trains leave for Boston, 6.45, 9.05, a.m.
5 p.m.
Boston for Salem, at 7, 12 m., 3, 5.30 p.m.

Essex Railroad.
Trains leave So. Danvers for Lawrence and
City Stations, at 7.05, 11.20 a.m. 4.55 p.m.
On Wednesdays 11.15, P. M. via Saugus.
8 m., 12.40, 6 p.m.

Salem and Lowell Railroad.
On and after MONDAY, Nov. 4th, 1861.
Trains will run as follows :
Salem Station for Lowell, 7.25 a.m. *2.45 p.m.
Lowell for Salem, 7.40 a.m. *5.05 p.m.
The 7.25 a.m. train, and 5.05 p.m., trains con-
nect at Lowell with the Lowell and
Lowell Branch, South Reading, Middle-
sex and Boston ; also for Topsfield, Buxford,
North Danvers, Georgetown, and Newburyport.
Leave Salem for Ballardvale, Andover, Law-
rence, Lowell, Haverhill, 9.40 a.m., or 4.55 p.m.
*Medford, 10.15 a.m., 1.15 p.m.

ALLEN, HAYVERHILL, & NEWBURYPORT
By connection of trains at West Danvers
connection passengers by 7.16 a.m. train from New-
buryport, Georgetown, Hayverhill, Bradford, Box
and Topsfield, via. Danvers Railroad, may
be deferred without delay to South Danvers and
passengers leaving Salem (Court House
Station) by 8.25 a.m. train for Danvers, (Salem
and Lowell Railroad Station) may proceed di-
rectly to Topsfield, Georgetown Hayverhill, or
Newburyport. Through Tickets can be obtain-
ed at the several Ticket Offices.

MARSHALL'S
DANVERS, SO. DANVERS & SALEM
EXPRESS.
Leave DANVERS (daily) at 9 A. M.
Leave SALEM at 11 P. M.

OFFICES:
Danvers—At E B Wall's and the Post Office.
Newburyport—Richards and A W Warren's Stores.
Salem—Danvers—Frank D. Wadsworth & Co's, and No 2 Main
street.
Boston—No 7 Washington Street, 189 Essex st.
and Derby Square.

Business promptly and faithfully attended to.
Our customers are particularly requested to
order by their orders.
Packets, left at the office, should be marked

Being connected with the RAILROAD we
forward Notes, Drafts and Bills for
payment, and small packages, and all articles
in the United States, at the usual rates.
P. G. MARSHALL,
Collector.

**Robt's South Danvers & Salem
EXPRESS.**

From South Danvers, 7 1/2 a. m. 1 p. m.
To Salem, 11 a. m. 4 p. m.
Branches at Teel & Moulton, and principal stores
at South Danvers, and at 7 Westing-
house street, and at Reed's in the Market, Salem.

FOR NEW YORK.

Norwich Steamboat Train.

ALBANY Passenger, \$3; Deck Passage, \$2.00.
The new and elegant sixteen wheelers of
the Steamboat express train leave the Boston &
Freetrader Railroad Station, Albany st., at 6.30
A. M., daily, connecting with the new steamers
it expressly for this line) CITY OF BOS-
TON, Capt. Wilcox, Mondays, Wednesdays,
Fridays; CITY OF NEW YORK, Capt. Coy-
ne, Tuesdays; Thursdays and Saturdays.
Directors D. F. Waller and W. F. Barton ac-
company the passengers through.
Berths and state-rooms secured at the
Railroad Station.

Washington street.
Through tickets to Philadelphia, Baltimore
Washington can be had at 79 Washington
C. H. BREWER, Agent.

21

**Little Danvers & Salem Line of
Omnibuses.**

and after MONDAY, Nov. 4, 1867, the
South Danvers and Salem Line of Om-
nibus will run as follows:

We have the Heavy Office, South Danvers at
7, 8, 9, 1-2, 9, 9, 1-2, 10, 10-12, 11, 11-12,
12, 12-12, 1, 1, 1-12, 2, 2-12, 3, 3-12, 4,
4-12, 5, 5-12, 6, 6-12, 7, 7-12, 8, 8-12.

Leave No. 15 Central St., Salem, at
9, 9-12, 10, 10-12, 11, 11-12, a.m. 12,
1, 1-12, 2, 2-12, 3, 3-12, 4, 4-12, 5,
5-12, 6, 6-12, 7, 7-12, 8, 8-12.

"Ladies' Room," at Danvers & Hawkes's,
72 Essex Street, and at the Offices.

SINGLE Fare on the regular route, 6 cents,
Extra Tickets for \$1.00.

Fare called for or left off the route at
any reasonable distance, the fare will be 13
cents.

CARRIAGE COACHES furnished, at all hours, at
the above prices.

27 HENRY M. MERRELL.

ANNUER'S JOB WAGON.
The subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Work and Teaming, such as removing Fertilizer, Manure, etc., and hauling all kinds of material from the neighboring towns.
Orders may be received at the Essex Railroad Station, or at S. Plim's store, on this date.
Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same.
J. DAVENPORT, 1860. W. H. PINGREE.

MUSICAL NOTICE.
PROBATIONS—a good assortment of 4, 5, and 6 Octaves, warranted.
Desiring to put within the reach of every person the opportunity of obtaining a good Musical Instrument, the subscriber has concluded that the privilege of paying in monthly installments, on all PORTES will be sold on the same terms as the other instruments.
Persons who may wish to avail themselves of this humanity are invited to call.
ANN R. BRAY, No 76 Federal St.

MUSICAL NOTICE.
Essex & Sons' Piano-Portes.
ANN R. BRAY, No 76 Federal St., Boston, would inform her friends in South Braintree, and the public generally that she has just received for sale a large quantity of Musical Instruments. They are selected with care, and are fully to be tried to prove their superiority over every other in the market.
Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call.

ING & NICHOLS' SERAPHINES
and to let. For power and quality of tone
surpass them. A. R. BRAY,
76 Federalstr.

Mr. Ham's Spirit.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1862.

NO. 27.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.

TERMS—One dollar and a half a year, in advance

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
1st Square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
2d Square, 1.50 3.50 12.00
3d Square, 2.00 5.00 15.00
4th Square, 2.50 6.00 18.00
5th Square, 3.00 7.00 20.00
6th Square, 3.50 8.00 22.00
7th Square, 4.00 9.00 24.00
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429th Square, 215.00 431.00 868.00
430th Square, 215.50 432.00 870.00
431st Square, 216.00 433.00 8

HOULD FAST BELOW. A party of Irishmen, once upon a time, contracted to clear a very deep well. Having none of the usual conveniences employed for such purposes they were at a loss to get one of the party on a little ledge near the bottom to assist in the process of getting out water, mud, &c. At last Jimmy Phelan, a herculean fellow, proposed a plan which was considered just the thing. It was this: Jimmy was to clasp his big fists around the windlass; then another of the party was to clamber down and hold on by his legs, and so on until the last man should be able to leap upon the ledge.

Being slightly cornered with liquor, the party prepared for the descent, without stopping to contemplate the difficulties involved in the adventure. With barefaced, and sleeves tucked up, big Jimmy seized the round portion of the windlass directly over the well and swung himself over. Another of the party crept down Jimmy's body and grasped him by the boots. After several more had followed suit, and the human chain began to stretch far into the well, Jimmy became alive to one great difficulty: the windlass did not afford him a good hold in the first place, and the weight was getting intolerable.

At last human sinew could stand it no longer, and Jimmy hailed the lower link in the chain with—
"Bo jabbers, Pat, how'd fast below, till I spilt in me haus."

Suiting the action to the words, he released his hold, when, of course, the whole party was precipitated to the bottom of the well. As luck would have it, there was more mud than water where the Irishmen lit, and they wisely considered themselves particularly fortunate in escaping without actual loss of either life or limb.

Dr. B. is not a little of a wag. At a social gathering shortly after he had received his diploma, the young ladies were very anxious to put his knowledge of medicine to the test. "Doctor," queried one of the fair, "what will cure a man who has been hanged?" "Salt is the best thing I know of," replied the tormented, with solemnity.

A school-master in one of the neighboring towns, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig's trough. "Why, said the schoolmaster, 'Mr., have you not furniture enough yet?'" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect the master this winter and am making preparations for his board."

A mechanic having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table.—
"Thank you," said the boy, as he turned himself over for a new nap, "thank you, at I never eat anything during the night."

Chancellor Vankoughnet signaled the commencement of his career on the chair of Canada West by causing a procer to be entered that counsel practicing in his court shall be prohibited from wearing moustaches.

Advertisements.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF TIME

LYNN & BOSTON

OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

and after THURSDAY, June 19th, 1862.

E. F. BURNHAM'S

Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers, passing down Main street, to leave South Danvers at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2.15 and 4.30 P. M.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Express Business

Leave South Danvers and Lynn promptly at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Extra Coaches furnished at short notice, at the rate of \$2.00 per day.

Photograph Albums.

OTHER large addition to our stock of the above—and also the Cards—prices as low as the market.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S.

SCRAP BOOKS.

FINE assortment of the various sizes—at very low prices, at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 100 Essex street.

J. GEN. C. B. McLELLAN & CO.

Card Photographs of the above for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

HARPER'S MONTHLY

July. Subscriptions received for all American and Foreign Periodicals—back numbers furnished—

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

A "WORD" FROM THE FAMOUS

"LANE,"

Whose Bargains in Good, Durable, and Fashionable

READY-MADE CLOTHING

ASTONISHES THE WORLD.

Why is it that LANE is so Popular?

WHY IS IT THAT THE GREAT MASS OF THE PEOPLE BUY THEIR GOODS AT

"LANE'S?"

These are questions the answers to which you will do well to remember.

1st. We do a strictly "CASH BUSINESS," buying and selling for "cash," whereby saving much from bad debts, and have great advantages in buying goods.

2d. We employ none but first-class artists in the cut and manufacture of our goods, thereby giving to the purchaser an elegant and tasty fit, combined with great durability.

3d. We always keep a very large stock, and you are sure to find garments suited to your taste and pocket.

4th. Our corps of salesmen are all gentlemen, and you have no fear of being abused if you do not purchase; but they will, on the contrary, take great pleasure in showing strangers over our immense establishment.

5th. We invite strangers, who are making purchases in the city, to make our store their headquarters, and send any bundle or package here for safe keeping.

"STRANGERS"

—AND—

"CITIZENS,"

When next in Boston in search of

CLOTHING,

FOR EITHER MAN OR BOY, VISIT

LANE'S

FAMOUS CLOTHING PALACE!

31 AND 32 DOCK SQUARE,

BOSTON.

Boston, April 23.

WALKING MADE EASY.

Dr. P. KENTON,

CHIROPEDIST,

157 Washington St., Boston.

"Cure Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nails penetrating the Flesh, Wart, &c. in a manner that will satisfy the most incredulous."

\$22 MONITOR. \$22

A NEW IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINE

For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Combining all the latest improvements that the best mechanical skill can invent.

The proprietors, practical Sewing Machine inventors, having had many years experience in the business, and having devoted the past year to the perfection of the Monitor, are now confident that for simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship and durability, beauty of design and finish, the Monitor must supersede all others as the best practical Family Sewing Machine yet offered to the public.—

Every variety of sewing that can be done on any machine can be done on the Monitor. It uses a straight needle, and will sew any fabric from the most flimsy muslin to the coarsest broadcloth and leather. All kinds of thread used direct from the spools without the trouble of rewinding, from the finest cotton and sewing silk to the coarsest linen.

THE MONITOR

uses two threads, making the double lock stitch. There is no spool on the under part, like all other sewing machines; both are on the upper part, where any child can adjust them.

Confident that a first class Family Sewing Machine at a moderate price, has long been needed to meet the wants of all—the poor as well as the rich—and believing that such a machine must command the liberal patronage of the people and find a rapid sale, the proprietors offer the Monitor at the extremely low price of \$22. The Monitor is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect order five years without charge.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and the Canadas to whom the most liberal inducements are offered.

All communications must be addressed to the undersigned, at the Bureau Sewing Machine Office and Patent Exchange,

260 Washington st. Boston.

THOS. DERMOT, SOLE AGENT.

June 4—6m

THERMOMETERS.

A NEW and very neat pattern, with a large column, which can be seen much more readily than the usual styles. The old styles constantly on hand—

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

BLANK BOOKS.

WE have just manufactured a fine lot of Blank Books, suitable for school and other purposes. Orders for Blank Books promptly attended to, and warranted to suit.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

FOOT TUBS.

JAPANESE FOOT TUBS, at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

BENNETT & HEARD'S

ASSAULTS Digest—vol. 1—For sale

at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S.

Salem and Lynn Omnibus.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, an Omnibus will leave Salem Office in Central St., Salem, for Lynn.

At 8.20 a. m. and 1.30 and 4.30 p. m. connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston Horse Railroad for Boston.

Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem, at 9.00 a. m. and 2.50 and 5.00 p. m. or on arrival of 8.14 a. m. and 1.14, 4.14 p. m. cars from Boston.

Fare—Between Lynn and Salem, 15 cts. or eight tickets for \$1. Through tickets from Salem to Boston, 30 cts. For sale by the Driver, and the Conductor in the cars.

ON SUNDAYS,

The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. Retaining will leave Lynn at 10.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.—or on arrival of the 9.15 a. m. and 4.15 p. m. cars from Boston.

Express business between Salem and Lynn promptly attended to.

Moses A. SHACKLEY.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

MOSES A. SHACKLEY,

HENRY M. MERRILL.

South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit and receive their patronage.

The undersigned is authorized to collect all bills and to settle all accounts against the late firm, and all persons interested are requested to act accordingly.

H. M. MERRILL.

South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861.

MUNROE'S

(Late Reel's)

SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON

RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 10.12 a. m.

Express leaves Boston at 3 p. m.

Freight at 4 p. m.

Office—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers Square.

Order Box W. M. Jacobs' store, Main street.

EXPRESS OFFICE, in Boston, 5 Congress Square; Freight Office, 1 Fulton st.

Also an Order Box at 68 Pearl street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.

Packages received and sent forward daily for Ball's mail, Forts, and other military destinations. At Alexandria, and any other point where the different regiments are stationed.

WM. O. MUNROE,

South Danvers, May 21—11

THOMAS PINNOCK,

SLATER,

Salem, Mass.

Orders may be left at his Yard, No. 25 Pen-body St. at his house No. 6 Hancock street, South Salem.

Roofs covered with any kind of Slates, according to order. All work warranted.

Salem, May 7, 1862.

Ann R. Bray,

DRUGGIST,

Camel's Hair Goods,

Salem, May 12, 1862.

Rare Chance for Bargains.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Large and fine stock of

JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE,

AND FANCY GOODS,

At No. 2 West Block, 188 Essex street.

JOSEPH J. RIDER

Having in contemplation an immediate change of business, offers his entire stock of Fine Jewelry,

Pure Coin Silver Ware,

Rich Plated Ware,

Fancy Goods,

Spectacles,

Cutlery,

&c., &c.

at greatly Reduced Prices, wishing to dispose of all at the earliest possible time.

This stock is quite new, and was carefully selected for the Salem trade, and offers an excellent opportunity, not often presented, of making purchases for Christmas and New Year's Presents, Wedding and Friendly Gifts, Refreshing the Table, &c.

Old Silver taken in exchange.

Don't fail to call before purchasing elsewhere, as all articles are guaranteed as per representation, and prices will be satisfactory.

JOSEPH J. RIDER,

No. 2 West Block—188 Essex street.

GOLD PENS. New styles at low prices—

every pen warranted, at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S,

may 14

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. New

and desirable patterns—some of the regular styles in Turkey Morocco bindings, for sale at two-thirds the former price—

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 100 Essex st.

PORT-FOLIOS, of every style—fresh

lots received from the manufacturers. Also, Gammon and Chess Boars—for sale by

may 14

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S.

WHITE DINNERS WARE; White

Tea Ware, and White Ware, at

may 14

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

FLOWING WARE. Mulberry

and Flowing Blue Ware, of all kinds, constantly for sale at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

CHINA AND GLASS WARE. French

and English China—Siam and Cut and Pressed Glass Ware of all kinds, constantly for sale at

may 14

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

GREEN BLINDS,

33 and 35 inches wide, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front Street, Salem.

FEATHER DUSTERS,

ALL sizes—and a full assortment of Brushes, constantly for sale at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

SPADES,

SHOVELS, Hoes, Rakes, of the best quality, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

WHITE CHINA

TEA SETS, Cake Baskets, and a general assortment of White China Ware, just opened at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

THIN GOODS,

IN Great varieties. We have received this week new styles Thin Dress Goods—very cheap;—

Light Mozambique silks at 1 shilling, which will compare with 50 cent goods;—

Plaid Challies, new styles, at 25 cents;—

Black and White Foulards, at a low price.

Full assortment of desirable Goods, which we shall sell at a small advance.

may 4

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale one PIG of choice breed, which he took the First Premium at the last Cattle Show. Prices received.

BYRON GOODALE,

Near Tapley's Brook, if

South Danvers, March 27, 1861.

E. R. PERKINS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,

Photographs, Stereotypes, Aluminotypes, and patent glass for various uses, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when ordered.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers,

Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S

PATENT LEVE TROUCHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Mack)

DANVERS PORT,

DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL

Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Lighthouse, Mount Mansfield, Black Head, Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.

Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and post office, Danvers.

G. W. TROTTER,

C. T. BACHLEDER,

C. T. BACHLEDER,

E. S. FLINT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

INNER SOLES,

AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.

2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

To Let.

A LARGE ROOM, with Sky Light 12 feet square, suitable for a Daguerreotype Saloon; has been used for that purpose. Also a large room suitable for a Dry Goods Store, both of which are centrally located. Apply to W. O. BACHLEDER, 133 Main st.

South Danvers, April 2, 1862.

Important to the Afflicted.

DR. DOW continues to be consulted at his office, 7 and 9 E. 2nd street, Boston, on all diseases of a

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience of an unbroken extent, Dr. D. has now the gratification of presenting the unfortunate with remedies that have never, and succeed in every instance, failed to cure the most alarming cases of

GONORRHOEA AND SYPHILIS.

Beneath his treatment, all the horrors of venereal and impure blood, Impotency, Scrophula, (Gonorrhea), Ulcers, pain and distress in the regions of procreation, inflammation of the bladder and kidneys, Erysipelas, Abscesses, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Swellings, and the long train of horrible symptoms attending this class of disease, are made to become as harmless as the simplest ailments of a child.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Dr. D. devotes a great part of his time to the treatment of these cases caused by a secret and solitary habit, which, when continued, constitutes a most important individual for business or society. Some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, and which are now becoming more and more prevalent, are, viz:—

Impotency, Debility, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, and general debility, Lumbago, Discharges of the head, Discharge of sight, Pain of the heart, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Derangement of the digestive functions, Syphilis, Consumption, &c. The fearful effects on the mind are such as to render the patient almost insensible to the loss of his health, and to render him a burden to his family and to society. Such persons should be treated by a physician of experience, and not at once recourse to health and happiness.

Patients who wish to remain under Dr. D.'s treatment a few days or weeks, will be furnished with board and lodging, and charges for board moderate.

May, 1862—1y.

CAUTION

TO FEMALES IN DELICATE HEALTH.

DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 E. 2nd street, Boston, is consulted on all diseases of the female system. Delicacy of the system, or falling of the womb, Erysipelas, Suppuration, and other

he Creator; quite the reverse. Were Christianity truly interpreted by their precepts, and correctly illustrated by their example, it would be a cold and cruel creed, instead of a miracle of beneficence and mercy. We have no sympathy with bigots who look upon this fair world as a place of punishment, and would have us believe that it is only by shutting our eyes to its attractions that we can hope to open them in the "better land." We prefer to regard it as the vestibule of heaven, and hold that the rational enjoyment of its blessings is only a proper manifestation of gratitude to Him who bestowed upon us such a goodly place of sojourn.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1862.

Grand War Meeting.

There was a great rally of the people of South Danvers last Friday evening, at the Town Hall, in answer to the appeal of the Governor, to raise soldiers under the call of the President. The hall was densely filled at an early hour. The meeting was called by the Selectmen, and was called to order by their Chairman, Miles O. Stanley, Esq.

B. C. Perkins, Esq., was called upon to preside, and came forward amidst much applause. On taking the chair, he addressed the meeting substantially as follows:—

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—Thanking you for the unexpected honor in being called upon to preside over such a meeting as this, let me say your attention at once to business. The meeting has been called by the officers of the town, and I understand there is no programme except to do the business of the meeting with dispatch and fidelity. We all understand the object.

The President has called upon the country for more men to reinforce the armies of the Union, and I am assured by the numbers and intense interest of you who are present, that such a call meets with the hearty response of South Danvers.

Fellow-Citizens.—A word tells the crisis upon us. Our gallant army has not yet entered Richmond, but its Commander has sworn that it shall, and it now halts on the banks of the James River, to take breath after that hard-fought seven days' battle, awaiting reinforcements. Shall they be sent? Shall those gaps be filled? The response is with us. This last call looks as though the Government was in earnest, and, in the language of Gen. Wallace, has concluded to make war upon the enemy. Let us spend no time in looking for the authors of faults or blunders, or whether there have been any, but set ourselves to the simple work of fighting down the rebellion. Yes, fighting it down for us, unless we apply the rule of war, which is, to harm the enemy when and where we can, we never shall succeed. Not forgetting that our enemy is terribly in earnest, let us be in earnest, encouraged by the thought that the sacrifice of to-day will bring victory to-morrow.

The organization of the meeting was completed by appointment of Nathan H. Poor as Secretary.

A Committee of five, consisting of F. Poole, Lewis Allen, Dr. Geo. Osborne, John O. Poor and Alfred McKenzie, was appointed to retire and report Resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the citizens. Subsequently the following Resolutions were reported to the meeting and adopted.

Resolved, That the people of South Danvers heartily respond to the call of the President of the United States and the appeal of His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth, and they hereby pledge themselves to aid and sustain all the public authorities in their patriotic endeavors to suppress this unhappy rebellion.

Resolved, That we regard, with mingled pride and admiration, the glorious achievements of our gallant Army and Navy in their efforts to put down treason and rebellion against the best government ever devised by human wisdom.

Resolved, That we especially honor and cherish the memories of our late fellow-citizens, Lieut. CHARLES B. WARNER, DANIEL MURRAY, JOHN SMITH, and DONALD SILLARS, who have so nobly fallen in battle while contending for the integrity and honor of our Country and Flag.

Resolved, That the sympathy and aid of all loyal citizens are due to those of our soldiers who are sick, wounded or prisoners, and that the thanks of this meeting be extended to the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society of this town for their patriotic and efficient labors for the comfort and health of our gallant defenders.

Resolved, That we look upon the rebellion as in its last throes of agony and desperation; and that its recent apparent successes are but the revival before death, and that the present uprising of the loyal people will quickly send it to a sleep that knows no waking.

Resolved, That nobly as has our town heretofore responded to every call of the country in its need, it still has men of strong hands and stout hearts to do its full duty in the present crisis, by answering to this new call upon the patriotism of its citizens.

Resolved, That a Committee of Safety, consisting of—citizens, be appointed to aid and encourage the enlistment of as many volunteers as shall be sufficient to meet our proportion of men under the call of the President.

Resolved, That the sense of this meeting is that the Selectmen call a legal meeting of inhabitants as soon as may be, whereby we pledge ourselves to assist the passage of a vote to offer seventy-five dollars for each recruit.

The blank in the Resolution was filled with nine, and the Committee, through J. Allen, Esq., subsequently reported the following names, as the Committee of safety, who were unanimously chosen: Messrs. Merrill, Stephen Blaney, John B. Peabody, N. H. Poor, Wm. H. Baldwin, John G. Walcott, R. S. Daniels, Jr., Josiah A. Shackley, John A. Lord.

While the Committee were out, Rev. Mr. Barber was called upon and addressed the meeting. The following is the substance of his remarks, which were well received and frequently interrupted by applause:

Many years ago, in a retired village in one of the Atlantic Islands, a youth, whose mind was

just opening on the great world in which God had given him birth, was wont to read with eagerness the accounts of American elections. It was a wonder to him, then, when the American people secured a President. He wondered much at the first election for President of which he has still the recollection, and he could not understand why the people elected Polk, a man of whom he never heard, over Henry Clay, whose eloquent tongue had sounded beyond the sea, and who, with Webster, Calhoun and Everett, stood before the world among the intellectual monarchs of the West.

Above all, he was wont to wonder at the part which the people took in the public movements of the times. The people were seen rushing to the ballot; the people were in the interminable processions—processions yards wide and miles long, in the perspective of the illustrated newspapers—the people held town meetings, mass meetings, indignation meetings, Whig meetings, Democratic meetings,—Tory meetings were alone excepted. A country without a Tory seemed a political paradise. And now, since that youth has become a man, he has put away some childish things; but his early impressions about America he never desires to have effaced; for it is, in the eyes of all who look on the distinguishing glory of this land, that it is a country for the people, and its glory will depart only when the people lose their interest in what is peculiarly their own.

This, then, is a meeting of the people,—and from the numbers before me, it would seem of all the people of South Danvers,—to consider what shall be done in this national crisis. It must be evident to all, that the time demands enthusiastic action, and no reserve in sacrifice. While the gentlemen of the Committee are absent, drafting resolutions, let me enforce this thought, that there is a necessity for replying to the President's call, and the Governor's order, with enthusiasm and liberality.

The general government expects us to do so. Republicanism is a complex system. The simplest government, as Mr. Webster has well said, is a pure despotism. But here, the people look to the rulers, and the rulers to the people. The eyes of the men at Washington are upon us to-night.

Our poets liken a State to a ship. Let us accept the figure. How stands it with our vessel? She has a captain—a nobler never manured a ship of State—but he cannot move without the owners' orders. Men may pry at the paddle wheels, newspaper correspondents may poke their pens here and there in the machinery, one man may pull at the piston, and another hammer at the rivets, but all will not do. But let the captain have sailing orders, and all is changed. With a word to the engineer, the huge fabric moves on, and we bide the obstructions in her way. Let the government have the word of a united people, and a vigorous policy must follow. Further, the government expects the people to sustain the Constitution in such a way as to give the nation character.

Men say that we cannot survive the difficulty. The government expects that we shall so extricate ourselves, as to command the respect of every nation who looks on. But, not only do the government expect our earnest response, the people themselves need to act heartily for their own sake. Freely we have received, freely we must give. It is peculiarly a motto for us in South Danvers, that we owe a debt to future generations. And not only so. We are in debt to the past in more ways than one.

Have you ever seen a man pay an old debt? Have you not seen how vexed a man is who can produce no receipt for some old claim for years unsettled? And when he pays it, have you not noticed how firmly he folds the receipt, and tells the dealer that such an occurrence can never take place again? Well, we have been incurring debt—Southern debt; and the tax bill is an extended account—the present demand is, we hope, a closing item in the long arrears. The price of blood is winging from us. Now we find out the cost of slaves at auction; and more, the cost of compromises with those who upheld the system. We must now meet the demand, heavily laden with interest. And at the next Presidential election it will be ours to demand a receipt in full—an assurance that slavery shall never again present such a claim for blood and treasure to the American nation.

And still, again, we need not shut our eyes to the fact that God demands our hearty sacrifice at this crisis. Has He not given us an assurance that He sets a high value on the principles under contention? Think you that these fallen thousands, these silent hearths, these weeping widows, and orphaned children, are of no account with Him? "God tempests the wind to the storm-lark." God also binds the heavy burden on the broad shoulders. The very greatness of the claim on us is a measure of the divine estimate.

We need not wonder at delay and frustration of plan. The highest discipline requires delay and even defeat. Would the Revolutionary struggle have been so glorious were it not enriched with Valley Forge? Would Pittsburg Landing be what it is, had not the first days' fighting been all but a repulse? When, as McClellan says, Richmond shall fall, will it not be a more noble triumph for the army of the Potomac from the recent death harvest from swamp and sword, and fiery shell?

And, now, to you who are to enlist, think not that we deem that you esteem your homes and friends the less, because you leave them for the country's sake. The very reverse. Clever has well said that the man who loves his country, loves wife, parents, children, friends, all in one. Homer puts the following beautiful sentiment into Hector's mouth as he leaves her whom his soul loves:

"I would not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."

These are stirring times. Glorious deeds are done. Why look back to barbaric ages for the highest patriotism? If you give a life for the land you love, what gave her more? Go forth, then, at the country's call, and the Lord cause victory to "perch upon your banners."

JOHN W. PROCTOR said he was glad to meet so numerous a meeting of his fellow citizens on this occasion. The past history of the town gave full assurance that whenever the country called, her citizens would not be wanting in their efforts. Already had one-twentieth part of the entire population gone to the field of battle—many of them to death. Another twentieth stood ready to go as soon as wanted. For myself, I have one son there, another ready, and will go myself if any one will lead me, for my want of sight will forbid my going far without such aid.

When the Resolutions were under consideration, various amendments were pro-

posed and suggestions made, but the Resolutions were finally adopted unanimously. Dr. S. A. Lord desired to have the last Resolution amended that each recruit may have his choice of old or new regiments in which to enlist. Hon. E. S. Poor advocated the organization of a company which shall be identified with the town as its own, and stated that arrangements had already been made for such an organization. He also advocated immediate and rapid recruiting, pledging himself that each recruit should receive the town bounty of \$75 as voted by this meeting.

Mr. A. H. Sanger moved that the Resolution be amended by making the bounty to be offered "not less than" \$75. His reasons for this were, that other towns had offered a larger sum, and unless we should do as well as they we should not obtain the men. Mr. J. W. Proctor thought the sum reported was judicious and equal to what had been generally adopted by other cities and towns. Mr. Sanger finally withdrew his amendment.

We do not give the proceedings in the order in which they occurred, but as they occur to our recollection. The meeting was in all respects a success and creditable to the loyalty and patriotism of the town.

Mrs. Fales.

The following letter, received here, addressed to the Soldiers' Aid Society, affords a happy illustration of the benefits conferred on our sick and wounded soldiers by such devoted Sisters of Charity as Mrs. Fales and her co-workers, the Ladies' Aid Societies of the country. Let its statements have the effect to stimulate us to come forward with further contributions for our brave, but unfortunate sick soldiers.

Mrs. Fales may well have feelings of self-gratulation on account of the many acts of benevolent effect which have given to Mrs. Fales a reputation almost equal to that of Florence Nightingale herself:

Letter From Joseph T. Fales. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1862.

Mrs. HENRY COOK, President, &c.

DEAR MADAM.—In the absence of my wife, I acknowledge the receipt, yesterday, of two barrels of Hospital Stores from your Society, and thank you kindly for them. Such things are invaluable at this time. I believe there are about 6,000 sick and wounded in the hospitals here.

For several weeks Mrs. Fales has been looking after and providing for the more needy in our army on the Peninsula. She is now on her second trip. She left here on Saturday week and arrived at Fort Monroe just as the army was changing its position on to the James River. She went on the steamer Daniel Webster, No. 2, with about a thousand pounds of eatables and drinkables, which she took from here, as she had seen on her first trip how the sick were dying for the want of nourishment. This steamer was sent to Harrison's Landing to bring off the sick and wounded, but had provided nothing for their comfort. A person who was on the boat writes me that if it had not been for Mrs. F., and the good things she had with her, she does not know what would have become of the 300 poor fellows. Many of them had been fighting and marching for three or four days and had nothing to eat but the hard crackers, and the muddy water of the streams for their drink. She says that Mrs. F. had her boxes opened when she went on the wharf where the sick were lying, with her baskets filled with cakes, fresh bread, and butter, oranges and lemons, &c., and it was heart-rending to hear the cries of the wounded for something to eat. After they were got on board the boat, Mrs. F. went to work with her spirit lamp to making tea, coffee and brown, and there she stood from morning till night serving out food and drink for these brave men, until they arrived at Baltimore, where the men were put in hospitals. Mrs. F. then brought up more provisions, and went back with the boat to Fortress Monroe, where they took on 350 more wounded, and took them to Philadelphia; from there I learned yesterday that she was going to make one more trip up the James River for another steam boat of wounded, and then she was coming home, which, I presume, will be in three or four days. I give you these facts related to me by an eye-witness, that you may know that the almoner of your bounties is not idle. She finds so much to do that she never stops to write to me; and she was so engaged around the sick on her first trip, that she was out on the ocean for some hours before she was aware that the steamer had left the fort. And though she had always been anxious to take a trip on the ocean, she could not then take time to look at it. Thus you will see that her whole soul is engaged in the work of "going about doing good."

On Saturday last I sent to Fort Monroe, for her, two barrels of assorted bread, two bushels of dried rusk, one box of lemons, loaf sugar, fresh butter, cheese, tea, chocolate, farina, corn starch, &c., making four barrels. On Monday I sent her three barrels more of very similar articles, with wine, honey, pickles, dried beef, &c.

I am very respectfully yours, JOE T. FALES.

P. S.—Your donations will be put to good use immediately. Trinity Episcopal Church across the street from my house, is just being filled with wounded from the Peninsula.

Losses.—The published statements of losses in various companies and regiments tell a tale of carnage unlike anything we have before seen; and to how many homes and hearts have they brought gloom and sorrow. The Massachusetts First, for instance, commanded by the gallant Cowdin, went into battle on Tuesday the 1st inst. with 300 men, and now its numbers but 150. One of the companies lost 19 out of 33 men. This regiment had over ten hundred men at the battle of Bull Run. The Ninth and Tenth, in fact nearly all the Massachusetts regiments engaged in the battles, present losses almost equally saddening. Of the aggregate losses of Gen. McClellan we have yet received no satisfactory account.

Bounty Money.

Applications for the \$100 bounty due to the heirs of deceased soldiers, as well as for any pay or allowance due, have to be made to Ezra B. French, Second Auditor, Treasury Department, Washington, and an answer, with directions as to the papers needed, will be sent as promptly as the business of the office will admit. Ignorance of this, and want of business knowledge, has caused a large number of persons to present their claims through persons here who make a business of collecting as well as settling matters relative to prize money, pensions, &c., and who charge usually 10 per cent. of the amount collected for their services.

To a widow whose only means consists of this pittance of \$100, the loss of \$10 is a very serious item, and though it is no doubt necessary all the claims should go through our office in Washington, yet the Government might well employ some one of its representatives in office here to give information and arrange papers for applicants. So common is it now to employ a ten per cent. go-between, that an application to the Sub-Treasury here for information on the matter was answered by the applicant receiving the address of one of these "bankers" or "counselors."

We make this explanation in answer to inquiries that have been addressed to us.—New York Tribune.

Coal.

People have been taken by surprise by the rapid rise in the value of this essential of life. We call it essential, as it is out of the question to go back to the use of wood as a fuel for the whole population. Wood for fuel has had its day. The price of coal has suddenly risen almost or quite three dollars per ton since spring, and we know not how much farther it will go. The reasons given for this advance are, that freights are higher on rail-roads and on the water, and that labor is higher at the mines. It behooves the consumers of coal to use it sparingly as one means of keeping down the price. We have lately come to the belief that the kind called Franklin coal is the most economical, at least, for cooking. The price of it is higher by a dollar and a half to the ton, but it is more bulky and a smaller quantity on the grate will keep fire. It is the softest of the Anthracites and burns with a slight blaze, almost all of it consuming to ashes. There is also another similar coal, called the Burnside, which we have tried, and it burns to ashes and with less cinder, even than the Franklin. It appears to be equally as good in all respects. The Franklin we have tried by careful comparison with other anthracite coal and think we have proved it to be the cheapest even at its greater cost per ton. We can only speak of the Burnside as being very much like it in appearance and probably of equal value on the score of economy.

ANOTHER SOLDIER GONE.—The funeral of Theron P. Newhall, of South Danvers, Co. A, 19th Mass. Regt., was attended from his father's house, near the camp at Lynnfield, on Monday 14th.

Capt. Merritt, of whose Company the deceased was a member, was present and gave a high character to young Newhall as a good soldier, and a firm disciplinarian.

Rev. Mr. Barber, at the grave, said that the deceased lay there, "an offering to the country's cause." At few funerals has there been shown more tender interest in one who has died away from home. The deceased died of typhoid fever, at Gloucester Grove, R. I., where he has been lying since his removal from Yorktown.

An escort from the 33d Regt., now at Lynnfield, gave the customary volleys to mark a soldier's grave.

THE GARDENS.—The gardens are now looking beautifully and promise to yield bountifully. We have had the privilege of a range in the garden of Mr. S. A. Newman, near Elm Street, where we found flowers and fruits in such abundance as to remind us of the year before last. Mr. N. has several of the best varieties of currants, some of them of the largest kind, and bearing down the vines by their weight. His grapes also are making a good show and look healthy.—The Baldwin apples promise a large crop and that unreliable fruit in our climate, the peach, is looking well. The gooseberries hang thick and large, and if other gardens give as good promise of a yield as this, the present season will be recorded as a fruitful one.

THE U. S. FREGATE NIAGARA, the pride of our Navy, is now at Charleston for repairs, having steamed about 45,000 miles since she last went into commission. After her return from Japan she left the port of Boston at 24 hours' notice to join the blockading squadron. Her fires have been extinguished but twice since May, 1860. Her boilers are now to be exchanged for new ones.

OUR VICTORIES.—The New York Post says that since the first of February, and up to the capture of Memphis, the Union armies have gained fifty-three victories over the rebels.—The storming of the enemy's works on the White River makes the fifty-fourth. This is at the rate of one victory in every sixty-eight hours for nearly four months past.

Drafting.

When the first accounts came of the call of the President for 300,000 men, everybody expected there must be a draft. The effect on the health of some of the male population was wonderful. Many of them became afflicted with rheumatism and sciatics of long standing, and able-bodied men suddenly became feeble invalids. Young fellows of twenty-five and thirty suddenly found out that they were a little past forty-five, and others were discovered who had no front teeth fit to bite a cartridge. He was a lucky dog who was exempted by holding a government office or the driver of a coach, carrying the mail. About that time some people were afflicted with weak eyes, and others became near sighted. Some were so hard of hearing that you must bawl loudly in their ears, although it would be unsafe to promise them a dollar, in the lowest whisper. Such a legion of cramps and aches, and ruptures and fits and corns and stiff joints, was never known in any community. Even the Home Guard has lost many of its members by sickness, although none of them have yet gone into any hospital. We trust that we shall soon hear some intelligence which will have the effect to restore to health those sorely afflicted invalids.

Killed, Wounded and Missing.

KILLED.—John Smith, of Co. H 19th Regiment.

MISSING.—John A. Williams, of Co. H 19th Reg.; John Proctor, Co. A 22d Reg., of this town are reported missing from the late battles before Richmond.—Also Robert W. Putnam of Danvers, wounded and missing.

WOUNDED.—Geo. F. Shaw, side, mortally; Gustavus Larrabee, head, badly; Geo. L. Trask, right arm, severely; all of this town, and members of Co. H 19th Regiment.

TRAIN'S SPEECHES.—We shall publish two speeches of Train's next week, viz: "On the Derby Day," and on the "American Navy."

MIDDLETON has voted to pay each volunteer \$125. Her quota is fourteen.

The Rebel Losses

In the battles before Richmond are variously estimated. The officers of our army, before they could tell how many men they had lost themselves, began to telegraph for the other side, and one of them finally informs the Washington Star, that they have lost 75,000, or half their whole force. If this be true, it settles one thing, which is, that they had more than 60,000 at Richmond before the battles, so we have lost a great deal of labor which we expended to convince ourselves that they did not exceed that number. But this report of rebel loss is all nonsense. Who believes that we lost but 7,000 and they lost 75,000? Is it at all reasonable that they lost ten to one? If they lost four to one that would be 30,000; and that, we will venture, would make good their numbers.

Then as to 75,000 being half their force.—There is nothing made by finding ourselves.—The great fallacy, so far in this war, is that we have under-estimated the numbers, the courage, the unity, and the resources of the enemy.—We had better do it no longer, unless we desire future reverses. It is the part of wisdom to over-estimate, and prepare for the worst.—Let the government proceed on these suppositions; first, that the South are united; second, that while they have their slaves to labor on the plantations, they can raise many more soldiers in proportion to their population than we can in the North; and, thirdly, that they are not cowards, but mean to fight to the last ditch and die in that. If it is different and more favorable to us, that will be our gain; but any way, if we proceed upon these suppositions, we shall be prepared, and not have it said that we were met by superior numbers. With all the advantages on our side, that is no excuse for such occurrences. A commander has no right to be ignorant of the numbers opposed to him; he has no right to be surprised; and with twenty millions of people against one half that number, we have no right to be of inferior strength at any point.

Now the best information is, and was before the battles, that the rebels had from 200,000 to 250,000 in Virginia. The whole male population of the South from 15 to 40 years of age came under the conscription act, and they appear to be quite ready to enlist. There are therefore from 170,000 to 220,000 left after these battles, and if they wish to increase the number they can do it, as well on one side as the other, and much quicker South, since than before their battles. Let the government, therefore be prepared; let Gen. McClellan be reinforced at once, so that he may not stop long at Fort Darling; or be driven back from Richmond when he reaches that. He should advance with at least 150,000 soldiers, and crush Richmond by overwhelming force. We have no men to throw away. Human life in these Northern States is too valuable to be trifled with. Parents are ready to sacrifice their sons and wives their husbands, if such is the only price at which this country can be redeemed, but they don't want them sent to useless slaughter. To put 95,000 men against 200,000 as McClellan was pitted the other day, is murder, and a second blunder of that kind should carry the man from office and power who commits it.—Such a blunder is a crime that should not be repeated without punishment. Give McClellan his men, and then let him go forward to the task; and give Pope his men too, that Stonewall Jackson, who was not killed as reported, should not again be scaring up our troops from their resting places in the Shenandoah. Strike quick, strike strong, strike sure.—Newburyport Herald.

HATING.—The Manchester Mirror says that hating has commenced in New Hampshire this week in earnest, and that the prospect for an abundant crop has seldom been better.

The Portland Advertiser says that the hay crop of Maine never promised better than it does this year, and that all other crops look nicely.

Gen. Butler's Proclamation.

George Francis Train has made his weekly speech, and he thus handled the celebrated proclamation:

A love of fault-finding is no proof of wisdom. Your criticisms on General Butler's proclamation are as just as your pretensions for America is honest. Critics, says Wycheley, are like thieves who, condemned to execution, choose the business of executioners rather than be hung. [Oh! and hear.] Your distortion of the New Orleans proclamation is worthy of the people that were abolitionists when they thought, by preaching that doctrine, they could break up our Republic—and pro-slavery advocates when they believed that we should preserve the Union. [No.] The proclamation you have dishonestly translated. Do you mean to say that you believe General Butler issued the order for immoral purposes? [No, and Yes.] Do you really understand its wording to signify that unbridled license was given to the Federal Army? The very idea is contrary to the instincts of our nature.—[Hear!—insulting to the American people, and outraging the senses of our race.] [Applause.] You give the order a meaning never intended. It was unfortunately worded, but the spirit of the order was a proper one. [Oh!]

Ladies hold the remedy. Let them remain in doors—let them behave like women, not like human tigers. The terrible slaughter of our soldiers will some day lie heavy upon their consciences. Women who go out of their way to insult Federal officers who have treated them with every courtesy, by pouring hot water out of their windows when they pass, or throwing vitriol in their faces on the pave—[oh!—]—or so far ansexing themselves as to strike an officer, ought not to object, when martial law is ordered, to proclamations that enforce civility where rudeness was so marked. The municipal law permits no disorder in the street. Women breaking it are sent to the Calaboose. That is the terrible order, nothing more—nothing less—that arouses England and provokes this debate. Lord Palmerston takes advantage of it to have another fling at the Americans, and Gregory and Walsh are mad with delight. Lord Carnarvon also brings out Earl Russell, and all the newspapers clap their hands in joy—and you, gentlemen, echo the sentiment of the land.

Do you remember a picture in the Illustrated News during the Sepoy revolution? It showed three features were prominent—English officers, and Sepoy messengers bearing a flag of truce. [Hear.] The picture has another side—the officers consult. The Sepoys are bound on to the muzzle of the guns—and, with their flag of truce tied around, they were blown towards the camp from whence they came.—[Horrible—shame.] Did Mr. Seward get up in his place in the Senate Chamber, and protest against it in the name of humanity? The atrocities of your soldiers in India were only equalled in their brutality by Nana Sahib himself. [Oh.] When a British officer enters a Sepoy village and gives the order to his regiment to ravish the Sepoy women, and then level their houses to the earth, humanity shudders for civilization. Compared with such deeds, General Butler is a scholar, a gentleman and a Christian. How forgetful of the rights of civilization, for our statesmen to remain silent without recording their indignation at such brutal acts. [Disseut.] England must feel proud of those Christian officers, and no wonder she is indignant at Butler. [Hear.] Have you forgotten the Siege of Limerick. Is it true that Englishmen ravished the women before butchering the garrison and burning the town? Do you remember the cold-blooded slaughter of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, under the same dynasty?

Davoust in Hainburg—Junot in Lisbon—Mahakoff in the Algerian caves—were guilty of acts—and Wellington at St. Sebastian—worthy of Russia in Poland or Haynax in Austria.—[Oh! and applause.] Butler's offence is words—England's offence was acts. Was Butler's motive good or bad? It is the motive, not the act, that blackens the crime. [Hear and cheers.] England is not the land to give America examples as to the treatment of women. [Applause.] America is a country where its youth are taught not to insult an old man or a woman, and a woman can go through the entire country without being insulted. America is the land where education and religion give tone to the morals of our people. How careful England is to find fault with our Federal army. [Hear.] Have you seen any questions on the Parliamentary paper asking if the reports are true regarding atrocities of the Confederate army? Has the Federal power a friend at Court to ask these questions of Lord Palmerston? Is it true that savages, led on by Confederates, scalped our wounded officers at Pen Ridge? [Hear.] Is it true that Governor Sprague found some of his aides, who were killed at Bull Run, buried with their faces downward? Is it true that Federal wounded on the ground at the battle of Winchester were bayoneted by Confederate soldiers? [Hear.] Is it true that the ladies of a certain town in Virginia invited one hundred Federals to their houses, to tea, and their brothers, who were in ambush, rushed in and put all to the sword? Surely America ought to have one friend bold enough in Parliament, when Gregory and the Premier are hurling their invectives against America, to inquire if it is true that the skull of a Federal officer is a bonfire for a rebel lady!—[oh! that Madame Beauregard, who was treated with so much politeness by General Butler, wears a cameo out of the bone of a Federal colonel!—that rebel ladies wear rings and brooches made out of the skulls of our brave officers!—that the proper thing for the rebel gentlemen at Richmond is to have a spittoon made out of a human head! [Oh, and hear.] In conclusion, let me ask if England pays our Federal officers? If England must first be consulted before we declare martial law? [Cheers.] I was not aware that Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the powerful American Republic by the bankrupt monarchies of Europe. [Cheers and applause.]

NEUTRALITY.

Mr. Train—Neutrality signifies weakness. All small minds hesitate. Lack of decision shows lack of power. Generals who win battles are not neutral men. Neutrality on the American rebellion is taking sides in disguise. The man who is soft on the American question is soft on all questions. I despise soft Americans as well as soft Englishmen. It is impossible for an honest man to be neutral. [Cheers.] He who is not for me is against me. The Indian Thug is remarkable for his neutrality until his gorroto is round your neck. The Camanche chief is a neutral to your face, while his scolding knife sleeps in his belt. Dumallard, the French murderer, was a neutral before he destroyed his victims. There is no half way between a patriot and a traitor. The woman

who permits the least familiarity has lost the foundation of her virtue. [Loud applause.] Let her remain neutral in the place of the libertine and she is lost. young man counting his employer's money must not be a neutral—if he does not wish to end his life upon the gallows. The coat I made fits exactly the neutral bankers and ing Americans abroad—who are waiting victories before hoisting Secession or U. Flags. [Shame.] The garment is not on place on England's back. Neutrality in land is treachery. [Oh.] Americans say, hand, with all thy faults, we love thee still Englishmen say, America, with all thy vices we continue to hate thee. [No, and hear, h Strong men choose sides—weak men are al neutral; once an idiot—always an idiot (Laughter.) The world is packed with f (Oh, and laughter.) Neutrality is imbecil No man can serve two masters. He must love the one and hate the other, or hate the and love the other. Our Saviour was no neutral. England for three generations been unjust to America. He that is unjust little is unjust in much. The maxim on sent from an ancient and respectable authority (Hear, hear.) Unjust in small matters for a century, England was just ripe for being just in great matters during our revolution Neutrality is disguise—assassins are neutral fore they use the poignard. The tiger in jungle is a neutral before he plunges on his victim. When you wish to destroy an enemy, first conceal your plan. Error and injustice, neutral before becoming arrogant and imudent. (Hear)

History of an Old Arm Chair.

As you see by my title, I am a very old chair. I was made in this country many years ago. My exact age I cannot tell. During life I have seen a great many changes. Perhaps a history of my life might be interesting to you. The first recollections of my life is one morning when I found myself in a cabinet maker's shop standing with others in a row, waiting for a painter. We waited patiently for a week, at last he came. I was furnished with coats of paint and one of varnish, which I proved my appearance very much. My own pronounced me the best looking chair in the shop. I was proud of my praise, and it would have been gratifying to me could I have remained in the shop for him to rest himself when weary; but it was not my destiny. A ter a few days, with others, I was packed into a furniture dealer in a neighborhood city. When we arrived at our place of destination, we were unpacked and set up in the store. I remained here many months, when one day, a lady came into the store. She was looking for an arm chair. She saw me and exclaimed, "what a pretty chair,"—inquire my price, and, upon being told, her countenance fell, and she said, "it is more than I can pay; can't you put the price a little lower?" "No madam," said my master, "it is as low as I can afford." I had noticed her pleasing countenance as her eye rested on me, and thought, "surely she is to be my mistress." But, upon ascertaining the price of me, she gave up all hope of possessing me, and left the store after purchasing an arm chair less valuable than myself. A week later another lady came into the shop. She was richly dressed, and seemed to have plenty of money at her command. After purchasing several other articles she came to the place where I was standing. She examined and purchased me, settled her bill and went away. The next day I was carried to her house, and thus commenced my new life, unpleasant though it was.

My master was a wealthy merchant. His business kept him much away from home, so that I saw but little of him. It was seldom that he sat in my lap. But my mistress spent much of her time with me, which gave an opportunity of studying her character. Her riches did not make her good. She was a worldly-minded, ill-tempered woman. She had two children, Louise and Lucy. They were not good, for their mother had not taught them to be kind to each other. They often quarreled, and one day, while contending for the privilege of sitting in my lap, I was thrown down and my right arm broken. I had been badly bruised and battered while an occupant of this family, but this last accident unfitted me for use, and I was stored away in the attic with other disabled furniture. While there I was very lonesome. My coat was covered with dust, and huge spiders bound my arms and legs with their webs. After twenty years of this monotonous life, I was taken from the attic and carried to a cabinet shop. My broken arm was set, a new coat put upon me, and I again became quite a respectable chair. I was then put up for sale. Very soon a lady came in; her countenance was familiar to me; I was not mistaken; it was the same lady who admired me so much when I was young. But she did not recognize me in the pretty chair that she had many years ago coveted. She walked past me and looked at several other chairs, but finally concluded to take me. The next day I was sent to my new home. My mistress had not riches, but was kind and good. All the time that I lived with her, I never saw her do an unjust act. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to hold her in my arms. I had been with her twelve years, and in that time a change had come over her. The friends had become alarmed. The family physician was consulted; he pronounced it consumption. She spent the day with me, and I noticed that, as day succeeded day, she grew weaker than before, till at last her visits to the sitting room were discontinued, and I saw no more of her.

After a few months I was put up at auction and bid off for a trifling sum by a man from the country. He took me in his market wagon and I was taken into the country to a pleasant, old-fashioned farm house. This was in perfect harmony with my feelings, for I was old-fashioned myself; and I had noticed that when I came in contact with modern chairs, they looked with disdain upon me, but in my country home I received full as much attention as I deserved. My master gave me a conspicuous place in his large kitchen, where I have remained until the present day, although my master has for many years been numbered with the dead, and his children are grown to manhood.

But my days are numbered; the old farm house, is to be taken away to make room for a new house, and I am to be put away with old rubbish in the barn. But here comes a man to take me away; so I must conclude my story by returning my sincere thanks

The prices for Shaving will remain the same.
 Hair Cutting, (without shampooing) 12 cents.
 South Danvers, July 2.
THE NEW TAX LAW.
 CITIZENS' EDITION of the New National
 Tax Law—complete, 10 cents. For sale by
 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
 190 Essex street.

in 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651,

Miscellaneous.

The Broken Engagement.

BY GIPSY.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful evening in the dawn of summer. Two forms were sitting in close proximity to one another by the window of a twelve-thousand dollar house—

heavily mortgaged—in the upper part of this city. The hand of one rested lovingly on that of the other, and the arm of one described a semi-circle round the other's waist. It is hardly necessary to say that they were lovers, and that this was as far as the young man could go in geometry. There was no light in the room, but there was no occasion for any, with her taper waist and sparkling eyes and her flaming words. This is a sample of their small talk.

"Dearest Flora, tell me what I can do to make myself more worthy of your love. Bid me undertake any mission you please, and I will obey. Aye, even though it be—to cut my hair short—sacrifice my moustache—wear large boots, or work for my living—speak anything you may command me."

"O, Charles! calm yourself. Do not speak in this terrible strain; you make me shudder. I love you for yourself alone." Then placing her hand gently upon his brow, she murmured, "soft, my love, speak soft, my own, and tell me do you love me as much as ever, and will I ever be the same to you as I am now?"

"Hear me swear! cried the ardent youth, dropping upon his knees for the first time in his life, but suddenly rising with a troubled expression of countenance, as something put him in mind of the tightness of his nether apparel.

"O Flora, there is not a coat that adorns any tailor's window on Broadway, that has so high a place in my affections as yourself! You are to me what slander and gossip are to young church members, or funerals to married women—my life, my ambition, my hope, my all! A few days more and we shall be united forever. I can scarcely realize my happiness."

The fair one blushed and nestled closer to the vest-patent of the happy youth. So we leave them.

CHAPTER II.

It was a dark gloomy night, two days before the time appointed for the nuptial ceremonies of the young pair. Charles went his way, full of joy, hope and supper, to the mansion of his beloved. He rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor. Flora was not there, and after waiting a few moments, he resolved to descend the stairs to the dining-room, ostensibly to seek for her, but most probably with visions of spoons dancing through his ever-teeming brain. With stealthy steps he approached the door and suddenly opened it, when there burst upon his astonished gaze a sight which froze the blood within his veins.

Upon the dining room table lay many dishes and other articles of crockery—Before it, was dishevelled hair and tucked-up gown, stood Flora; a huge carving-knife in her hand, which she was in the act of plunging into a pan of hot water. She had been caught in the act of doing housework! With one loud shriek she fell to the floor, while her distracted and bewildered lover rushed from the house.

It is needless to add that the engagement, along with several brittle cups, was broken on the spot. Thus were two fond and dotting hearts irrevocably separated.

If my story, dear reader, will be the means of persuading one young woman never, under any circumstances, to do any work about the house, but always to let her mother and the other servants do it, my object is more than accomplished.—Farewell!—New York Atlas.

A GLASS EYE EXPECTED TO SEE!—An action was lately brought, in a French court, against a lady for the price of a glass eye that she had ordered expressly to fit her, but refused to take when finished. She defended her own cause, and desired the court to observe her hair—

"It is false," said she, "but it looks well and keeps my head warm; my teeth, too, are false," said she, "but they, too, look well, and, what is better, they enable me to chew my food; but this eye," continued she, angrily, "is not of half the use of my wig and artificial teeth, for I cannot see out of it a bit," and, so saying, she dashed the eye indignantly on the floor of the court.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE FOR WAREHOUSE LAMPS.—In the year 1890, Hotot, (one of the Wudleys) having a dispute with one Ringdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground and decide it by combat. On the day appointed, Hotot was laid up with the gout. Rather than he should suffer in his honor, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap a pie, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight, she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and letting down her hair upon her shoulders, discovered her sex.

Advertisements.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF TIME

LYNN & BOSTON

BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

On and after THURSDAY, June 19th, 1862,

E. F. BURNHAM'S

Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers, passing down Main street, through Washington street to Lynn, daily.

Leave South Danvers at 7.50 A. M., and 12.50 and 4.50 P. M.

Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2.12 and 6.12 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, at 8.15 A. M., 1.15 and 6.15 P. M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the above named hours, to take passengers to South Danvers.

Sunday Arrangements.

Leave S. Danvers at 7.50 a.m. and 4.50 p.m. Leave Lynn at 9.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Care leave Seely's Building, Boston, to meet the Omnibuses in Lynn for South Danvers, at 8.15 a.m. and 6.15 p.m.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Tickets to Lynn, - 15 cents. Through to Boston, - 30 cents.

Passengers called for at reasonable charges if notice is given at the Office.

EXPRESS BUSINESS

Between South Danvers and Lynn promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.

EXTRA COACHES furnished at short notice, at moderate rates.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

NOTHING large addition to our stock of the above—and also the Cards—prices as low as Boston prices, or lower, at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S.

SCRAP BOOKS.

A FINE assortment of the various sizes—at very low prices, at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

A "WORD" FROM THE FAMOUS

"LANE,"

Whose Bargains in Good, Durable, and Fashionable

READY-MADE CLOTHING

ASTONISHES THE WORLD.

Why is it that LANE is so Popular?

WHY IS IT THAT THE GREAT MASS OF THE PEOPLE BUY THEIR GOODS AT

"LANE'S?"

These are questions the answers to which you will do well to remember.

1st. We do a strictly "CASH BUSINESS," buying and selling for "net cash," whereby saving much from bad debts, and have great advantages in buying goods.

2d. We employ none but first-class artists in the cut and manufacture of our goods, thereby giving to the purchaser an elegant and tasty fit, combined with great durability.

3d. We always keep a very large stock, and you are sure to find garments suited to your taste and pocket.

4th. Our corps of salesmen are all gentlemen, and you have no fear of being abused if you do not purchase; but they will, on the contrary, take great pleasure in showing strangers over our immense establishments.

5th. We invite strangers, who are making purchases in the city, to make our store their headquarters, and send any bundle or package here for safe keeping.

"STRANGERS"

"CITIZENS,"

When next in Boston in search of CLOTHING,

FOR EITHER MAN OR BOY, VISIT

LANE'S

FAMOUS CLOTHING PALACE!

31 AND 32 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

Boston, April 23.

Salem and Lynn Omnibus.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, an Omnibus will leave Stage Office in Central St., Salem, for Lynn,

At 8.30 a.m. and 1.30 and 4.30 p.m. connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston Horse Railroad for Boston.

Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem, at 9.50 a.m. and 2.50 and 5.50 p.m. or, on arrival of 8.15 a.m. and 1.15, 4.15 p.m. cars from Boston.

Leave Salem for Lynn, at 7.50 A. M., and 12.50 and 4.50 P. M.

Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2.12 and 6.12 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, at 8.15 A. M., 1.15 and 6.15 P. M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the above named hours, to take passengers to South Danvers.

ON SUNDAYS,

The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. Returning, will leave Lynn at 10.50 a.m. and 5.50 p.m., or on arrival of the 9.15 a.m. and 4.15 p.m. cars from Boston.

Express business between Salem and Lynn promptly attended to.

may 7. MOSES A. SHACKLEY.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

MOSES A. SHACKLEY, HENRY M. MERRILL, South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit and receive their patronage.

The undersigned is authorized to collect all bills and to settle all accounts against the late firm, and all persons interested are requested to set accordingly.

H. M. MERRILL, South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861.

MUNROE'S

(LATE REED'S)

SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 10.12 a.m. Freight " " " " 5 p.m.

Express leaves Boston at 5 p.m. Freight " " " " 5 p.m.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers Square.

Order Box. W. M. Jacob's store, Main street.

EXPRESS OFFICE, in Boston, 5 Congress Square; Freight Office, 1 Fulton st.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.

Packages received and sent forward daily for Ball's more, Fort Monroe, Annapolis, Washington, Alexandria, and any other point where the different regiments are stationed.

WM. C. MUNROE, South Danvers, May 21—tf

THOMAS PINNOCK, SLATER,

SALEM, MASS.

Orders may be left at his Yard, No. 25 Peabody St., or at his house No. 6 Hancock street, South Salem.

Roofs covered with any kind of Slates, according to estimate. A work warranted.

Salem, May 7, 1862.

Ann R. Bray,

DEALER IN

Camel's Hair Goods,

Salem, May 12, 1862.

Rare Chance for Bargains.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Large and fine stock of JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE, AND FANCY GOODS.

At No. 2 West Block, 188 Essex street.

JOSEPH J. RIDER

Having in contemplation an immediate change of business, offers his entire stock of Fine Jewelry.

Pure Coin Silver Ware, Rich Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Spectacles, Cutlery, &c., &c.

at greatly Reduced Prices, wishing to dispose of all at the earliest possible time.

This stock is quite new, and was carefully selected for the Salem trade, and offers an excellent opportunity, not often presented, of making purchases for Christmas and New Year's Presents, Wedding and Friendly Gifts, Returning the Table, &c.

Old Silver taken in exchange. Don't fail to call before purchasing elsewhere, as all articles are guaranteed at perfect representation, and prices will be satisfactory.

Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of the Prince Albert and Chester County breeds, of which the Muckle took the First Premium at the late Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

BYRON GODDARD, Near Tapley's Brook, South Danvers, March 27, 1862.

E. R. PERKINS, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes, Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent color Pictures, of various sizes, taken with the improvement of the wet process. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when ordered.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers, Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S

PATENT EAVE TROUGHS, CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black) DANVERS - PORT, DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL

OF the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Ledge, Locust Mountain, Black Heath, Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building. Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER, J. Q. A. BACHLEDER, C. T. BATCHELDER, July 10—tf

E. S. FLINT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

INNER SOLES,

AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS, 2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

To Let.

A LARGE ROOM, with Sky Light 12 feet square, suitable for a Daguerrotype Saloon; is now open for that purpose. Also a large room suitable for a Dry Goods Store, both of which are centrally located. Apply to W. O. BATCHELDER, 138 Main st.

South Danvers, April 2, 1862.

Important to the Afflicted.

DR. DOW continues to be consulted at his office, Nos. 7 and 9 Endicott street, Boston, on all diseases of a

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience of the human system, he has acquired a knowledge of presenting the unfortunate with remedies that have never, since he first introduced them, failed to cure the most alarming cases of

GONORRHOEA AND SYPHILIS.

Beneath his treatment, all the horrors of venereal and impure blood, Scalding, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Ulcers, pain and distress in the regions of procreation, inflammation of the bladder and kidneys, Hemorrhoids, Abscesses, Ulcers, &c., &c., and the long train of horrible symptoms attending this class of disease, are made to become as harmless as the simplest ailments of a child.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Dr. D. devotes a great part of his time to the treatment of these cases, and by a secret and salutary habit, which cures the body and mind, unifying the system, and restoring the vitality of the mind, he cures the most distressing cases of

WOMEN'S AFFECTIONS.

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CHARLES S. BUFFUM,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

Central street, South Danvers, Having provided himself with a



NEW HEARSE,

Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Warerooms Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

of all sizes and prices.

METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished. PLATES—Silver and Plated.

SHROUDS—Thibet, Cashmere, Muslin and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c.

At Ten Twelve Preserving for preserving. Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, etc.

All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.

All orders from neighboring towns will be promptly attended to.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen OF SOUTH DANVERS.

JOHN J. ASHBY,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Custom Made

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

of all kinds.

Ladies', Men's and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds, made to order, at short notice.

No. 15 LAFFAYETTE ST., SALEM, MASS.

Repairing of every description, done in the best manner. Also, for sale—the Copper-Tread Boots, for Children.

2 SILVER Plated Egg-Cups for \$1—at RIDER'S, 188 Essex st.

Are you Insured?

THE subscriber would respectfully call your attention to the fact that he is fully prepared to effect INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, to any amount, at current rates on

Dwelling Houses, Barns and their contents, Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c., &c., and on buildings in process of erection.

And that he is the authorized Agent for the following responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:

Thames Insurance Co. (Stock), Norwich, Conn. Capital—\$500,000.

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South Danvers Wizard.

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THOMAS DAVIS,
ADVERTISING AGENT,
For the principal New England Newspapers, remains
at the old stand, No. 23 Cornhill, Boston, where you
will find him still loyal to the Constitution, the Laws,
and Adv. rising.
Boston, Jan 29, 1862. tf

WALKING MADE EASY.
DR. P. KENISON,
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167 Washington St., Boston,
Cures Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails Nails
penetrating the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Original Poetry.

TO MY SOLDIER BROTHER.

'Tis just one year ago to-day,
Since thou wert called from home away.
To join thy comrades hand in hand,
Amid the tears of thy loved band,
Our hearts, our hopes, our home, was one,
Our sweetest life had just begun,
Our fondest hopes then passed away,
Like blossoms, withered in a day.

Sad are the changes taken place,
Since last I saw thy radiant face,
Dear friends, with whom so oft we played,
Have in the silent grave been laid;
And many a youth with hopes so bright,
With sparkling eye, and heart so light,
While fighting their dear land to save,
Has found a home, beyond the grave.

Yet brother, we were proud to know,
That thou would'st shrink not from the foe,
And our warm hearts, with sadness wrought,
Paid but too dear for treasures bought,
We saw our banner proudly wave,
We hoped our glorious land to save,
We prayed to God 'mid tears of joy,
That he would spare our Soldier boy.

Our father, and our mother dear,
Ofte speak thy name with glistering tear,
And oh, what solace it would be,
To know that thou wert once more free.
When streams our banner in the sky,
And loud huzzas ascend on high,
Then beats our hearts, with pride and joy,
To cheer again, our Soldier boy.

Our childhood scenes are past and gone,
And age comes creeping slowly on;
But thou shalt live for e'er and aye,
The love that cannot pass away;
And as I watch the stars at night,
Until they fade away from sight,
I'll love them with a passion true,
Because they sweetly shine on you.

Then fare thee well, my brother dear,
Trust in the Lord, and have no fear;
He'll stretch his mighty arm, to save
His loved ones from a nameless grave;
Our stars and stripes shall ever wave,
In memory of the land we save,
Peace be declared on hill and shore,
And freedom ours, forevermore.
July 14th, 1862. GEORGIA.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP.

Loss of the "Cumberland."
Composed and sung by RICHARD RAE, on
board the U. S. Frigate, Potomac.

Al!—American Star.
Oh! comrades come listen and join in my ditty:
Of a terrible battle which happened of late;
Let each Union Tar drop a tear of pity,
When he thinks of the once gallant Cumber-
land's fate.

The ninth day of March told a terrible story,
And many a brave Tar to this world bade
adieu,
But our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of
gloom,
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's
crew.

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning,
The sky it was cloudless, and bright shone
the sun;
The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warn-
ing,
Which told every seaman to stand to his gun;
An iron-clad Frigate down on them came bear-
ing.

And high in the air she the rebel flag flew,
The pennant of treason she proudly was wa-
ving,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's
crew.

Now the gallant ship opened her guns' dreadful
thunder,
Her broadsides like hail, on the rebel did
pour,
The people gazed on, struck with terror and
wonder,

For the shot struck her sides and glanced
harmlessly o'er;
But the pride of our navy could never be
daunted,
Though the dead and the wounded her decks
they did strew,
The Flag of our Union, oh, how proudly it
floated,
Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's
crew.

Now these traitors found cannon could never
avail them,
When fighting our Heroes with God on our
side,
The flag of secession had no power to quell
them,
Though the blood from her seuppers, it crim-
soned the tide;

She struck her amidships, her planks she did
sever,
Her sharp iron prows pierced the noble ship
through,
But still as they sank in that dark rolling river,
"We'll die at our guns," cried the Cumber-
land's crew.

Oh, slowly they sank in Virginia's waters,
There voices on Earth will be never heard
more,
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and
fair daughters,
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's
shore.
In that battle-stained grave they are silently
lying,
Their souls have forever to earth bade adieu,
But the "Star Spangled Banner" above them
is flying,
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumber-
land's crew.

Oh! Columbia, sweet birthright of freedom's
throne,
Thy flag never floated so proudly before,
For the spirits of those who have died for the
Union,
Above its broad folds now exultingly soar.
And wherever our sailors in battle assemble,
God bless our dear banner, the Red, White
and Blue,
Beneath its bright stars, we'll cause tyrants to
tremble,
Or sink at our guns like the Cumberland's
crew.

Contributed by T. S. Hunt, of the U. S.
Frigate Potomac.

Selected.

Mr. Train on the American Navy.

We believe the time has arrived in the
history of nations for America to demand
proper position in the world; and we
cordially agree with Mr. Train that the
shortest way to arrive at that independent
position is again to copy England, and
have the largest navy afloat for the forth-
coming struggle for the mastery of the
seas.

Mr. Train: America must be the only
First Class Power in the World. Our
Parrot guns are superior to those of Na-
poleon. Hurrah for Parrott! Our Dahlgren
guns beat Armstrong, and throw
Blakeley into the shade. Hurrah for Dalh-
gren! Jaume's projectiles and Sharp's ri-
fles are both American institutions. —
Hurrah for the American navy—hurrah!
The navy of Europe is an ark. The
Monitor and the Stevens' Battery could
destroy it in less than forty days. (Oh,
and laughter.) Why have we not been a
first rate power? Because we had no na-
vy. But the times are changing—a year
since our navy was a ghost—now it is a
well organized skeleton. Let Citizen
Lincoln hurry up its iron flesh—its steel
sinews—and put life into it in the shape
of steam. (Cheers.) We must have a
navy, larger than England, larger than
France—never mind the expense. We—
the people—pay the bills. (Hear.) Na-
tions are powerful in proportion to their
navies. (Hear.) Peter the Great was a
ship builder—his power was based upon
his navy. Genoa was prosperous with a
navy—so was Venice, Holland, Portugal.
They lost their power when they lost
navies. Who once owned South Ameri-
ca, Mexico, Louisiana, Florida and Gib-
ralter?—Spain. The Spanish Armada
was sunk, and Spain lost her colonies
when she lost her navy! Napoleon sigh-
ed for a navy—France wanted ships, com-
merce, and colonies, and organized ar-
mies. England had ships, colonies,
commerce, and organized navies. Nel-
son won the Nile's battle and Napoleon
lost Egypt. Napoleon lost Trafalgar and
Wellington gained Waterloo. The third
Napoleon saw his uncle's mistake, and
slowly and surely has built a monster na-
vy. America must be the First Naval
Power in the World. England has be-
come insolent, arrogant, and cowardly in-
sulting through her navy. (No.) She
has controlled the commerce of the world.
How? By her navy. England has no
army of importance, but has domineered
over the world with her navy. A few
months ago she sent her squadrons to de-
stroy our empire. (Shame.) Americans
will never forget it. (Hear.) England's
bulwark was her navy—her tower was
her men of war. Cromwell's Navigation
Laws have always been cherished by En-
gland's monarchs—the Stuarts, the Tudors,
the Georges, and the Victorias. (Cheers.)
If History is Philosophy teaching by ex-
ample, Americans are philosophers. The
irrepressible conflict is close at hand—
the battle prize is the dominion of the
universal ocean. Our Drakes, Duncans,
Jervises, Collingwoods, and Nelsons are
all still alive. Yours are dead. Monu-
ments never fight. Live men compose
our navy. Our Duponts, and Porters,
and Wordens, and Farraguts, are worthy
successors of our Decatur, Paul Joneses,
Bainbridges, Lawrences, Perrys, and Por-
ters—(Cheers.)—Hurrah for the Ameri-
can navy! A change is on the world—
America has toiled England long enough
—our people, thank God, at last are
emancipated. England can no longer ir-
ritate us. Hail to our gallant navy! —
Our people must pass a law compelling
every merchant ship to take from five to
ten apprentices. Let them wear the na-
vy luttons—the captain must be respon-
sible, and the shipowner must pay the
bills. We want a militia of the sea.—
(Cheers.) Our sailors must be on the
ocean what our volunteers are on the
land. We must have a navy. Our im-
provised gunboats have earned, in co-op-
eration with the Army of the Constitu-
tion, immortal fame. Who won the lau-
rels at Fort Henry?—the Gunboats.—
Who at Fort Donelson?—the Gunboats.

Who captured the islands on the Great
River?—our Gunboats. Who gave victo-
ry to our arms at Pittsburg Landing? —
our gallant Gunboats. (Cheers.) —
Who captured Macon—Roanoke—Pulaski
?—our gunboats. And who, pray,
took New Orleans?—I answer, our un-
conquerable gunboats. Vicksburg fell,
Natchez capitulated, and Memphis sur-
rendered, to our navy! Our sailors are
as brave as our soldiers are bold. Our
gunboats are manned by regiments of
Casibiancas! Long ere this our gunboats
have battered down treason in Mobile,
Savannah and Charleston. (Cheers.) —
America is emancipated, England is not
our mother. America has passed out of
leading strings. Cut the connecting links
of the gunboat canal through from the
Atlantic to the Mississippi. Make a pas-
sage along the Lakes, and do it all at
once. The people pay the bills. Cut
another canal to connect the rivers with
New Orleans via Carolina, and let our
gunboats have a race course inside our
empire. (Cheers.) The people of Ameri-
ca never call each other the mob.—
(Cheers.) It is not allowed. Some day
the people here will not permit the Lon-
don Times to call them the mob.—
(Shame, and hear.) We want then two
hundred more Galenas, Naugatucks, Iron-
sides, and Monitors. We have now 50,
and must have 100,000 sailors to compose
our militia of the seas. Englishmen you
have lost a great opportunity. We pro-
ffered friendship. You declined. You
thought we were on our death-bed and
you crept into our room in the dark; but
the dagger was withheld—when the rebels
were given up. Iago was a contemptible
character. We are well now—we look
you in the face—and you are ashamed.—
Your abolition sentiments were too base
to be called by the more Christian name
hypocrisy. You preached abolition be-
cause you thought that was the bone of
contention that would ruin our Republic.
(Oh, and hisses.) We have discovered
how dishonest has been your action.—
You played a deep game but we have
caught you packing the cards. (Oh.)—
You knew the dice were loaded. You
put the poison into the cup, and admin-
istered with your own hands the dose.—
(No.) We saw you in the glass when
your back was turned. (Applause.) —
But our Constitution was more than
equal to the shock. America must have
a navy. We have scores of admirals—
and fishermen are grand material for sail-
ors. Already our navy—our little six
months' improvised navy—has accom-
plished wonders. The cotton lords will
now admit that our blockade has been ef-
fectual. The British ministers do not
call it now a paper blockade. Ask the
Joint-stock Buccaneering firm of Prieleau,
Treason and England if the blockade
was effectual. Our action has been short,
sharp, and surprising. Our gallant navy
has lately taken one hundred and sixty-
seven pirates. (Oh, and laughter.) The
gentleman doubts it. I have the state-
ment—12 steamers, 9 ships, 10 propel-
lors, 13 barks, 11 sloops, and 112 schoo-
ners, valued at some fifteen millions of
dollars. The pirate firm must be bank-
rupt since the capture of the steamships
Patras, Circassian, Bermuda, Nassau,
Cambria and Stettin. (Applause.) —
Those Steamers have changed hands.—
The Battle of the Seas must be fought
over—we have already had two many
words—we must come to blows. (Hear.)
We have toaded you long enough—you
must now follow our example. Earl Rus-
sell said we were fighting for Empire.—
He is right—the Empire of the Seas!
Once you kept us always in a fever—now
we intend to make your sleep restless.—
Once you were our superiors—now we
are yours. (Oh, and Cheers.) Once we
thought you were great, fair, honest—
now we see through your disguise.—
Providence smiles lovingly upon its cho-
sen people—but frowns upon other lands.
I see no sunshine to-day in this hemi-
sphere. England is short of corn, short
of cotton, and there is a famine of lib-
erty in the land. (Hear.) All looks dark
and gloomy in Europe—all looks happy
and joyful in America. How Russia
shakes with the upheaving masses whose
liberation has startled the nobles from
their slumbers! How Italy trembles un-
der the cries of subdued revolution! —
How Germany quivers with the under-
ground swell of Democracy! (Hear.) —
And France, too, and China, with Tar-
tars waging war with Taepings—and
Turks measuring arms with Montene-
grins—while America cheers lustily for
liberty, self-confident that she possesses
the largest head and the best quality of
brain in the Phrenology of nations.—
(Loud cheers and applause.)

Mr. Train on the Derby Day.

All the speeches to night were eloquent
on the Derby-day (cheers,) and the last
debater said it was a sight that would
make even Mr. Train delighted with our
institution. Stimulated by your cheers,
he went on to say that there I could read
the Constitution of England. There said
he, you see this great empire, and con-
cluded by representing the Derby-day as a
picture of England's Civil Rights and
Religious Liberties. (Cheers.) It may
seem unkind in me to disturb the scene.
You may think it ungenerous for me to
destroy the picture—but I may do good
by telling the truth, although it may
meet with strong opposition. If I come
out taught as a Reformer, you must not
censure me; if I speak as a moralist, you
must listen with respect. You assent?
(Yes.)

Then let me tell you that the Derby-
day is the great charnel house of crime,
where the noble and the self meet on equal-
ity the gambler, the courtier, and the
horse-thief. (Cries of 'libel,' 'insult to
England,' 'bosh,' and derisive cheers.) —
As Hamlet remarked to Laertes, a palpa-
ble hit. You seem offended. You forget
that I am on the opposition benches;
that you repeatedly called upon me before
I rose to speak. (Hear, and 'that's so.')
You like the truth—you do not wish to
be Barnumized; you cannot say that I
flatter or fawn upon for my own be-
nefit; and in this age of toadyism and
snobism you ought to appreciate a man who
speaks the truth, although at the risk of
losing all his popularity.—(Cheers.)

I say that the Derby is a disgrace to
England, a blot upon the moral character
of the English people, and if that day
represents civil liberty and religious free-
dom, I thank God that America has not
arrived at that pitch of Christian civiliza-
tion. (Oh, and interruption, one or two
gentlemen leaving the hall, saying they
were a lot of snobs to listen to such
abuse.) Order being restored, Mr. Train
said, I sec I must prove my case, point
by point. I have made a bold assertion,
and you call upon me to prove it. I will
do it to your entire satisfaction. To
commence. The Derby is the delight of
the rum-seller, the beer-shop and the gin-
palace. Intemperance that day holds his
Bacchanalian court—Champagne on the
grand stand for the noble, rum and sherry
and gin in the court below for the Tra-
viatas, and beer and porter and foul mix-
tures for the great unwashed. The cos-
tume gets drunk for a shilling, and the
noble for a pound.—Drunkenness is
the great feature of the Derby day; sober-
ness would be sneered at; drink deep,
drink long, drink all the time. Ask Fort-
num and Mason what they put in the
hampers to take away men's senses.—
Look at the merchant, the broker, and
the banker, the day after the Derby.—
Those heavy eyeballs, with red borders;
that dark ridge under the eyelash, that
yellowed complexion and listless gait,
all betoken a day of dissipation at the
Derby, and a night of debauchery at Cre-
morne. The Derby is the grand annual
muster of the Blackleg, the Gambler and
the Burglar. There they meet the Lords
of England and the members of the House
of Commons. Equality—Fraternity—
Liberty. Betting is contagious. The
general sets the example to those in the
ranks; the priest bets his bottle of wine,
and the ladies bet gloves. Everybody gam-
bles at the Derby; the passions are ex-
cited; the mind is disordered; impure
thoughts enter the brain. Vice is a ter-
rible contagion. Free trade in gambling
undermines morality, and schools indus-
try to be the first victim for the peniten-
tiary. I do not think that assembling
with blacklegs, pimps and scamps tends
to elevate the mind or improve the morals
of man. (Hear, and applause.)

The Derby is not a day of prayer and
fasting; but the tongue is loose, and vul-
garity is the order of the hour. Profan-
ity is on the increase, vulgarity gains new
disciples on the Derby. I was taught
that profane swearing was the resort of
the vulgar. (Hear, and oh.) The gen-
tleman may dissent, but the man who
cannot endorse his opinion without the
obscene introduction of some loud oath
deserves the pity of all good men. It is
a vile habit, coarse and plebeian. There
are two distinct marks of the true gen-
tleman. He never tells a lie, or takes the
name of God in vain.
It chills my heart to hear the blest Supreme
rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise.
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise;
You would not swear upon a bed of death—
Reflect! your Maker now may stop your breath.

The Derby Day is the Baden Baden of
the

Rouge et Noir. Gambling is the rule;
all classes bet; the servant copies the
master, men lose who can little afford
it. Gaming is a terrible vice—it ruins
the winner as well as the loser. What
excitement is the most intense? asked the
Regent. Winning cards, replied Fox.—
What next?—Losing. The Derby is cov-
ered with gamblers. Thimble-rigging,
card-betting, cock-fighting, horse racing,
fortune telling, penny tossing. Each shar-
per bent on his prey. The gamester is a
lost man, and the Derby is his lair.—
Another thought. The Derby is a day of
unbridled license. The Christian preach-
er has no voice at the Derby. Slang
phrases are the fashion. The chaff of the
Derby is an institution—(hear and cheers)
—but it is a vulgar, low, disgusting in-
stitution. [Oh, and hisses.] The ride
home is a scene of danger—coats torn,
hats lost, carriages broken, and life risk-
ed—stones, mud, dirt, and bombons fly
around your head. Your eyes are liable
to be put out at any moment. The ladies
in your carriage may be your sisters, your
wives, your daughters. Never mind it;
they must listen and blush not, for it is
the Derby day. The young man with
the four-in-hand throws dolls and wooden
babies into their laps—(laughter)—the
very idea conveys an immoral thought—
the conception is obscene. Who intro-
duced this doll-throwing custom? Of
course, it was the libertine, the seducer.
The act is often accompanied with loud
jest.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense!

The Derby is the bazaar day of the
Shoulder Hitter and the Paylist. The
rough scenes, and brutal contests, the
bloody fights on the grounds are only sur-
passed in debauchery by what takes place
on the return from the races. The drunk-
en drivers rush madly along the streets,
and human limbs and human life are risk-
ed on all sides. Go into the hospitals the
next day and make a note of the broken
arms—the burned bodies and the disfig-
ured faces you see there. Cruelty to man
succeeds cruelty to horses—Miss Todd's
coachman must not punish his horse—
but the jockey of the Earl of Essex must
not be questioned when driving his spurs
deep into the favorite's sides.

Again, the extravagance of the Derby
is enough to condemn it. How many
there that can little afford it. How many
young men have risked and lost—and
their employers must suffer until the clerk
turns out a Robson—a Redpath—or a
Pullinger! Perhaps he is a married man
with grown up daughters, and all depend-
ent upon his hard-earned salary. He
bets—he loses—he becomes mad—he
looks over the bridge—his courage fails
—he stops a moment—hesitates—then
kneels down before the heavily-laden coal
cart—puts his head deliberately under
the great wheel, and his head is crushed
to atoms! He died through losses on the
Derby! Pollock speaks words of fire of
the suicide—who with his own hands
opened the portals of eternity and sooner
than the devils hoped, arrived in hell!

The Derby is the Stock Exchange of
horse thieves. That day they revel in
their villainies. They come from all parts
of these islands to carry on their infam-
ous traffic on the Derby. Why is it that
men consider dishonesty a virtue when
they sell a horse? The Jew and the gen-
tile—the Arab and the Hindoo—the gen-
tleman and the blackleg—the English
lord and the Irish peasant, are all the
same when dealing in horse-flesh. The
Quaker said his horse had no faults, and
would stick to a hill. 'Will he draw?'
'Yes, there would be delighted to see him
draw.' Of course, the animal turned out
to be jibber, as well as blind. 'That,'
said the Quaker, 'is his misfortune, not
his fault.' The parson will let the pur-
chaser find out the spavin: the philan-
thropist will not tell you of the lameness;
the Christian lady will conceal the vice
of the beast she offers for sale; and the
Christian gentleman delights in having
his holiday sports at the Derby.

The Derby is the Kate Hamilton's of
the Cyprians! Here Cyprians flaunt their
silks and rustle their satins, and make
their coarse jests and loud observations
in the presence of the fairest, the highest,
and the most virtuous ladies of England.
Which is the lady and which the Cyprian,
asks the stranger? Really, who can tell.
Even Frith, in his picture of the Derby
Day, has the portraits of some celebrated
prostitutes to make it life-like. So I am
told. What a place to take our wives and
daughters! Would you introduce them
at the Holborn Casino? would you take
them to dance the Lancers at the Argyle
Rooms? [No.] Would you go with them
to the Piccadilly Saloon, or the Portland

Rooms, or, Caldwell's, and drive
twice a week to Cremorne? More a-
redly, no! Few, married men would
so bold! Yet, what they shun in
haunts of vice in London, they cour-
age daylight at the Derby! (True.)
They are horrified at vice and prostitu-
tion when retailed, but are its noblest patrons
when wholesaled. All that is bad comes
together at the Derby. That day
Argyle Magdalens are in their cham-
pagnes. That day the casino empties
Camilles into the Derby. That day
Hamilton sits supreme upon her throne.
That day the Haymarket removes its
free population to the Derby—the great
rendezvous of the Concubine, and
Stock Exchange of the Harlot. (Ironi-
cal Cheers.) That day bad women meet
by appointment bad men, and virtue
scoffed at on the great charnel bonfire
the Courtizan. Here female beau-
means loss of honor, of virtue, and
moral life. And yet, knowing these things,
Englishmen hesitate not to introduce their
families into such haunts of iniquity.
Why. Simply because it is fashionable
(Hear.) The Lords are there as well
as the Commons.

Fashion is a tyrant. A Queen or
introduced large sleeves to cover her
ken arm. A Queen gave the world
sets to hide her ugly form. A Queen
suggested long dresses because her
were large, and an Empress invented cor-
oline when coming events cast their
dolls before. (Laughter.) So fash-
ion makes immorality popular. Great lad-
countenance the Derby, and who dares
protest? The Bishop of Oxford? No.
Lord Brougham? No! His Social Sci-
ence would not interfere with the social
evil which he thinks is a social necessity.
(Laughter.) Where is London, and Cre-
morne, and Durham? Do they object?
Does the Duchess of Sutherland and the
fair peeresses of England endorse the hor-
rid debaucheries of the Derby day
have never seen their protest, although the
found time to appeal to the American
dies about the immorality of Slavery.
(Applause.)

If evil communications corrupt good
manners, the evil of the Derby must
breed foul corruption. If ladies are know-
by the company they keep, the Derby
not the place for modesty and purity.—
How the young girl must shrink in the
presence of her lover when listening from
her elegant brougham on the hill to the
obscene songs and conversation of the
gipsy woman, who perhaps have been
paid to entertain the mistresses of the
young gentlemen in the adjoining car-
riage. (Hear.) All this is allowed on the
Derby day. The Peers approve it—the
judges award it—and no Cumming, no
Newman Hall, no Spurgeon, no Lord
Shaftesbury, raise their voices against the
wholesale immoralities of the Derby day.
Oh, no! That would be un-English.—
(Laughter.)

My painting is completed, my argu-
ment is closed. I was challenged, Mr.
Grand. I accepted. I have fought; and
I ask you sir, who is the dead man?
(Laughter.) The honorable speaker pointed
to the Derby, where I might witness
Civil Right and Religious Freedom—the
great Constitutional Charter of your race.
After the scenes I have painted, I hope
for the sake of Virtue, Morality, and
Religion, that argument will never be ad-
vanced again. I maintain I have proved
three distinct propositions. The Derby
Day is the Stock Exchange of Paylists—
the Mecca of the Horse Thief—the
Bourse of the Gambler—the Rendezvous
of the Blackleg—the Rum-Shop of the
Drunkard—the Central Depot where the
villanies of the Turf are matured—and
the Grand Bazaar of Gentlemen Betting—
the vulgar Card-player—the elegant ad-
dulator (oh, and cheers)—the profligate
Rouge—the hardened Gipsy—and the aristoc-
ratic Blackleg! Here the frail women
hold their levees, who are as corrupt in
body as they are in mind; whose coarse
oaths in their drunken orgies sound
the ear like the Death Battle of Remorse
(Loud applause.) Virtue to woman is
what the grain is to the straw take it
away, and man and beast tread it under
foot. (Loud Cheers.)

Mr. Train sat down amid enthusiastic
cheering and applause, and many of those
who had at the commencement of his
speech, expressed their dissent, crowded
about him to congratulate him upon his
brilliant effort in behalf of religion and
morality.

"Biddy," said a lady, "I wish you
would step over and see how old Mrs.
Jones is, this morning." In a few min-
utes Biddy returned, with the information
that Mrs. Jones was just seventy, two
years, seven months, and two days old.

PORTER G. MARSHALL, of the South Danvers & Salem Express, is the authorized general agent for the "Wizard" in Salem, South Danvers, and Danvers. His receipts are binding at this office.

Special Town Meeting.

At a meeting of the legal voters of this town last Monday evening, it was unanimously voted to pay to each new recruit a bounty of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, and that the Town Treasurer be authorized to borrow the sum of \$12,000 on such time as he may deem advisable, at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent, payable semi-annually, for the purpose of paying said bounty and incidental expenses.

A committee of forty were raised to co-operate with the Committee chosen at the Citizens' Meeting in obtaining recruits to fill up the quota of the town. Their names are as follows:

Waltham District—A. F. Clark, John Pinder, T. O. Shea, George J. Winchester, Thomas E. Proctor.

Center District—Francis Baker, A. R. Fiske, A. B. Merrill, George Upton, Frank Arnold.

Boarding District—Wm. Walcott, W. S. Osborne, Isaac Hardy, E. Pope Barrett, H. M. Osborne.

Rockville District—Sam'l E. Brown, Elcyus Deatur, W. H. Boede, Henry W. Moore, Daniel R. Davis.

Loonst Dale District—Sam'l Walcott, Leonard Cross, Charles Flint, J. S. Needham, John W. Colcord.

Felton District—Richard S. Rogers, Amos Osborne, Jr., Wm. Rice, Eli C. Glines, W. H. Felton.

West District—Jas. B. Foster, Bowman Viles, Stephen A. O'Brien, John H. Lovett, Wm. F. Marsh.

Santaug District—Henry Saltmarsh, George Southwick, John K. Gibbs, John Mansfield, Wm. Southwick.

[The above committees are requested to meet at the Town Rooms this evening.]

It was also voted that the Selectmen be instructed to prepare, at the expense of the town, a full and correct list of all who have enlisted, to go to the war, from this town, both in the army and navy, including all who went as three months volunteers, and all who go forward to fill out the present quota, designating the companies and regiments in which they are mustered, and that they order six hundred copies of the same to be printed for distribution.

This meeting was even more determined and loyal than the first meeting. Sound, earnest and effective speeches were made by Eben S. Poir, Thos. E. Proctor, Isaac Hardy and Rev. A. E. Safford; and their appeals to the patriotism of the meeting were received with much applause.

With the inducement, so ready and so generously offered, we trust the ranks of our company will be soon filled. If not, it is understood that a draft will be made, in which case the persons drawn will receive no bounty.

Reminiscence.

Last Monday was the anniversary of the rout of Gen. D'Dowell's army at Bull Run. We were then at Washington and participated in the feelings of gloom and despondency which hung over that city on the evening of the eventful day. We came very near being a witness of the battle and joining in the run with the other civilians, as we had made a martial agreement the evening before with Mr. Haskell (the *Carleton* of the journal) to accompany him to the ground, and were prevented only by a deficiency in our "Pass." As it was, we were within sound of the booming cannon and saw the hopefulness as well as the anxiety of the people of Washington. It was late in the afternoon that the first knowledge of the state of the contest was made known to the people. It was then favorable, as the first onset usually is, after their cheer went up in front of Willard's as the accounts came in. Then there was a pause—then doubts—then shakings of the head—then reports of reverses to our arms—and then it rained and people scattered. In the night there was beating of drums and two or three regiments marched towards Long Bridge and then marched back again.

Next morning large crowds were thronging at Willard's, gathered around fugitive soldiers who had run away and told the sad stories, awfully exaggerated, of their ragrags, and now and then a full regiment would march through to its former camp. Col. (now General) Burnside's I. Regiment and Battery marched in with its one gun, the other five having been left on the field.

There is no question that that day was lost decidedly a darker one in the war's story than any day since. At that time we had scarcely penetrated a dozen miles to rebel territory, except in Missouri, and this grand army, numbered when it was at Centerville, at 40,000 men, had been disgracefully routed. To-day we have military possession of several of the rebel States and a safe foothold in several of the others, and have defeated their armies in many battles with hardly a reverse, except the late retreat at the peninsula. We have possession of the Mississippi, the Cumberland and Tennessee and almost all the important forts at the Atlantic and Gulf shores. We have driven their privateers from the ocean and hear no complaints of the efficiency of the blockade. The talk about intervention is now hushed, or its voice is feeble, and we are gaining the respect of foreign nations by our naval and military power. All this has been

accomplished since the disaster at Bull Run, and yet we see people down-hearted on account of our want of success. We may wish to go faster, but there is no ground for discouragement in the present situation of the contest. Our power is increasing while theirs is diminishing. We have the men, money and material, and all that is wanted is a right application of them to secure a speedy and honorable close to the war.

Enlistments.

Since the call of the President, some of the towns have filled and others have exceeded the quota required. In this town a good beginning was made, as about one quarter of the number required came forward in the first two days. Since that time there has been a disposition among those whose thoughts had been turned to the subject, to wait for the action of the town, as other towns were offering a larger bounty. We deem it unfortunate that a uniform system has not been adopted and an equal sum offered for recruits in all parts of the State.

The bounty offered is certainly a great inducement now for enlisting, compared with what existed when the soldiers now in the field offered themselves for the army. The war will almost certainly be a short one, after the new forces go into the field, and for our part we would sooner enlist for "during the war" than for "twelve months." Our reasons for belief in a short war are, the certainty that the rebels have done their best at raising men and that we shall greatly outnumber them. They are also worse off for supplies than they are for men. Having drawn one man for every seven of their white population, they can do no more, and if they are beaten, the whole game is played out. They are terribly in earnest and display much pluck, but they can hold out but a little time longer. In proportion to the desperation with which they fight, will be their prostration and humiliation afterward.

Unexpected Things.

The country hails with approbation the appointment of Gen. Pope to a command in Virginia. The best proof of its fitness is, the apprehensions of the rebels. They pay him the high compliment of being "an able and energetic commander, who is apt to do unexpected things." He did one "unexpected thing" when he captured Island No. Ten, and he has recently done another by the occupation of the important position at Gordonsville. The rebels can well appreciate the importance of doing "unexpected things," as they have so often done it themselves by surprising our forces. It is high time that our own commanders should do "unexpected things" in return. It is one of the best tests of good generalship to do this. Gen. Lyon did it at St. Louis at beginning of his brilliant career, and Gen. Mitchell has always been doing "unexpected things." It is very much better to do "unexpected things" than to boast beforehand of what we intend to do. The rebels did an "unexpected thing" when they surprised Gen. Prentiss and took him prisoner at Shiloh, and we now hear of their doing another "unexpected thing" in Tennessee, by capturing our forces and taking the commanding General out of his bed as a prisoner. All honor to Gen. Pope for his aptness to do "unexpected things."

'Enemies in War—in Peace, Friends.'

We are now in the midst of civil war. There is no doubt of this, and all the energies and appliances of the government should be placed on the footing of a condition of war. Our opponent is an enemy and he should be treated as such. His object is to put us down. All the resources of the enemy in men and means are brought out to oppose the government and thwart its designs. It is right, therefore, that he should be opposed with all the resolution and strength which we can command. We are, confessedly, more powerful in men and means than our foe, and we know very well that he can be conquered. Why, then, is it not done? It is simply because our means and resources for attack and conquest have not been used aright. Our blows have been feeble when they ought to have been vigorous. Our men have been few when they ought to have been many. Old ideas and modes of warfare have been used in place of modern improvements in military operations. The manner of the present Napoleon in the war with Austria ought to have been our model. A short war, vigorously carried on, is always the cheapest. The enemy ought to be made to support our army while in its territory, always providing that the loyal shall be afterwards remunerated. While the war lasts, let it be war; let the blows fall thick and heavy, and lose no opportunity to do the enemy harm, until he sues for peace. When this time comes, treat him no more as an enemy, but as a friend. Be liberal and even generous in your settlement with him, and "let bygones be bygones." Then will be the time for conciliation and forgetfulness of disagreements, but not now. Now is the time to make peace by energetic, active war, and it is only by such means that we can obtain a speedy and lasting peace.

Dark Days of the Revolution.

The following letter by Francis Lightfoot Lee, of revolutionary memory, to Gov. Patrick Henry, was found by one of our soldiers of the 1st Mass. Regt. at the house used as a hospital, at Turkey Bend, (or Harrison's Bar) in Virginia. The house is the one in which President Harrison was born. This letter was written at the very darkest hour of the Revolutionary war, when Washington's army was suffering with disease, cold and hunger at Valley Forge and on the point of dissolution. Had the enemy known its situation, our army would have been easily captured and the contest ended disastrously or greatly prolonged. Thank God, bad as our affairs now look, they are brighter itself compared with the murkiness of that period of our nation's history.

The original letter, of which the following is a copy, is now at the Institute. It is a most valuable addition to its historic memorials:

WAR OFFICE, December 31, 1777. Six: Congress have received the most alarming accounts from General Washington of the distress of the army for want of provisions. He expresses the strongest apprehension that, unless an immediate supply is sent, the troops must either "starve, disperse, or disperse." This disaster is likely to befall us by much distraction having prevailed in the Commissary's Department to the eastward, which has prevented a supply of salt expected from thence, from getting forward in time. The laying up provisions has been heretofore prevented, and few, or no supplies of cattle have been drawn from that quarter. The aversion of the people too has had no small share in reducing us to our present distress.

A committee is appointed by Congress to take effectual measures for preventing so fatal a blow as the dispersion or dissolution of our army would be to our liberties. They have been obliged, from the necessity of the case, to give orders for seizing all the provisions in the vicinity of the camp in this State which will afford a small but temporary supply. They have written to the adjacent States and earnestly besought their assistance. Much dependence is placed in your exertions at this important crisis, and the committee need but state the facts to induce you immediately to take measures for remedying the evil.

I beg leave to suggest to you whether an immediate seizure of cattle, hogs, pork and salt in the State of Virginia, is not indispensably necessary, and certificates given payable by Congress to the possessors at the rates to be fixed by a convention to meet on the 15th of January next, agreeable to a resolve of Congress of the 22d of November last. You are the best judge of proper measures to be taken within your State, and therefore the committee will not trouble you with their ideas of the plan to be executed for procuring the articles wanted. They are confident you will be as speedy as the nature of the case will admit, convinced that immediate supplies can only be had from the nearest States; and the committee have taken steps for obtaining a relief in future from those more remote.

The Issuing Commissary at camp will receive any cattle, &c., you may please to forward; and the Commissary General of Purchases will take into his charge on being informed thereof, all magazines of pork and salt you may think proper to have laid up. All drafts or certificates (duplicates whereof you will no doubt be of opinion should be lodged with you as vouchers) given or drawn by your order, will be duly honored by the Treasury Board.

I would beg leave to suggest to you the great difficulty and danger in the transportation of provisions up the Bay in the common mode, and treat the use of the State armed vessels for the purpose, as a similar request is made to the Governor of Maryland. It is impracticable to procure provisions from the southward without the use of these vessels. The committee rely strongly on the exertions of Maryland and Virginia in laying up magazines for future supply as well as obtaining present relief. They have the most flattering ideas of receiving that assistance from these, of which they have been unhappily disappointed from other States, and must depend on them for their principal supply.

I have the honor to be, With great respect, Your Excellency's most obedient servant, FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE, His Excellency Patrick Henry.

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR CHANGE.—The proposition in our last, to make stamps take the place of small change, has already been adopted by Congress and in a manner almost identical with that recommended by our correspondent. The difference consists mainly, in having representative stamps, as well as real ones, which shall be on stouter paper and without gluten.

The readiness with which people take and pass this new currency, shows that they were prepared to welcome it. The deficiency of small change had produced great inconvenience in all traffic and the relief was both efficient and timely. At first some people did not quite understand it, and good old ladies would exclaim—"Why! I never shall write letters enough to use all these stamps, in the world!" When, however, the idea got into people's heads that they could be paid out as well as taken in, they saw through the mill stone and the thing was plain enough.

There is great demand at the Post Office for stamps, as people mean to get them before they rise in price. We caution all hoarders of silver coin to get rid of it before it falls. The store keepers are willing to take it at present at full price, if it is not much worn.

SILVER COIN.—Scraping together silver coin in these times and disposing of it at a premium, may be a legitimate transaction; but to the minds of the public generally, it is stamped as most despicable.

Benj. A. Stone of Danvers, Co. H, 19th Regt. died last month.

The Soldier.

The history of the world is a history of destruction and honor to this profession. To leave home and kindred and their pleasures and comforts for the dangers and privations of the battle field, bespeaks a disposition and a character worthy of the fame of all men and all time. There is a self-sacrifice, a general love of country, a real manliness, connected with the soldier's profession which promotes it far above the position and the merits of all other positions and situations among men. What man, who possesses a heart, but welcomes with admiration the war worn soldier as he returns covered with honorable scars from the dangerous scenes and trials of the "tented field?" Who is there so far void of patriotism but will ever hold in honorable memory those who shall go forth at this critical juncture of our national affairs, to peril their lives for the continuance of the Constitution and the Union as they came from the fathers unchanged in the slightest particular? Who that is conversant with the history of nations but envies the distinctions and the fame ever bestowed upon the names of those who have gone forth to fight for their country—its honor and its glory? Whose heart has not leaped with joy and swelled with pride as he has read of the glorious deeds of our fathers as they passed through the fiery and bloody ordeal of the Revolution? Is not fame and glory in an abundance equal to that freely bestowed upon those who valorously established our government, merited by those who go forth to-day to fight for its continued existence and future increasing glory and prosperity? That man, who, to-day, goes forth to battle for his country, will earn a fame no less glorious than that so beautifully bestowed upon the fathers who gave us our country. Patriots—stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

"Our Club."

Our club assemblies usually once a week. A. B., C. D., and E. F., are some of its members. These are prominent names which reflect lustre upon us, its other members. Who that pretends to any knowledge of "the classics," has not read A. B.'s learned work upon the resemblance of John Milton to M. Voltaire? In noticing this famous production, the "Village Oracle" said—"It is a satire, penetrating and keen—a work that will add to the author's already high reputation and will shed much of the illuminative quality upon the subject he treats. We heartily commend it to the attention of our learned townsmen." Price \$5.00.

C. D. is the gentleman who wrote *Ode to a Tailor*. It was, perhaps some may remember, very affecting—especially to the Tailor to whom it was addressed.

E. F. is our military member. He is not a McClellan man; far he thinks it is incumbent on the General that he wear Wellington boots, and that unless he does Richmond will not be taken.

These are, as I have said, our best members. We have, however, besides, one or two who are remarkable at an aerobics, or who can distinguish, at a glance, the fine parts of "Sardanapalus," or point out to you the defects of "As You Like It."

Our club is now preparing a dialogue in which all of its members (exceeding 400) will take conspicuous parts. This, when perfected, will be enacted at Gabriel Hall. Reserving five dollars apiece for expenses, the proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted exclusively to the families of the *Major Generals* who may be shot in the present war with the rebels. Our reunions take place every Monday evening, and a cordial invitation is extended to all who love high-toned literature.

SALEM MECHANIC LIGHT INFANTRY.

The Salem Gazette publishes the roll of the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry, now serving at Fort Warren, and which was recruited for six months service. Among the names, we notice the following from our town: J. Lewis Damon, Henry J. Hatch, Edwin P. Morrill and Joseph G. Shedd. From Danvers: Geo. M. Crowell, 4th Sergeant; John H. Howard, Corporal; Alexander N. Caird, Warren P. Dodge, R. Poor. Out of 101 members, Salem furnishes 57. The balance represent nearly every town in the county.

CICEROAN CLUB. At a meeting of this Society, held at their rooms in Salem on Wednesday the 16th inst., the following officers were chosen for the ensuing quarter: N. Judkins Holden, President; Albert Cook Perkins, Vice President; F. Langley Hadley, Cor. Secretary; N. Herman Dulyrme, A. A. V. P.; A. Fish, Rec. Secretary.

PROMOTED. First Lieut. William W. Smith, (of Co. C, 17th Regt.) of Danvers, to be Captain.

THE Richmond Examiner, of the 7th inst., contains a detailed account of the advantages which Gen. McClellan has gained, as the result of his changing his base of operations. It acknowledges that his position is almost impregnable, having only one point at which it would be possible to attack him, and this point under the cover of the gunboats. It also says that from a dark, unhealthy, miasmatic, swamp, he has taken the army to a rich valley as the sun ever shines upon, where supplies are abundant and easily obtained. The Examiner also inveighs against the rebel government for not giving them even a bulletin of the events as they transpired.

GODBY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The August number of this popular magazine has just been received. It has an impressive picture of Daniel Webster at the Tomb of Shakespeare; a fine collection of fashion plates, patterns, and directions for useful and fancy needle work, receipts, music, &c.; its reading matter is always fresh and entertaining, and is highly appreciated in the home circle. It is for sale at most bookstores and periodical depots.

A correspondent describing some of the scenes of the recent retreat says the wife of a wounded German was carrying along all her husband's equipments, musket and all, which were strapped upon her in true military order, while he, with crutch and cane, hobbled by her side, smoking and chatting as if it were the most common thing in the world. Many such sights were seen on every side. The wounded were everywhere visible.

Letter From Gen. Butler.

The following Letter from Gen. Butler, explaining his reasons for issuing the celebrated order in regard to women of New Orleans, has been received by a gentleman of Boston:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY, NEW ORLEANS, La., July 3, 1862. My DEAR SIR: I am as jealous of the good opinion of my friends, as I am careless of the slanders of my enemies, and your kind expressions, in regard to order No. 28 leads me to say a word to you on the subject.

That it ever could have been so misconceived as it has been by some portion of the Northern press is wonderful, and would lead one to exclaim with the Jew, "O, Father Abraham, what these Christians are, whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect the very thought of others." What was the state of things to which the Women order applied? We were two thousand five hundred men in a city seven miles long by two to four wide, of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, all hostile, bitter, defiant, explosive, standing idly on a volcano; a spark only needed for destruction. The Devil had entered the hearts of the women of this town, (you know seven of them called Mary Magdalene for a residence), to stir up strife in every way possible. Every opprobrious epithet, every insulting gesture was made by these beleaguered, beleaguered and lecherous creatures, calling themselves ladies, toward our soldiers and officers, from the windows of houses and in the streets. How long do you suppose your flesh and blood could have stood this without revolt? That would lead to disturbances and riot, from which we must clear the streets with artillery—and then a howl that we had murdered these fine women. I had arrested the man who *insulted* for Beauregard. Could I arrest the women? No. What was to be done? No order could be made save one that would excite itself. We are anxious, earnest, thoughtful, but not violent. As a gentleman you can and will take no notice of her. If she speaks, her words are not objectionable. It is only when she becomes a continuous and positive nuisance that you call a watchman and give her in charge to him.

When I passed through Baltimore on the 23d of February last, members of my staff were insulted by the gestures of the ladies (?) there. No so in New Orleans. One of the worst possible of all these women showed disrespect to the remains of gallant young De Kay, and you will see her punishment, a copy of the order which I enclose, is at once a vindication and a construction of my order.

I can only say that I would issue it again under like circumstances. Again thanking you for your kind interest, I am, truly your friend, BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major Gen. Comd'g.

The following is the official order for the imprisonment of Mrs. Phillips:— HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY, NEW ORLEANS, La., June 30, 1862. SPECIAL ORDER NO. 150. Mrs. Phillips, wife of Philip Phillips, having been once imprisoned for her traitorous proclivities and acts at Washington and released by the clemency of the Government, and having been found training her children to spit upon officers of the United States, and act as one of these children both her husband and herself apologized and were again forgiven, is now found on the balcony of her house during the progress of the federal procession of the 1st of July, laughing and mocking at the remains, and upon being inquired of by the Commanding General if this fact were so, contemptuously replies—"I was in good spirits that day." It is therefore ordered that she be not regarded and treated as a woman, but as a man, of whom no officer or soldier is bound to take notice, but as an unbecoming, bad and dangerous woman, stirring up strife and inciting to riot. And that therefore she be confined at Ship Island, in the State of Mississippi, within the custody of the federal authorities, and that no verbal or written communication be allowed with her, except through this office, and that she be kept in close confinement until removed to Ship Island. By order of Major General Butler.

R. S. Davis, Capt. and A. A. G.

War Feeling in Danvers.

We learn from a correspondent in the Salem Gazette that a meeting of the citizens was held Tuesday evening of last week to consider what should be done towards raising the quota of men expected from this town. The attendance was large. After some discussion it was voted to request the selectmen to call a town meeting as soon as possible and a recommendation was adopted to the effect that the town should offer a bounty of not less than \$75, to each volunteer. A committee was then chosen to get authority from the Governor to recruit a company in the town, as it was thought enlisting would be facilitated if it was understood that those enlisting in the town could go in a company together and have the privilege of choosing their own officers. A committee consisting of two from each School District, was also chosen to aid the work of recruiting throughout the town. Mr. Frederick Perley thought it would sound better if recruiting should commence then and there. Whereupon Mr. Wm. L. Weston presented for signature a paper, offering \$75 bounty to each man. Mr. Black said we had got to do as well as other towns and moved that the bounty be \$100. Carried amid applause. Mr. Perley remarked that "we might as well come up to the scratch first as last," and not wait till McClellan was defeated again. He moved that the bounty be \$125. Carried with renewed applause. Mr. Perley then said he would give ten dollars for the first ten men who should sign. Six signed during the evening, among them Daniel J. Preston, an old militia officer who would undoubtedly make a good captain, and to whom doubtless attention is directed as commander of the company if one is to be raised in town. Whether the town will vote the \$125 bounty, remains to be seen. Volunteering is now going on upon the understanding that it will. The meeting adjourned to Friday evening, to hear the report from the two above named Committees. "Old Glory" was present in the course of the evening and enlivened the meeting with some forcible remarks. We think we may assure you that Danvers will do her duty.

Dr. Hall says it is better to have no button or string about any garment worn during the night. A long, loose night-gown is the best thing to sleep in. Many a man has facilitated an attack of apoplexy by buttoning his shirt-collar.

Our Major was killed, and our Colonel wounded pretty bad; he has also gone home. I believe there were from fifteen to twenty killed and wounded in our Company. William Woodman and George are all right. I lost my gun in the fight—a bull struck it and bent the barrel.

CAMP CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP LEE, NEWBURN, July 3d, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER,—Here we are again at Camp Lee—the day before the 4th—laying around, reading, writing, talking, and impatient for orders to move in a direction where we can strike a blow for the perpetuity of our glorious old Union. This last three or four days commands given only to be countermanded, have followed each other in rapid succession, and we have not the least idea where we shall bring up. For my part, I hope they will put us through and route the rebels until they either lay down their arms or are annihilated.

Last Sunday morning, at 3 o'clock, we were routed out to pack up and return to Newbern, as there was to be an advance made immediately. I was sitting up with a sick man at the time,—one that fell out when on the march the 5th ult. He was very sick, indeed, of a brain fever, but we are in hopes he will recover, being much better now. Well, we had our baked beans quite early for Sunday morning, but we did not go aboard the boat until about eight; and then there were so many delays, we did not get fairly off until about eleven; and having the Quartermaster's schooner in tow, sailed very slowly, so we did not arrive in Newbern until about noon Monday. On arriving here, we learned the programme had been changed, and other orders given, and which have since been countermanded.

We have news to-day of the capture of Richmond. Seven Regiments that left yesterday, are detained below; rumor says they were going to reinforce McClellan, and that its being captured accounts for their going. If its true they were bound there, it shows that we are very weak for the work we have to do. To be sure we can spare troops if we have no advance to make; but if we are expected to move on Wilmington and Goldsboro', we should be heavily reinforced.

Tell those patriotic young men at home that troops are wanted now as much, if not more, than ever; for when we route them at Richmond, we must strike hard and fast until there is nothing left of the wicked rebellion. That is to be the programme. I'm satisfied by the appointment of General Pope as commander of the different corps of Western Virginia; and when once they skedaddle, if we have the troops to follow them, success will lie only in history.

I often laugh to myself when thinking of the predictions I have made, and how wide I've come from the mark, but my confidence in the President and his Generals is so great that I feel it's all coming out right, and what is more, "it's all for the best." I believe it's better for coming generations that the rebellion had a chance to develop itself, and then to be crushed out, than it would have been if we succeeded one year ago. They will be so thoroughly whipped that they will see the folly of ever attempting again to overthrow the best government upon earth; and then again slavery cannot outlive the shock; it will receive a blow that it will never recover from.

We enjoyed ourselves most hugely at Washington. It was a nice, cool place, and so retired—a real week's vacation of retreats and defeats, plenty of berries, plums, &c. On the 27th ult. I obtained a pass to go outside of our picket. The new lantern was the attraction to me. It consists of two buildings; the main one is about 60 by 20 feet, and has 10 vans in one row, 6 of which are used for ranging, 1 for a sink, 1 for a lime, 1 for a drench, and 1 for a leach. The stock was laid away with oak bark, and I should judge by the looks of the top sides, had laid two or three months, and was in the second layer, to judge by the amount of tanning. The stock was dry hide, and had been softened upon the beam (there is no hide mill). I should think that if it was properly attended to it would make very good iron shodging.

During my stop there the men commenced work, they having done nothing for several weeks or months. The pits were solid fill, and the stock was awfully putrid, the bark being very coarse. I remained there while the men started about 1-4 of a pack. The manner of working was for two men to get upon their knees at the ends of the vans and pull the stock up, turning the tan over on to the next side, and then shovelling it out every few minutes. There was one overseer and four men doing in a most slowly manner, what one man could do easily. I asked the overseer where he learned his trade; he told me he picked it up himself. He remarked, himself, that he had always worked tanning, but never upon a large scale before.

The other building connected was the bark shed. Here was the bark mill which went by horse power and capable of grinding four barrels per day, as the overseer told me, and at that it was not ground much finer than the breakers of our mill breaks bark. The price they have paid for hides the last spring is, 12 for dry, and 6 for green, bark—ok 8, and poplar 4. Leather has sold for \$1 per lb.; this will not pay much profit the way they were managing when I was there. Uncle Ben is selling for 40 cts. per lb., and he will not be able to sell for that after leather comes from the North, as the B. A. sole cuts up so much better than the N. G. sole made from native hides, and it can be got here by express for less than 30 cts. Some has been brought on already.

CAMP NEAR JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA, SATURDAY, July 6th, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER,—Having a few moments to spare, I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how we are. I am as well as ever, and I hope these few lines will find you the same. I hear from some of the boys that you worried considerably about me when you heard that I was wounded. Now, I don't want you to worry at all, for I am not hurt yet; all the wound I got was merely a scratch. I suppose you have heard that our regiment has been in another battle. This time our regiment, and all our brigade, suffered pretty bad.

We had a considerable number killed and wounded. I will not be sure when I am writing, for it is hard telling, who was killed, but I believe Sergeant Shaw was killed, and John Smith, of South Danvers. There were also quite a number killed from other places. Gustavus Larabee was wounded pretty bad in the head, and Geo. Trask was wounded in the arm. I believe that were all from South Danvers. Our Captain was wounded in two places; in the hand and in the back. He has gone home. Our Major was killed, and our Colonel wounded pretty bad; he has also gone home. I believe there were from fifteen to twenty killed and wounded in our Company. William Woodman and George are all right. I lost my gun in the fight—a bull struck it and bent the barrel.

The wife of Gen. Beauregard died in New Orleans recently; so says a Richmond paper.

The London Times says that the late marriage of the Princess Alice was one of affection!

We hear that Benjamin Stone is dead; he died in the hospital. We don't know where Samuel Stone has gone. A good many think that he is taken prisoner by the rebels. I think that there were a number of our boys taken prisoners as they stayed behind. I have got large reinforcements now, and I think that we shall whip them and take Richmond.

From your son, CHARLES A. BROWN.

WOUNDED AND PRISONERS.—Late accounts state that of the wounded prisoners at Richmond, are Wm. Mulean of Co. I 19th Reg. E. P. Stanley, and Geo. L. Trask of South Danvers. Wm. Woodman, also of this town, is probably a prisoner, as his letters have been returned to our Post Office.

Our flags were dropping at half-mast on Saturday, on account of the death of Wm. Delany, who died on his way from the hospital to Fortress Monroe.

John H. Tibbets, of this town, who went out in the 2d Maine Reg., was taken prisoner at the battle of Gaines Hill, on the 27th of June.

ROWLEY.—A town meeting was held on Tuesday to determine in what manner the town should raise the quota of fifteen men, in conformity with the President's call for three hundred thousand. E. H. Potter was chosen Moderator. It was voted to pay a bounty of \$75 to any person who should enlist as a part of the town's quota. Patriotic remarks were made by J. Foss and D. N. Prime. Rowley has already sent sixty men, and will try and do her part in the present crisis.

RELICS.—Three of the passengers on board the last ship which left Massachusetts with British colors, before the Revolution, are now living! The vessel was the *Minerva*, and sailed from Marblehead eighty-seven years ago, May 27, 1775. The surviving passengers are Miss Copley, Mrs. Gardner Green, and Lord Lyndhurst—all children of Copley, the great artist.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A little girl, five years of age, named Emily Kennedy, while walking on the railroad track at South Danvers, on Tuesday morning, was struck by the 3-2 o'clock inward train and thrown a distance of thirty feet, breaking both her legs above the knees. She was carried to the Mass. General Hospital in Boston for surgical treatment.

It having been proposed to make postage stamps a legal currency, the ways say the Secretary, after giving the country "a shin plaster currency," is now giving "a sticking plaster currency."

The Post Office Department is now having postage stamps printed, of denominations ranging from three to ninety cents, on thick ungummed paper, to be used for general circulation as a substitute for specie.

A law has passed Congress discontinuing all regimental bands in the United States army.—They are to be mustered out of service at the end of thirty days, unless they volunteer to join brigade bands, the only bands retained.

An order will be issued by the United States Adjutant General providing that no payment will be made to officers and enlisted men on furloughs until they report to their regiments.

TAXES.—It is understood that a separate bill will be introduced in Congress levying taxes on real estate and live stock.

Our Iron-Clad Navy

The minute account we gave a few days ago of the new Monitor building at Jersey City, has again attracted attention to the subject of iron-clad vessels for our navy. Since the passage, by Congress, of the appropriation for supplying the country with these indispensable vessels, the Navy Department, for obvious reasons, has avoided all publicity as to what it intended to do. Enough, however, has transpired to enable us to inform the public that, in the opinion of the heads of the Government, next fall, say by October, the *United States* will be the strongest naval power on earth in the matter of efficient iron-clad vessels. All the

Dashing Victory in North Carolina.
A DANVERS MAN KILLED!
Capt. of Hamilton by a Gunboat Expedition.
New York, July 22.—A New York, N. G. of the 12th, gives the particulars of the capture of Hamilton by the gunboats Perry and Shawshen, and a company of Hawley's Zouaves. It was a dashing affair. The rebel force, consisting of a regiment of artillery, a strong force of infantry, artillery, and one steamer. The latter was captured the fleet, while the Zouaves took the fort. John H. Bridges, of Danvers, Esq., seaman, was killed, and a number of men on board the Cores were wounded. Several were wounded on this other vessel, and the Zouaves received slight wounds. A company is said to have left 40 or 50 dead on the field. The victory clears the way to Wells.

Great Wrecking Operation.
F. Wells, Esq., of Boston, has just completed a contract with the Government, by which he agrees to raise the vessels sunk at the Navy Yard and in Hampton Roads. The value of property sunk, upon which he proposes to operate, amounts to over a million dollars, and consists of the following vessels:
Pennsylvania, 120 gun ship.
Delaware, 84 "
Columbus, 80 "
Raritan, 50 "
Columbia, 50 "
United States, 50 "
Sagoy, 50 "
Yamouth, 22 "
Jermantown, 22 "
Jumbelund, 24 "
Dolphin, 4 "
Derrinac, 12 "
The new rebel steamers, Water Boat, Powder at.

The two new rebel steamers, which will be recaptured, were all ready for sea, and were scuttled and sunk at the Navy Yard, in great depth; they now lay in about thirty feet of water, and it is thought can easily be raised. Cumberland lays in eleven fathoms of water and it is the intention of the contractor to recover by means of four whole ships, of four dredged tons each, which will be partially rubbed by being partly filled with water, and a after attaching to the sunken ship will by means of the rise of tide, and use of steam pumps, bring her up. It will be recaptured Merrimack was plated with eight hundred tons of iron, all of which, it is expected, will be recovered. The Congress and Cumberland had iron safes aboard, containing respectively \$35,000 and \$18,000 in specie, which, without doubt, be recovered by means of ing apparatus.

The undertaking involves an outlay by the contractor of some sixty thousand dollars before commencing the work; he will employ about two hundred men, among whom will be twenty divers, who will descend to the ken ships in the Wells & Gowen submarine nor. Suck of the vessels are not raised. The blasted with gunpowder, and all the terial that is of value recovered.

The contractor is the same party who raised the steamer Erie from Lake Erie in 1854, and been engaged in other submarine operations. Understand he is to commence operations in e, and is to receive forty-five per cent sale from the Government in the value of all party recovered.—Commercial Bulletin.

BRADBURY'S GOLDEN SHOWER OF SUNDAY
OLD MELODIES.—This is a new collection of mms and Tunes for the Sabbath School, by a. B. Bradbury, author of "The Golden in," "Onola," "The Carol," and various or musical works. It is just what a Sabbath school Music Book should be, and we cordially commend it to all our Sabbath School students. It is published by D. B. Brooks, Brother, Salem Mass.

THE WAR OF 1812.—In the war of 1812-15, ording to the Philadelphia Press, there were battles fought on land and 22 at sea. The entire loss in the former was 10,229, in the er 1,749; total 11,978. The British loss on d was 19,729; at sea 4,367; total 24,096.— ess of British loss over American 11,918.— e loss on both sides includes prisoners; of e loss on our side, Gen. Hull surrendered at troit 2,340. On the British side, Sir Goo. vest surrendered 2,600 at Plattsburg, and n. Packenham, 2,600 at New Orleans.

GOOD FOR BUTLER.—There was an imposing ical recently in New Orleans. Gen. Butler pected that it was imposing upon him and waited until the coffin had been solemnly osted in the silent tomb, when he took it and opened it. The "body" proved to be a , and its immortal spirit, which had not , proved to be gold coin in large amount. Butler took the immortal spirit to his rters, and then the friends began to mourn some purpose.

J. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, at their Music re, Essex Street, Salem, have a piece of Mu arranged for the piano, entitled "Gen. Ba-'s Funeral March." They are constantly reving the latest pieces of music issued.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for Sept. 1891, London Quarterly of the same date, one mber of the Edinburgh, one of the Christian aminer for Jan. 1890, and several others are ssing. We hope the holders will send them immediately. It would seem that readers books of this class ought to be considerate ough to see the necessity of returning them the proper time. Some of them doubtless , forgotten, laid away among other books.— e hope our people will look over their books d pamphlets and send to the Library, all ich have its "image and superscription."

R. S. D. SYMONDS & CO.
Rough and Ready, McClellan, Burnside, nder, and a variety of other style of straw its, selling at cost.

R. S. D. SYMONDS & CO.
A fresh lot of Misses and Children's Cloth ings and Balmoral Boots, heeled and with heels—for sale cheap at

R. S. D. SYMONDS & CO.
Sun Umbrellas—at J. F. ALMY'S.

Sun Umbrellas—at J. F. ALMY'S.

South Danvers Fish Market.
P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge. ap20.
Visit OSBORNE'S Store, and look at the unusual variety of new styles in Hats and Cars, 191 Essex street, Salem.

To Let.
A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a Currier or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of R. S. D. Symonds, 64 Main Street.
South Danvers, July 25, 1892.

\$100 REWARD!
The Subscriber will pay the above reward to any person who will detect and bring to justice the villain or villains who unscrewed the nuts from the wheels of his omnibuses, thus exposing the passengers to danger of life and limb.
R. F. BURNHAM.
South Danvers, June 18, 1892.

Port of Danvers.
At 11th, schs Charlotte Williams, Goiding, Philadelphia 12th, Ada Therbert, Crowell, N. York 13th, H. O. Warren, Clementsport 15th, Minnie Cobb, Averill, Baltimore 17th, Evergreen, Potter, Black Diamond, Young, and B. Frink, English, Philadelphia, Correll, Burghes, New York 18th, Mary Ann, Winchenbaeh, Waldober.

Marriages.
In Salem, July 10th, by Rev Mr. Clapp, Mr. George C. Lord to Miss Maria M. Pope, both of Salem.
In De Soto, Wisconsin July 1, by Rev Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Joseph Morgan of Lake City, Minn., to Miss Eunice A. second daughter of Mr. Daniel B. Kendall, formerly of So. Danvers.

Deaths.
In this town, July 18, Mrs. Abigail S. Southwick, aged 63 yrs 11 yrs.
In Danvers, July 20th, after a painful illness Warren H. son of James and Angelina Newhall, 1 year and 8 months.
Sleep on, sweet babe, sleep on,
How peaceful thy little head,
Upon thy Saviour's breast.
Naught shall disturb thy dreams,
Thy pilgrimage is o'er;
Within that heavenly Father's home,
Pain shall not reach thee more.
Sleep on, thou fondly loved,
Sleep on, thou angel boy,
There's a smile of love upon thy lip,
That speaks of heavenly joy.

In Salem, July 16th, Miss Hannah Harman Ropes, 70 years, 9 mos, 15 ds; 18th, Edmund Ropes, Esq., aged 61 yrs, 2 mos, 26 days; Mr. Walter Brannan, 50 yrs; 20th, Miss Lucy Ann Pillsbury, 32 yrs 7 mos 11 ds—daughter of the late Mr. Moses H. Pillsbury.
In Hamilton, July 12, Mrs. Lydia Adams, 91. July 6th, Mr. Jesse Dodge, 79; 16th, Mrs. Adelaide, wife of Elbridge F. Dodge, 30.
At Newbury, N. G. July 8, Mr. John Edwards Whittridge, only son of John Whittridge, Esq. of Hamilton, 21 yrs—a member of Co. F, 23d Mass. Reg.

EDWARD HAMMOND
Hereby gives notice to the people of South Danvers, that he still continues to offer his services, when needed, as an

UNDERTAKER,
and Furnisher of such articles as are used in the solemnization of funerals. His residence is at Hammond's Corner, Wallis street, near the Essex Railroad Station. It is just what a Sabbath school Music Book should be, and we cordially commend it to all our Sabbath School students. It is published by D. B. Brooks, Brother, Salem Mass.

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.
Take Herrick's Pills
Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Shall fortune never cheer thy breast;
There is a cure for each distress,
Is Herrick's Pills.

Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every part of life be in a doubt,
Take the sure balm (of little cost.)
Is Herrick's Pills.
These remarkable Pills startle many communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Patented with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 34 page.

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.
DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.
The combination of ingredients in these Pills are the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities, Painful Menstruations, removing all obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, whites, all nervous affections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arise from interruption of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
was the commencement of a new era in the treatment of those irregularities and obstructions which have consigned so many to a premature grave. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular, and whenever an obstruction takes place the general health begins to decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
are the most effectual remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to Females. To all classes, they are invaluable, inducing, with certainty, periodical regularity. They are known to thousands, who have used them at different periods throughout the country, having the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each Box—the Price the Dollar per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills. Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to the Proprietor. Sold by Druggists generally.

R. B. HITCHINGS, Proprietor,
20 Cedar St., New York.

D. P. GROSVENOR agent for So. Danvers
and G. C. Goodwin, Boston. apl6-ly

To Consumptives.
The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years from a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in spreading this information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.

John P. Peabody.
Spool Cottons.
WE continue to sell the best Spool Cottons for 4 cts. Orrs & MacIntoshes—Clarke-Taylor—Green and Daniel's, &c.
PINS.
We sell the best American Pins—all sizes—for 4 cts. per paper.
Needles.
We have several of the best makes of Sewing Needles, at 4 cts. per paper.
Soaps.
Transparent Bar Soap—Rose Soaps, 2 cakes 5 cts—Silver Soap 5 cts—Honey Soap 6 cts—&c., &c.
Combs.
Rubber—Horn—Ivory Comb—Slide—Puff—Round and Dressing Combs, all kinds and prices.
Brushes.
Hair—Tooth—Nail and Soft Brushes in all qualities.
Buttons.
Silk—Crocet—Brocade—Rubber—Horn—Ivory—Pearl—Linen and Lace Buttons, at much under regular prices. All the New Styles in reason as they appear.

For the Hair.
Burnetts Cocoa—Cocoa Castorine—Jenny Lind Glos—Spanish Lustral—&c., &c.
220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.
JOHN P. PEABODY.

Advertisements.
Tenements to Let.
ONE of 5 rooms in the rear of Washington Street, on a Court leading out of Aborn street. Rent \$54 per year.
One of 5 rooms near Newhall's Crossing, in house lately occupied by C. B. Warner. Rent \$42 per year.
One of 3 rooms, near Tapley Brook, a small house. Rent \$24 per year.
One of 3 rooms, in a new house in rear, north of the Old Boston Road, near the Lind Glos, with a barn if wanted and several acres of land. Rent reasonable, but dependant on privileges hired.
One of three rooms in the "Granite House," corner of Washington and Granite streets.
EDNEY C. BANCROFT.
South Danvers, July 23d, 1892.

In Insolvency.
ESSEX ss. In the matter of HORACE TIBBETTS, of South Danvers, an insolvent debtor, notice is hereby given that the fourth meeting of the creditors of said insolvent will be held at a Court of Insolvency at Salem in said county, on the 28th day of July current, at 10 o'clock A.M., at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. At said meeting the account of the assignee will be presented, and creditors may appear and object to the allowance thereof.
JOHN D. PEABODY, Assignee.
Salem, July 23—3w

WM. C. HENDERSON,
MANUFACTURER OF
PLAIN AND FANCY
PAPER BOXES.
No. 235 ESSEX STREET,
Sign of "Nest of Boxes."

Ribbed Hose.
HEAVY Brown Ribbed Hose, at 25 cents. ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street.

Circulating Library.
TEN Copies of Major Whitford's last Work, Edwin Brotherton, have been added to our Library; a sufficient number of copies of all the new books, put in as soon as issued.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

Maj. Winthrop's Last.
EDWIN BROTHERTON, by Theodore Winthrop; Addison Power, or The Cost of a Scheme, by F. Owens.
Olve Blake's Good Work, by author of Book about Blakes—received by
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH,
190 Essex street.

Stationery.
A Large stock of Letter and Note Papers, of all the different sizes and qualities; also, Envelopes, of superior quality, just received from the manufacturers, and for sale low previous to the advance on 1st August—
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH,
At the old stand of H. Whipple & Son.

ANN R. BRAY.
DOMESTIC GOODS! DOMESTIC GOODS!
WE would invite the attention of our customers to our stock of Domestic Goods, of all description; which, owing to the advance in prices, we have taken care to have unusually complete. We are able to sell our
BLEACHED and BROWN COTTONS,
CAMBRICS, BATTINGS,
HOSIERY, MIXED FLANNELS, &c.,
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.
ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street. jy 23

LIVERY STABLE.
JOHN MOULTON
WOULD inform his friends and the public that he still continues to keep

Good Horses and Carriages to Let.
at the stable of G. M. TEEL on Central street, where he will remain until his stable is rebuilt at his old stand on Main Street.
A share of public patronage is solicited.
South Danvers, June 9, 1892.

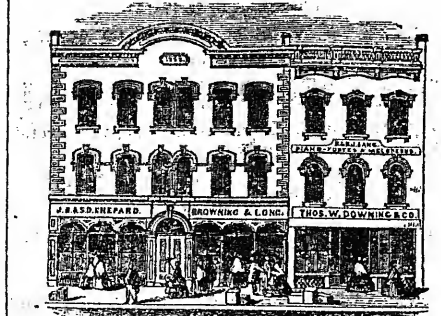
Heckscher Coal!
\$6.75 per Ton on Wharf.
A FULL supply of this Superior Coal,
Both Red and White Ash,
On the various ships, for sale at wholesale and retail, FOR CASH ONLY, by
W. P. PHILLIPS,
Phillips' Wharf, Salem.

Sherriff's Sale.
ESSEX ss. July 11, 1892. Taken on execution, and will be sold at public auction at the Post Office in South Danvers in said county, on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of August next, at 1 o'clock, p. m.:
The right in equity that TIMOTHY McDONNELL of South Danvers has or had on the 20th day of August last, to redeem a certain piece of mortgaged land situate in South Danvers aforesaid, bounded westerly by Harris Street, southerly by land of John Dexter, easterly by land of D. Sheehan and land of E. Engen's, and northerly by land of D. Conroy.
STEPHEN UPTON, Deputy Sheriff.
South Danvers, July 16, 1892.

George S. Walker.
At Reduced Prices!
SUMMER UNDER SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., can be bought at Reduced Prices, the remainder of the season, of
GEO. S. WALKER,
Dealer in Men's Furnishing Goods and Toilet Articles,
223 Essex street, Stearns' Block,
Opposite Eastern Railroad Station.

Gentlemen's Collars,
GEORGE S. WALKER,
Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods & Toilet Articles,
Jy 23
Opposite Eastern Railroad Station.

NEW GOODS.
AT
BROWNING & LONG'S,
No. 177 Essex Street,
Successors to J. Mayer.



Through our Special Agent in New York, we are daily receiving New Goods as fast as they appear in that market.

NOW OPEN
A Complete Assortment of
"LACE MITTS,"
Fashionable Styles and Neat Patterns, at
VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN
A FULL STOCK OF
"LISLE GLOVES,"
In Every Variety, at
VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN
A Large Invoice of Plain and Open-worked
"HOSIERY,"
Offered at
VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN
A very large Invoice Plain and Hemstitched
"LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS,"
Bought for Great Bargains, which we offer at
VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN
Large Additions to our Stock of
"VEILS,"
Which we are now selling at
VERY LOW PRICES.

Having extra facilities for procuring desirable Goods, we are always prepared to show the latest styles at Great Bargains.

BROWNING & LONG,
No. 177 Essex Street, Mass.
July 23, 1892. SALEM, Mass.

\$22 MONITOR. \$22
A NEW IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE
For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Combining all the latest improvements that the best mechanical skill can invent. The proprietors, practical Sewing Machine inventors, having had many years experience in the business, and having devoted the past year to the perfection of the MONITOR, are now confident that for simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship and durability, beauty of design and finish, the MONITOR must supersede all others as the best practical Family Sewing Machine yet offered to the public.

Every variety of sewing that can be done on any machine can be done on the MONITOR. It uses a straight needle, and will sew any fabric from the finest muslin to the coarsest broadcloth and leather. All kinds of thread used direct from the spools without the trouble of rewinding, from the finest cotton and sewing silk to the coarsest linen.

THE MONITOR
uses two threads, making the double lock stitch. There is no spool on the under part, like all other sewing machines; both are on the upper part, where any child can adjust them.

Confident that a first class Family Sewing Machine at a moderate price, has long been needed to meet the wants of all—the poor as well as the rich—and believing that such a machine must command the liberal patronage of the people and find a rapid sale, the proprietors offer the MONITOR at the extremely low price of \$22. The MONITOR is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect order five years without charge.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and the Canadas to whom the most liberal inducements are offered.

All communications must be addressed to the undersigned, at the Bureau Sewing Machine Office and Patent Exchange,

260 Washington St., Boston.
THOS. DERMOT, SOLE AGENT.
June 4—6m

James F. Almy.
We have a fine stock of WHITE MARSHALLS and FIQUE CLOTHS—for Children's Summer wear;
A splendid line of SUN UMBRELLAS—at very low prices;
Choice styles SUMMER DRESS GOODS, marked down to close;
BLACK SILK MANTILLAS—at BARGAINS;
A full stock of HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS, at the lowest prices.

JAMES F. ALMY,
189 Essex, opposite Central st., Salem.

BUTTER, EGGS AND BEANS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES, by
P. D. PERKINS,
ON LOWELL ST., SO. DANVERS.
South Danvers, June 18, 1892.

CHEAP FIRE-WOOD.
The subscriber has on hand 30,000 bushels of Patent Granular Fuel,

which he will deliver, by wholesale, in lots to suit purchasers, anywhere in this town, Salem, Lynn, Swampscott, or Nahant. Orders sent by mail (or by express), or left in Salem, at the office, 27 Washington street (3d story), or 17 Briggs st., will receive prompt attention.

List of Prices.
25 Bushels, delivered, 2 25
100 do do 4 00
100 do do 7 50
Orders left at the Union Store, Newman & Symonds, and the Omnibus Office.

BYRON GOODELL.
South Danvers, June 18.

Particular Notice to Ladies.
GREAT BARGAINS
AT
PERLEY'S Shoe Store
SELLING OFF! CLOSING OUT!
AND RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

THE subscriber having determined to discontinue his present business, offers for Cash, at greatly Reduced Prices, his extensive stock of
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
consisting principally of Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear. The above stock, as to quality, is second to none in this city.

Desirous of disposing, during the warm season, of ALL HIS THIN SOLED BOOTS AND SHOES, for the

NEXT SIXTY DAYS,
VERY GREAT INDUCEMENTS will be held out to purchasers of goods of this description, by the very low prices at which they will be offered—say, from one quarter to one half less than former prices.

A lot of Snor Worn Boots and Shoes will be sold at extremely low prices.

JOHN PERLEY,
June 18—19
252 Essex St., Salem.

CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
Furnishing Goods, &c.

A new and fashionable stock of Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, &c., kept constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices for Cash, at

R. S. D. Symonds & Co.,
So. Danvers, May 23. Agents.

HOUSE PAPERS.
THE Old Stock selling off cheap, at
S C & E A SIMONDS'
32 Front Street, Salem.

100
BIBBS' FAGIN'S INVINCIBLE FLOUR,
received this day and for sale by
GAYLE & CO., Phillips Wharf, Salem.

Hats, Caps, Summer Cloths, &c.,
AT COLMAN'S.
No. 10 FRONT STREET.

I HAVE just purchased a stock of Fur, Wool and Straw Hats, which I will sell at wholesale price, or retail. Hats that are sold (the same kind) at \$2 I sell for \$1; 50 doz Canada Straw Hats, for the Farmer, at \$1 13 per doz; Palm Leaf, Leghorn and India Straw; and Panama Hats—all prices; Broadcloth (all wool) for Men or Boys' Summer wear at \$1; Ermine, Satinet, Doeskins, &c., &c.

CLOTHING. ALL-WOOL SUITS (in good style) for \$8, and all other styles at the lowest prices; Boots and Shoes of the best quality, at a small advance from cost; Painted Carpets; Window Shades, Rixtures, Tassels, &c.; Crockery and Glass Ware; Children's Carriages; Baskets, Tubs, Buckets; Furnishing Goods; Under Shirts and Drawers, at less than cost of importation; Neck Ties from 1 ct. to 38c; Neck Stocks from 6 to 38c; Men's Hat Hoses from 3c to 38c per pair, and a great variety of other goods, at low prices.

B. COLMAN,
10 FRONT STREET, 10
Salem, June 25, 1892.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
ESSEX ss. June 24, 1892. A warrant has been duly issued by Hon. GEO. F. CHATZ, Judge of Probate and Insolvency, for said county of Essex, against the estate of
ELBRIDGE TRASK, of Danvers,
in said county, shoe manufacturer, insolvent debtor; and the payment of any debts, or the delivery of any property belonging to said insolvent debtor, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law.

The first meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Salem, in said county of Essex, on the fourteenth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the proof of debts, and the choice of an assignee or assignees of said estate.

C. H. ADAMS, Dep. Sheriff.
July 2
Top Buggy for Sale,
NEARLY NEW, and in good condition.— Inquire at this office, or at 47 Holden St. South Danvers, June 25, 1892.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.
A fresh addition to our stock, just received
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH,
190 Essex street.

A. J. Archer & Co
SHAWLS! SHAWLS!
WE have just received a new style of
WOOLEN SHAWLS.
—ALSO—
CASHMERE SHAWLS,
THIBET SHAWLS,
RAW SILK SHAWLS,
which we offer at low prices.
A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex st.

BLACK-SILKS. BLACK-SILKS.
AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER & CO.
WILL open this morning BLACK-SILKS, choice qualities, at 75 cents and upwards. Also many new styles,
ORGANDIES,
LAWNS,
MOZAMBIQUES,
And other Summer Goods: may 20

BLACK ALL-WOOL PARAMATTAS.
A fine Stock of
MOURNING GOODS.

For sale by
mch 19
A. J. ARCHER & Co.

GEO. E. MEACOM,
Dealer in
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,
126 MAIN ST., 126
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

1862. 1862.
SPRING STYLES
FOR
GENTLEMEN'S HATS,
ARE NOW READY
AT OSBORNE'S.

HUSSEY PLOWS.
A FULL supply of these celebrated Plows constantly on hand and for sale at manufacturer's prices, by
A. W. WARREN.
Danversport, April, 1892. 6m*

D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,
Druggist and Apothecary,
83 MAIN STREET.
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, and Popular Proprietary Medicines. Personal attention to Physicians' Prescriptions.
South Danvers, May 29, 1891. 1y

HORSES FOR SALE.
The Subscriber offers for sale a lot of young and sound HORSES, just received from Vermont and Canada. They may be seen at the stable of BURNHAM'S EXPRESS, opposite Lowell Railroad Station, and will be sold at good bargain for the purchaser. Such an opportunity to obtain a good family or working horse, does not often occur.

E. F. BURNHAM.
South Danvers, May 28.

PATTERSON'S
LEATHER HANDLING MACHINE
The undersigned are agents for the above machine. It can be seen in operation at Finner & Brown's Tannery.
may 7—3m
CLARK & CIDDINGS.

100
BIBBS' FAGIN'S INVINCIBLE FLOUR,
received this day and for sale by
GAYLE & CO., Phillips Wharf.

CHILDREN'S and MISSES' WATCH
SPRING SKEETS, entirely new patterns; Black Velvet and Fancy Trimmings; Black Buttons.
ANN R. BRAY,
No. 76 Federal street.

WM. S. HILTZ,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
BOOK-BINDER,
No. 157 Essex Street (up stairs), Salem.

Bibles, Music, Magazines, Periodicals, and old books of every description bound with neatness and despatch at the lowest cash prices.
Salem, June 4, 1892. 1y

CROCKERY WARE.
CHINA WARE, Glass Ware, Hard Ware, Crockery Ware, Plated Ware, Japan Ware, and all kinds, constantly for sale at
S C & E A SIMONDS, Salem,
32 Lawrence Place, Sign of Tea Tray.

Dry Goods at Reduced Prices.
We have desirable styles of THIN GOODS, which we shall sell at Cost.
BLACK and WHITE THIN GOODS, for Mourning;
MOURNING GINGHAM—a new and desirable style of Goods for Travelling Dresses;
Our customers are invited to call, as they will find it to their advantage.
jy 16
ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

If you want to Save Money, in purchasing Goods, go to COLMAN'S, No. 10 Front street, Salem. ap30-2m

Auction Sales.
WILLIAM ARCHER, Jr.,
Auctioneer, Real Estate and Stock Broker,
34 Front Street.
Real Estate, Bank, Railroad and Manufacturing Stock bought and sold on Commission.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
THE firm of AYERELL & LOW, is dissolved by the death of the senior partner, and the business of the late Copartnership will be settled by the undersigned. All persons having claims against the late firm, and all persons indebted to the said firm, are requested to make immediate settlement.
AARON T. LOW

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.
THE subscriber, surviving partner of the late firm of AYERELL & LOW, being desirous of settling up immediately the business of the late Copartnership, offers for sale, at reduced prices, all the Stock of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS
now in store. Thankful for past favors, he would give notice that he intends to keep a good and complete assortment of Goods in his line of business, and hopes to retain the continued patronage of all the customers of the late firm. The public are invited, and may rely upon having goods of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices.
Personal attention, as heretofore, will be given to the wants of customers, and his best endeavors will be exerted to give perfect satisfaction.
AARON T. LOW

OLD FRIENDS
IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills.
THE BEST FAMILY CATHARTIC in the world, used twenty years by five continents, and by millions of people; always gives satisfaction; contains nothing

for the Great Northern, the London, Chatham and Dover, and the Metropolitan lines. From that point it passes eastward, having a large number of intermediate stations. On the occasion of the recent trip made through a portion of its length, the air was found to be perfectly sweet, and free from all unpleasantness or dampness. The locomotives used condense their steam and consume their own smoke, so that neither gas nor vapor is perceptible. The surface of the rails is made of steel. The line is made for two gauges, and it has a double track throughout. The carriages will be roomy, well ventilated, and lighted with portable gas. The road was expected to be opened about the middle of June.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1862.

GEORGE PRABODY.—We insert to-day, with no small degree of pride and satisfaction, the account of the ceremony of presenting the freedom of the city of London to our distinguished townsman. It is written by Charles Hale, Esq., of the Boston Daily Advertiser and is graphically reported. We propose to insert the speech of the Chamberlain, and Mr. Peabody's reply, in our next.

By the following remark in the London Illustrated News, we infer that our citizens will some day have the opportunity to see the splendid memorial of London's gratitude for Mr. Peabody's bounty:—"It is understood that Mr. Peabody intends to present the gold box in which the freedom was contained to the free library of the town of Danvers, where he was born."

Another Great War Meeting!

Last Friday evening, after a very brief notice, of but a few hours, a large and enthusiastic gathering of the people of South Danvers was held at the Square, comprising, we may safely say, thousands of our citizens. A platform was erected in front of the Warren Bank building and a band of music was in attendance playing national airs. Isaac Hardy presided and made a very happy and energetic speech and was followed at intervals, after music by the band, by Hon. A. A. Abbott, Benj. C. Perkins, Esq., Geo. S. Nelson and Rev. O. E. Safford. We have seldom attended a more patriotic meeting or where the speeches were so uniformly good. Mr. Abbott fully sustained his former high reputation as public orator and Mr. Perkins fairly surpassed himself, which is as good a compliment as we can bestow. Mr. Nelson congratulated the citizens on the prospect of raising a South Danvers company and stated that about half our quota had already been obtained, and called upon others to come up to the good work. Rev. Mr. Safford was the last speaker, but not least, as the meeting greeted his earnest and powerful appeals with great applause. Although no apology is needed, it is fair to say that the speakers had little or no time for preparation, and perhaps this is one reason why there was so much of soul eloquence in their appeals. At the close of Mr. Safford's remarks it began to rain and the crowd dispersed, or we should probably have heard from other speakers who were to be called upon.

Public announcement was made that on the next day, at one o'clock, the enlisted recruits would march into camp at Lynnfield, and it was proposed that they should be escorted thither by the citizens. Accordingly, on Saturday large numbers assembled at the recruiting station where a band was in waiting, and about a hundred of the citizens, under the command of ROBERT S. DANIELS, JR., preceded the recruits and marched off in good style under the United States flag, to Camp Stanton, returning the same afternoon. Among them was one of the old veterans of Dartmouth prison who stood the long march bravely. We also saw some of our elderly citizens who marched off with a youthful gait, as if they felt not the weight of years and superabundant flesh with which they were encumbered. Grave citizens, whose hair had begun to whiten, kept good step to the music of the band and the Union. Some were well armed with stout walking sticks; these were, we suppose, staff officers. All together, they looked so martial in appearance that the bystanders wondered if they were not going to accept the bounty and be sworn in. The recruited men, six of whom were the immediate result of the evening before, attracted the most attention, as those who were going manfully forth in the service of the country in this day of its utmost need. All honor to them and all those who shall join them to help to make this war a short and successful one! They will be remembered by a grateful country.

ECCLIASTICAL.—The time has arrived for vacation of ministers, as well as school boys and girls, and the clergy-men are leaving their flocks to rest from their parochial labors. Rev. Mr. Barber, of the Old South Church, has gone to the sea shore for rest and recuperation, his desk to be supplied by Rev. Dr. Field of New Haven and Rev. Dr. Poor of Newark. N. J. Dr. Field will preach the first two or three Sabbaths in August, and Dr. Poor the latter part of the

month. Both these gentlemen are well known here, one as the former pastor, and the other by his numerous family connections. They were of the same class in college and in the Theological Seminary and hold a high rank in the ministry.

Rev. Mr. Safford, of the Universalist Church, passes his vacation among his friends in Maine.

General Dix.

A letter to his friends here, from one of our townsmen commissioned in the Surgical Department, dated 24th July, Hospital 5th Maryland Regt., Camp Hamilton, Old Point Comfort, Va., says: "While waiting for him in his rooms the Major came in, bringing with him Gen. Dix. Dr. B. and myself were introduced to the General and the party sat talking for an hour or more. The General made himself quite affable, but he talks slowly and this makes him (to strangers) appear reserved and distant. He related his recent trip to meet General Hill to arrange for a general exchange of prisoners. He says that the articles of agreement were carefully drawn up, so as not to imply the recognition of the Confederacy by the United States. The document ran in this wise: 'We, the undersigned, in behalf of the authorities we respectively represent, &c. He talked on pretty much all topics that turned up in the conversation without reserve.'"

The above sets at rest all the rebel hoastings that this negotiation was tantamount to an acknowledgment of the bogus Confederacy as a belligerent.

Peabody Institute.

The Cabinet of the Institute has been recently greatly enriched by the deposit of two cases of mineralogical specimens, rare and valuable, by Mr. ORINIEL C. MARSH. These brilliant minerals are only a small part of a collection which Mr. Marsh, in his enthusiastic devotion to the sciences of Geology and Mineralogy, has gathered during the past ten or more years. He spends a portion of every year in explorations with special reference to this speciality, much of his time being passed in the British Provinces. The results of his researches in the mining region of Nova Scotia have been published in a Report which has attracted the attention of scientific men here and in Europe. It is the intention of Mr. Marsh (who is a nephew of Mr. Peabody) soon to visit England and the continent, to perfect himself in his favorite studies and, pursuits, and he will be enabled to do so under favorable auspices as his reputation has preceded him. We copy the following complimentary notice of Mr. Marsh from the New York World, premising that the paper referred to in connection with the Royal Geological Society was read by Sir Francis Lyell, a name everywhere honored where science has her votaries:

"Some time since we announced that Mr. O. C. Marsh, of the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale College, had discovered two remarkable vertebræ in the coal-measures of Nova Scotia which excited much interest in scientific circles. Prof. Agassiz, to whom they were submitted for examination, stated that he had never met their like, and they showed a nearer approximation to a synthesis between fish and reptile than anything that has yet been seen. By request of the Geological Society of London Mr. Marsh submitted to them, last month, a paper giving a detailed description of the vertebræ, which has recently been published for the information of those who are interested in the subject. This discovery of Mr. Marsh has puzzled naturalists considerably, since it interfaces with certain theories which have been held by them upon what has heretofore been deemed satisfactory evidence of their truth. His welcome to the ranks of Scientific men, regardless of his comparative youth, by the London Geological Society, is a compliment as deserved as it is felicitous."

The 14th Regiment.

The following extract from the letter of a soldier in the 14th Mass. is in point at this time. It gives the writer's opinion on the duty of enlisting and Gen. Pope's policy, and at the same time gives the information that troops under the new call are already arriving at Washington. We hope the news is not contraband, but we do not see any mention of it in the correspondence of the large dailies:—"To-day we had a drill under Gen. Whipple at Hunter's Chapel. The 2d and 4th New York (Artillery) were there too, and the whole afternoon was spent in fine style by the whole of us. We went through the forming of hollow squares to repel an attack of cavalry and several evolutions of the line, such as clanging fife and closing columns in mass. I like Gen. Pope's policy in putting down the Rebellion, and think if all the rest of the Generals would adopt a similar policy it would stop this war much quicker. The stories of the backwardness of enlisting has reached us, and I am ashamed of my native State in such a time as this of our nation's peril. The Vermont 9th passed here yesterday, having been only nine weeks in forming and getting to the seat of war. The 63d Indiana are in Alexandria, having been formed since the call of the President for the three hundred thousand."

SMALL CHANGES PROMISING PLINY.—We are glad to learn, that in the city of New York, since the commencement of the circulation of stamps, small change gives promise of soon becoming as abundant as ever.

Gen. Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, says that the women of the South were the moving cause of the rebellion.

Important Arrest.

Erwin Foster, of this town, was arrested in Brighton on Thursday last, by constable D. S. Littlefield, charged with recently setting fire to the stable of Mr. John Moulton (which was entirely destroyed, with nearly all its contents, including eleven horses). He will have an examination in this town, before B. C. Perkins, Esq., to-morrow (Thursday). The evidence against Foster, it would seem, is already quite conclusive; for on his way from Brighton, he confessed to officer Littlefield the whole matter in connection with the burning of the stable—Foster states that it was not his intention to burn the stable, but in lighting matches to find the harnesses, he accidentally dropped a lighted match which set the stable on fire while he was carrying away the harnesses. His confession to officer L. also gave information where a part of the harnesses were, and they have been recovered. There are a number of other charges against Foster, such as horse stealing, &c., on which there has not been any arrest made—Foster has lived in South Danvers for the past few years, and was for some time a clerk at Simonds' Hotel, where he has, as far as appearances are concerned, conducted himself in a very proper manner. He had also been in Mr. Moulton's employ for a number of years.

Letter From Fort Warren.

PORT WARREN, Boston Harbor, July 21, 1862.

MR. EDITOR,—Everything at the Fort, with but very few exceptions, seems to be progressing. The three companies here have made great improvements, since their arrival, in the use of the firelock; and the discipline at this post ranks it among the first schools of instruction for the soldier. The Company of Heavy Artillery are very proficient in the manual, and their discipline and behavior is certainly worthy of notice. They have been skilfully drilled by experienced officers, to whom is deserving much credit. The Cadet Company ranks second in drill. The Mechanic Infantry, who have been here for a short period, have improved very much in discipline and drill, and under such excellent officers, will undoubtedly rank with the Heavy Artillery in a few weeks. Yesterday the articles of war were read to them before church-call by their commander. This company held three meetings of divine service during the day and evening, which were conducted by members of their Company. The subjects were of a very interesting nature and proved a complete success. Music was furnished by a choir from the corps.

Some one has favored us with a fine steel engraved portrait of Rev. A. B. Fuller, Chaplain of the 16th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. As everybody is aware how laudably Mr. Fuller has filled his position in this brave Regiment, it is needless for us to offer more than this passing comment.

The picture forms one of a series of prominent military men, now in course of publication by Mr. B. L. Russell of Boston, and is sold for the low price of fifteen cents.

The Clergy and the Times.

The clergy, as in the olden time, are among the most patriotic of the community. Several of them took occasion last Sunday, to urge the duty of patriots, at this crisis in the most effective manner. Rev. Mr. Dwinell, of the South Church, among others, preached an admirable discourse bearing upon this subject.

In the Crombie-street Church, Rev. Mr. Thayer, at the close of his service, which ably inculcated the duty of Christian patriots, invited the male members of his congregation to remain, and the signatures subjected to the following pledge were promptly obtained:—We, the undersigned, believing it to be a Christian citizen's duty in the present juncture to place his fortune and his life at the service of his country, hereby solemnly pledge ourselves, on this the Lord's day and in his house, either to enlist personally, or to provide substitutes at once, under the present call of our government for volunteers. Should the premium demanded by substitutes exceed our means, we will unite each with one or more others in hiring recruits; and will, in general, exert our influence to quicken the patriotism of our fellow-citizens.

Granville St. Salem, July 27, 1862.

J. Henry Thayer, James Trefren,
Francis E. Smith, H. Whitmore,
A. Augustus Smith, Geo. W. Poulson,
O. Carlton, Joseph B. Felt,
George W. Pease, William S. Hall,
Janet P. Foster, J. E. Fisk,
Oliver Thayer, Ephraim Brown,
John Geo. Pander, H. J. Pratt,
M. T. Upton, C. Smith.

THE VETERANS.

"We have elsewhere spoken of the truly martial bearing of the Bsoort which came out the other day, and although they were without arms, except such as nature gave them, we feel sure that they all know a percussion cap from a night cap and a cartridge box from a canteen. It is probable also that every one of them knows which end of the gun to place at his shoulder in firing. We think they would perform well in double-quick, especially in a retreat. We now regard the country as safe."

ALONZO GRAY, of DANVERS, a member of the Salem Cadets, now on duty at Fort Warren, died on Thursday morning of pneumatic fever; his remains were sent home for interment. The flag at the Company's armory was at half mast on Friday and Saturday in respect to his memory. The young man failed so rapidly, after his illness became serious, that it was impossible to remove him from the hospital to his home, and his friends were permitted the sad privilege to minister to his dying wants in the Fort. He was buried on Saturday.

A Lieutenant from Georgia, now a prisoner at the old capital, Washington, being asked the other day whether there were not Union men in Georgia, replied, "No, we won't let them live there. We look upon all who do not take an active part with us as against us, and either kill or drive them away. That is the reason," said he, "why we are all one way of thinking."

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Arthur F. Poole, Joseph H. Pierce, Henry Moore, S. G. Southwick, Richard Roome, and Jesse Tyler, from this town, have enlisted for the 14th Regiment—now at Fort Albany, near Washington.

At the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, Miss Adah Isaacs Menken has drawn crowded houses lately, and ought to, for it is the coolest place of amusement in the city; and Mr. Marshall knows how to please a Boston audience.

Letter From Lynnfield.

LYNNFIELD, July 21, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD,—I take my pen again to inform you of what is transpiring, and of events that have already transpired, in this place and vicinity. On Monday, of last week, we were present at the solemn occasion of the burial of Theron P. Newhall, a notice of which was given in the WIZARD of last week. I feel that I can say but little more in addition to what was contained in that article. Young Newhall was beloved by all who knew him, and leaves a large circle of friends who will lament his early doom. I do not consider that the military part of the ceremony at the grave added anything to the solemnity of the occasion. It was quite evident that the soldiers had not had experience in the performance of the solemn duty of consigning a brother-in-arms to the dust; and the necessity for the officers to be continually giving orders to the men, greatly detracted from the usual solemnity of such occasions. The first volley fired at the grave was sadly out of time; one man particularly, in the rear rank, discharged his gun some seconds after the rest; and the reprimand he received from the officer in command, though merited no doubt, sounded sadly out of place.

The 33d Regiment is fast filling up and will probably leave soon. Col. Maggi informed them last week that they would go in about eight days. In addition to the 33d Regiment, there is a Battalion recruiting for service at Fort Warren, and two Companies, I am informed, for the 32d Regiment, now near Richmond, in Camp at Camp Stanton. They have now got a fine Band, which discourses every evening and is listened to by soldiers and citizens with admiration.

Col. Maggi was absent last week and things did not go so smooth as usual, but as he has returned, matters are being set to rights again. Although Col. Maggi is a strict disciplinarian, the soldiers seem to have the highest regard for him. On Friday of last week, when the six o'clock train from Boston, which brought Col. Maggi, arrived, the Regiment crowded to the limits of the camp ground nearest the depot, and when he made his appearance the air resounded with cheers, while the Band stood in the rear and played Hail to the Chief; and as he passed on to the ground, all heads were uncovered and each one seemed eager to grasp him by the hand.

After supper, the troops were brought out on parade and addressed by Col. Maggi and Adj. Gen. Schouler. Col. Maggi told them he had been authorized to make the 33d a crack Regiment, and that he should do his best to do it; that his opinion was, that nothing was better calculated to accomplish that object than through discipline. He should see to it that they were well clothed and fed and not abused by their officers; that they must obey at all events; and if they had any complaints to make, to come to him if they could not get redress from the officers of their Companies. He said he should have none but good men in his Regiment. If any were found that were not good, he should not take them; that the best soldier would be the most favored, regardless of his station or previous occupation, whether a shoe maker, carpenter, or boot black, if he deported himself best; he should be most favored and stand the best chance for promotion. He would have no drinking liquor, playing cards, swearing or spending money. If they had money, they should send it to their mothers, wives, brothers or sisters, but they must not spend it there. He would see that they did not want for anything that they needed.

Mr. Schouler spoke to them of their duties as soldiers, and referred to their gallant commander as an example for them to emulate. He (Col. Maggi) had marched as private under the same flag and in the same cause as that which they had enlisted in—the 3d Massachusetts Regiment. Adj. Schouler was often applauded, and when he closed, was cheered enthusiastically.

A detachment of soldiers visited the saloon of Mr. Wise, near the Hotel, and brought away what little stock of *ardent* he had on hand—not in the usual way, however, but in the articles they were kept in. I understand that the Colonel intends to present the same to the Selectmen, who, being men of sober habits, will make a proper use of it.

A War Meeting was held at the Town Hall, Lynnfield Centre, on Thursday evening of last week, for the purpose of determining the amount that should be paid to volunteers and the mode of obtaining it. The meeting was organized by the choice of Gen. Josiah Newhall as President and Mr. George Herrick as Secretary. The meeting was opened by prayer by the Rev. Mr. Gannett of the So. Ward. Several patriotic addresses were made, and the meeting came to a close after making the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That the sum of \$100.00 (One Hundred Dollars) be given to each volunteer, the same to be raised by subscription or taxation; if it were found impossible to raise it by the former, to resort to the latter; but to raise it at all hazards, by some means.

Resolved, That the Selectmen be authorized to guarantee the above sum to all who may sign the enlistment roll before the said sum may be raised.

Resolved, That the Selectmen be requested to call a legal Town Meeting to determine what method shall be resorted to to obtain the aforesaid sum.

I am truly yours, LYNNFIELD.

A NICE PLACE FOR SUMMER.—Almost everybody, this hot weather, wishes to obtain a cooling breeze, and enjoy the comforts of a well-kept house. To such we would say take the cars for Wells Depot, Me. Stages will be in readiness on your arrival—a pleasant ride through yet ancient town of Wells, and you will soon find yourself in comfortable quarters at the Atlantic House. JOHN STOKES, the proprietor, is well known as a thorough and excellent landlord. Charges reasonable.

THE FREE STATES INVADERS.—The other day a party of rebel guerrillas crossed the Ohio and occupied the little village of Newburgh in Indiana. The place has but five hundred inhabitants a church and half a dozen stores. It is the post-village of Warwick county. The rebels took a few stands of arms and charged valiantly upon two hundred and fifty of our sick and wounded soldiers, whom they carried off. This little exploit will probably be reported with a great flourish in the Southern papers, and the rebels will be told how "the invasion of the enemy's country" has begun.

MAGGRUDER.—The report of our capture of Mr. Maggruder at Richmond was untrue. Maggruder is a good fighter and a good drinker. He drinks so much whiskey, that if he were buried, corn and rye would sprout from the ground for a quarter of a mile in all directions from his grave.—*Louisville Journal.*

Mr. Peabody and the London Poor.

LONDON, July 11, 1862.

The ceremony of the presentation of the freedom of the city of London to Mr. George Peabody, which took place yesterday, was exceedingly interesting, and deserves particular attention. This civic honor is held in high regard, and is reserved for rare occasions. Few foreigners have been made its subjects, never before an American. Mr. Peabody's more than princely bounty in giving the sum of 160,000 pounds sterling for the relief of the poor of London, has excited the public regard and has been the theme of public admiration in all circles of British society.

That at this moment such an honor should be bestowed upon an American, for the first time in history, is a most gratifying circumstance, and likely to be productive of advantage by inducing reflections here which may tend to allay British bitterness towards us.

The papers contain full reports of the ceremony, but perhaps you will like to hear it familiarly described as the young lady most graciously addressed; Sir John Maygrove, Baronet, Sir Francis G. Noon, Baronet, Colonel Samuel Wilson, and two or three other gentlemen who have "passed the chair" as it is called, that is, who have held the office of Lord Mayor, but still retain their seats as Aldermen, to whom, if they please I believe they may adhere for life.

In accordance with the pleasing custom upon such occasions here, a band of professional singers was in attendance, with a grand piano, by whom the grace after dinner was chanted; and "God Save the Queen" was sung as the only appropriate response to the first regular toast. Several pretty glees and songs were interspersed among the speeches. In general these songs do not profess to be original or written for the occasion; the taste of the givers of the banquet is simply displayed in the selection of the pieces. In this manner, after Mr. Peabody's speech, Miss Poole sang the following appropriate verses, which, if I mistake not, were written for the purpose:—

As thy onward footsteps wander
O'er the rugged path of life,
Often by the way to ponder
Over scenes of war and strife;
Or when buds and blossoming flowers,
Wreath with joy the fleeting hours,
May guarding angels hover near thee,
Ever with a watchful care!
O! may their influence bless and cheer thee,
For the good thou hast scatter'd here.

May thy generous hopes of morning,
With their radiant promise bright,
Find a glorious sunset dawning,
O'er the dark'ning shades of night.
And as time still wings away,
Thankful lips shall breathe this lay:
"May God guard thee from the foe near thee,
Ever with a watchful care!
O! may their influence bless and cheer thee,
For the good thou hast scatter'd here."

But I am diverging from the order in which things occurred. The loyal toasts were first disposed of, as well as the Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers, when the Lord Mayor (who until now had been a silent actor in the proceedings having reference to Mr. Peabody, as the very presence of the Lord Mayor, by the Chamberlain, in an appropriate manner, presented the health of Mr. Peabody, which was drunk with nine cheers by the whole company standing, amid the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Peabody made a brief and feeling speech in reply, which was heard with close attention and loudly applauded. After the words spoken were made by Mr. Adams, Lord Stanley and by Sir J. E. Tennent. I send you the reports of all these. I will only here give you a *mot* of Lord Stanley's. Mr. Peabody, in modest depreciation of his powers as an orator, had begged that he might be regarded as a silent actor, and that his words, Lord Stanley, (who is one of the noblest of our countrymen, referring to this, when complimenting Mr. Peabody for making his bounty available during his life rather than waiting until his decease, said he was very glad in this case to *take the deed for the will.*

In his speech, Mr. Peabody proposed the health of the Lady Mayors, who the Lord Mayor acknowledged in her behalf, when she and the other ladies left the table. A few other speeches followed, including one by a French gentleman, in his own language, in response to a toast complimentary to the foreigners present, and the toast of music in the adjoining apartment tended to draw the gentlemen thither to join the ladies in the mazes of dances suddenly improvised for occasion, or (if more sedately inclined) to enjoy their tea and coffee; and the day terminated in these agreeable hilarities.

In describing this celebration just as struck a stranger's eye unaccustomed to the ceremonies which the municipal traditions of London impose, you will not misunderstand me by my inferring any official dresses or otherwise, as intending any disrespect to any of the parties concerned in the proceedings. We should of course have been displeased if, in undertaking a compliment to our countryman, the civic rulers of the city of London had omitted any one of the forms or accessories of pomp to which they are attached by usage, especially when there is abundant evidence of the hearty cordiality of feeling, and genuine respect and admiration for the man underlay the whole ceremony, as I am sure was the case. Meanwhile, Mr. Peabody, in the simple dress of a private gentleman, by his modest yet dignified bearing, stood forth in the simplicity of his appearance as a representative of our national character of whom we may well be proud. Nothing in his attitude, manner or words was inconsistent with the strictest idea of republican simplicity, although he was, in every respect, a nobleman, and his own past given him title to public esteem which is universally acknowledged.

In the new Methodist Episcopal Church on Tremont street, Boston, the organ-blowing is performed by *water power*—a small stream of Cochituate being introduced, which does the work admirably. All that the organist has to do is to turn a stop cock, which lets on the water, and the organ bellows are put in motion, and supply all the wind desired. In the new church of Rev. Dr. Gannett, also in the City of Notions, there is a fine chime of bells, which is to be played upon by means of *electricity*, so that the performance may cause them all to sound exactly in the respective order he may desire, while seated at a key-board similar to that of an organ.

The correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Seven Pines, Va., gives the following quotation from a very intelligent black man, which is self-evidently true:—"If you of the Free States wish to back out of this war you won't be permitted to do so. You have got to conquer or be conquered. I know the slaveholders. They went into this war for power, and if you don't whip them in Virginia and South Carolina, they will whip you in Pennsylvania and New York, and then reconstruct the Union, with themselves at the helm and you at the bottom."

CAPT. CHARLES U. DEYERBEUX, who was so severely wounded in one of the battles before Richmond, reached home on Friday morning with his father. We are glad to learn that his wounds are doing well and that there is every prospect of his speedy recovery.—*Reg.*

VENHAM.—This town on Tuesday held a town meeting, and, after a spirited debate, voted to pay \$150 to each recruit who shall be an inhabitant of the town. The quota of Venham is 15 men. The town now has 76 of her citizens in the army, and some in the navy.

twenty-five thousand dollars a year in addition to his salary, and the hospitalities of the present incumbent (now enjoying the unusual honor of a second year in office) probably cost him a much larger sum.

The Lord Mayor had at his right of course Mr. Peabody, next to whom sat Lord Stanley, and a little further to the right Sir J. E. Tennent, Lady Tennent and Miss Tennent, and afterwards Mr. Mrs. and Miss Lamson. On the Lord Mayor's left Adams, next him Mr. Adams, who had at his left Sir Henry Holland; a little further to the left were Mr. Mrs. and Miss Morgan. Besides several Americans thus placed among the trustees, our country was represented by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Story, Dr. Evans of Paris, Mr. Thayer, consul-general at Alexandria, Professor Doremus, and Messrs. Henry B. Adams, Henry Stevens, H. E. Somerby, William Everett and Charles Hale. Our excellent consul at London, Mr. Morse, and Mrs. Morse, were likewise among the guests. The company embraced many persons of social, literary or political distinction, and without troubling you to read through the full list you may be interested to know that among them was Sir Cusack Runcy, whom we remember so pleasantly in America; Miss Dickens, the daughter of the author, a young lady most graciously addressed; Sir John Maygrove, Baronet, Sir Francis G. Noon, Baronet, Colonel Samuel Wilson, and two or three other gentlemen who have "passed the chair" as it is called, that is, who have held the office of Lord Mayor, but still retain their seats as Aldermen, to whom, if they please I believe they may adhere for life.

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A Soldier's Opinion.

We have been permitted by a friend to give the following extracts from a letter Danvers soldier in the First 1st Regiment, now stationed at Harrying. We must give all sides a fairing.

"It pains me to see such a total truth as is displayed by certain (a whole host of newspaper reports as though they were afraid to trust with the facts. But a careful reader can ascertain a part of the truth has been said over and over again in 'excellent spirits,' in 'good and 'eager for a fight.' In T. quier it is stated that, 'where two weeks, and until but a few days been heard much grumbling and dis especially among the rank and file cloud seems now to have disappeared naught but cheerful, contented countenances are seen. The contr takes an animated and hopeful to there are but express themselves anxious to be again 'up and at 'men can be 'dissatisfied,' and 'and at the same time in 'good' do not tell us. Again, how it can we are in 'good condition,' 'where third are on the sick list, is so mystery. We are not 'eager' or to fight, for we hate fighting; b hear to put down this rebellion, do it as quickly as possible."

"The true state there has been a in our feelings within a few days, I know what has caused it, at least unity—it is the appearance of and BURNESS on the field of ac have won the confidence of the sold deeds. The despondency and grn caused by the mismanagement of the evident defeat of Gen. McCLELLAN. In fact he has never had that *conf* some have supposed. There has l ing doubt and a "waiting" to hav himself worthy of full confidence continually asking the people, last repose confidence in him, and he won and such things. Where is there have not yet won a single victory. tion of Manassas was evidently in the rebels, as is shown by the "Qu such artificial contrivances as were merely to intimidate. What I call one side, is defeated at Yorktown, not defeated at Yorktown, a place w not think of without feelings of i we barely escaped defeat ourselves. have been a complete victory for us Oaks, on the 26th June, we only held for a short time, a little gro battle was not fought out. The ne there was a very strong force in fr us. The remainder of the performa for itself. We have been compelled don one position and seek another in are supposed to be "safe."

Another event which makes us the placing of Gen. Halleck at the the armies. It is evident that all sh in union, and this can be accompl by having a single head. Gen. Ha also won confidence by his deeds, to those who have proved themselves I suppose the new call has caus deal of excitement. The troops can listed too quickly. There has nev better chance than now for *profess* lowers to prove the strength of the They will not hesitate and try to p ences, but will rather do their best to way clean. It is an easy matter to "our loved country," "our good gove "our free institutions," &c., &c., comes the test. Let those who have come at once, or forever "hold the I suppose there will be some hesitatio the people do not fully realize the danger. This is one of the res much error in statements. We can for the best and fight it out."

The stirring proclamations of G to his brave army touch the right co nation's heart as indicative of a bet the conduct of the war. If he will m his determination not to allow his ar used up by useless delays, by digging in malarious swamps, and by giving the great advantage of making attacks achieve brilliant and sure success and l of hope to the nation in the hour of i est peril.

PERHAM, the promoter of cheap ex advertises an excursion to Boston this (today) afternoon. For the small ar forty cents one can go to Boston and for fifteen cents extra, the Aquarial can be visited, and here, besides the w natural curiosities, the dwarf, Com. n appear and perform. Train leaves So. at 1 25 p.m. See handbills.

The "Monitor Sewing Machine" vertised in the Citizen, we believe to b article. Being in the city recently we into Mr. Dermot's rooms and were she machine in operation. So far as we serve it did its work in good style, from one fabric to another—from canvas silk—without trouble. Those about i ing a Sewing Machine should give Mr. a call.—*Beverly Citizen.*

At the Great Exhibition, as a s of fine type and printing, there is a copy entire New Testament printed upon a sheet of paper. It was printed by Co Glasgow, the celebrated publisher of ra and beautiful editions of the classics. Al so small, the type is stated to be very cle

The Haverhill *Danvers* says, "The S iness continues

Capt. DRIVER says, and says truly, "If you do not rise in your might and conquer JEFF. DAVIS, HE WILL CONQUER YOU!"

It is ANNOUNCED that H. R. II. the Prince of Wales is about to be married to the Princess Alexandra Carolina Maria Charlotte Louise Julia, the eldest daughter of Christen, Duke of Glucksburg, who is heir apparent to the crown of Denmark. This lady was born in 1844, and is now, therefore, about three years the junior of the Prince. Her face is square about the forehead, and square still about the jaws—a somewhat stern, cold, commanding expression is the result. She looks like a strong-minded being, very likely to have her own way, whether married or single. Her expression of firmness and command may partly be the result of the military rule which she sometimes has to enforce, for (we breathe it in a whisper, we write it in the palest of ink) the young lady actually is a sous-lieutenant in the Danish army!

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.—Wellington, anxious, but impassable, was on horseback, and remained there the whole day in the same attitude, a little in front of the old mill of Mont Saint Jean, which is still standing, under an elm, which an Englishman, an enthusiastic vandal, has since bought for two hundred francs, cut down and carried away. Wellington was frigidly heroic. The balls rained down. His aide-de-camp Gordon, had just fallen at his side. Lord Hill, showing him a bursting shell, said: "My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you allow yourself to be killed?" "To follow my example," answered Wellington. To Clinton, he said, laconically: "Hold this spot to the last man." The day was clearly going badly.—Wellington cried to his old companions of Talavera, Vittoria and Salamanca: "Boys! we must not be beat; what would they say of us in England!"—*Les Miserables.*

TEA DRINKS AND THEIR MEANING.—The following will interest housekeepers:—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe" or "Pekoe" means "white hairs," the plant of tender leaves. "Pouchong," "folded down," "Souheong," "small plant," "Twan-ray" is the name of a small river in the region where it is brought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

A BARAGAN WITH THE DEVIL.—A curious old-time record is in existence in the court records of Hartford county, Connecticut. Before the court in September, 1708, were brought David Foster, Benjamin Adkins, Thomas and Joseph Boarn, all of the town of Middletown, on answer for that they "on Wednesday, the 4th day of April last past, in a field near to George Hubbard's, in Middletown aforesaid, did mutually, prophanely, and presumptuously greet among themselves, that one of them should be given to the devil, upon condition that he could stub a certain piece of ground for them that they were then at work upon, and did also determine by lot who of them it should be, and likewise did call upon the devil to come id to do the said work and take his wages."—The oster was discharged. The others were held bail but finally discharged. Since that time objection has been made to selling one's self the devil, in the Connecticut Valley.

THE WORLD 24,000 YEARS OLD.—Prof. Agassiz delivered a lecture in New York, recently, upon the age of the present physical world, derived from ancient coral and animal remains of species still extant, especially from coral reefs. The lecture was mainly devoted to Florida reefs, and the conclusions drawn from them as to the time taken for their formation. He said that the popular notion that the coral as the work of an insect was entirely erroneous. The reefs consist of organized remains of class of radiates, which become rigid by the continual deposits of limy particles. The coral gin their work at a depth of twelve fathoms or more. The Florida reefs are the st in the world for scientific observations.—on observations made upon them by Prof. Agassiz, he had found that in fourteen years a growth of coral about the coast forts are most one inch, which would make about seven centuries a century. To be safe, however, he allowed one foot a century. With this as a basis, the youngest reef on the coast—the Florida ys—was found to be 6,000 years old. But keys are founded upon a similar reef which is founded before the outer one. This adds 600 years more to the age of the banks. Then ding upon the main land, a third reef is nd precisely similar, adding another 6,000 ys to the chronology. But back of this is a rth and still older coral reef, which adds 60 years more. Here positive investigations ae, and Professor Agassiz claims to establish e fact indisputably, that this portion of the rid is at least 24,000 years old, an age beid any record of the race now inhabiting it.

CHEROKEE HOUSE.—We would remind those our readers who are contemplating excursion or parties in the country, that no place be found in the State better adapted to their pose than the Cherokee House at the Haman Lakes, kept by Mr. Whipple. See his advertisement in the Salem Gazette.

On John Tyler's farm on the Peninsula monument erected to the memory of a faithful old hero, which bears the following inscription:—"Here lie the bones of my faithful old se, General, aged twenty-five years, who in his long services never blundered but once. uld that his master could say the same."

Gov. Andrew, in a recent order, says t conspiracy to prevent enlistments must be nply met.

EVERY.—The enlistment of Beverly's quota gin on lively. Over thirty names are al- ly enrolled.

It is estimated by rebels that at least 000 slaves have left Virginia since the break-out of the rebellion.

argains—Read J. P. PEABODY'S adv't.

Black Embroidery Braids for trimmings at J. PEABODY'S.

8 cts.—The very best Kid Gloves for 68 cts. PEABODY'S.

A CARD.

The Ladies Aid Society gratefully acknowledge the receipt of ten boxes of Lin, and four dollars and fifty cents from the 100 ones in the Primary Schools of Wallis District, to aid our wounded Soldiers.

THE LADIES AID SOCIETY will meet on Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week, for work, and to give out garments to be made, to those who prefer taking them home.

The Hall will be open from 2 to 7 1-2 o'clock P. M.

Sun Umbrellas—at J. F. ALMY'S.

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South Danvers Fish Market. P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge. ap30

—Visit OSBORNE'S Store, and look at the unusual variety of new styles in Hats and Cars, 191 Essex street, Salem.

To Let.

A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a Currier or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of R. S. D. Symonds, 64 Main Street.

South Danvers, July 25, 1862.

\$100 REWARD!

The Subscriber will pay the above reward to any person who will detect and bring to justice the villain or villains who unceremoniously nutted from the wheels of his omnibuses, thus exposing the passengers to danger of life and limb.

E. P. BURKHAM.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Port of Danvers.

Arr 21st, schs Majestic, Martin, Bristol, Me; S Ridley, Boston.

Marriages.

In Salem, 22d, by Rev Mr. Clapp, Mr George E. Upson to Miss Sarah J. Walton.

24th, by Rev Mr. Spaulding, Mr Joseph B. Glazier to Miss Priscilla G. Saul.

26th, by Rev Mr. Carlton, Mr William Smith to Miss Martha York.

Deaths.

In this town, July 26, Mrs Adaline K. wife of Mr F. K. Pemberton, aged 49 yrs.

26th, Mrs Sally, wife of Mr Hercules H. Joelyn, 80 years.

July 27, Rebecca P., daughter of George W. Reed, 13 yrs 8 mos 19 ds.

July 28th, Mary, wife of John Farrell, 63.

In Danvers, by Rev J. P. Peabody, 37 years—formerly of Newburyport.

In Salem, July 23, Mr Michael Holland, 60; Mr Benjamin Francis Very, 20 yrs; Mrs Lois H. Mansfield, 57; Mr Charles Cady, 45.

28th, Mr Samuel Whittemore 2d, 62.

28th, Frederick A. son of James C. and Hannah B. Canfield, 4 yrs 2 mos.

27th, Hannah Messervy, widow of the late Joseph Rose, 79 yrs 4 mos.

28th, Mr David Merritt, 87 yrs 3 mos 8 ds.

In Beverly, Capt George Mead, 57—a well known enterprising shipmaster; Charles E. son of Deacon J. P. Wells, 37.

In Marblehead, at West River Mills, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr Charles H. Adams, 55.

In Saugus, 21st, Daniel A. Ames, 73.

In Rockport, Dea Isaac Patch, 88 yrs.

In Salisbury Beach, 18th, Mr Samuel Pepper, of Amesbury, 68—died while bathing.

In Somerville, Rev Jared Curtis, 85.

In Danvers, S. C. July 10, of consumption, Mr George H. Pert, of South Danvers, Mass., a member of First Massachusetts Cavalry, aged 19 yrs 10 months.

EDWARD HAMMOND

Hereby gives notice to the people of South Danvers, that he still continues to offer his services, when needed, as an

UNDERTAKER,

and Furnisher of such articles as are used in the preparation of funerals. His residence is on Hammond's Corner, Wallis street, near the Essex Railroad Station.

South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

Good Advice.

Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow, O'er ear, and I will tell thee how To make it bright—just listen now.

Take HERBICK'S PILLS

Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress; Shall fortune never more be kind; There is a cure for such distress.

In HERBICK'S PILLS

Should faith and trust in man be lost, Should every virtue of life be lost, Take the sure balm (of little cost).

HERBICK'S PILLS

Should sudden illness hint of death, Should cruel torments tear you out, Your help—your refuge, you can shout, Is HERBICK'S PILLS.

These remarkable PILLS stifle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Beautifully coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sold in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.

The combination of ingredients in these Pills are the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities, Painful Menstruations, removing all obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, whites, all various affections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, &c. disturbed sleep, which arise from interruption of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS

was the commencement of a new era in the treatment of those irregularities and obstructions which have constituted so many to a PAINFUL GRAVE. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular, and whenever an obstruction takes place the general health begins to decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS

are the most effectual remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to Females. To all classes they are invaluable, inducing, with certainty, periodical regularity. They are known to thousands, who have used them at different periods throughout the country, having the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each box. Price One Dollar per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills. Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to the Proprietor. Sold by Druggists generally.

R. B. HUCHINGS, Proprietor, 20 Cedar St., New York.

D. P. GROSVENOR agent for So. Danvers and G. C. Goodwin, Boston. ap16-ly

FOR SOLDIERS.

FOLIOS—Roll-up Writing Cases—Pocket Inkstands, and Stationery of all kinds, for sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH, 190 Essex st. July 30

John P. Peabody.

OUR WISHES

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK

And we are

OFFERING OUR GOODS

At Such Low Prices

That they are sure

TO SELL.

Ladies' Furnishing and Thread Store.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

Advertisements.

Notice to South Danvers Recruits.

ALL PERSONS who have enlisted, either in town or out of town, as a part of the South Danvers quota, and who intend to apply for the bounty offered by the town, are hereby notified to cause their names, together with the number of the regiment in which they are enlisted, to be reported to the Selectmen forthwith; and all persons who may hereafter enlist as a part of said quota, either in town or out of town, are also notified to report to the Selectmen immediately after their enlistment; as notice is hereby given that, in case the quota is more than filled, only the first seventy-five men thus reported and mustered into the United States service will receive the bounty.

M. O. STANLEY, JOHN C. BURBICK, Selectmen of South Danvers, July 25, 1862.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of AUGUSTUS H. PROCTOR, late of South Danvers, in the county of Essex, tanner, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds, as the law directs: All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to THOMAS E. PROCTOR, adm'r.

South Danvers July 30, 1862.

COLBY & LOCKE,

Black Walnut and Chestnut Dining, Centre, Extension and Toilet Tables, AND—

Every Variety of Whatnots, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

All kinds of Furniture made to order.

No. 11 Haverhill St., opp. Boston & Maine Depot, J. H. COLBY. BOSTON. N. S. LOCKE. 6m

NEW BOOKS.

A. T. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex st., Salem:

The Trail Hunter, a tale of the Far West, by Gustavo Alimard.

Troop's North America.

Count Gasparin's Europe and America.

Celebration at North Bridge, Salem, July 4, 1862—Oration by Dr George B. Loring—10 cts.

Blackwood's Magazine for July.

Tenements to Let.

ONE of 5 rooms in the rear of Washington Street, on a Court leading out of Aborn street. Rent \$64 a year.

One of 5 rooms near Newhall's Crossing, in house lately occupied by C. B. Warner. Rent \$42 per year.

One of 3 rooms, near Tapley Brook,—a small house. Rent \$24 per year.

One of 3 rooms, in a new house in rear, northerly, of the Old Boston Road, near the Lynn line, with a barn if wanted and several acres of land. Rent reasonable, but dependant on privileges hired.

One of three rooms in the "Granite House," corner of Washington and Granite streets.

SIDNEY C. HANCOCK.

South Danvers, July 23d, 1862.

WM. C. HENDERSON,

MANUFACTURER OF PLAIN AND FANCY PAPER BOXES.

No. 235 ESSEX STREET, Sign of "Nest of Boxes."

July 23

SALEM.

HEYLINBERG'S HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

DURING the warm season, J. J. HEYLINBERG, Shower, for 15 cts.

Shampooing, and Hair Cutting included, 35 cts. The price for Shaving will remain the same.

Hair Cutting, (without shampooing) 12 cts.

South Danvers, July 2.

Stationery.

A large stock of Letter and Note Papers, of all the different sizes and qualities; also Envelopes, of superior quality, just received from the manufacturers, and for sale low previous to the advance on 1st August—at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S, At the old stand of H. Whipple & Son.

ANN R. BRAY.

DOMESTIC GOODS! DOMESTIC GOODS!

WE would invite the attention of our customers to our stock of Domestic Goods, of all description; which, owing to the advance in prices, we have taken care to have unusually complete. We are able to sell our

BLEACHED and BROWN COTTONS, CAMBRICS, BATTINGS, HOSIERY, MIXED FLANNELS, &c., AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street. Jy 23

Heckscher Coal!

\$6.75 per Ton on Wharf.

A FULL supply of this Superior Coal,

Both Red and White Ash,

Of the various sizes, for sale at wholesale and retail, FOR CASH ONLY, by

W. P. PHILLIPS, Phillips' Wharf, Salem.

July 9

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

A fresh addition to our stock, just received by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH, 190 Essex street.

Top Buggy for Sale,

NEARLY NEW, and in good condition.—Inquire at this office, or at 47 Holten St. South Danvers, June 26, 1862.

STAMPS AND RAILROAD TICKETS

VERY neat Morocco Wallets for holding the above. Also—Envelopes of extra heavy paper—at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex st.

George S. Walker.

At Reduced Prices!

SUMMER UNDER SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., can be bought at Reduced Prices, the remainder of the season, of

GEO. S. WALKER, Dealer in Men's Furnishing Goods and Toilet Articles, 228 Essex street, Stearns' Block. Opposite Eastern Railroad Station. Jy 4

Gentlemen's Collars,

—AT—

GEORGE S. WALKER'S, Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods & Toilet Articles, Jy 23 Station. Opposite Eastern Railroad

NEW GOODS.

—AT—

BROWNING & LONG'S, No. 177 Essex Street, Successors to J. Mayer.

Through our Special Agent in New York, we are daily receiving New Goods as fast as they appear in that market.

NOW OPEN.

A Complete Assortment of "LACE MITTS," Fashionable Styles and Neat Patterns, at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN.

A FULL STOCK OF "LISLE GLOVES," In Every Variety, at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN.

A Large Invoice of Plain and Open-worked "HOSIERY," Offered at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN.

A very large Invoice Plain and Hemstitched "LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS," Bought for Great Bargains, which we offer at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN.

Large Additions to our Stock of "VEILS," Which we are now selling at VERY LOW PRICES.

Having extra facilities for procuring desirable Goods, we are always prepared to show the latest styles at Great Bargains.

BROWNING & LONG, No. 177 Essex Street, Jy 23, 1862. SALEM, Mass.

\$22 MONITOR. \$22

A NEW IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE

For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Combining all the latest improvements that the best mechanical skill can invent.

The proprietors, practical Sewing Machine inventors, having had many years experience in the business, and having devoted the past year to the perfection of the MONITOR, are now confident that for simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship and durability, beauty of design and finish, the MONITOR must supersede all others as the best practical Family Sewing Machine yet offered to the public.—Every variety of sewing that can be done on any machine can be done on the MONITOR. It uses a straight needle, and will sew any fabric from the most fine muslin to the coarsest broadcloth and leather. All kinds of thread used direct from the spools without the trouble of rewinding, from the finest cotton and sewing silk to the coarsest linen.

uses two threads, making the double lock stitch. There is no spool on the under part, like all other sewing machines; both are on the upper part, where any child can adjust them.

Confident that a first class Family Sewing Machine at a moderate price, has long been needed to meet the wants of all—the poor as well as the rich—and believing that such a machine must command the liberal patronage of the people and find a rapid sale, the proprietors offer the MONITOR at the extremely low price of \$22. The MONITOR is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect order five years without charge.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and the Canadas to whom the most liberal inducements are offered.

All communications must be addressed to the undersigned, at the Bunker Sewing Machine Office and Patent Exchange,

260 Washington st, Boston.

THOS. DERMOT, SOLE AGENT. June 4—6m

James F. Almy.

WE shall sell through the month of August all of our COTTONS, FLANNELS, AND DOMESTIC GOODS at prices ruling this day.

We have now in Store perhaps the largest and most complete stock of the above named class offered in the city—and we are selling them

AT LESS THAN JOBBERS' PRICES.

We are closing our stock of SUMMER SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, &c., At Greatly Reduced Prices.

JAMES F. ALMY, 188 Essex, opposite Central st., Salem.

BUTTER, EGGS AND BEANS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT LOWEST CASH PRICES, by

P. D. PERKINS, ON LOWELL ST., SO. DANVERS. South Danvers, June 18, 1862. if

CHEAP FIRE-WOOD.

THE subscriber has on hand 30,000 bushels of Patent Granular Fuel, which he will deliver, by wholesale, in lots to suit purchasers, anywhere in this town, Salem, Lynn, Swampscott, or Nahant. Orders sent by mail (or by express), or left in Salem, at the office, 27 Washington street (3d story), or 17 Briggs st., will receive prompt attention.

List of Prices.

25 Bushels, delivered, 2 25
50 do do 4 00
100 do do 7 50
Orders left at the Union Store, Newman & Symonds, and the Omnibus Office.

BYRON GOODELL, South Danvers, June 18.

Particular Notice to Ladies.

GREAT BARGAINS

—AT—

PERLEY'S Shoe Store

SELLING OFF! CLOSING OUT! AND RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

THE subscriber having determined to discontinue his present business, offers for sale, at greatly Reduced Prices, his extensive stock of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, consisting principally of Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear. The above stock, as to quality, is second to none in this city.

Desiring of disposing, during the warm season, of ALL HIS THIS SOLD BOOTS AND SHOES, for the

NEXT SIXTY DAYS,

VERY GREAT INDUCEMENTS will be held out to purchasers of goods of this description, by the very low prices at which they will be offered—say, from one quarter to one half less than former prices.

A lot of Shop Worn Boots and Shoes will be sold at extremely low prices.

JOHN PERLEY, June 18—tf 282 Essex St., Salem.

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, Furnishing Goods, &c.

A new and fashionable stock of Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, etc., kept constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices for Cash, at

No. 54 Main st, Trask's Building,

R. S. D. Symonds & Co., So. Danvers, May 28. Agents.

ALBUMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE best assortment, at the lowest possible prices, at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

CUT WARE.

CUT Tumblers and Goblets; Glass Dishes, etc., at

In Insolvency.

ESSEX ss. In the matter of HORACE TIBBETTS, of South Danvers, an insolvent debtor, notice is hereby given that the fourth meeting of the creditors of said insolvent will be held at a Court of Insolvency in Salem in said county, on the 28th day of July, current, at 10 o'clock, A.M., at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. At said meeting the account of the assignee will be presented, and creditors may appear and object to the allowance thereof.

JOHN B. PEABODY, Assignee. Salem, July 23—2w

Sheriff's Sale.

ESSEX ss. July 11, 1862. Taken on execution, and will be sold at public auction at the Post Office in South Danvers in said county, on Wednesday, the thirteenth day of August next, at 1 o'clock, p. m.:

The right in equity that TIMOTHY McDONNELL of South Danvers has or had on the 20th day of August last, to redeem a certain piece of mortgaged land situate in South Danvers aforesaid, bounded westerly by Harris Street, southerly by land of John Dexter, easterly by land of D. Shehan and land of E. Baguen's, and northerly by land of D. Conroy.

STEPHEN UPTON, Deputy Sheriff. South Danvers, July 16, 1862.

LIVERY STABLE.

JOHN MOULTON

WOULD inform his friends and the public that he still continues to keep

Good Horses and Carriages to Let,

at the stable of G. M. TREL on Central street, where he will remain until his stable is rebuilt at his old stand on Main Street.

A share of public patronage is solicited.

South Danvers, June 9, 1862.

THE NEW TAX LAW.

CITIZENS' EDITION of the New National Tax Law—complete, 10 cents. For sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH, 190 Essex street.

A. J. Archer & Co

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

WE have just received a new style of WOOLEN SHAWLS.

—ALSO—

CASHMERE SHAWLS, THIBET SHAWLS, RAW SILK SHAWLS.

which we offer at low prices.

A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex st.

BLACK SILKS. BLACK SILKS.

AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER & CO.

WILL open this morning BLACK SILKS, choice qualities, at 75 cents and upwards. Also many new styles, ORGANDIES, LAWNS, MOZAMBIQUES, And other Summer Goods. may 20

BLACK ALL-WOOL PARAMETTS.

And a fine Stock of

MOURING GOODS.

For sale by

mc 19 A. J. ARCHER & Co.

GEO. E. MEACOM,

Dealer in

DRUGS & MEDICINES, Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c., 126 MAIN ST. 126 Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

1862. 1862.

SPRING STYLES

FOR

GENTLEMEN'S HATS,

ARE NOW READY

AT OSBORNE'S.

HUSSEY PLOWS.

A FULL supply of these celebrated Plows constantly on hand and for sale at manufacturer's prices, by

A. W. WARREN, Danversport, April, 1862. 6m*

D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,

Druggist and Apothecary, 38 MAIN STREET.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, and Popular Proprietary Medicines. Personal attention to Physicians' Prescriptions. South Danvers, May 29, 1861. 1y

HORSES FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for sale a lot of young and sound HORSES, just received from Vermont and Canada. They may be seen at the stable of BURNHAM'S Express, opposite Lowell Railroad Station, and will be sold at good bargains for the purchaser. Such an opportunity to obtain a good family or working horse, does not often occur.

E. F. BURNHAM, South Danvers, May 28.

PATTERSON'S LEATHER HANDLING MACHINE

THE undersigned are agents for the above machine. It can be seen in operation at Finner & Brown's Tannery. may 7—3m

CLARK & CIDDINGS.

100 BBLs. DOUGLASS MILLS Flour, a superior Wisconsin extra, rec'd this day and for sale by

GAYLE & CO., June 4 Phillips Wharf.

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' WATCH SPRING SKIRTS, entirely new patterns; Black Velvet and Fancy Trimmings; Black Buttons. ANN R. BRAY, June 4 No. 76 Federal street.

WM. S. HILTZ, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BOOK-BINDER, No. 167 Essex Street (up stairs), Salem.

Bibles, Music, Magazines, Periodicals, and old books of every description bound with neatness and despatch at the lowest cash prices. Salem, June 4, 1862. 1y

CROCKERY WARE.

CHINA WARE, Glass Ware, Hard Ware, Wooden Ware, Plated Ware, Japan and Britannia Ware, of all kinds, constantly for sale at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, Salem, 32 Lawrence Place, Sign of Tea Tray.

Dry Goods at Reduced Prices.

We have desirable styles of THIN GOODS, which we shall sell at Cost. BLACK and WHITE THIN GOODS, for Mourning. MOURNING GINGHAM—a new and desirable style of Goods for Travelling Dresses. Our customers are invited to call, as they will find it to their advantage.

Jy 16 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

If you want to SAVE MONEY, in purchasing Goods, go to CORLIAN'S, No. 10 Front street, Salem. ap30-2m.

Auction Sales.

WILLIAM ARCHER, JR., Auctioneer, Real Estate and Stock Broker, 34 Front Street.

Real Estate, Bank, Railroad and Manufacturing Stock bought and sold on Commission. Stock of a Fancy Goods and Trimming Store.

On SATURDAY Next, at 9 1-2 o'clock, will be sold at No. 34 Front street:

THE Balance of a Stock of a Fancy Goods and Trimming Store, consisting of Yarns, Worsteds, Knit Hoods, Mantles, Gloves, Hosiery, Sewing Silks, Buttons, Trimmings, Velvet Ribbons, etc., etc.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

An assortment of Silver Plated Ware, including Ice Pitchers from \$4 00 to \$30 00 each.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of AVERILL & LOW, is dissolved by the decision of the senior partner, and the business of the late Copartnership will be settled by the undersigned. All persons having claims against the late firm, and all persons indebted to the said firm, are requested to make immediate settlement.

AARON T. LOW.

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

THE subscriber, surviving partner of the late firm of AVERILL & LOW, being desirous of settling up immediately the business of the late Copartnership, offers for sale, at reduced prices, all the Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS

now in store. Thankful for past favors, he would give notice that he intends to keep a good and complete assortment of Goods in his line of business, and hopes to retain the continued patronage of all the customers of the late firm. The public are invited, and may rely upon having goods of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices.

Personal attention, as heretofore, will be given to the wants of customers, and his best endeavors will be exerted to give perfect satisfaction.

AARON T. LOW, Salem, Nov. 20, 1861.

OLD FRIENDS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Herriek's Sugar Coated Pills.

THE TEST FAMILY CATHARTIC. Large boxes 50 cents; five boxes for one dollar. Full particulars on each box. TAILMANS, Lowell Co., Florida, July 17, 1860. To DR. HERBICK, Albany, N. Y.—My Dear Doctor: I write this to inform you of the wonderful effect of your Sugar Coated Pills on my daughter. She has been afflicted with a bilious derangement of the system, sadly impairing her health, which has been steadily falling during that period. When in New York in April last, a friend advised me to test your Pills. Having the slightest confidence in the judgment of my friend, I obtained a supply of your Pills. I administered your Pills, one each night. The improvement in her feelings, complexion, digestion, etc., was almost instantaneous. A rapid and permanent restoration to health has been the result. I feel compelled to state, in behalf of my daughter, and for the benefit of others, that your Pills are the means of inducing a healthy and happy state of the human system. I remain, dear sir, with many thanks, S. G. MORRISON.

Herriek's Kid Strengthening Plasters

Cures, in five hours, pains and weakness of the breast and back, and Rheumatic complaints in an equal, by short periods of time. Sprains, rheumatism, lame back, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 15 cts. each. Herriek's Sugar Coat Pills and Kid Plasters are sold by Druggists and Merchants in all parts of the United States, Canada, and South America, and may be obtained by calling for them by their full name. DR. L. K. HERRICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

Sold in South Danvers, by T. A. SWEETSER, GEO. E. MEACOM and D. P. GROSVENOR, JR., and by Dealers everywhere this paper circulates. 1861—1y

Good Tenement to Let.

BEAR 14 Park Street, South Danvers. Apply to L. W. ELLIOT, South Danvers, Nov 27. Foster st.

White Lead and Linsced Oil.

A GOOD supply constantly on hand, and for sale by DANVERS, April 16, 1862. 6m*

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all kinds of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, the Public, at satisfactory prices. Respecting expeditiously and neatly done.

WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main st. South Danvers, Jan 1, 1862. tf

T. A. SWEETSER, Druggist & Apothecary, 37 Main St., So. Danvers.

DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Foreign Leeches, Shakers' Pills, Dye Stuffs, Gum, Acids, Sponges, Shal-lar Braces, Trusses, and Gentlemen's Patent Medicine.

Also, Imported Cigars of choice brands, Perfumery, Toilet Articles and Stationery. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared by experienced persons.

67 MAIN STREET. PAINT BRUSHES.

ALL kinds of Paint Brushes, Hair Pencils, and Gaining Tools, at 32 Front street.

REMOVAL!

AUGUSTUS HAMMOND, Manufacturer and Repairer of

BOOTS AND SHOES, HAS removed from his old place of business to the Railroad Ground, opposite the Old South Church, where he would be happy to continue to receive favors from his friends and patrons. may 21

Salem Superior.

BELS. "SALEM SUPERIOR" Flour, rec'd this day, and for sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips Wharf.

Canada Oats.

1500 BUSHELS bright and sweet CAN-ADA OATS, received this day, and for sale by Phillips Wharf, Salem.

Flour.

400 BBLs. FLOUR, "Catawba" and "Peerless" brands, made expressly for Baker's use, received this day, and for sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1862.

NO. 31

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.

TERMS—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
1st Square, . . . \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
2d Square, 1.50 3.50 12.00
3d Square, 1.00 2.50 8.00
10 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.
50 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to notice of business, and all advertisements in the Wizard, and advertisements of real estate, or action sales, and in them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Cards.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.

Opposite the Village Bank.
Mr. Upham will attend to the collection of Pension and Bounty Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
100 Main Street, Danvers, Mass.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
Dentist,
4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

W. L. BOWDIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
House—No. 57 Washington street.
in 11-12)

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
London and Lancashire, London, London,
Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
Wm. Newman, NATH'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Clocks, China and Hardware, Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
32 Front Street, Lawrence Place,
SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
12-14

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aneroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
Keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
Looms 168 Essex Street, Salem. may 16

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paper Hanger,
164 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove
WINDOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
ch6-tf

THOMAS DAVIS,
OVERSEEING AGENT,
No. 100 New England Newspaper, remains
at old stand, No. 22 Cornhill, Boston, where you
find him loyal to the Constitution, the Laws,
and the rights of the people.
Admission Free.
Stop Jan 29, 1862.

WALKING MADE EASY.
DR. P. KENTON,
CHIROPDIST,
167 Washington St., Boston,
Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails
restoring the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Original Poetry.

NUMBER 2.

'Neath North Carolina's southern sun,
Our tent is pitched, our flag is raised,
And two hard battles we have won—
Yes, gained the victory, God be praised.

We fought for Law, we fought for right;
We've ever had these ends in view;
The Dove of Peace, with pinions bright,
Now folds his wings o'er Number 2.

And now Bly, Abbott, Chase and Friend,
Together with three named Kehew,
Their songs at eve together blend,
From out the tent of Number 2.

Osborn, Shove, Sanger, Trask are here,
And Hammond, to his country true,
Will help us send forth cheer on cheer,
From out this tent, the number 2.

Now let the welkin ring around,
We're true to the red, white and blue,
This flag's firm advocates are found
Within the tent of number 2.

Then here's a toast for home and friends,
And when this flag floats all States thro',
And when our steps we northward bend
We'll bid farewell to number 2.

A REMONSTRANCE.

BY T. O. REX.

O say, what makes you tease me so?
'Tis not the way to treat one, Prue,
Not saying yes or meaning no,
I fear you mean to cheat me, Prue.

But then for all your woman's art,
Which almost mad has drove me, Prue,
Down in the bottom of your heart
I know right well you love me, Prue.

And when we meet some pleasant night,
You'll tell me so, say, won't you, Prue,
With but the moon and stars in sight,
You can't say 'don't,' now don't you, Prue.

Selected.

My Contribution.

I had actually subscribed five hundred dollars! Not in all the history of my givings was there a parallel to this. Five hundred dollars! I looked at the filled-up check, after cutting it free from its blank companions, with fond, reluctant eyes, as passing it to other hands; yet I was not the grudging giver this little hesitation implied. My heart was in the cause of national honor and national safety; and in sacrificing something for my country I was but discharging a patriotic duty. This was my contribution to a fund our citizens were raising for hospital and sanitary needs. If double the sum had been required of me, double would have been given.

"So much for my country!" I said in thought, with a feeling of self-approval. I felt that I was a better and a truer man for the act. "If every one would do as well according to circumstances." There came a slight chill to my enthusiasm, consequent on the thought that I was doing so much more, according to my ability than other people. I had seen the subscription paper. It bore the record of no larger contribution than mine. Two citizens only had put down their names for five hundred dollars.

"To have given equally," I said to myself, "Mr. Harland should have made his contribution a thousand dollars instead of five hundred; and Grant should at least have come up to my figures, dollar for dollar, he is quite as well off as I am. Then as for Tomkins, I can't see how he had courage to write down only fifty, in the face of half a dozen poorer men who each gave his hundred. But we have a test of patriotism in this, and know where to place men. Love of country is a fine thing to talk about, but when sacrifice is asked, how rarely do we find word and deed in harmony."

It is the most natural thing in the world to let speech betray our thoughts. As I moved about friends and acquaintances, a word dropped here and a sentence there revealed the secret of my self-approval; and I doubt not that nearly all of them understood what was going on in my mind—how I considered my contribution to the war fund, taking means into account, as the largest made by any man in the town.

For me, five hundred dollars was a large sum to give away. Tens, twenties, and an occasional fifty, under the pressure of public calls for church or charitable needs, had passed out through the carelessly-loosened purse-strings, that drew back again with increasing tightness on the diminished gold; but giving after this liberal and exhausting style was altogether a new experience. I felt something poorer on account thereof, and began to meditate economies. When I paid a thousand dollars for a pair of horses no impression like this was perceived; not even when one of them got injured by a fall, and I parted with him for one hundred and fifty dollars. Here

was a dead loss of three hundred and fifty dollars; but in face of it nothing so like a sense of poverty touched me as in the face of my contribution to the hospital and sanitary fund. I did not feel poorer for the three hundred dollars expended in preparing and stocking my fish-pond, though the money paid therefor was a sunk investment, every dollar; nor for the six or seven hundred paid for summer-houses, garden statuary, and fancy work about my grounds and dwelling. All this being for my own gratification I could afford. The expense was calculated, and taken as a thing of course. But this five hundred dollar gift to our country in her time of pressing need, freely as it was bestowed, left me with a sense of exhaustion, as though weakened by an effort greater than my strength.

No wonder, such being the ease, that I talked rather more than was seemly of what I had done. We have in our town an excellent but plain-spoken man, who, his life being one of the strictest integrity, does not stand in fear of anybody's opinion. He is not a rough or obtrusive man, but as I have said, plain-spoken, free from guile or flattery. You can hardly converse with him for ten minutes without knowing yourself a little better than when you began the conversation. His name is Preston.

"We have done our part," I said to him as we stood together in the street one day. We had been speaking of the war, and the necessity of supporting the government to the full extent of its needs. I referred, in saying "our part," to the various contributions in men and money which the people in our particular locality had made, and especially to the late subscription, which footed up three thousand dollars. Three thousand dollars, of which I had given a sixth part. I could not fail in this remembrance.

"Yes, and nobly," he answered, with a glow of enthusiasm, not often seen, blooming his quiet face. "Our people have done nobly, not keeping back their most precious things."

"Three thousand dollars is a liberal sum," I said.

"Yes," His voice dropped a little.

"And of this sum two men gave a third." It pressed for utterance, and I was weak enough to let it forth.

Mr. Preston did not answer—"And are you one of them." No, but said in a voice that still fell lower and lower, until it expressed a sentiment of reverence.

"There is one in our midst who has given more than these two men, a hundred fold. But the name is not down upon any subscription paper."

More precious than silver and gold! Yes, there are things more precious than silver and gold; and I understood Mr. Preston to refer to human life and human love. Shame touched me, and I stood silent and rebuked.

"Come," he said, "walk with me into the next street, only a little way. It is well for us to comprehend these questions of sacrifice and patriotism in all their bearings. The danger with us all that we magnify our own burdens and loyalty, and in doing so fail to award the honor that is due to others."

I did not answer, but in silence went with Mr. Preston into the next street. It was one in which the poor dwelt. Small houses, a few neat, and with tasteful shrubbery about the doors, but most of them miserably neglected and forlorn, stood on each side for a distance of three or four squares. My visits to this part of the town were of rare occurrence. It was not pleasant to gaze upon; and avoided. All looked poor and mean, now as my eyes ranged along the street, and I questioned with myself as to whether I was going, and to what end.

"The widow who has in all her living gave more than those who, of their abundance, poured gold and silver into the treasury." My companion broke the silence with these words as we paused at the door of a small story-and-a-half cottage, around which everything was clean and in order, but plain and poor. His knock was not loud, but low and respectful. I did not answer his remark, but stood beside him in a vague expectancy. A child of ten years opened the door, and looked up into our faces curiously. I saw that she recognized Mr. Preston, but no smile lit up her young face.

"How is your mother to-day?" was asked.

"Not very well. Won't you walk in?"

"No, thank you, my dear, I only stopped to inquire about your mother. Is she able to sit up?"

"Yes, Sir. She sat up most all day yesterday and sewed part of the time."

And she's up again to-day. Won't you come in? Maybe she'd like to see you."

"Not this morning; I'll call round again. Say that Mr. Preston called. I'm glad she's better. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Sir." I felt the low, almost choking flutter of the child's voice away down in my heart; my eyes were dim as I turned away. What did it mean?

"She has given most of all," said my companion as we walked away.

"What has she given?"

"Her husband."

"He is in the army?"

"He is dead."

"What! Dead?"

"Killed in battle."

I stood still.

"In battle?"

"Yes. Three weeks ago the news came. He rests with the slain at Fort Donelson."

"Who, and what was he?" I asked, rallying myself, for I felt an overpowering sense of weakness.

"A sober, industrious mechanic; a good husband and a good father. I saw his wife on the day after his march with the regiment that went from here six months ago. The parting had tried her severely; but she was brave with it all, and full of a noble heroism. 'He is strong and courageous, and will do his duty,' she said to me; 'and the country must have such men. I could not eling to him weakly and in tears, as some wives did to their husbands, and hold him back when his heart and conscience bade him go. He is in God's hands. Men die at home of sickness as well as in battle. I trust in God.' Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and her voice betrayed the fear and suffering that were in her heart. Ah, Sir, neither you nor I will ever comprehend what that humble wife endured in parting from a good husband, on whose strong arm she had leaned for many years—in parting from him thus."

We walked on, again, silent for some moments. How mean and poor seemed my half-extorted gift—I say half-extorted, because there was really more of the being seen of men than genuine patriotism in the act—to the priceless contribution of this poor woman! I had signed a check for five hundred dollars, that was all. No consciousness of the draft of that check followed. I did not feel my comforts diminishing; I did not relinquish a single pleasure; there was nothing sacrificed except love of money. But she had given her husband! She, poor, dependent on his life for the support of herself and her children, had said when his country called, Go! And the sacrifice had been complete.

"The blow must have been terrible," I said.

"Poor woman! This is indeed a sorrow."

"She staggered and fell," was replied.

"For a weak the struggle between life and death was almost evenly balanced. Then the slow reaction came, and the poor crushed heart began to gather up its rent fibres, and to string its quivering nerves for new efforts and duties. The strong arm on which she had leaned for so many years was broken, and she must stand henceforth alone. 'How she faltered and staggered with uncertain steps at first! For hours she would sit and weep. But slowly strength came, and now, you remember the child's words, 'She sat up most all day yesterday, and sewed part of the time.' A heavy burden has been laid upon her, and she must walk henceforth with stooping shoulders and weary feet. Her own hands must earn the food with which her children are fed, and the garments with which they are to be clothed. Her toil and her care are more than twice doubled; and with them are the widow's sorrows. What are my war burdens, what are yours, to this? Ah, Sir, there is no room for complaint or boasting. With us the sacrifice is nothing in comparison. It is hardest with those who are least thought of, and who get least of public sympathy."

"We must do something for this woman," said I, "Her case touches me deeply."

"Your possessions and mine would lose more than half their value were such a calamity as the dismemberment of our country to fall," was answered. "Our enemies are men in arms, and we must oppose man with man in fierce battle. While they fight and die we are at home, and in their blood and suffering we find safety. Is there honor, is there justice, is there humanity in forgetting this service, and leaving the widows and orphans of our dead soldiers to be unaided, their burdens of want and sorrow? I think

not. Yes, assuredly, we must do something for this woman. She has given her all, and if she have no share henceforth in our abundance then are we not guiltless in the sight of Heaven."

How small seemed all the contributions I had made, and of which I was so self-gratulated! My cheeks were hot with shame. Not since have I referred to that last subscription in conversation, nor has a word about the coming burden of taxes escaped my lips; I would blush at complaint now. Burdens! They who seem to have the largest share feel their pressure lightest. On the poor, the humble, the too often despised and neglected, the heaviest of our troubles will fall. Let us see to it that we sin not in forgetfulness of what we owe them, that we do not let widows and orphans cast in all their living as the price of our safety.

Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

The epithet "hanging," as applied to the gardens of Babylon, is liable to mislead the reader; they were elevated, not suspended. They were built at the time when the city of Babylon had reached the summit of its magnificence under Nebuchadnezzar. The ruins of these hanging gardens existed six hundred years after their completion, and greatly astonished Alexander at his entrance into Babylon. The hanging gardens, according to Diodorus contained a square of four hundred feet on every side, and were carried up aloft into the air, in the form of several large terraces, till the height equalled that of the walls of the city. The whole pile was sustained by vast arches, raised one above another, and strengthened by a wall surrounding it on every side, of twenty-two feet in thickness.—On the top of the arches were first laid large, flat stones, sixteen feet long and four broad; over these was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, upon which were two rows of brick closely cemented together with plaster.—The whole was covered with thick sheets of lead, upon which lay the mould of the garden, which was so deep that the greatest trees might take root in it: and with such the terraces were covered, as well as with all other plants and flowers that were proper for a pleasure garden. In upper part was a sort of hydraulic engine, by which the water was drawn up out of the river, and from this the whole garden was watered. In the spaces between the several arches upon which the whole structure rested, were large and magnificent apartments that were very light, and had the advantage of a beautiful prospect.—Ametis, the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, was the daughter of Astyages, King of Media, and felt an attachment to the woody and pastoral scenes of her native country.—These gardens and structures were erected by Nebuchadnezzar for her gratification, that the city of Babylon might afford her some recompense for her privations.

Curious Mirror.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the last Paris Exhibition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic.—On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. Most of the spectators; ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects, and pass on. But retire still further; standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact that many of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in finishing a mirror of this description brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but, seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—English Paper.

Terrible Adventure on a Volcano.

Mr. Carl Steinman visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is his narrative of a fearful adventure which happened to him upon that sublime and desolate elevation:—

"Having secured a guide I set out at an early hour, on the morning following my arrival at Salsun (at the foot of the extinct volcano,) praying for the weather, good luck and a safe return.

"The scenery, even from the first, was so different from any I had ever seen outside of Iceland as to be worthy of a better description than I am able to give. Suffice it to say that, as you push on, ascending summit after summit on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness and desolation increase to the most terrible sublimity, till at last when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray God, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

"O how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scene of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of barren Heda! Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upwards from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade or even a solitary living thing, excepting self and guide. Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inanimate solitude no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very desolation of desolation—filled with yawning chasms, dreadful abysses and midnight eaves which have never echoed any sound but the thunders of heaven, and the groanings and convulsions of earth. So wild and terrible was the scene that I felt a strange thrill, like madness, rush through my shivering frame, and quiver about my dizzy brain, and I shouted to break the stillness of death, and heard my voice come dimly back in a hundred echoes till it seemed to be lost in the bowels of the unproductive earth.

Wrapping one of the blankets about me to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about, over blocks, and heaps, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pit falls and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and now and then displacing fragments of lava that rolled crashing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater, which eighty years before had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sand; but on reaching the summit of this ridge I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having some three or four deep seams or chasms in its center, into which the melting snow and ice on its sides were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater," I said, turning to the guide.

The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprise allied to fear.

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded, 'have you never seen this spot before?'

"I have seen this place before, master," he replied, 'but never anything like this. When I was here last there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice.'

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested; 'what, then, do you infer? that there is about to be a fresh eruption?'

"And the ground here has a slight feeling of warmth, too!" I rejoined as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"Let us leave, master!" returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking around with an expression of alarm. 'I do not like to remain here; we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen.'

"Nay," said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty, 'I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice is plain to be seen, have melted slowly, and before I go away never to return, I should like to venture into this basin and look down into one of those chasms.'

"Oh, no master!" replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; 'do not do it! it might cost you your life!'

"At least I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me!" said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered, 'but remember, master, you go down against my advice.'

"The crater or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temper of the lava with my hand and finding it gradually grow warm as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms, which opened far, far down in the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small trickling stream from a melting layer of ice above, was running into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, surging sound, with something like a rumbling shock at intervals, and gentle puffs of heated air.

The place, the scene, and withal the sense of danger connected with it, held me there with a sort of magnetic fascination, and I found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. Knowing by experience that reason is not always able to govern and control the actions in such cases, I forced myself back a few feet, but still remained near the opening, deaf to the entreaties of my frightened guide, who now began to implore me to return before it should be too late. As the dread volcano had not been in action for more than thirty years before his birth, I believed that he could know no more of danger than myself, and therefore preferred to act from the dictates of my own feelings rather than his fears; and as I was to pay him well for his services, felt but little disposed to be hurried from a place which had cost me so much time, money and trouble to visit.

Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I pried off from a large one a small block of lava, and advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease because the block had reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

This new manifestation of the powers of Nature fairly startled me into a desire for flight, and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dead abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying God for mercy, was scrambling over it and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without actually crushing, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained

Continued on Fourth Page.

George F. Shaw. It will be remembered that this young soldier, a Sergeant in Capt. C. U. Devereux's Company, was reported among the mortally wounded at the Fair Oaks battle, and that his friends mourned him as dead. Our flags were also placed at half-mast on the reception of the news. Lately a letter has been received from him with the information that he is in hospital at Philadelphia, recovering from his wound. There was doubtless every reason to believe that he was dead, and the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Samuel Williams, a member of the same Company, shows how remarkable must have been his preservation:—

"After George Shaw was shot, Mr. John Giles helped to carry him half a mile. He told John he must die, and asked him to take his money and his watch to his wife. The Major told them to carry him off to a church where they were collecting the wounded. It was almost dark, the light about over, and Giles being in a hurry to get off with the rest, forgot to take the watch and money. The Major was afterwards shot and his body left behind. The ball that struck George went into his side, between the ribs, and came out near the backbone. Giles covered him up with a blanket and left him. George said he could feel the course of the ball in his body, and said he knew he must die. He was cheerful when they left him, but he probably died."

CONTINENTAL.—Like some of its older contemporaries, the Continental has now become one of the indispensable in our periodical literature. In the August number Mr. Kirke concludes his popular sketches of "Among the Pines," and furnishes the first installment of a new serial entitled, "A Merchant's Story."

Henry P. Leland's frequent papers, "Maceroni and Canvas," are continued in this number. "Glances from the Senate Gallery," "Rewarding the Army," "Sketches of the Orient," are also embraced among the contents, and constitute attractive features.

Crops.—No such crops of wheat and other grains have been seen for years as our farmers are now harvesting. Fruit of every kind is in abundance. In short, Providence has blessed the whole North, so far as we can learn from the newspapers, with abundant harvests, while tarantula is threatening rebels and traitors.—Athens Messenger.

GROVELAND has raised its full quota of men—21 soldiers—under the late call for troops. It is the first town in this section to do it, but there will not be far behind. The bounty paid was \$150. An Omnibus passed through South Danvers last week on their way to Camp Stanton.

John Parsons, formerly of this town, and a member of the 22d Mass. Reg., died in Baltimore July 20, of wounds received at one of the battles before Richmond.

RECRUITING.—Danvers is doing nobly. 46 out of the 69 required of this town as its quota, are already been obtained.

During the month of August our Store will be closed at seven o'clock every evening except Saturday.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY will meet on Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week, for work, and to give out garments made, to those who prefer taking them.

The Hall will be open from 2 to 7 1/2 o'clock M.

Sun Umbrellas—at J. F. ALMY'S.

Sun Umbrellas—at J. F. ALMY'S.

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South Danvers Fish Market.

P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge.

Visit Osborne's Store, and look at the usual variety of new styles in Hats and caps, 191 Essex street, Salem.

To Let.

A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a trier or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of S. D. Symonds, 54 Main Street.

South Danvers, July 26, 1862.

\$100 REWARD!

The Subscriber will pay the above reward to person who will detect and bring to justice the villain or villains who unwearied the s from the wheels of his omnibuses, thus exposing the passengers to danger of life and limb.

E. F. BURHAM.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Port of Danvers.

July 29, scbs Summit, Swett, and Sarah K. Griffin, Philadelphia; G W Baldwin, G. New York.

Aug 1, scbs Charlotte Williams, Golding, Philadelphia; Gamaliel, Gosham, New York; R G Porter, Salem, Philadelphia.

Marriages.

1 Danvers, July 31, by Rev James Fletcher, George C Johnson, son of Capt Thomas Merson, to Miss Harriet A Elliott, daughter of doody Elliott, all of Danversport; by the 2, Mr John A Pummer, of South Danvers, to Miss Harriet A Crosby, of Salem.

1 Danvers, on the 27th ultimo, by Rev Mr J. Hon Robert S Daniels of South Danvers, to Miss Harriet A Crosby, of Georgetown.

1 Salem, July 31, Mr Deuj Whitmore, of m. to Miss Emily G Robinson of Lynnfield.

Deaths.

1 This town, July 30, Carrie M, daughter of M and Loran M Berry, 13 mos 30 ds.

Salem, June 29, Mr John Andrew, 44 yrs inter; 31st, Mr Ebenezer Walton, 80 yrs.

Beverly, Aug 3d, Capt Charles Pearson, known as a successful ship master, and as principal marine inspector of New England, 70 years.

Wenham, Mr Edward Rogan, 29—former—Salem.

Hamilton, Mrs Martha F, wife of the late Dodge, 76.

South Lynnfield, August 1, Mrs Mary L, of the late Eben Lawrence, 73.

John P. Peabody.

OUR WISHES

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK

And we are OFFERING OUR GOODS

At Such Low Prices

That they are sure TO SELL.

Ladies' Furnishing and Thread Store.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

Advertisements.

WILLIAM G. CHOATE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

251 Essex St., Salem.

Salem, August 6, 1862.

Military Goat Found!

IN the Road leading from Danvers to lower Beverly, marked on the sleeve lining thus:

J. V. P. (in pencil).

Samp'd J. S. Lee, New York.

U. S. Inspection, N. Y.

Apply to D. H. Caldwell, Danvers, Mass.

AARON T. LOWE, DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

76 BOSTON STREET, 76.

SALEM.

PASTURING TO LET!

I HAVE some Good Pasturing to Let, suitable for Horses and Dry Stock, situated near Taylor's Brook, and at West Danvers. Apply immediately.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT.

So. Danvers, Aug 6, 1862—3w

REMOVAL!

JOHN J. ASHBY,

WOULD inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store formerly occupied by Benson & Glover, No. 14 LAFAVETTE ST., Salem, Mass., where he will keep on hand a general assortment of Gentlemen's, Ladies', Boys', Misses' and Children's

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

of all kinds.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds, made to order, at short notice.

Repairing of all kinds done on the most reasonable terms.

Salem, August 6, 1862.

PRESERVE YOUR FRUIT.

LUDLOW'S

Patent Glass Jars and Glass Covers, FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, VEGETABLES, &c., in a perfectly Fresh State.

condition to emit fetid and offensive effluvia are being conveyed through any of the streets, highways, or within 40 rods of any dwelling house, school house or other public building in this town, shall be permitted to stand, more than five minutes within 40 rods of the same place, except it be at the place or places where the load is received or deposited.

S. A. LORD, Chairman.

JOSEPH POON, Clerk.

Extracts from the Revised Statutes.

SECTION 6. The Board of Health shall make such regulations respecting nuisances, sources of filth, and causes of sickness within their respective towns, and on board of any vessels in their harbors, as they shall judge necessary for the public health and safety; and if any person shall violate any such regulation he shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars.

SECT. 7. The said board shall also make such regulations as they may judge necessary for the public health and safety, respecting any articles which are capable of containing or conveying any infection or contagion, or of creating any sickness, when such articles shall be brought into or conveyed from their town, or into or from any vessel; and if any person shall violate any such regulation, he shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars.

SECT. 8. The said board shall also make all regulations, which they may judge necessary, for the interment of the dead, and respecting burying grounds in their town.

SECT. 9. Notice shall be given by the board of health of all regulations made by them, by publishing the same in some newspaper of their town, or where there is no such newspaper, by posting them up in some public place of the town, or in any vessel within the harbor of such town, and the same shall destroy, remove or prevent, as the case may require.

SECT. 10. Whenever any such nuisance, source of filth, or cause of sickness, shall be found in private property, the board of health, or health officer, shall order the owner or occupant thereof, at his own expense, to remove the same within twenty-four hours; and if the owner or occupant shall neglect so to do, he shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars.

SECT. 11. If the owner or occupant shall not comply with such order of the board of health, the board may cause the said nuisance, source of filth, or cause of sickness, to be removed; and all expenses incurred thereby shall be paid by the said owner or occupant, or by such other person as shall have caused or permitted the same.

SECT. 12. When any person shall be convicted, on an indictment for a common nuisance, that may be injurious to the public health, the court may, in their discretion, order it to be removed or destroyed, at the expense of the defendant, under the direction of the board of health of the town, where the nuisance is found; and the form of the warrant to the sheriff, or other officer, may be varied accordingly.

SECT. 13. The court of common pleas, or any one of the justices thereof, in term time or vacation, may, in all cases, either before or pending a prosecution for a common nuisance affecting the public health, issue an injunction to stay or prevent the same, until the matter shall be decided by a jury or otherwise; and make all such other writs and processes, and make all such other orders, as may be necessary or proper to enforce such injunction; and may dissolve the same, when the court or any one of the said justices shall think it proper.

SECT. 14. Whenever the board of health of a town or village, or of the inhabitants, to enter any land, building or vessel within their town, for the purpose of examining into, and destroying, removing or preventing any nuisance, source of filth, or cause of sickness, shall be refused such entry, or any part thereof, the board of health, under oath, to any justice of the peace of his county, stating the facts of the case, so far as he has knowledge thereof, and such justice may thereupon issue a warrant, directed to the sheriff or clerk of his deputies, or to any constable, if such town, commanding them to take sufficient aid, and, being accompanied by any two or more members of the board of health, between the hours of sunrise and sunset, to repair to the place, where such nuisance, source of filth or cause of sickness complained of, may be, and the same to destroy, remove or prevent, under the directions of such members of the board of health.

SECT. 15. The board of health may grant permits for the removal of any nuisance, infected article or sick person, within the limits of their town, when they shall think it safe and proper so to do.

SECT. 16. When a householder knows that a person in his family is taken sick of small pox or any other disease dangerous to the public health, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the selectmen or board of health of the town in which he dwells. If he refuses or neglects to give such notice, he shall forfeit for each offence a sum not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars.

SECT. 17. When a physician knows that any person whom he is called to visit is infected with small pox or any other disease dangerous to the public health, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the selectmen or board of health of the town; and if he refuses or neglects to give such notice, he shall forfeit for each offence a sum not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars.

S. A. LORD, D. C. PECKINS, ALBION GALUCIA, BENJ. HUNTINGTON, GEORGE OSBORNE, JOSEPH POON, Health Committee.

So. Danvers, Aug. 6, 1862.

Notice to South Danvers Recruits.

ALL PERSONS who have enlisted, either in town or out of town, as a part of the South Danvers quota, and who intend to apply for the bounty offered by the town, are hereby notified, that the same will only be paid to the number of the regiment in which they are enlisted, to be reported to the Selectmen forthwith; and all persons who may hereafter enlist as a part of said quota, either in town or out of town, are also notified to report to the Selectmen immediately after their enlistment; as notice is hereby given that, in case the quota is more than filled, only the first seventy-seven men thus reported and mustered into the United States service will receive the bounty.

M. O. STANLEY, JOHN C. BURBECK, NATHAN H. POOR, Selectmen of South Danvers, July 29, 1862.

Stationery.

A Large stock of Letter and Note Papers, of all the different sizes and qualities; also, Envelopes, of superior quality, just received from the manufacturers, and for sale low previous to the advance on 1st August—at G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S.

At the old stand of H Whipple & Son.

ANN R. BRAY.

DOMESTIC GOODS! DOMESTIC GOODS!

WE would invite the attention of our customers to our stock of DOMESTIC GOODS, of all descriptions, which, owing to the advance in prices, we have taken care to have unusually complete. We are able to sell our

BLEACHED AND BROWN COTTONS, CAMBRICS, BATHINGS, HOSIERY, MIXED FLANNELS, &c., AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street.

Top Buggy for Sale,

NEARLY NEW, and in good condition.—Inquire at this office, or at 47 Holten St. South Danvers, June 25, 1862.

A. J. Archer & Co

BLACK SILKS. BLACK SILKS.

WE offer a large stock of

RICH BLACK SILKS, bought before the recent advance in prices, at LOW RATES.

—ALSO—

BLACK PARANETTES, in 4-4 and 5-4 width; BLACK FRENCH BONAZENES; BLACK, 3-4 and 4-4 MOUSSELINE D'LAINE; BLACK ALPACAS; BLACK ENGLISH CHAPES; BLACK TRIMM SHAWLS, long and square; Ribbon bound TRIMM SHAWLS, at low prices.

AUGUSTUS T. ARCHER & CO. aug 6 181 ESSEX ST.

Mosquito Nettings.

AND STRAINER CLOTHS—all colors—for sale by A. J. ARCHER & CO. 181 Essex Street.

Ladies' Silk Umbrellas.

LADIES' SILK UMBRELLAS, f r rain, also SUN UMBRELLAS AND PARRASOLS, at REDUCED PRICES, to close.

aug 6 A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex St.

Black Doekskins.

LOW PRICED BLACK DOEKSKINS AND BLACK CASSIMERES, BROADCLOTHS, GELMAN CLOTHS, in Black, Blue and Brown.

OVERCOATINGS—Meltons, Silk Mixtures, Repellents—for Spring Overcoats. FANCY CASIMIERES AND DOEKSKINS. A large variety of FANCY CLOTHS, for Coats and for Boys' VESTINGS.

For Sale at Low Prices.

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Cotton Goods,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES, for sale by aug 6 A. J. ARCHER & CO.

COTTONS.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St.

WE have a full Stock, of all the different grades of Brown and Bleached Cottons; Sheetings of every width.

aug 6

Prints. Prints.

AT the Lowest Cash Prices; Cambrics; Se-lia; Batings; Crashes.

aug 6 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St.

Flour and Pork.

RECEIVED this day, by rail: 60 bbls. Mass Pork; 150 bbls. KEYSTONE MILLS FLOUR; 100 bbls. FAGIN'S "

For sale by GAYLE & Co., Phillips' Wharf.

aug 6

NATIONAL TAX BOOK.

COMPLETE edition, only 10 cents, with a large type, for sale by

aug 6 G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH.

CHEAP READING.

SUBSCRIPTION circulating Library—into which all the new books are put as soon as published.

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FOR SOLDIERS—of all kinds—compact folios and roll up cases—pocket inkstands, etc., etc., at G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S, 180 Essex street, Salem.

George S. Walker.

At Reduced Prices!

SUMMER UNDER SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., can be bought at REDUCED PRICES, the remainder of the season, of

GEO. S. WALKER, Dealer in Men's Furnishing Goods and Toilet Articles, 228 Essex street, Stearns' Block, je 4 Opposite Eastern Railroad Station.

Gentlemen's Collars,

—AT—

GEORGE S. WALKER'S, Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods & Toilet Articles, je 23 Station. Opposite Eastern Railroad

NEW GOODS.

BROWNING & LONG'S, No. 177 Essex Street, Successors to J. Mayer.

Through our Special Agent in New York, we are daily receiving New Goods as fast as they appear in that market.

NOW OPEN

A Complete Assortment of

"LACE MITTS," Fashionable Styles and Neat Patterns, at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN

A FULL STOCK OF

"LISLE GLOVES," In Every Variety, at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN

A Large Invoice of Plain and Open-worked

"HOSIERY," Offered at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN

A very large Invoice Plain and Hemstitched

"LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS," Bought for Great Bargains, which we offer at VERY LOW PRICES.

NOW OPEN

Large Additions to our Stock of

"VEILS," Which we are now selling at VERY LOW PRICES.

Having extra facilities for procuring desirable Goods, we are always prepared to show the latest styles at Great Bargains.

BROWNING & LONG, No. 177 Essex Street, July 23, 1862. SALEM, Mass.

\$22 MONITOR. \$22

A NEW IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINE

For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Combining all the latest improvements that the best mechanical skill can invent.

The proprietors, practical Sewing Machine inventors, having had many years experience in the business, and having devoted the past year to the perfection of the MONITOR, are now confident that for simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship and durability, beauty of design and finish, the MONITOR must supercede all others as the best practical Family Sewing Machine yet offered to the public.—Every variety of sewing that can be done on any machine can be done on the MONITOR. It uses a straight needle, and will sew any fabric from the most flimsy muslin to the coarsest broadcloth and leather. All kinds of thread used direct from the spools without the trouble of rewinding, from the finest cotton and sewing silk to the coarsest linen.

THE MONITOR

uses two threads, making the double lock stitch. There is no spool on the under part, like all other sewing machines; both are on the upper part, where any child can adjust them.

Confident that a first class Family Sewing Machine at a moderate price, has long been needed to meet the wants of all—the poor as well as the rich—and believing that such a machine must command the liberal patronage of the people and find a rapid sale, the proprietors offer the MONITOR at the extremely low price of \$22. The MONITOR is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect order five years without charge.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and the Canadas to whom the most liberal inducements are offered.

All communications must be addressed to the undersigned, at the Eureka Sewing Machine Office and Patent Exchange, 260 Washington st, Boston. THOS. DERMOT, SOLE AGENT. June 4—6m

James F. Almy.

WE shall sell through the month of August all of our

COTTONS, FLANNELS, AND DOMESTIC GOODS

at prices ruling this day.

At LESS THAN JOBBERS' PRICES.

We are closing our stock of SUMMER SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, &c.,

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

JAMES F. ALMY, 188 Essex, opposite Central st., Salem.

BUTTER, EGGS AND BEANS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT LOWEST CASH PRICES, by

P. D. PERKINS, ON LOWELL ST., SO. DANVERS.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

CHEAP FIRE-WOOD.

THE subscriber has on hand 30,000 bushels of

Patent Granular Fuel,

which he will deliver, by wholesale, in lots to suit purchasers, anywhere in this town, Salem, Lynn, Swampscott, or Nahant. Orders sent by mail (or by express), or left in Salem, at the office, 27 Washington street (3d story), or 17 Briggs st., will receive prompt attention.

List of Prices.

25 Bushels, delivered, 2 25

100 do do 4 00

100 do do 7 50

Orders left at the Union Store, Newman & Symonds, and the Omnibus Office.

BYRON GOODELL.

South Danvers, June 18.

Particular Notice to Ladies.

GREAT BARGAINS

PERLEY'S Shoe Store

SELLING OFF! CLOSING OUT!

AND RETURNING FROM BUSINESS.

THE subscriber having determined to discontinue his present business, offers for Cash, at greatly Reduced Prices, his extensive stock of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

consisting principally of Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear. The above stock, as to quality, is second to none in this city.

Desirous of disposing, during the warm season, of ALL HIS THIN SOLED BOOTS AND SHOES, for the

NEXT SIXTY DAYS,

VERY GREAT INDUCEMENTS will be held out to purchasers of goods of this description, by the very low prices at which they will be offered—say, from one quarter to one half less than former prices.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1862.

NO. 32.

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CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.
3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
per square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
per line, .50 1.50 3.50
16 lines of Nonparel type are equal to a square.
61 cents per line will be charged for notices of sales for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to one insertion in the Wizard, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or other sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Cards.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Mr. Upham will attend to the collection of Pension & Bounty Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
104 Essex Street, Salem.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
the former occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
208 Essex Street, Salem,
HENRY B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

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Dentist,
4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.

Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

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208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.

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INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Union and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Bos-
ton; Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS
in Groceries, Flour & Grain,
and Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
4 Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
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NATHAN SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Kerry, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings, Oil and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Sulphur and Window Glass.

32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.

11 orders promptly and faithfully executed.

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st India Goods, Country Produce

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Importer and Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aueroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER,
Keeps constantly on hand

A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
108 Essex street, Salem.

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paper Hanger.

164 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
DOWNS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.

WALKING MADE EASY.

DR. P. KENISON,
UROPODIST,
167 Washington St., Boston.

Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails Nails
Gouty and Rheumatic Swellings, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Original Poetry.

An Army Song.

BY W. G. DIX.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE SOUTH
DANVERS VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE, "Vive La Compagnie."

I.
The fathers are calling from you glowing sky,
On to victory!

The sons, at the summons, take arms and re-
ply,
On to victory!

Chorus—On, on, on we march,—
On, on, on we march,—
On we march, on we march,—
On to victory!

II.
The watchword is sounding o'er valleys and
hills,
On to victory!

Our land with the chorus from sea to sea thrills,
On to victory!

Chorus—On, on, on we march,—
On, on, on we march,—
On we march, on we march,—
On to victory!

III.
Hark! hark! from the graves of young heroes
that died,—
On to victory!

Their comrades avenging will march side by
side,—
On to victory!

Chorus—On, on, on we march,—
On, on, on we march,—
On we march, on we march,—
On to victory!

IV.
Grand memories urge the close ranks of the
brave
On to victory!

Grand hopes beckon soldiers, the Nation to
save,—
On to victory!

Chorus—On, on, on we march,—
On, on, on we march,—
On we march, on we march,—
On to victory!

V.
Advance! while your souls are with daring on
fire,
On to victory!

Advance! for the Stars of your Flag will in-
spire,—
On to victory!

Chorus—On, on, on we march,—
On, on, on we march,—
On we march, on we march,—
On to victory!

Selected.

A Russian Husband's Revenge.

BY GERALD LIVINGSTON.

General Prince — was a man of
about fifty, of a frowning aspect and harsh
features and wearing long, gray mous-
taches. The princess, his wife, was, on
the contrary, a young and lovely creature,
with blooming cheeks, flaxen tresses, and
large, blue eyes, that seemed redolent of
love.

How in the world had this charming
creature become the Princess — ?
The answer lies in the sad fact that the
general was all-powerful in Poland, and
that Varinka was a Pole. Her father
was on the eve of being brought to the
seafoord—her fondly-loved brother was a-
bout to be captured, when death would
await him. The general alone had the
power to save them both. Being madly
in love with Varinka, he offered to save
her father and brother, on the condition
of her giving him her hand, to which the
poor girl, in an agony of terror, finally
consented.

It is not that the prince was quite un-
worthy, either, of the treasure he had
appropriated. Beneath the rough coat-
ing of a Russian soldier there beat a no-
ble heart. He was wealthy—was the
representative of an illustrious family, and
had acquired both fame and glory in his
own person. But he was old—he loved
her with a kind of savage love—and was,
moreover, jealous to a pitch of frenzy.

No sooner was the marriage celebra-
ted, or rather the bargain concluded, than
the prince concealed his young wife in a
dismal, old, cold castle, that seemed to
have been hung by giant hands on the
edge of a steep rock, whose basis was
lashed by the foaming waters of a rapid
torrent. It was like some vulture's eyrie,
or the inaccessible strong-hold of a mag-
ician, or Blue Beard's gloomy abode it-
self.

For a time all went on smoothly enough;
the young wife appeared, if not happy,
at least resigned to her fate. The leaden
atmosphere of ennui that breathed around
her had not yet blanched her cheek and
she even occasionally endeavored to smile.
But one evening, returning after a short
absence, the prince crept up stealthily to
his wife's room, situated in a turret pro-
jecting beyond the rock, and whose bal-
cony overhung the yawning abyss below;
and as he paused a moment before he

opened the door, he started on hearing a
strange voice in the chamber—and that
the voice of a man!

He looked through the key-hole, and
could see a young man 'beside the prin-
cess. He listened to their conversation.
'And what was your dream about, my
dear Varinka?' asked the stranger, in a
tone of tender solitude.

'Oh, it was frightful!' replied the
young wife, shuddering. 'I fancied we
were both clinging to the rope by which
you climb up to my balcony from the bot-
tom of the precipice, and that the rope,
though so securely fastened, suddenly
snapped asunder.'

'Poor Varinka!' exclaimed the young
stranger.

'And then we were dashed against the
rocks and swallowed up by the torrent!' re-
sumed she. 'Oh! I shudder at the bare
thought of that fearful dream!'

'At any rate,' observed the young man,
after a pause, 'we should have had no
more sad partings, and death would have
gathered us into one grave.'

'Yes,' replied the princess, in a melan-
choly voice; 'I should hail the thought
that nothing more could part us; that the
bright sun would smile over our watery
grave, and that we should still be togeth-
er!'

The husband could scarcely restrain an
outburst of rage.

'I think I hear some one,' said the
young man. 'At any rate, it is time to go,
for dawn is advancing. So farewell.'

Then, embracing the princess, he climb-
ed over the balcony railing and disappear-
ed.

'Farewell till to-morrow!' cried Varin-
ka, leaning over the eases.

'Aye—till to-morrow!' muttered the
husband, who now retired, even more
stealthily than he came.

On the morrow, the prince's nephew
arrived at the castle. He was quite a
young man—a mere cadet—entertaining
the most enthusiastic admiration for the
old hero he was proud to call his uncle.
'Alexis,' said the old man, bending on
his nephew a fierce look, 'tell me, is the
honor of our family dear to you?'

The nephew, as in duty bound, replied
by a glance and a gesture worthy of the
Cid.

The uncle was satisfied.

'Then follow me,' said the old man.

In a short time, after wading through
some nearly impassable paths, they had
reached the brink of a torrent, but at a
distance from the castle.

'Now look, Alexis,' said the general,
pointing to the reefs nearly level with the
water, whose sharp peaks rose close to
the base of the rock overlooked by the
princess's balcony, 'a man will come hi-
ther to-night in a boat, which he will
probably moor to one of your reefs. The
boat will perhaps be his only chance of
safety—and, mark me! he is not to es-
cape from the just punishment that awaits
him.'

'I understand,' replied the nephew,
significantly.

'What do you understand?' asked the
general.

'That as soon as this man shall have
secured a footing on the rocks, I am to
cut the cable of his boat, which the waves
will presently dash to pieces,' said the
cadet.

'But are you aware, boy, that you risk
your life by plunging into the torrent?'

'Did you not say that it was more than
a matter of life and death, and that your
honor or he dies?' said Alexis.

'Well said, my youngster!' exclaimed
the uncle.

Not a word more was exchanged be-
tween them on the subject.

At night the youth was at his post.—
It was a lovely, starry night in August,
but the depths of the abyss were dark
and gloomy. Alexis flung himself un-
hesitatingly into the roaring torrent.—
Being an expert swimmer, and by dint of
clinging occasionally to the rocks that tore
his flesh, he managed to reach a reef just
beneath the window, behind which he
could watch what was passing.

A slight noise soon met his ear. It
was a bark putting off from the opposite
bank. It certainly seemed as if he who
moved it must be impelled by a mad and
headlong passion, for it was little short
of tempting Providence.

It was the boat-hook rather than his
oars, and his hands still more than either,
that stood the stranger in good stead, and
enabled him to reach the foot of the slop-
ed granite crag, to which he moored his
boat.

On gaining the rock, he proceeded to
seal it with superhuman efforts, the as-
cension being even more perilous than
crossing the torrent had been. But it

was so dark in these solitary depths that
Alexis soon lost sight of the stranger.—
His immediate business, however, was to
cut the cable, which he soon did, when
the fragile bark was carried away by the
torrent and speedily dashed to pieces.—
But the noise was lost in the roaring of
the torrent, and never reached the ears of
the daring adventurer.

After fulfilling his mission, the gen-
eral's nephew raised his head out of cu-
riosity towards the higher regions that
were bathed in moonlight, and could see
the stranger standing on a narrow ledge
that bulged out over the edge of the pre-
cipice, some five and twenty fathoms
above the raging torrent.

'How could he manage to climb up to
that ledge?' thought Alexis; 'and how
will he ever be able to proceed a step
further, now that the rock is steep as a
well?'

A rope was now let down from the
balcony, as if to answer his silent query.
The stranger seized it eagerly, and began
to scale the intervening space with fear-
ful rapidity, till he had reached about
three-quarters of the distance. At that
point, however, although his arms and
legs continued manœuvring after the
same fashion, the stranger did not seem
to advance a step farther.

By-and-bye he appeared to be com-
ing down again. Yet, no! it was not
the man, but the rope, that was being
slowly lowered. Still his efforts seemed
more desperate than ever. It looked as
if he would fain have leaped at a bound
to the window he had longed to reach,
and whether his whole soul seemed to
aspire. But the rope kept lowering and
lowering still!

Let us now take a peep at the interior
of the princess's room.

The window was open to receive the
breezes of the night, and the fair young
woman was sitting in her evening dis-
habille, with her beautiful hair flowing
down her back unconfined by pin or
comb. Her exquisitely moulded chin
was resting on her hand, in the pensive
attitude of one in whose mind youthful
hope is struggling against the blighting
influence of stern reality.

Presently the clock struck one, when
a signal reached her ear; but so cau-
tiously was it transmitted, that it did not
even disturb the nightingale singing on
its spray—it seemed as if but she alone
in the whole creation could have heard
it.

Varinka started to her feet and ran
and opened a cupboard, whence she drew
a rope as long as a fathom line for sound-
ing the ocean. She then proceeded to
fasten it solidly to one of the marble pil-
lars supporting the mantelpiece. After
trying its strength, and answering the
signal in a still lower key than it was
given, she rushed towards the balcony
and lowered the rope over the balustrade,
still grasping it, as if to insure the safety
of the beloved object it was to poison in
the mid air.

And now the marble pillar squeaked
beneath the pressure of the noose, as the
anxiously expected guest had seized the
other end of the rope below. Varinka
leaned over the balcony, with a strange
mixture of joy and anxiety, when sud-
denly she felt a hand upon her shoulder.
She turned around—it was her hus-
band!

Varinka remained speechless, motion-
less, and terror-stricken.

The prince was silent likewise, but
there lurked a diabolical smile upon his
rough countenance as he drew forth his
hunting-knife.

He slowly stooped down and began
deliberately sawing the rope, tightly
drawn across the chamber.

Varinka could not utter a syllable.
Her senses seemed petrified by terror.

'Make haste, madam,' cried he, 'make
haste and seize the rope, or all will be
lost for him who is hanging over the
abyss; it hangs together only by a few
threads!'

As if galvanized into action by these
taunting words, the young wife darted
upon the rope, and, by superhuman ef-
fort of strength on the part of so fragile
a being, she wound it three or four times
around her arm with frantic haste.

Dragged violently by this one arm to-
wards the window, while the rest of her
body clung with desperation to the in-
side of the chamber, she fixed her looks
on her husband and once more became
motionless.

'Vastly well!' said the general, coldly.
'You forbear screaming because you just-
ly surmise that at the first hint of the
kind you give him he will generously
relinquish his hold. This is excellent;
it is neither he nor I, but you will kill
him!'

Then, sheathing his hunting-knife, he
sat down quietly opposite his wife, fold-
ed his arms, and enjoyed his horrible re-
venge, tasting it drop by drop as it were.
If there be an earthly punishment
equal to the tortures experienced by the
jealous, it must surely be the prolonged
agony endured by this unhappy young
creature, as she kept twisting the cord
round her bruised and fragile waist, be-
neath the basilisk gaze of her revenge-
ful husband.

What pen can describe her sufferings?
She was drawn inch by inch towards the
balcony. And now she is dragged into
the balcony—yet one hand grasps the
balustrade with a convulsive, terrible
gripe. But, oh! the weight from be-
low still drags her on. Her body is now
lifted into an upright position; anon it
leans over the abyss—the tips of her
feet alone touch the balcony—she loses
her equilibrium—she hovers over the
chasm like a spirit of the air.

'Together,' cries she, in a dying voice,
'we will die together, as in my dream!'
Still clutching the rope, she disappears
in the yawning abyss.

A cry of anguish, and then another—
the dull, heavy sound of a body falling
on the rocks below—then again another
fall, and all was silent save the roaring,
plashing torrent that bore away the two
corpses in their foaming winding-sheet!

High above stood the pitiless general
on the balcony, whence his wife was
dashed headlong into the jaws of death,
smiling with an infernal smile as he
watched the horrible finale of this fearful
domestic tragedy.

Below stood the nephew, who, on
witnessing this agonizing scene, under-
stood, too late, the dreadful import of
the part he had so imprudently consented
to perform. In an hour's time the youth
felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, on
raising his eyes, he perceived it was his
uncle bearing a torch in his hand.

'Follow me!' said the general, in an
authoritative tone.

The uncle and nephew proceeded to
thread their way back among the reefs
in profound silence, till they reached the
torrent on the other side of the castle,
and following along the rocky banks of
the river they at length discovered one of
the bodies. It was that of the young
man. Alas! the features were no longer
recognizable—gashed and torn by the
pitiless rocks.

The murderer coolly searched the vic-
tim's pockets, choked as they were with
mire and gravel, and at length found a
letter. The lines had evidently been
traced by his wife's hand, and were
signed 'Varinka.'

By the flickering light of the torch, he
next proceeded to scan their import; but
at the first words he started back, ex-
claiming, in wild accents of despair:
'Her brother, Venecias! Oh! accus-
ed be my revenge!'

And the next morning the prince's
hair has turned as white as snow, and he
was reduced in strength to a feeble old
man. His victims were constantly be-
fore his eyes, their dreadful wounds
bleeding and gaping, and their mangled
bodies, horrible to his sight.

The brother and sister were buried to-
gether—united in death.

Three days after the dreadful tragedy,
the jealous husband's dead body was
found beside their grave.

Blind jealousy had led him to perpet-
rate the cruel murder, and remorse im-
pelled him to expiate the crime by sui-
cide!

Alexis, who regretted during his whole
life the part he bore in the tragedy, in-
herited his uncle's immense estates, and
gave the castle to the church for a mon-
astery.

AN AMAZON.—In the Company of
Capt. Comstock which rendezvoused at
Detroit, from Adrian, was a very loving
wife of one of the soldiers. Before leav-
ing Adrian, efforts were made to induce
her to remain, but she insisted that she
would go where her husband did. After
proceeding about half way to Detroit,
another attempt was made to induce her
to return, but she in a very decided man-
ner said she would not.

Finally the conductor told her that she
must leave the cars. Whereupon, she
seized her husband by the collar, dragged
him from the cars, in spite of his resis-
tance, and refused to loose her hold until
permission was granted her to go—and
she went. We say, let that woman go to
the war by all means, and if any rebel
gets into her hands, may the Lord have
mercy on his soul!

Some showy quality very often screens
a number of unsightly ones.

CONFEDERATE PRIMER. [ALTERED FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.]

A In Anderson's fall
We sinned all.

B Beamregard attend
Your life to mend.

C Curtis doth play
And after slay.

D Davis doth mourn
His cause forlorn.

E To Evacuate
Was Corinth's fate.

F Floyd steals the guns,
And then he runs.

G Great Pillow's flight,
Was out of sight.

H At Hilton's Head
Our forces fled.

I At Island Ten,
We fled again.

J Jackson's stone wall
Will surely fall.

K King Cotton's crown
Is coming down.

L Lincoln's ships
Our navy whips.

M Maury should go
To his plateau.

N Northern braves
Find Southern graves.

O Our cause is lost,
With all the cost.

P Pope strikes the blows,
While Prentice crows.

Q Quarlesome Mayors,
Ben. Butler sears.

R Rebellion quails,
And Davis wails.

S Stripes and stars,
O'er stars and bars.

T Toombs, for pride,
Was set aside.

U Uncle Sam's shells
Secession quells.

V Virginia great
Has lost estate.

W Wise ran his race
And lost his place.

X X stands for ten
Good fighting men.

Y The Yankees bold
Our ports do hold.

Z Zollicoffer did die,
And so must you and I.

The Horrors of Leprosy.

Nobody considers leprosy, in Orient, a
contagious malady, or a shameful and dis-
gusting infirmity—besides, the senti-
ment of disgust is one of those sentiments
very slightly developed in this country.—

And yet the appearance of the leper is
well calculated to inspire it. His skin,
on the brow especially, becomes covered
with pustules which soon break, and form
either scabs or sores, his lips and eyelids
swelling and losing their original shape,
whilst the cartilages of the nose and ears
elongate unnaturally, and sometimes to
such an extent as to bring the ears in
contact with the shoulders. The head
loses its hair, there are no brows above
the eye or eyelashes on the lids; add to
all this, a peculiarly livid, colorless tint,
and you have a tolerably faithful descrip-
tion of those the least affected among the
lepers. Some are covered with horrible
sores; their bones, consuming with putre-
faction protrude in splinters from disgust-
ing ulcers, whilst the bones of others are
completely distorted and dislocated, yet
with no appearance of their dying away
or dropping off. It was rather with sa-
tisfaction than with repugnance that I
saw the relatives of these unfortunate
creatures side by side with them,—under
the same roof ministering to all their
wants just as they would have ministered
to them under more favorable circumstan-
ces; but it made me recoil with horror to
learn that the passions and the weakness
of human nature were not extinct in their
breasts, nor in the breasts of those who
surrounded them. Marriages are frequent
in the leper's quarter; the Mussulman
religion predominating, these marriages
simply show the desultory union of one
man with several women. Never in my
life shall I forget a leprous young girl,
scarcely beyond the years of childhood,
and already completely disfigured by the
malady, tranquilly seated on the knees of
a sort of Titan, scarcely human either in

form or proportions, and unable to arti-
culate an intelligible word. He approach-
ed his swollen lips to the child's pendent
ears, to make himself heard by her. I
noticed that she seemed to listen with
pleasure, and the flicker of the muscles
on her face would have passed for a smile,
had this expression of feeling been possi-
ble: from this I concluded that my eyes
were contemplating an unpleasant but re-
spectable picture of paternal love and
filial tenderness. 'This child is yours?'
I remarked to the colossus. The child,
however, taking it upon herself to set up
her own pretensions, drew herself up, and
replied, 'I am his wife—more than a
mouth!' The expression of satisfied van-
ity, which excited this hideous visage at
the thought of the long duration of her
empire, the sort of glare which for a mo-
ment trembled in this husband's disman-
tled eyes—all this produced such a hor-
rible effect on me,

South Danvers Wizard.

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which will satisfy the most incredulous.

Original Poetry.

[Written for the Wizard.]

SOME FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY GEO. W. COOK.

I can remember well the time—
A day it scarcely seems—
When life to me was like the rhyme
An eastern Sultan dreams;
No threads of gray were in my hair,
No wrinkles on my brow!
The world is not the world it seemed
Some forty years ago.

What castles then I built in air!
What plans I used to frame!
In little time I thought to climb
High up the hill of fame!
And, when the world had sung my praise
Some twenty years or so,
I'd be contented—so I thought
Some forty years ago!

Alas, for silly fancies wove
In boyhood's fertile brain—
Alas for dreams of fame and love,
And aspirations vain!
Beneath Oblivion's bitter waves
They all are lying low!
The world is not the world it seemed
Some forty years ago.

I love to seek the graveyard old,
I used so much to shun,
And read upon its tombstone's cold
The names of many a one
Who perished in the glad spring-time.
Above their green graves grow
Tall willows that were slender things
Some forty years ago.

One stone amid the rest I love
To keep from mosses free;
And watch the wild flowers peep above
The tall grass tenderly!
For there, beneath the vernal turf
Where comes no grief nor woe,
They laid the chosen of my heart
Some forty years ago.

And, tho' I am an old man now,
From out the stony sky
She seems to smile, and say the while,
The words she used, when I
Would tell her of my boyish plans,
With youthful face aglow,
Beneath the shade the elm tree made,
Some forty years ago!

"Remember this! altho' to thee
No earthly fate be given—
The fickle Fortune bar her gates—
Thou still canst enter Heaven!"
How tender now those gentle words
Along my heart-strings flow;
I hardly knew their import once—
Some forty years ago.

Selected.

The Chamois Hunter.

BY CLAUDE LIVINGSTONE.

Perhaps no life comes so near, in its simplicity, to the life of the patriarchs, as do the lives of the Alpine shepherds. They are monarchs in their own right, and, if not "born in the purple," are born under purple and golden skies. The chamois hunters are even more sovereign. They are the autocrats of the Alps, and the realm of nature around them is subject to their sway. Their throne is the simple mountain chalet, in the very heart of the Alpine grandeur; as inaccessible, almost, as an eagle's eyrie.

Such a throne was occupied by Carl Schepler, the most successful chamois hunter of the Swiss Alps, who with his little family of a wife and two children, had been happy and contented here for years. No sweeter or lovelier wife ever graced a poor man's hut than Marie Schepler; while little Carl and Albert were infant cherubs—models of that perfect organization born and bred in the mountain air. All the hunters looked up to Carl as the bravest, most fearless of these Alpine heroes; while their wives, although scarce ever leaving their homes, had still learned to regard Marie as the queen of perfection, from their husbands' animated praises.

Carl's whole life had not been spent in the mountains. In his youth he had attended school at Berne, where he had found Marie. Enchanted by the pleasure of a vacation, when he had followed the hunters, he conceived the idea of taking up his abode with them, and persuaded Marie that they could be happier there than elsewhere.

She consented, living for many years a lonely life when Carl was hunting; for her children came long after she was married, and when she had ceased to expect them. But now her mountain home seemed a palace, and she felt how "Dear is that shed to which her soul conforms—And dear the hill which lifts her from the storms,

And as a child whom searing sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud thunder and the whirlwind's roar
But bind her to her native mountains more."

She knew that Carl, with all his bravery, his loving heart and his educated mind, so superior to the rough

mountainers, had still two darling foibles. One was the love of change; the other was of a more serious character. It was more than a foible—it was a sin, and this was avarice.

She had seen the latter in his dealings with the hunters, and had mourned over it; the former, she had known by his longing looks toward the valleys, and the eagerness with which he caught at the scanty news brought by travelers to the Alps.

All at once, he hastily removed from the chalet to a lower situation; not actually in the valley, but beside a mountain path leading from it, and by which many travelers ascended to more romantic regions. Marie wept secretly at leaving the dear old place where her children were born, but she kept silence before Carl, whom, like a good wife, she wanted to obey; although, if the truth was told, she thought him a silly man for changing his abode. The boys missed their freedom and their sports; for when they had moved to a place where they were more likely to be intruded on, their mother was unwilling to let them rove about as they wished, both on account of coming to harm and of leaving her alone. Besides, they were now stout boys, and ought to be learning something; so Marie gathered the few elementary books which she had brought to the mountains, and began to give them regular instruction.

Occupied thus with Carl and Albert, Marie did not so much miss her husband, until the fact was forced upon her mind that he returned home but rarely, and even more rarely brought home any game. Often the patient and uncomplaining wife lived for days with only a little meagre soup for herself and children. She submitted even cheerfully to her own share of the privation; but she thought it quite insufficient for her two growing boys. She began to knit stockings and gloves for the peddlers who sometimes sell those things in the mountains, and who brought her yarn. Soon she taught the little boys, who, in time, came to be almost as expert in knitting as herself; and the same peddlers would fetch her articles of food in exchange for her beautiful gloves and nice hose.

But Marie had a deeper pain in her heart than the lack of accustomed food. Her husband would spend whole weeks from her, and return jaded in spirits and almost sullen in temper. He gave no account of himself, brought nothing to the household treasury, and absented himself again as mysteriously as ever. His strange conduct, and the secrecy with which he came and went, made Marie sometimes fear that he had associated himself with some of the lawless bands that infest the Alpine passes at certain seasons, to rob luckless travelers of their gold.

Yet surely that could not be; and then, remembering his haggard and worn-out looks, and his restlessness at night, starting and muttering in his brief slumbers, she came to imagine that he must have some inward disease which he wished to conceal from her. The good little woman fairly worked herself into an agony of apprehension.

Disease had indeed attacked the brave chamois hunter—crippling all his energies, wasting his powers, exhausting his life. But it was a moral disease—far worse than any physical evil, and more to be dreaded—an evil the blighting effects of which creeps into a household, diffusing poison from its source like the Upas-tree. This evil, in Carl Schepler, was avarice, and it had latterly found something on which to feed.

He had gone out early, one morning, in search of game. Pressing into the loose, fuzzy bushes that grew straggling about the rocks, he saw by the light of the rising sun something that seemed the entrance to a small cave. He went to it, and found, on removing a large rock, that there was really an opening. Into this he forced himself, creeping cautiously on all-fours, and at the extremity of the cavern he laid his hand on what seemed to be an earthen vase. It was heavy, but he succeeded in getting it, by degrees, to the mouth. There was a cover of the same light, porous clay as the vessel, and when this was removed, and the contents rolled out upon the ground, Carl Schepler fell back, almost fainting with delight and surprise. Before him lay innumerable gold coins, of various sizes and with different inscriptions, but all apparently perfect and in order, as he discovered when he had become a little restored. Carl was in raptures. He hugged the gold to his breast, poured it into and out of the earthen

vessel, and acted like one distracted. Then when the warm, bright sunshine came down, he would hold the gold in his rays, and the sparkle and glitter seemed more glorious to him than the sun itself.

Thus he passed the day—and many were the days thus passed—and Carl Schepler's family, had it not been for the good and patient little wife, must have starved; for he neither hunted nor did aught else. Continually alarmed lest another should discover his treasure, yet unwilling to extract from the vase a single coin, he grew nervous and unwell. Indeed, he ate almost nothing, sometimes remaining night and day beside his gold, counting it over and over, and returning only when the pangs of hunger could not be borne any longer.

Carl and Albert were grieved at the absence of their father. They recalled his promise that when they were strong enough, they should go with him to learn to hunt the chamois; and they thought themselves sufficient now for such adventures. He was even violent when they proposed it; for he was now so wrapped in his miserly work of counting and recounting his gold, that he feared that they should leave the hut at all, lest they should discover it.

"Why does father speak to us so sharply, mother?" said Albert. "He must go somewhere, said so something, when he is gone so long."

The mother sighed and wept—and after this time, the boys were taken into her fullest confidence, and the three consulted and planned together, but unfortunately to no purpose whatever. It was, however, a relief to poor Marie to unburden her full heart to some one; and the sympathy of the darling boys was a balm she had long needed.

Little Carl was earnest to follow and watch his father; but Marie said decidedly that it would never do. It was plain that she feared trusting them on such an errand, in her husband's present temper.

Meantime, Carl Schepler's passion grew and grew, to the utter exclusion of all other emotions. His wife's sweet face, pale with grief at the unknown but not unfeared trial, had no charms for him. His children's voices, so sweet to his ear in the old mountain chalet, singing in childish tones the *Ranz des Vaches*, sunk unheard upon the ear that coveted only the clink of gold. All his life, spirit, energy and affection seemed swallowed up by the Golden Calf, which he bowed down to in adoration as fruitless and unproductive as it was absurd and wicked.

It is said, in Ulla's voyages, that the liquors froze in the bottles; and the spirits, retreating to the centre, formed a column of actual fire, burning the lips of all who tasted. So does a single passion retreat to the depths of a heart, and leave nothing but ice around it, and the central fire glows like that of *Aetna*. It was thus with Carl Schepler. His love of the yellow dross dissolved all ties of affection, all pure and holy emotions, sending them out like worthless lava, to blacken and desolate where they had once beautified and hallowed.

Carl came home, passed a sleepless night, frightening his wife by his now savage and violent words, and sending the sweet boys into hidden corners by his wild and stormy behavior. Yet Marie had, at the last moment of his stay, mustered courage to implore him to leave this fruitless, wandering life, and stay at home in the bosom of a family that love and would work for him. There were tears in her eyes; and as they fell on his hands, he looked up with something of the old tenderness, and said:—"Would to God that I could, Marie, but no! a demon holds me in its iron sway, and I cannot escape. Do not meddle with my moods. Some time, perhaps, when I cast off the chain and am poor Carl Schepler, the chamois hunter, once more, I will return, and we shall be rich and happy together. How do you live, Marie?" he asked, hastily, as if the subject had struck him for the first time.

"By this," she answered, holding up her knitting work.
"And how do you dispose of them?"
Delighted at having aroused an interest in him, she briefly told him of her industry, and the way in which she had bargained with the traveling merchants for money to procure bread.

"Have you money now, Marie?"
"Only this piece of silver, but I shall soon have more."

"Then you will give me this?" he asked.

"Yes, dear, certainly; and Carl, do

stay with us and knit too. See! you are getting gray; and you need a rest now from these wearisome wanderings in the mountains. Stay with us!"

"Stay with us, father!" was echoed by the children, who had watched the change in their parent's voice; but before they had time to urge him again, he had caught the silver from their mother's hand and disappeared.

"Our last money, and we have no bread!" murmured Albert, while his brother, thoughtful of Marie's agony, which he read in her clasped hands and sorrowful face, hushed him, and brought out a morsel of dry bread to give him.

With the silver in his hand, Carl Schepler, newly awakened by its sight, rushed onward to his beloved cave. Again and again he feasted his eyes on his richer treasure; but somehow, he still eluded poor Marie's gift. He drew out the vase, counted the glittering coins which had kept bright in that cave probably for long years; read over the inscriptions, and dropped them one by one into the vase to hear their sounding clink. Then, like a child playing with shining toys, he would pour them out again; and again he would sort them carefully, and place them in the earthen receptacle.

While he sat thus, a sudden memory brought back his whole life. He saw Marie and her children, and realized what must be their anguish at his strange conduct. He almost resolved to shoulder his treasure and go back to make them happy. But there was the shining demon—he could not share it with any one; and perhaps he thought how ridiculous he should make himself in the sight of his boys.

He was troubled—distressed—and he went and carried it again to the cave. Almost lying upon his stomach to reach into the cave, he turned the coins out once more upon the earthen floor. A piece of rock from above, which had become loosened by the weight of the melt-ice and snow, fell upon his back and pressed him sorely. He tried to remove it, but his efforts only wedged it more firmly into the opening. Oh, God! and his darling treasure scattered there before his eyes, and he unable to reach it!

How many hours, days or weeks, Carl Schepler might have existed thus, feeding upon the winter berries that hung from the top of the cave, and drinking the snow-water that trickled down from them, no mortal knows; but the roots were dragged from above, and had evidently been chewed as long as any moisture remained in them. Only his left arm could reach up. The other was pinioned down by the rock. And ever in his sight lay the false charm that had wrought his ruin.

It was a month after this that Marie consented to the earnest pleadings of the boys that they should seek their father. It had been bitterly cold, and she would not trust them alone; so, wrapped in her thick grey cloak, she took a hand of each. The boys sang and hallooed all the way, and were wild with delight at the unwonted freedom. Tired at last, the three turned into a path which seemed worn by footsteps, but too narrow to enter together. Carl went first, and the others followed close. Soon he turned back, with a face as white as the snow drifts that lay around.

"Don't come, mother," he exclaimed, almost breathlessly, while Albert, who had caught sight of that mute horror, pressed on. Marie did not heed him. She had resolved to find her husband if he was living; and if dead, why, it would be better than the terrible suspense of the last month—better than what had been for the last year.

She wept not a tear over the frozen form from which they rolled the treacherous rock, until, in clasp the right hand, she saw the gleam of the little coin she had given him—her last gift—alas, how unavailing had it been!

Kind hands bore Carl Schepler to a grave, and there Marie left him. Into the busy, bustling world she went with her boys, determined that they should no longer be aliens from their fellow-men. They became learned and prosperous, and their generous help to their mother was the theme of all. They married and settled in Berne, and fortune smiled upon the last days of the wife of the chamois hunter.

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They wouldn't weigh much if he did," said the antagonist coolly.

The following grand and inspiring lyric, one of the noblest the war has called forth from any poet, has been sent to us for publication.—
Boston Transcript.

TO CANAAN!

A SONG OF SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun and sword?
We're marching South to Canaan
To battle for the Lord!
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The mighty one of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry
Along the rebel coasts?
The same our grandfathers lifted up,—
The same our fathers bore!
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain,—
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man read in twain!
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel coasts
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondmen,
The iron-skin brigades!
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves;
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves?
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The Lord has led us forth,
To strike upon the captive's chain
The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?
That Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung!
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The priests and maidens cried;
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The people's voice replied.
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens,
The anthems of the North!

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order?
—The Lord will see to that!
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
We'll build the people's throne,
When half the world is Freedom's
Then all the world's our own!
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The Lord has led us forth
To sweep the rebel threshing floors,
A whirlwind from the North!

The Triumph of Truth.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Connecticut, in 17—, and set a price on the head of Gov. Griswold, the latter fled to the town of L—, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him for some days in a secluded farmhouse. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat, and one sunny afternoon in May he was routed from his hiding place with the news that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him.

His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek, which emptied into the Connecticut river just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm-house to the boat was two miles by the usual travelled road. But a little sheep-path across the farmer's orchards would bring him to the road only a mile from the boat, and save a quarter's length of his fearful run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the open road, Hetty Marvin sat with her dog Towser, tending the bleaching of the household linen. The long web of forty yards or more, which was diligently spun or woven during the long winter months, was whitened in May, and thus made ready for use. This business of bleaching was well economized, being usually done by the younger daughters of the family, who were not old enough for the heavier work of the kitchen and dairy.

The web of linen was taken by the farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy plat, beside a spring or meadow brook. There it was thoroughly wetted and spread upon the green turf to take the heat of the sun by day and the dew by night. The little maiden who tended it would sit near it during the day with her knitting or her book, and as fast as the sun dried its folds she would sprinkle the water over it with her gourd-shell dipper and make it wet again.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Gov. Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her into the road, to escape his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of about twelve years; yet thoughtful and wise beyond many of her elders. She was frightened by the

headlong haste with which the governor rushed across the meadow. But she quickly comprehended the scene and instantly quieted her faithful Towser, who, though a friend to the family guest, thought proper to bark loudly at his hurried step.

Her wise forethought arrested the governor's attention, and suggested a scheme to delude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said earnestly, "I am flying for life; and unless I can reach the boat before I am overtaken, I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. Now I want to run down this way to the river. But you must tell the rascals who are chasing me that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon, which will soon be along your know. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin," said the little girl in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie; indeed I cannot; why did you tell me which way you were going?"
"Hetty, my child, surely you would not betray me to my death. Hark! the horses are coming; I hear the click of the horses' feet. Oh! Hetty, tell them I have gone up the road instead of down, and heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never blesses those who speak falsely, cousin. But I will not tell them which way you go, even though they kill me; so run quickly as possible."

"It's no use; unless I can deceive them I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'll never think of looking here for you. Come, get down as quietly as you can, and I'll cover you and stand sprinkling the linen."

"It's my only chance, child, I'll go down as you say." And suiting the action to the word, the governor was soon hidden beneath the ample folds of the cloth.

Angry and excited that their expectated prey should escape from the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit.—At sight of the little girl in the meadow, the leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you seen a man running away hereabouts?"
"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"
"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must, or take the consequences."

"I said I wouldn't tell if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl.
"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide; "I know the child I believe.—Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."
"And this man who ran by you a few minutes ago was your mother's cousin wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir; he was."
"Well, we are his friends. What did he say when he came along?"

"He—he told me—that he was flying for his life."

"Just so, Hetty, that was very true. I hope he won't have to fly far. Where was he going to try to hide? You see I could help him, if I knew his plans."

Now Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would consist with his safety, and she wisely judged that her frankness would serve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered her questioner candidly:

"My cousin said that he was going down this way to the river where he had a boat; and he wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him that he had gone the other way to catch the mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he bid you then, when I asked where he was gone?" thundered the officer, fiercely.

"I couldn't tell a lie, sir," was the tearful answer.

"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued Tory, "You're a nice child. Everybody knows you are a girl of truth. What did your cousin say when you told him you couldn't tell a falsehood?"

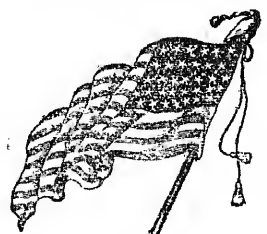
"He said he shouldn't think I'd betray him to his death."

"And then you promised you wouldn't tell which way he went, if you were killed for it?"
"Yes, sir."

"That was a brave speech; and so I suppose he thanked you for it and ran down the road as quickly as possible?"
"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his

Continued on fourth page.



FORSTER G. MARSHALL, of the South Danvers & Salem Express, is the authorized general agent for the "Wizard" in Salem, South Danvers, and Danvers. His receipts are binding at this office.

Printing Office for Sale.

The Printing Office of the "SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD" is offered for sale if applied for immediately. In ordinary times it has a large Job Business, and the paper has a good circulation. It is well stocked with book and job type (all modern), and has four presses, viz: a Tufts Hand Press, Adams Tower Press, Ruggles Engine Press, and Gordon Billhead Press, all in good working order, together with a variety of other material usually found in a first-rate printing office. Terms cash.

CHARLES D. HOWARD.
South Danvers, Aug. 20, 1862.

Another Rousing War Meeting!

The Town Hall was crowded on Friday night by a larger and more enthusiastic meeting of our patriotic citizens than any of those preceding it. The spirit of the meeting was fully up to the occasion, and it was delightful to witness the unanimity and determination which prevailed to maintain the honor and good name of the town as a patriotic community.

AXOS MERRILL was chosen Chairman of the meeting, and N. H. POOR, Secretary. Hon. A. A. ABBOTT stated the object of the meeting, which was to aid and encourage the enlistment and formation of a SOUTH DANVERS COMPANY, for nine months service under the last call of the President. He advocated the measure in a powerful and eloquent appeal which frequently brought down the house.

Mr. ABBOTT was followed by S. C. BANCROFT, Esq., who made an inquiry in regard to the last order, No. 8, of Secretary Stanton. Mr. B. then went into a strain of remarks opposed to volunteering and bounties, which were evidently not relished by the meeting—there were even some manifestations of disapprobation, but the meeting heard him out patiently though not approvingly. After Mr. B. sat down, Mr. ABBOTT again rose and advocated the principle of voluntary enlistment in preference to the draft, aided by such bounties as the town may be ready to offer for the encouragement of the volunteer. His position was clearly stated, and it was easy to see that by the frequent applause that he had the full sympathy of the meeting.

A motion was then made that a committee be appointed to retire and report some plan of action for the consideration of the meeting. The following gentlemen constituted the committee:

A. A. ABBOTT, M. A. SHACKLEY, Isaac Hardy, R. S. DANIELS, Jr., John A. Lord, John G. Valcott, George F. Barnes.

Dr. S. A. LORP arose to purge himself of alleged aspersions against his loyalty, which he said had been made by two individuals (whom he declined to name), and he offered to enlist after his nameless accusers had first put down their signatures. As these persons failed to come forward, the Doctor's name is not yet found upon the roll of recruits.

After repeated calls ROBERT S. DANIELS, Jr., came forward and addressed the meeting in a neat and eloquent speech, announcing his readiness to enlist as one of a South Danvers company, and urging the importance of such a step for the good of the great cause and the honor and credit of the town. He gave his name first on the roll, and was vociferously applauded by the meeting.

JOHN W. STEVENS, FRANK B. ARNOLD, and R. G. NELSON, next added their names, and were also loudly applauded.

Mr. JAMES PERKINS also came forward and signed the roll amidst great enthusiasm. This was a genuine surprise, as Mr. P. was known to be a man of family, in good circumstances and social position, and of mature age, far beyond the drafting standard. He afterwards made a patriotic address to the meeting in favor of its object, showing his earnest devotion to the great interests of the country, and his conviction that it was the religious duty of every man to do what he could to sustain the national arms in this crisis.

Others came forward and signed the roll at the meeting, and in less than twenty-four hours afterward about thirty men had joined the company, including some of our most respected, worthy and substantial citizens.

During the above proceedings the committee came in and reported the following resolves:

Resolved, That it is the earnest wish of the patriotic citizens of South Danvers, that the town's quota under the last call of the President, be made up, if possible, of volunteers, instead of drafted men.

Resolved, That we will do all in our power to raise a South Danvers Company of Volunteers, and that we hereby pledge ourselves to secure a vote of the town to give each man who shall volunteer as a member of said company the sum of one hundred dollars.

After the above had been offered to the meeting, Mr. WILLIS BARNARD moved that the last resolve be amended by making the sum read twenty-five dollars more. He sustained his motion by a most rousing speech, in which he handled the Confederacy and Jeff Davis without gloves, consigning the latter to a place and companionship in the lower regions, not to be named to "ears polite." The speech was heartily relished and applauded by the meeting, but after a few remarks from Mr. ABBOTT, the resolves, as reported by the committee, were adopted unanimously.

Dr. GEO. OSBORNE also addressed the meeting, but we were at so great a distance that his remarks were inaudible.

We close as we began, by repeating that this was one of the most loyal and enthusiastic gatherings here since the beginning of the war.

The Wizard Office and the War.

Our office has a good share of representatives in the army. WM. B. HAMMOND was the first of our types who entered the service, and he is now at Newbern, N. C., employed in the office of the "Newbern Progress." GUSTAVUS LARABEE, one of our carriers, was severely wounded in the head in one of the late battles before Richmond. GEORGE L. SKERRY is at New Orleans with Captain Manning's Battery. WM. B. BROWN, a journeyman printer employed at the office, was reported killed or "missing" at Ball's Bluff. EDW. B. PUTNAM, an intelligent and promising apprentice, is now at Newbern, N. C. Mr. J. L. DAKOR, formerly foreman in the office, is serving at Fort Warren; and the seventh is WM. R. ARMSTRONG, who is now at Camp Cameron as a recruit for the 14th Mass. Regiment of Heavy Artillery. Armstrong has long had an earnest desire to enlist, which is now happily gratified, and we think he will raise a strong arm for his country. The editor is too old (?), and the remaining apprentice too young, while the publisher is exempt on account of his former services as staff officer in the celebrated campaign to Lynnfield, where he greatly distinguished himself.

Patriotism in Tapleville.

From seven houses standing together in the village of Tapleville (Danvers) where only five able-bodied men are now to be found, THIRTY had volunteered for the war previous to the first call for the State quota of 300,000, and although the number of voters in that village was never more than about 70, yet considerably more than 100 have already gone from there to serve their country in the battle field. There are seventy-two from that village in Capt. Fuller's company, 17th Reg., and others in the South Danvers company of the same regiment.

REV. DANIEL FOSTER.—This gentleman, who has many friends in our neighboring town of Danvers, where he formerly taught school, has been appointed Chaplain of the 33d Regiment, which left Lynnfield for the South last Thursday. Several thousand people visited the camp Sunday before last. The streets in all directions were lined with carriages. At 5 o'clock Col. Maggi paraded his regiment upon the large field in front of the camp ground, and after forming a hollow square, they were addressed by the chaplain in a short but appropriate discourse, after which the colonel introduced WENDELL PHILLIPS, who spoke for nearly an hour with great earnestness, receiving the frequent plaudits of his hearers.

WM. L. THOMPSON.—At a meeting of the School Committee on Monday evening last, the following action was taken in relation to the enlistment of the teacher of the Peabody High School:

Whereas Mr. Wm. L. Thompson, the Principal of the Peabody High School, has enlisted as one of the town's quota under the call of the President for nine months' militia, therefore in consideration of the patriotic motives which have prompted him in taking this step, and in testimony of our high appreciation of him as an instructor:

Resolved, That the position now held by him as teacher of said school be temporarily filled, in order that he may resume it on his return.

A sub-committee was then chosen to consult with Mr. Thompson in regard to the employment of some suitable person in the school during his absence in the military service.

HONOR TO THE BRAVE.—On Sunday last the flags in town were dropped to half mast on account of news of the death of Mr. WILLIAM ANDREWS of Co. G, 2d Mass. Regiment, who was killed in the late battle at Culpepper. He was a son of Mr. Charles Andrews, who resides on Aborn street, and who has another son in the service. The flag of Volunteer Engine Company (of which he was a member) was draped in mourning.

Dr. D. C. PERKINS has been appointed Inspector of recruits for South Danvers and vicinity.

What has South Danvers Done.

We were sorry to hear it stated at the late patriotic meeting at the Town Hall that South Danvers had done no more than the neighboring towns. Such is not the fact. Facts and figures prove that according to her population or according to her number of voters, she has done better than any other town of her size, not even excepting patriotic Marblehead.

No other town having her population has done so much, previous to the late calls of the President, no city of the Commonwealth has come up to her in proportion to population. Smaller towns, to their honor, have done more, but no town her equal in size has done so much. South Danvers has been the grand recruiting ground for Salem and has filled the ranks of many companies hailing from that city, so that it has come to pass that we have lost the credit of what we have done.—We are hardly aware of the extent of our own contributions of men to this war.—Without reckoning the three months men or those in the naval service, we have sent forward, previous to the last calls, 341 men, or about one in four of our voting population. If another town of its size or any city has done as much we should like to know it.

On the new call for "three hundred thousand men" South Danvers has wheeled into line her full quota and now in three days time, she offers 52 men towards the last call. Let her persevere in the same spirit and her whole work is done.

Legal Town Meeting.

It is important that there should be a large attendance at the Town Meeting on Monday evening next, not only to legalize and confirm the measures recommended at the general meeting of citizens, but to keep awake and alive the patriotic spirit which pervaded that assemblage. We have assumed as a certainty that those recommendations will be unanimously adopted and that too without any queries or quibbles designed to produce division of sentiment. We anticipate at this meeting no mist, no fog, no mare's eggs.—Our people are now in earnest and the prospects are cheerful and encouraging that we shall place in the field a company of which we may all well be proud.—We have one company already facing the enemy, whose discipline and good conduct have won the praises of the loyal citizens of Baltimore and the field officers of the brigade; we have another in camp at Lynnfield, ranking among the very best of those of the new recruits and we are to have another which will be composed entirely of our own citizens. Let us hasten to fill its ranks and then the sooner will it draw from the commissary department its arms and equipments and be put upon a course of military instruction and discipline.

From Camp Stanton.

LYNNFIELD, Aug. 16, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD,—I take my pen again to give you a few items concerning matters at Camp Stanton. The 33d Regiment left here, en-route for Washington, on Thursday last. There were 1200 in the regiment, there being two companies of Sharpshooters in addition to ten regular companies. The 35th Regiment took the ground which the 33d formerly occupied. Immediately after that regiment left it seemed as though it would make a vast difference in the appearance of the camp by having so many leave at once, but the difference is scarcely perceptible. There are now about 3000 or 3500 men here—considerable more than were here at any one time last year. There is considerable difficulty in finding quarters for so many men. One company from Natick are quartered in the old Chapel which was formerly used as a place of worship before the new church was built. There are three companies for the 32d Regiment encamped at Pine-gree's Point, near the South Danvers and Lynnfield line. The 38th and 39th are recruiting, and will in time be organized at Camp Stanton. I am informed that the erection of substantial, permanent barracks will be commenced this week, and the place held for one year as a military station.

Dan'l Johnson, Jr., of Salem, who went out with the 23d as Sergeant Major, has a company here, but in which regiment I have not been informed.—Capt. Rogers, of the 33d, was made the recipient of a fine sword, as a token of respect by the company under his command. As the band is gone we do not get any evening concerts, which we regret seriously. We have hopes, however, that another band will be here shortly—may it be as good as the last.

About two hundred men arrived here yesterday from Roxbury, under escort of the Roxbury Light Guard and the Boston Brass Band.

Lynnfield requires 25 men to fill its quota on the last requisition, who will probably be obtained by drafting. She paid the sum of \$150 to each man of the first quota (13), and will probably give a fair bounty to the rest. A meeting will be held at the Town Hall on Monday, (18th), for the purpose of deciding the amount she will give, and how it shall be raised.

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Yours.

Letter from North Carolina.

WASHINGTON, N. C., July 18, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND,—This is a very pleasant, quiet place, and plenty of soldiers to have things comfortable. Where there is a large camp, there is always some devilry going on, and men are continually getting into trouble, but here there is no liquor to be had, and I'm as well contented as good quarters can make me.

I wish you could see the poor people come in from the country with produce to sell. They look very poor and don't appear like Americans. You would not take them as your own countrymen. They are very ignorant and appear to have but little energy; their complexion sallow; (they don't tan up as we do) hair long; and clothes look as if they had been worn many years, and they are not pitched with any taste. I flatter myself that the boys can mend our clothes more tastefully than the country women. They don't look extra clean. The women look as if they worked and fared hard. They dress very poor and rather out of fashion.

They (the country people) come in with a poor old horse, or mule, harnessed to a cart that will not bear more than two or three hundred pounds, being very clumsily made, but for all that awful slinky, and of little strength. It's made of rough, hard pine, excepting the wheels, which look as if made for some fancy carriage in former days. I don't believe there is ingenuity enough in the State to make a wheel. The harness of the animal attached is a wooden saddle, without padding, and wooden hames, with no collar. It's all rope, with the exception of these and the bit. It's impossible for the poor creatures to haul much of a load the way they are harnessed. In driving, the man or boy sits upon the horse's back, they having no reins. I asked the reason of this, and the answer is, that "the beast can be managed so much better."

In coming to market, the men generally come to manage the team, and two or three women to do the trading. They all walk, except the teamster. They fetch in perhaps one barrel of potatoes, eight or ten dozen of eggs, five or six pair of chickens and some berries and plums, which they sell very cheap, and then they buy a few goods at more than double the prices the same goods are worth. The people are suffering everywhere from the same state of things, and it appears to me there will be a great pressure very soon for a speedy peace. I would say that the price of goods at their own stores for what few articles they have is higher still.

The negro population is very large, and increasing every day. Sergeant Lake has about 400 under him, employed upon the fortifications. He (Lake) is quite a character here; he is the man of all jobs, being employed about the town in both military and civil duties. He is superintendent of streets, and has charge of the Fire Department, etc. Many thousands dollars worth of timber have been cut down all around the town to give a proper range to the gunboats and forts, and to oblige the rebels to come in—if at all—upon the roads where our guns can cut them down.

We are having wet weather to-day, and consequently there are not many country people in, but there is fruit enough to give one a good appetite. Peaches are beginning to be plenty, and splendid ones they are—as big as your fist.

Sunday, July 20, 4 p. m.—It is an awful hot and sultry day. I have had my bath in the river, read a few chapters in Isaiah, attended inspection, and had a nap, and now want to finish this epistle, but the prospect is very dim. We are all most anxiously looking for a mail, it being six days since we have had much of a mail. We have had several boats in these last few days, but no news of importance.

Monday morning, July 21st.—A very sultry morn, and I have the rheumatism a very little. A couple of rebel deserters came in this morning. They report there is no rebel force in the State, all having been sent to Richmond. It appears to me that the rebels are staking everything on Richmond, and I hope they are, for I think then we have a chance of ending the war at once. Government must be aware of the importance of pouring in all the available troops that we have. These 300,000 ought to be drafted at once and sent to garrison all places we hold, so that we can turn all our disciplined troops over to McClellan; he needs all we can send him.

Yours, for the Union.

STENCH BY GEORGE M. CLAY.—Hon. Cassius M. Clay made a long speech at the Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Fair in Washington Tuesday night. It was mainly devoted to his views of the present aspect of foreign affairs, and to personal matters. We give the New York Times's abstract:—

"He said he was the only one of our Foreign Ministers who had been singled out for abuse in European papers in the interest of the rebels, which he took as a compliment to himself, and an evidence of his fidelity to his country's cause. England, he spoke of as our bitterest enemy with a malignant press inspired by government, and which truthfully represented its spirit. France, he insisted, was not unfriendly. Americans had derived unjust ideas on this subject solely by crediting the representations of the British press. 'The Emperor was known to be friendly to this country, and semi-official statements in the papers were in our favor. He utterly denied that France desired to interfere, but said that persistent efforts had been made by the British press to make us believe she did.'

Of Russia, he could hardly find words enough to express his admiration. He spoke of the Czar as one of the greatest and wisest of reigning monarchs; referred to his beneficent emancipation policy, and declared that the United States could rely implicitly on his friendship in any emergency. He asserted, further, that England knew Russia and France to be firm friends to this country, and would therefore not dare to interfere with our efforts for suppressing the rebellion. With reference to our home policy, he urged an earnest prosecution of the war, using every means in our power to crush the rebellion. He was ready to serve the government here in any way in which his services could be made available; but he would strike only for liberty, and would never draw the sword for the protection of rebels' slaves."

GOOD CHOP OF RYE.—One of our farmers has raised this season on 7-8ths of an acre of ground and from one bushel of seed, 80 bushels of good grain.—They don't do much better on the western prairies.

The first Admiral's salute since 1776 was given to rear Admiral Hiram Paulding, in New York last week. The number of guns is fifteen.

The Nine Months' Men.

The New York Journal of Commerce in discussing the question, what will be done with the nine months' men says:

"This question, which is everywhere asked, can be answered only by guesses. The government will not, and should not, disclose its purposes with regard to its soldiers. Only one thing is certain—that whatever service the nine months' men are put to will last only nine months. The government has never broken faith with its soldiers, and we may safely believe never will attempt to extort one hour of service from a man beyond the period for which he was sworn in. But although it is impossible to say what disposition will be made of these short term men for the most effectual carrying on of the war, it is not so hard to surmise some things that will probably not be done with them. They will not be used to strengthen the old regiments. Reinforcements for that purpose will be taken from the 300,000 three years' men.

It would be bad policy to mix up two classes of troops, one of whom would be entitled to a discharge one or two years before the other.—The retirement of a part of a regiment could hardly fail to have a demoralizing effect on the remainder. Since the nine months' men cannot be advantageously worked in with the old regiments, it therefore follows that they will not be put into the field until they have been pretty well drilled at home. This can be done only in camps of instruction, located at some central points in the different states from which the conscripts are taken. With the utmost activity on the part of the government, the nine months' men cannot be raised, organized, properly officered, armed and equipped, before the early part of September.

They will then need a month or six weeks' instruction in camp, before they will be good for anything. This will carry them safely and comfortably through the summer in our healthy northern climate, up to the pleasant days and the cool nights of mid-October, when the soldiers themselves becoming ardently martial on their small experience, will look upon a trip to the South and a fight with the enemy as positive recreations. Unless the nine months' men differ in some extraordinary respect from all other soldiers, they will be glad to exchange the dull routine of the camp for the tingling excitement of active service, when the bracing winds of autumn come along. The cause of grumbling will be, that they are held back.

By this time about two months of the nine will have been used up; and the men cannot be economically employed on distant expeditions or protracted campaigns. They could, however, perform a valuable and indispensable service in occupying posts now held by veteran troops, or taking care of places which may be won from the enemy by our victorious three years' men, and keeping down rebel insurrections, while the main body of the army presses on to new conquests. Perhaps the best regiments among them might be mingled in small proportions with the old regiments and do their part in some of the fiery work of the war.

The nine months' men will pass the cool and healthy months, if any, at the South, and will return to their Northern homes in the beautiful month of May, unless they prefer to go on soldiering to the final end of the war, and very many of them will. The places of those who retire may be supplied by other nine months' men, if the government choose to order another draft. Or the government may raise 100,000 volunteers for twelve months, if that course shall seem best. It may also keep the existing infantry regiments continually full by accepting volunteers for that special purpose, for twelve months. These methods of filling up the army are authorized by the new U. S. militia law. With these facilities, which are practically unlimited, at the disposal of the government, let us hope that the end of the war is not far off."

GEN. BUTLER AS A YOUNG LAWYER.—In the Norfolk Daily Union a biography or history of Maj. Gen. Butler is being published, which is exciting some notice. The sketches, an extract from one of which we give, are evidently written by a gentleman from Lowell, who must be well acquainted with "Ben," and are decidedly off-hand and spiced. Those of our neighboring city who have long known the General, are well acquainted with many of the incidents related.

After giving an account of the shrewd doggo resorted to in the acquittal of a counterfeiter, (one of "Ben's" cases) and the ridiculous figure cut by Butler on the street in wrestling him from the hands of a constable, the writer goes on to say:

"It so happened that one of the editors of the Lowell Courier was present on this occasion, and witnessed both scenes of the farce. The same evening a column of the Courier was devoted to Butler, describing in humorous and sarcastic language his exploits of the forenoon at the court house. The next morning Butler appeared in the sanctum of the Courier, armed with a formidable raw hide, and demanded of Col. Schouler, the senior editor of the paper—now Adjutant General of Massachusetts—the name of the author of the offensive article.

"I am not accustomed to reveal the authorship of any portion of the original matter which appears in my paper," replied the Colonel. "I hold myself, however, personally responsible for the whole of it."

"If you wish so very much to know the author of that article, I wrote it, Mr. Butler," meekly interposed the youthful assistant editor, turning round from his desk at the opposite side of the room.

"I suppose you did, you—scoundrel," screamed Butler, brandishing his raw hide—"and I've come up here to thrash you within an inch of your life, unless you promise to publish in this evening's paper a humble apology for it."

"I shall do no such thing," replied the assistant editor. "I have nothing to retract—nothing to apologize for."

"Then take that!" shouted the irate attorney, bringing down his raw-hide.

The assistant editor, dodging the badly-aimed blow, seized the just filled ink-stand from the desk and let fly. It struck Ben on the breast, battering his bosom and face to a degree his antagonist could hardly have hoped for.

Just then the door of the printing office opened, Ben was seized by a half a dozen stout printers, hustled down stairs, and with interceded hat, face smeared with ink, and torn coat, ejected into the street."

The casualties of all kinds in the Army of the Western Department (late Halleck's) since it went into the field are stated at 63,500, of which 40,000 are charged to death and absence from sickness, and 18,000 to various casualties by battles.

SOUTH DANVERS RECRUITS.

3 Year's Quota.

Name	Regiment
John Neagle,	23d Regiment.
Arthur F. Poole,	14th "
Sam'l G. Southwick,	" "
Henry Moore,	" "
Joseph H. Peirce,	" "
Richard H. Roome,	" "
Jesse Tyler,	" "
Albert Shepard,	" "
John F. Frothingham,	" "
Wm. R. Armstrong,	" "
Thomas Buxton,	" "
Edward A. Bessom,	39th "
Paul Osborne,	" "
Peter McArthur,	" "
Joseph Fogg,	" "
John K. Gibbs,	" "
James Robbins,	" "
Joseph B. Patterson,	" "
John Carroll,	" "
Joseph Verr,	" "
Frank Powers,	" "
David Powell,	" "
Geo. W. Bancroft, Jr.,	" "
Cyrus D. Smith,	" "
William Meyer,	" "
Harrison A. Dodge,	" "
Samuel Wiley,	" "
Geo. A. Verr,	" "
Geo. N. Symonds,	" "
William E. Parington,	" "
James Milliken,	" "
Chas. W. Hanson,	" "
John O. Blaisdell,	" "
Philip Carroll,	" "
John Gannon,	" "
Eli H. Burnham,	" "
Philip Frye,	" "
George Smith,	" "
James F. Flint,	" "
John Peirce, Jr.,	" "
Edward H. Bowker,	" "
Augustus Clifford,	" "
D. L. Wells,	" "
Wm. L. Richardson,	" "
Benj. F. Butler,	" "
William J. Moulton,	" "
Geo. J. Purvell,	" "
John Towle,	" "
Charles Gould,	" "
Nathan Rosenthal,	" "
Walter B. Whitney,	" "
Joseph A. Myerfield,	" "
Harry Russell,	" "
Wm. H. Farrell,	" "
James A. Lord,	" "
Ezekiel B. Durling,	" "
Jefferson T. Cottrell,	" "
Justin W. Cottrell,	" "
John Otis Tyrell,	" "
Henry Baker,	" "
George Millier,	" "
Franklin Page,	" "
John P. Dodge,	" "
John W. French,	10th Battery.
Wesley Reed,	" "
James H. Bryant,	" "
Wm. F. Sumner,	" "
Joseph N. Sumner,	" "
George S. Nelson,	" "
Henry W. Moulton,	" "
George H. Wiley,	" "
Jacob O. Guilford,	" "
George Johnson,	" "
Albert Upton, Quartermaster Sergeant.	" "
Total, 74.	Quota 75.

P. S.—We learn from one of the Safety Committee that the QUOTA IS FULL!

Three cheers for the Heroes of the Monument!

The following Officers, among others, have been recently commissioned—and all attached to the 35th and 39th Massachusetts Regts:

E. A. Wilde, Colonel; Geo. S. Nelson, South Danvers, Captain; Sam'l C. Oliver, Salem, Captain; Tracey P. Cheever, Chelsea, Captain; Dan'l J. Preston, Danvers, 1st lieutenant; Henry W. Moulton, So. Danvers, 1st lieutenant; Geo. H. Wiley, So. Danvers, 2d lieutenant; Chas. F. Williams, Jr., Salem, 2d lieutenant.

The 35th regiment is to be located at Lynnfield, under the command of Col. Wilde.

The 39th will be at Worcester, and for the present under charge of Col. Ward of the 15th. The 37th will be organized at Pittsfield, under charge of Col. W. Lee.

The 28th will be at Lynnfield, under command of Maj. Wardwell.

DANVERS.—Upon a representation of facts to the Governor, showing that the quota of this town (194) under the General Order, was out of proportion as respects population and the number already furnished for the war by the town, the Governor has caused the quota of Danvers to be reduced to 71. This number has already been raised. Accordingly, Danvers quota is full. We do not undertake to state precisely, but state the fact very nearly, in saying that Danvers has furnished one man for the war to every 15 of her inhabitants. How many towns can produce so grand a record.—Gas. Cor.

Dr. McGregor, Surgeon of the Connecticut 3d Regiment, who has been recently released from Salisbury, N. C., where he has been confined as a prisoner of war, says that the people of the South generally remark that our Government and Generals have been trying to produce a Union sentiment by conciliation and half-way means, but they despise such a policy. Of course, they despise it. They must be soundly whipped, or they will never come into good behavior. This sparing of the rod of just vengeance and condign punishment, is spoiling not only the rebels but the nation.

The Government is said to have its "eye" on certain eminent traitors who have been playing Unionists in Kentucky and Maryland. We are glad to hear it. It cannot keep too close a watch on them. It should have a halter ready for each of the scoundrels to be used the moment proof of guilt is established.

Another discovery of coins has been made in France, in the forest of Villers Coterets (Aisne.) They were contained in an old cask, and consisted of about 1,300 pieces, bearing the effigies of Antoninus Pius, Commodus, &c.

THE SIXTH REGIMENT.—The State authorities have decided to accept the offer of the Sixth Regiment, to volunteer for nine months' service, and measures will at once be taken to recruit up the companies and get the regiment otherwise on a war footing. It is expected the regiment will be ordered into camp next week.

BYADING THE DRAFT.—It is stated that, travel over the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad has recently received a tremendous impetus, hundreds leaving this part of the country to avoid the hot weather.

Drafting in Massachusetts.

The Assessors of the several towns, in preparing the new enrollment, are to include the names of all citizens colored, who at the date of the August 4, 1862—were between 18 and 45 years. No exemptions are to be made from the enrollment except of those who are plainly and visibly disabled by permanent defect from doing military duty, or are not to be enrolled until they out their final naturalization papers. The enrollment already made for year may be used as the basis of the present requirements.

In any town or city volunteer militia for nine months' service made, and their number will be deducted from the quota of that place in the draft.

But only residents in any town or city can be deducted from its quota.

Drafted men may furnish substitutes, but cannot be released upon paying a fine to the Massachusetts statute.

As the law now stands the families of men are not entitled to State aid, but are allowed to nine months' volunteers or drafted, will be also manner provided by the statutes of the State. But the Commander-in-Chief to commission any officer in his judgment competent.—Extract from Official Order.

Ram "Arkansas" Destroyed!

A Tuesday, Aug. 5th, an attack was made on our forces at Baton Rouge, La., by a confederate force of 10 regiments under command of the late Vice President, Breckinridge, and after a fight of hours duration and of great severity on our part, the rebels were repulsed with a loss of a thousand. Our loss was about including Brig. Gen. Williams, who was killed by a rifle ball in the chest. Rebel Breckinridge had his arm shot. Our forces engaged numbered less than 2500. Nim's Boston Battery done for.

Potomac Army Crossing the Chickahominy!

1 of the Transport Fleet at Fortress Monroe!

YORK, Aug. 19.—A Fortress Monroe of the 17th inst., says the army was the Chickahominy yesterday by means of a bridge of 2000 feet in length, upward of 100 pontoon boats. Personal observations this morning I find a few exceptions our entire fleet of has arrived here.

YORK.—The Tribune's Washington correspondent declares that the President has understood, and that he does not intend to allow of colored enlistments, and for a delay till the public pulse is in Kentucky. This corresponds to the policy of the President, as of Gov. Sprague. Robert Dale of Ohio, and other leading Democrats, are coming to employ and ultimately armaments. The Democratic League of city have addressed Gen. Hunter in measures.

YORK.—Those of our patrons who have ministers' notices, &c., to print, to have them published in this paper to signify their wish to the judge, who procures the insertion, and the be complied with.

YORK.—We have just opened our fall Gloves in plain and stitched backs, the balance of our Summer Kids—real \$1.00 goods. 220 Essex St., N.Y.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY.—Wednesdays and Thursdays of work, and to give out garments to those who prefer taking them.

Will be open from 2 to 7 1-2 o'clock.

—at J. F. ALMY'S.

—at J. F. ALMY'S.

—at J. F. ALMY'S.

DANVERS FISH MARKET. JENSON, Proprietor. SH constantly on hand, and delivers free of charge. ap30

To Let.

on Spring Street, suitable for a shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of Mrs. 64 Main Street. rs, July 25, 1862.

REWARD!

will pay the above reward to whoever will detect and bring to justice a villain who has been detected by the heels of his omnibus, thus exposing him to danger of life and limb. E. F. BURNHAM. s, June 18, 1862.

of Danvers.

Pat. Chase, Doane, N. York. Superior, Robinson, Baltimore; Young, Philadelphia. Earl, Robinson, Rockland. Comet, Floyd, Boston.

riages.

Aug 18, by Rev A. E. P. Pervert. Henry W. Moulton, of Miss Eliza W. Harrington, s.

Aug 12, by Rev J. W. Putnam, s to Miss Elvina A. Shelden, s.

s, by Rev Mr Spaulding, Mr Marie S. Kimball, Mr D. W. Cook, s, by Rev Mr Carr, Mr Dev-georgetown, to Miss Martha

Deaths.

Aug 11, Mrs Bridget, widow of John, 66 yrs. J. son of John and Margaret of Seth Newhall, Esq.,

11, Mary, daughter of Wm 1 mos (drowned). b, Mr John M. Glazier, 32 ved, daughter of Eben and yrs; Mrs Bridget, wife of 16th; Joseph William, ty, 4 mos; 16th; Mr Cor-

Ir Joshua C Oliver, 67 yrs. Aug 8, James Emerson,

Unusual variety of new styles in Hats and Caps, 101 Essex street, Salem.

EDWARD HAMMOND

Hereby gives notice to the people of South Danvers, that he still continues to offer his services, when needed, as an

UNDERTAKER,

and Furnisher of such articles as are used in the solemnization of funerals. His residence is on Hammond's Corner, Wallis street, near the Essex Railroad Station. South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

Good Advice.

Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow, Give ear, and I will tell thee how To make it bright—just listen now.

Take HAMMOND'S PILLS

Shall friends grow cold, or face oppress; Shall fortune never more be sweet; There is a cure for aches and pains.

In HAMMOND'S PILLS

Should faith and trust in man be lost, Should every path of life be closed, Take the sure balm (of little cost.)

HAMMOND'S PILLS

Should sudden illness hint of grief, Should cruel lameness turn you out, Your help—your refuge, you can shoot.

In HAMMOND'S PILLS

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.

The combination of ingredients in these Pills are the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities, Painful Menstruations, removing all obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, whites, all nervous affections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arise from interruption of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS

was the commencement of a new era in the treatment of those irregularities and obstructions which have consigned so many to a premature grave. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular, and whenever an obstruction takes place the general health begins to decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS

are the most effectual remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to Females. To all classes they are invaluable, inducing, with certainty, periodical regularity. They are known to thousands, who have used them at different periods throughout the country, having the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each Box—the Price One Dollar per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills.

Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to the Proprietor. Sold by Druggists generally.

R. B. HUTCHINGS, Proprietor, 20 Cedar St., New York.

D. P. GROSVENOR, agent for So. Danvers and G. C. Goodwin, Boston. ap10-ly

Advertisements.

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John P. Peabody.

Hosiery and Gloves

Wrought Sets

Grenadine Veils

Black Lace Veils

Hair and Nail Brushes

Bonnet Ribbons

Bonnet Ruches

Dress Buttons

Dress Trimmings

Embroidered Bands

White Checked Cambrics

White Jacquet Cambrics

WE ARE SELLING

LOW PRICES

In order to reduce our stock.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at South Danvers, Aug 16, 1862. (Persons calling for these letters will please say they are advertised.)

Bradshaw Jos N

Conlin Thomas

Clement A M Mrs

Danion Mrs

Donnell Margaret J

Emory H L

Fitzpatrick Thomas

Forster Euphrasia M

Goodwin Andrew J

Goss Richard

Jones Ellen 2

Lakin Lizzie S

Mason Patrick

McDonald Mary

Mitchell Sarah J

Newhall Franklin

Perkins Samuel

Rundlett Levi

Riley Oney

Reed Mary H

Seel Hannah

Stanley Edwin P 4

Tronkey Mary

Upton Emily

Wilson Sarah

Peat George W

Weeman Orin F

FITCH POOLE, P. M.

N. B. These letters are subject to an additional postage of one cent each.

Regulations of the Board of Health

TOWN OF SO. DANVERS,

ADOPTED JULY 5, 1862.

Ordered, That all decaying vegetables or vegetable matter, all putrid or decaying animal matter or whatever may cause offensive odors, be removed on or before the last day of May in each year, and on or before the last day of the four following months, from all cellars and about the several dwelling houses and barns, in this town, and unless the same be applied to fields, meadows or cultivated grounds, be deposited at least ten rods from any highway, and forty rods from any dwelling house, school house or other public building, unless the occupants of dwelling houses situated less than forty rods therefrom, consent that they may be exempted from a compliance with this order.

Ordered, That all slaughter houses or places where animals are slaughtered, or blood, offal, &c. deposited, which are situated within 16 rods of any dwelling house, school house or other public building, shall be kept clean, and blood and other filth be removed therefrom as often as once in three days, to some field or place at least 40 rods from any dwelling house, and 10 rods from any highway in this town. And that the owner of any slaughter-house situated more than 16 rods from any dwelling house or other building above named, either comply with the above order, or keep his yards, &c. covered with pond or peat mud, soil, straw, hay, plaster of paris, or other substance calculated to absorb the offensive odors—keep swine therefrom, and cause the manure to be removed as often as once in two weeks, or oftener, if specially ordered by the health committee so to do.

Unless in consideration of the small number of animals slaughtered or other good and satisfactory reasons, the Health Committee shall in particular cases dispense with a strict observance of this order.

Ordered, That all obstructions to the natural flow of the waters of Gold's Brook, between the Salem line and Upton's Gate Factory, such as posts, bushes, and other collection of decaying or vegetable matters be removed from said brook—or that no decaying animal or vegetable matter be allowed by the owners or proprietors of said brook, or that no refuse remain about the same, and that no necessary be erected or continued over said brook, or so situated on the margin thereof, that the filth shall pass into it or into the Wallis pond, and that no animal or vegetable matters or whatever will pollute the waters be thrown or suffered to flow into the same.

Ordered, That no wagon, cart or vehicle in which night soil, hides, or other matter in a condition to emit fetid and offensive effluvia are conveyed through any of the streets, highways or within 40 rods of any dwelling house, school house or other public building in this town, shall be permitted to stand, more than five minutes within 40 rods of the same place, except it be at the place or places where the load is received or deposited.

S. A. LORD, Chairman.

JOSEPH POOR, Clerk.

Extracts from the General Statutes.

CHAPTER 26.

SECT. 47. When a householder knows that a person in his family is taken sick of small pox or any other disease dangerous to the public health, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the selectmen or board of health of the town in which he dwells. If he refuses or neglects to give such notice, he shall forfeit for each offence a sum not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars.

SECT. 48. When a physician knows that any person whom he is called to visit is infected with small pox or any other disease dangerous to the public health, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the selectmen or board of health of the town; and if he refuses or neglects to give such notice, he shall forfeit for each offence a sum not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars.

S. A. LORD, Chairman.

ALDERSON GALUCIA,

BENJ. HUNTINGTON,

GEORGE OSBORNE,

JOSEPH POOR,

So. Danvers, Aug. 6, 1862.

Health Committee.

FOR SOLDIERS,

Roll-up Writing Cases—Pocket

Blankets and Stationery of all kinds, for sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH,

190 Essex st.

July 30



PRINTING

IN

EVERY VARIETY,

Neatly and Promptly

EXECUTED

At

The Wizard Office,

SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE,

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

POSTERS,

(LARGE AND SMALL.)

WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT

IN THIS

VICINITY.

BALE CIRCULARS?

TICKETS,

AND

Orders of Dances.

Address Cards,

Wedding Cards,

Printed in the neatest manner, And on the finest stock.

BILL-HEADS

For Manufacturing and Mercantile Houses,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

And all kinds of BLANKS of every description Printed to suit.

EVERY DESCRIPTION

OF

JOB PRINTING

Done in the best manner, and at the

LOWEST PRICES.

AND

WARRANTED

To please or no pay, at the

WIZARD OFFICE,

Allen's Building,

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

FIRE PROOF SAFE

Manufacture is divided into two classes, viz:

THE MARLAND PATENT—see class

ALL OTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF MANUFACTURE—the other class.

These two classes differ in one vitally important point.

Experience and mechanical skill have produced in this after class an article equal to its superiors in only five out of the six sides of the Safe.

Experience has also shown the cause, in the number of cases of this class of safe having been burned, to be the heat being conducted by the iron, inadvisable in the construction of the door and doorway, directly upon the inside walling of the safe, thereby proving the class unreliable in all emergencies.

THE MARLAND PATENT has proved to be as fire proof in the front or door side as in either one or it other sides, by so constructing the door and doorway of non-conducting mat rial in place of the iron, as used in the other class of Safes, so that the inside wood case is as widely cut off from communication of heat through this side as if there were no opening there, thus rendering it proof against any heat less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and stone.

M. B. BIGELOW & AN HARDY,

32 School Street, Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers and Proprietors of the

MARLAND PATENT SAFE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Essex, ss. To the Heirs-at-Law, and others interested in the Estate of William Cook, late of Salem, in said County, trader, testate.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Augustus Deckett and Benjamin Beckett, the surviving executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, have presented for allowance the second account of their administration upon the estate of said deceased. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Salem, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And the said executors are ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the South Danvers Wizard, a newspaper printed at South Danvers, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Tuesday.

Witness, George F. Choate, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

aug13 st. A. C. GOODDELL, Register.

AMONG THE PINES.

A NEW supply of the Cheap Edition, price each reduced, for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,

aug11 190 Essex street.

FOR SOLDIERS,

Roll-up Writing Cases—Pocket

Blankets and Stationery of all kinds, for sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,

190 Essex st.

July 30

George S. Walker.

SUMMER UNDER WEAR.

FOR GENTLEMEN, selling at a reduction from former prices, and at less than similar grades can be manufactured.

GEORGE S. WALKER,

Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods and Toilet Articles,

aug13 Opposite Eastern Railroad Station

FOR ARMY WEAR

AND TRAVELLERS' USE—All - Wool

Shirts. Also a fine assortment of Collars, Ties, Suspenders, &c., &c., at

GEORGE S. WALKER'S

Gent's Furnishing Store,

aug13 No. 288 Essex st., Stearns' Building

A. J. Archer & Co

BLACK SILKS. BLACK SILKS.

WE offer a large stock of

RICH BLACK SILKS,

bought before the recent advance in prices, at

LOW RATES.

—ALSO—

BLACK PARAMETAS, in 4-4 and 5-4 width;

BLACK FRENCH BOMBAZINES;

BLACK, 3-4 and 6-4 MOUSSELINE D'LAINES;

BLACK ALPACAS;

BLACK ENGLISH CRAPES;

BLACK THINER SHAWLS, long and square;

Ribbon bound THINER SHAWLS, at low prices.

<

last words, and we won't trouble you any more."

"His last words were, 'It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say.' And overcome by her fright, and the sense of her kinsman's danger should they rightfully interpret the language, which she had reported, she sobbed aloud and hid her face from sight."

Her tormentors did not stay any longer to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted, and pushed rapidly on down to the river. Now the governor had arranged a signal with his boatmen, that a white cloth by day, or a light in the night, displayed from the attic-window of his hiding place, which was just visible at the mouth of the creek, should inform them if he were in trouble, and put them on the alert to help him. As soon, therefore, as he started from his cousin's, the signal floated from the window to warn them. And when they saw the pursuing party dash madly down towards the river, and recognized the uniform of the British officer, they pulled swiftly out to sea. The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the boat, with two men in it, nearly out of sight, and supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile, the hunted victim lay safe and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of his little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her to go to the house for supper. Then he bade her to go as usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother as soon as it grew dark to place the signal lamp in the window for the boatmen, and to send him there some supper with his valise which, in the hurry of departure he had left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which after twilight had ventured in sight of the shore and farm-house; and the governor quickly made his way to the river in safety. When he rejoined his father in a secure home, he named his infant daughter, which had been born in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of the little cousin whose truth and shrewdness saved his life.—*Student and Schoolmate.*

LOVING BIRDS.—Some one who appreciates the birds thus feelingly writes: "There is something very delightful in loving and being loved; and nothing gives me greater pleasure than seeing all the birds in my garden happy. They feel they are in safeguard with me. I open my window and I bid them enter. Every morning I place for them, on the grass-plot, and in other convenient places, pans and dishes of various depths filled with cold spring water. Down they come—black-birds, thrushes, hedge-sparrows, nightingales, blackcaps, garden-warblers, robins, wrens, etc., etc.; and when they have done drinking, what a droll sight it is to see them plunge bodily into their baths! What a fuss they make! What antics they perform! They dance, they stride, they caper! To see them racing, on the lawn, in *disshabille*, and then 'making their toilet'—this completes the fun. How very happy they are, I gather from the melody of their sweet voices, and close companionship in the garden. Who would be without such summer visitors?"

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, whenever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty three feet, they come to a bed of chalk which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rains or drought. But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of masonic work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet, large trees entire, such as walnut-trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

In his "Essay upon Napoleon" Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "He was a thief. He did mean things. He pinched ladies' cheeks." "He was 'rude in the extreme.' He listened to others' secrets. He 'peeped through key-holes.' Yes; and to this just the great essayist might have added 'that Napoleon once ran his toll at the bridge of Aachen.'"

It does not follow that Rome was built in the night, because it wasn't built in 48 B.C.

THOMAS DAVIS,
ADVERTISING AGENT,
For the principal New England Newspapers, remains at the old stand, No. 23 North St., Boston, Jan. 29, 1862.

Advertisements.

\$22 MONITOR. \$22

A NEW IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINE

For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Combining all the latest improvements that the best mechanical skill can invent. The proprietors, practical Sewing Machine inventors, having had many years experience in the business, and having devoted the past year to the perfection of the Monitor, are now confident that for simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship and durability, beauty of design and finish, the Monitor must supersede all others as the best practical Family Sewing Machine yet offered to the public.—Every variety of sewing that can be done on any machine can be done on the Monitor. It uses a straight needle, and will sew any fabric from the most flimsy muslin to the coarsest broadcloth and leather. All kinds of thread used direct from the spools without the trouble of rewinding, from the finest cotton and sewing silk to the coarsest linen.

THE MONITOR

uses two threads, making the double lock stitch. There is no spool on the under part, like all other sewing machines; both are on the upper part, where any child can adjust them.

Confident that a first class Family Sewing Machine at a moderate price, has long been needed to meet the wants of all—the poor as well as the rich—and believing that such a machine must command the liberal patronage of the people and find a rapid sale, the proprietors offer the Monitor at the extremely low price of \$22. The Monitor is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect order five years without charge.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and the Canadas to whom the most liberal inducements are offered. All communications must be addressed to the undersigned, at the Eureka Sewing Machine Office and Patent Exchange,

260 Washington st. Boston.

THOS. DERMOT, SOLE AGENT.

June 4—6m

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

WILLIAM J. WALTON,
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DAVENPORT,
HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory prices.
Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.
WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main St.
South Davenport, Jan. 1, 1862.

D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,

Druggist and Apothecary,

38 MAIN STREET.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, and Popular Proprietary Medicines. Personal attention to Physicians' Prescriptions.
South Davenport, May 29, 1861.

GEO. H. MEACOM,

Druggist and Apothecary,

37 Main St., So. Davenport,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,

126 MAIN ST., 126

Nearly opposite Davenport Bank, So. Davenport.

T. A. SWEETSER,

Druggist and Apothecary,

37 Main St., So. Davenport,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,

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Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,

126 MAIN ST., 126

Nearly opposite Davenport Bank, So. Davenport.

T. A. SWEETSER,

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF TIME

LYNN & BOSTON

BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

On and after THURSDAY, June 19th, 1862,

W. F. BURNHAM'S

Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building, South Davenport, passing down Main street, through Washington street to Lynn, daily. Leave South Davenport at 7.50 A. M., and 12.50 and 4.50 P. M.
Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2 P. M. and 6 P. M.
Horse Cars leaving Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, at 8.15 A. M., 1.15 and 6.15 P. M., will meet the Omnibuses at Lynn, at the above named hours, to take passengers to South Davenport.

Sunday Arrangements.

Leave S. Davenport at 7.50 a.m., and 4.50 p.m.
Leave Lynn at 9.30 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.
Cars leave Seely's Building, Boston, to meet the Omnibuses in Lynn for South Davenport, at 8.15 a.m. and 5.15 p.m.
Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Tickets to Lynn, - 15 cents.

Through to Boston, - 30 cents.

Passengers called for at reasonable charges if notice is given at the Office.

EXPRESS BUSINESS

Between South Davenport and Lynn promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.
Extra Coaches furnished at short notice, at moderate rates.
South Davenport, June 18, 1862.

Sale made Lynn Omnibus.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, an Omnibus will leave Salem Office in Central St., Salem, for Lynn.
At 8.30 a.m. and 1.30 and 4.30 p.m.: connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston Horse Railroad for Boston.
Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem, at 9.50 a.m. and 2.50 and 5.50 p.m.; or, on arrival at 8.4 a.m. and 1.4 and 4.4 p.m. cars from Boston.

Fare—Between Lynn and Salem, 15 cts., or eight tickets for \$1. Through tickets from Salem to Boston, 30 cts. For sale by the Driver, and the Conductor in the cars.
ON SUNDAYS,
The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 a.m., and 4.30 p.m.; returning will leave Lynn at 10.50 a.m. and 5.50 p.m.—or on arrival of the 9.15 a.m. and 4.15 p.m. cars from Boston.
Express business between Salem and Lynn promptly attended to.
MOSES A. SHACKLEY.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
MOSES A. SHACKLEY,
HENRY M. MERRILL
South Davenport, N.Y. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit and receive their patronage.
The undersigned is authorized to collect all bills and to settle all accounts against the late firm, and all persons interested are requested to get accordingly.
H. M. MERRILL,
South Davenport, Nov. 20, 1861.

MUNROE'S

(LATE REYNOLDS)

SOUTH DAVENPORT & BOSTON

RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Davenport at 10.12 a.m.

Express leaves Boston at 5 p.m.

Express leaves South Davenport at 5 p.m.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Davenport Square.

Express Office, in Boston, 5 Congress Square; Freight Office, 1 Fulton St.

Also an Order Box at 86 Court Street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.

Packages received and sent forward daily for Ball more, Fortness Monroe, Annapolis, Washington, Alexandria, and any other point where the different Regiments are stationed.
WM. C. MUNROE,
South Davenport, May 21—tf

Flour and Pork.

RECEIVED this day, by rail:

50 bbls. Mess Pork.

150 bbls. Key Brand's Mills Flour;

100 bbls. Faxon's " "

For sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

NATIONAL TAX BOOK.

COMPLETE edition, only 10 cents, with a large type, for sale by

aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

CHEAP READING.

SUBSCRIPTION circulating Library—into which all the new books are put as soon as soon as published.

aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

STATIONERY

FOR SOLDIERS—of all kinds—complete folios and roll up cases—pocket inkstands, etc., etc., at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 180 Essex Street, Salem.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

OF THE SEAT OF WAR, near Richmond—

with positions of the armies during the recent engagements—just published.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH, aug 6 180 Essex st., sign of Five Golden Books

COTTONS.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St.

We have a full Stock, of all the different grades of Brown and Bleached Cottons

Sheetings of every width.

aug 6

Prints. Prints.

At the Lowest Cash Prices; Cambrics; Re-

dies; Battings; Quiltings; &c.;

aug 6 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St.

WHITE DINNER WARE, White

Tea Ware, and White Toilet Ware, at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front St.

FLOWING WARE, Mulberry, and

Flowering Blue Ware, of all kinds, constantly for

sale at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front St.

CHINA AND GLASS WARE, French

and English, of all kinds, constantly for sale at

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front St.

PORT-FOLIOS, of every style—fresh

lots just received from the manufacturers. Also,

Gambro and Chess Boards, for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale choice PIGS of Muckle Price Albert and Chester County breeds, of which the Muckle took the First Premium at the Int. Cattle Show. Prices reasonable. Near Tapley's Brook, South Davenport, March 27, 1861.

B. R. BERNIS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,

Photographs, Spierotypes, Melanotypes, and patent

and color Pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the

improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Pa-

nographs, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when

South Davenport, May 22, 1861.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Davenport,

Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S

PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Davenport, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS - PORT,

WOOD AND COAL

Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail

yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Country's Lohng, Locust Mountain, Black Hens, Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low

prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.

Order Box at post office, South Davenport, and

post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,

J. Q. A. BACHLEDER,

C. T. HATCHER, July 19—tf

THOMAS PINNOCK,

SLATER,

SALEM, MASS.

Orders may be left at his Yard, No. 25 Pea-

body St., or at his house No. 6 Hancock street,

South Salem.

Rough covered with any kind of Slates, ac-

cording to order. All work warranted.

Salem, May 7, 1862.

Ann R. Bray,

NO. 76 Federal Street,

Camel's Hair Goods,

Salem, May 12, 1862.

Important to the Afflicted.

DR. DOW continues to be consulted at his office,

Nos. 7 and 9 Endicott street, Boston, on all dis-

eases of a PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience

of unnumbered cases, he has acquired the art of

presenting the nature of the disease, and the

have never, since he first introduced them, failed

to cure the most alarming cases of

GONORRHEA AND SYPHILIS.

Beneath his treatment, all the horrors of venereal

disease, such as Impotency, Stricture, Gonorrhea,

Ulcers, pain and difficulty in the region of prosta-

tate, inflammation of the bladder and kidneys, &c.,

disappear, and the patient is restored to health, and

the long train of horrible symptoms attending this

class of disease, are made to become as harmless as

the simplest ailments of a child.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Dr. D. devotes a great part of his time to the treat-

ment of these cases, and by a secret and solitary

method, which relieves the body and mind, restoring

the individual to his former state of health. Some

of the most successful effects produced by early

habits of youth, are Weakness of the back and

limbs, nervous debility, and a general feeling of

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South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1862.

NO. 34.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.

TERMS—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1st Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
1st Square, 1.00 2.50 6.00
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3rd Square, 1.00 2.50 6.00
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97th Square, 1.00 2.50 6.00
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Cards.

WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
Salem, August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Mr. Upham will attend to the collection of Pension and Bounty Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,
THEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD,
Dentist,
4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No. 57 Washington street,
a 11-12)

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Atlantic and York, Salem; Eagle, Bos-
ton; Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Dry Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Danvers Square, Opp. Congregational Church
NATH'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lights; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.

32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
GLAZIER AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
Orders promptly and faithfully executed.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER
keeps constantly on hand

A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
126 Essex street, Salem, may 16

WILLIAM BLANEY,
GLAZIER AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paper Hanger,
14 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
OWNS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
5-17

WALKING MADE EASY.
DR. P. KENTON,
HIROPODIST,
167 Washington St., Boston.
and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nail
trailing the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Original Poetry.

The Patriotic Maiden's Address to her Lover.

The flag of our country is floating aloft,
Huzza for the old stripes and stars!
The present is no time for dalliance soft,
Take a kiss and be off to the wars.

Away with this trifling—stern war is your
trade,
Leave me to my household affairs,
There is washing, and ironing, and bread to be
made,

Kiss me quick and be off to the wars.
Gird on your bright armor and make no delay,
And I promise by sun, moon and stars,
That I will be constant while you are away,
Take a kiss and be off to the wars.

And when Treason is crushed by the aid of your
sword,
However disfigured by scars,
Grateful thanks and sweet kisses shall be your
reward,
Where'er you return from the wars. N.

Selected.

Miss Fyfe's Midnight Adventure.

It was at a Ramsgate boarding house, and no longer ago than last autumn, that my wife and I first made the acquaintance of Miss Fyfe. She was staying there, with her maid, for the season, and my wife and she soon became quite intimate, so that after a time Miss Fyfe spent most of her evenings in our room. She was a pleasant companion, cheerful and good-natured; she had travelled much, both at home and abroad, and she had lived up rich stores of information and experience, which she was always willing to draw upon for the benefit of her friends. In person, she was tall and thin, with gray hair, a strong, resolute face, and large grey eyes, full of vivacity and humor. We were all seated around the fire in our sitting room, one chill evening in early autumn, when Miss Fyfe related to us the following adventure, which I may here remark, I have her full permission to set down and make public:

It is now some six or seven years ago, began Miss Fyfe, since my nephew, Fred, having just left college, came to reside with me for a short time previous to going out to India. I had been living for a year past in London, and had grown heartily tired of it; indeed, the town and I never agree very well together, and by the time I have been in it a month or two, I always find myself possessed with an intense longing to visit either the country or the sea. So, in the present instance, I determined to go down for a while to a little country house I have in Leicestershire, which happened at that time to be without a tenant, at which place it was arranged that Fred should join me. The idea of a few quiet months in the country was as pleasant to him as to myself, for he was busy with his Sanscrit and Arabic, and in London he had so many acquaintances, that his studies were being constantly interrupted. The beginning of June found us all comfortably established in Ivy Lodge—myself, Fred, and the two women servants, which were all that our little establishment needed. There was one fault to find with Ivy Lodge, and that was the reason why I could never keep a tenant in it more than two winters in succession; this fault was its distance from any other habitation, even of the humblest kind; the nearest house being in fact, two miles away, while it was six miles distant from the nearest country town. But neither Fred nor I cared for this in the least, for he got on famously with his studies within doors, and botanized to his heart's content in the fields; while a visit to Westbury once a week satisfied all my social requirements.

Well, summer and autumn passed quietly and pleasantly away. One morning in early winter, Fred received a letter inviting him to attend the wedding of an old college friend, who lived about thirty miles away in another country. Fred replied, accepting the invitation, and set off shortly afterwards without fixing the duration of his visit, which would probably extend over three or four days. On the second morning of Fred's absence, Mary, the housemaid, came to me to enquire whether I could contrive to spare her and Bessy for the afternoon and evening to attend the wakes at Westbury. I made no demur at letting them go, for they had been cooped up long enough without a holiday; so in the afternoon they were called for by Mary's father, and duly driven away by him in his light cart. Before going the old man observed that it would most likely be rather late at night before the lasses could get back again, but perhaps I wouldn't mind it for once.

If they are likely to be very late, I said, it will, I think be best for them to stay

all night at your house, and get back first thing in the morning in time for breakfast.

The manifest delight with which this proposition was received by the two girls only served to confirm it, so it was finally arranged that they should not return till morning. The cart was just turning the corner of the lane when it came into my mind for the first time, that Fred being also away, I should have to spend the night alone in Ivy Lodge; and I remembered further, that I had in the house a considerable sum of money, which I had drawn from the bank on the previous day for a certain purpose, and which was lying untouched up stairs. The feeling was not comfortable at the moment; but I am not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon banished the subject from my mind as one not worthy of much consideration. Besides, Wolf the large house dog, would be protection enough for one night; and I determined to release him from his chain at dusk, and let him have the run of the premises. Then again, who was to know I had been to the bank on the previous day, and still had the money in the house? So I went indoors, feeling as cheerful as usual, and made myself a comfortable tea; after that, sat working for an hour or two; and then feeling the need of a change, put my sewing away, and took up a book which Fred brought me from Westbury a few days before. It was *The Night-Side of Nature*, a volume with which you are probably well acquainted. Situated as I was, having to pass a night by myself in a lonely country house, it was, with its strange narrative of apparitions and ghostly appearances, one of the worst-books I could have chosen to read before going to bed. I was not long in perceiving this, but the fascination of the subject was such that I could not quit it; and I read on quickly, leaf after leaf, till I had got half through the book, when, looking up, I was surprised to find that the fire was nearly out, and the clock on the point of twelve. I shut the book, and rose at once to go to bed. How about Wolf? I said to myself. Shall I go and release him, or leave him chained to his kennel? I would have him indoors for the night, only I knew he would do nothing but seamer up and down stairs till morning, and put sleep entirely out of the question.

I opened the door of the passage leading to the yard door with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment, I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot through me, such as I had never experienced before, and a strange disinclination to move out of the lighted parlor into the darker parts of the house. I sat down again in my chair to argue the point with myself, and prove to myself the absurdity of my fears. This I did quite conclusively, and in a very short time, but nevertheless I determined not to go and release Wolf. I have had a slight cold for the last two days, I said to myself, and it would not be advisable for me to go out of this warm room into the night air. Having found so reasonable an excuse for myself, I determined no longer to delay going to bed; so I put out the lamp and lighted my bed room candle without further parley; and carrying in my hand a little tiasne, which I had compounded for myself as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, I proceeded slowly and cautiously, for the influence of the book I had been reading was still strongly upon me, and I found it requisite to pause for a moment at every second or third step in my progress upward, and glance back fearfully over my shoulder, expecting to see I knew not what—nothing, and yet something; perhaps a black, formless creature, stealing noiselessly up stairs, and only waiting an unguarded moment to clutch me by the dress, and pull me backward; perhaps a gigantic phantom had protruded from each door after I had passed it, menacing me with the anger of some power unknown; perhaps a white corpse-like face glaring over my shoulder, with sightless eyeballs and purple lips. Inwardly annoyed with myself as I was for being so absurd, I could not for the world have gone up stairs that night in my usual careless fashion. But thank Heaven! here was my bedroom at last. One more fearful glance over my shoulder, and then I hurried in, and closed and bolted the door with a sigh of relief. How I shall laugh at myself to-morrow for these idle fears, I said; but, in any case, I won't spend another night alone in Ivy Lodge.

When I got into bed, my ghostly terrors vanished in some measure, but in their stead I became oppressed with a melancholy undefined presentiment of some impending evil near at hand, but whence or how coming I could not tell. Feeling thirsty after a time, I put out

my hand to reach the tiasne, which stood on a low chair by the side of the bed—horror of horrors!—my wrist was suddenly clutched by a death-cold hand, which grasped it for a single instant, and then let it go. It is not too much to say that my heart ceased to beat, and all the pulses of life seemed to stand still in awful fear, but for a moment; the next, they burst madly on their courses; a cold sweat wrapped me from head to foot, and I lay with wildly staring eyes, momentarily expecting the appearance of some dread apparition.

Yes, there it is—coming—coming! I whispered to myself, as a figure, black and vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly from the floor, till it reached what seemed to me a more than mortal stature, outlining itself as it rose against the white disc of the window-blind. There was not, however, much time for consideration, for the next minute the blinding glare of a dark lantern was thrown full in my dazzled eyes, and a hoarse voice, a voice with a chronic cold in its tones, exclaimed:—Now, mum, will you oblige me by getting up again? Sorry to disturb a lady, but it can't be helped this time.

Only a vulgar burglar after all! The revulsion of feeling, from the ghostly terrors of the minute before, was so great, that my sang-froid came back at once; and a predicament which at another time I should have deemed serious enough, seemed to me at that moment as but a matter of comparatively little consequence. How has the fellow got into my room without being seen or heard? was the first question I asked myself, a question, by the way, which at the present moment I am equally unable to solve, for a mystery it remains.

If you had only written to say you were coming, I would have sat up for you, I said, aloud.

I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise, he replied, with a grin. Are you going to get up?

Presently. Just step outside that door for a moment, while I put on a few clothes. None of your tricks, now! he said, roughly, 'coss I won't stand 'em.

You are forgetting your manners, sir, to a lady.

Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow!—So saying, he went outside the door, holding it, however, carefully, both with hand and foot, while I hurried on my clothes.

I began by this time to feel rather more alarmed than at first, but still I thought it would never do to show it: to treat such a man with polite audacity, if my nerves would only carry me through the contest, was evidently the best plan I could adopt.

I am at your service, I said, in a couple of minutes or so.

Then light your candle, and go down stairs; you in front, me behind. But first hand me over that gimcrack watch of yours; I always had a fancy for a lady's-ticker.

You must be careful not to turn the key more than six times when you wind it up, or you may break the spring, I said, handing him with an inward sigh my watch and chain.

Now that the candle was lighted, I was able to see more clearly what the fellow was like. Both hands and face were thoroughly blackened, and his head was further disguised with a rough flaxen wig and a fur cap. He wore a thick woollen comforter round his neck, and a capacious top coat concealed the rest of his person. I determined to keep both eyes and ears open, to note any little peculiarity, either of voice or person, which might afterwards aid me in identifying him. It seemed to me unaccountable, that on that night of all others, when, for the first time since my arrival at Ivy Lodge, I happened to have anything like a large sum of money in the house, I should have to entertain such a visitor. It was almost hoping without hope, but still it was just possible that he might not be aware of my visit to the bank, and might not find the money in his search. But the question was quickly decided for me. When we reached the foot of the stairs, I going first, and the man following closely behind me, he said:

Stop a moment. Let us pay our first visit to that little room on the left, where you keep your books, and where there's a 'ansome rose-wood desk, in which, at the present moment, there's two hundred pounds in good money—seventy in sovereigns, and the remainder in flimseys—numbers all known, no doubt, but still disposable in the proper quarter.

How in the name of goodness—or badness—had he obtained such precise information?

There was nothing for it but to obey, so I conducted him into my study, opened my escritoire, and quietly handed him the money. He counted it over with a complaisant chuckle, and then put it carefully away in his vest pocket.

Now, this is what I call a comfortable way of doing business, he said; no fuss, no bother, no cries nor tears—business like and proper. I hate talk that snivel and bawl, and always feel inclined to give 'em a quiet tap on the head. If everybody was as sensible as you, mum, our trade would be a pleasanter one than it is. And now I think a few spoons and forks wouldn't come amiss, for I'm expecting company next week, and would like to do the thing in style. Ah! I wonder who was the first chap that found out it was vulgar to eat with a knife!

Both spoons and forks were soon disposed of, and sorrow of sorrows, my cherished silver teapot, together with sundry other articles of plate, placed in a capacious bag which Mr. Black procured from one of his pockets. There, mum, I'm pretty well loaded now, thank you, he said, as he disposed of the last article. And it's truly thankful I am that I came here without a pal, or else I should have to go shares with him. I knew I could crack a little crib like this by myself—it's child's play, that's what it is. He pulled out my watch, and referred to it with an evident air of satisfaction. Why, blow me! it wants two hours and a half yet till daylight. Time for a bit of supper, if you've no objection—hey, mum?

None whatever, I replied. If you will follow me into the dining-room, I will see what I can find for you.

Gosh! but this is prime, and no mistake! he exclaimed, turning up his coat cuffs, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll of bread, and three parts of a bottle of old port. Best quarters I've been in for many a day, hang me if it ain't!

He set to work with savage energy, and sat silently enjoying himself for several minutes; while I sat watching him closely, and trying to discover some slight personal traits which might assist me hereafter in recognizing him again.

Here's your health, mum! he said after a time, speaking with a full mouth, as he held up a glass of wine before the candle; and the best wishes of a fellow whose heart doesn't hold too many good wishes for anybody! Not a bad-tempered man evidently, when he could have his own way; and not without certain rude elements of politeness in his composition. When he had made a hearty meal, and finished the wine, he produced from one of his numerous pockets a little black pipe and a tin tobacco box. By your leave, mum, he said, I'll just blow a little cloud; though perhaps it's against rule to smoke in the drovering-room; if so, say tee word, and we'll adjourn to the kitchen.

You are a privileged visitor, I replied; so light your pipe by all means.

A brick! I said it before, and I'll maintain it again, he exclaimed, slapping his leg with his huge hand. Ah, a comfortable crib this, and no mistake! he went on, puffing away in a contemplative manner at the little pipe, and I wouldn't mind if I was master here. What do you say, mum? You're in wants of a husband, and I'm in wants of a wife—shall we make a splice of it? You're not quite so young and tender as you have been, you know; but I'll treat you well, and do everything that's right and proper by you; for I'm blessed if you're not the style of woman I'd pick out of a thousand; no sentimental nonsense about you, but plenty of gumption; and then you know how to make a chap comfortable. What do you say, mum—is it a bargain? He leered at me with his bloodshot eyes, and with his head a little on one side, and took the pipe out of his mouth for a moment in his eagerness to hear my reply.

Thank you, but I'm not in want of a husband at present, I said, and even if I were, I should prefer seeing you with your face washed before deciding to accept you.

He burst into a great roar of laughter, and slapped his leg again.

Why, it's my full-dress evening suit that I've got on! he exclaimed; and I thought I looked quite fascinating in it. Well, if you won't have me, you won't; there's no forcing an obstinate woman. But let us have a drop more wine instead; there's more where this came from, I suppose?

Yes, plenty more in the cellar.

Then to the cellar we'll adjourn. Gosh! but it's prime stuff to stir a fellow's blood. Take the candle, and lead the way, if you please.

Taking a candle in one hand, and my bunch of keys in the other, I led the way towards the cellar, my black-visaged friend following closely in my rear. The wine-cellar was reached by descending a steep flight of stone stairs, which opened out of a passage leading to the kitchen. At the top of this flight of stairs was a slight door, partly made of glass; and at the foot of the stairs was another and a stronger door, usually kept locked. Having descended the stairs, still holding the lighted candle, I unlocked the lower door, and we both entered the cellar, a small vaulted apartment, just high enough for a man to stand upright in. I pointed to the various ranges of bottles, and said to Mr. Black:—Pick and choose where you please. That row close to the floor is all port; perhaps that will suit you best.

Couldn't improve on the last lot. But I say mum, it wouldn't be amiss for me to carry away a couple of bottles, if—ha, ha! you wouldn't think it too great a liberty; and, I'll crack another up stairs before I go.

You have such a polite way of making your wishes known, I said, that I find it impossible to refuse you.

Chuckling to himself, he bent down to pick out some bottles from the lower tier; while he was thus stooping, I gave him a sudden push with all the strength of my two hands, which sent him crashing head first among the bottles; and before he knew what had happened, or could recover himself in the least, I had blown out the candle, and rushing to the staircase, had pulled to and double locked the door behind me. In doing this, I had acted entirely without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment, without at all calculating the consequences to which it might lead, and I now sank down on the stairs in the dark with a heart that beat as though it must burst its bounds. Mr. Black quickly picked himself up, with many oaths, from among the broken bottles, and stumbled towards the door. What fool's trick is this? he shouted through the keyhole. Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder you when I get out! But I had struggled up the stairs, and was away in the kitchen by this time, where I quickly relighted my candle. Leaving the candle for a moment, I hurried to the back-door, and unfasting it called, at first gently, and then louder, for Wolf; but hearing no growl of recognition, or joyful bark in reply, I hastened as fast as I could across the yard to his kennel; and there, by the faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless, by that miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflame with hatred of the man; the loss of my poor favorite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with my dread of the wretch swallowed up in a great measure in my desire for vengeance, I hastened back to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness. But what had I to fear now? Was he not trapped—shut up securely in the cellar, there to await his doom? Suddenly I remembered that there was generally a brace of pistols hanging over the fireplace in Fred's little room; should the man succeed in bursting loose—though I had little to fear of it, for the door was very strong—they might prove useful; but on coming to examine them, I found that they were not loaded. All this time, Mr. Black was exerting his utmost strength to break open the door; but it was stoutly built, and so far defied all his efforts. I placed the candlestick on a bracket at the top of the stairs, and stood close by with my brace of empty pistols, dreading every moment that the door would give way and the miscreant rush upon me, and yet with a stubborn drop of blood in my heart, which bade me not to flee so long as there remained a chance, however remote, of capturing him. He ceased his efforts after a time, and I could hear him moving about in the dark. What was he about to do? Not long was I left in doubt, for I had hardly asked myself the question, when the noise of a pistol-shot resounded through the house, responded to by a scream from me; the door at the bottom of the stairs fell back on its hinges; he had shot away the bolt. Now, mum, I'll pay you off for your little trick! I heard him say. The next instant I saw him, with a bottle in each hand, and a large open knife between his teeth, emerge out of the gloom into the dull twilight made by the light of my candle at the entrance to the cellar.

Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man! I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through the lamp-black with which his face was smeared, as he glanced up and saw me standing there; and dropping the bottles, he shrunk back into the darkest corner of the cellar.

Ha, ha! what a jolly lark! he exclaimed, with a wretched attempt at a laugh. I said all along that you was a brick. But I say, mum, just turn them barkers away for a moment, will you, while I come up stairs. Let bygones be bygones, and we'll bid each other a friendly farewell.

Come a step nearer at your peril! I said. You have poisoned my dog, and robbed me of my money; you are a thief; and here you shall remain, unless you prefer being shot through the head, until I give you into the custody of the police.

A long and terrific volley of curses was his only reply, but he still kept carefully out of sight, for much as he feared the police, he feared a bullet infinitely more.

If he only knew that the pistols are not loaded! I kept repeating to myself.

After this, the silence remained unbroken for nearly five minutes; he was probably brooding over what course he should next adopt. At length he spoke again:

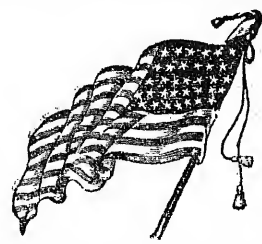
Let you and me be reasonable now, he said; let us come to terms. I'll give you back the spoons, and the plate, and—

Not if you were to give back what you have stolen to the uttermost farthing, would I let you go! Here you are, and here you shall remain till I see those wrists of yours decorated with a pair of handcuffs.

Another terrible volley of oaths was again his reply; then I heard him knock off the neck of a bottle, and drink at the contents. What I dreaded more than anything was, that he would drink till he lost the sense of fear, and then make a sudden rush up the staircase towards me; but whatever my fears might be, I still stood resolutely on the topmost stair, peering down into the darkness with eyes that never turned away, and holding a pistol firmly in either hand. Apparently the first result of Mr. Black's extra bottle was to cause him to take out my watch, fling it on the floor, and crunch it into minute particles beneath his heel. Curse her! I'll have my revenge somehow! I heard him utter; and then he fell to drinking more wine.

How beautiful to me that morning looked the first cold streak of daylight which stole in after a time, and seemed to whisper that deliverance was at hand!

Two or three times more did Mr. Black appeal now to my fear, now to my compassion; but my only reply was a warning to him not to put his foot on the stairs, a warning which he conscientiously obeyed. Then I heard more bottles broken, and I knew that he was drinking himself either into a state of frenzy or a state of helplessness. How slowly the morning advanced! it seemed as though it would never be seven o'clock. Every bone in my body got to ache terribly long before my weary watch was over; at intervals there danced before my eyes a strange phantasmagoria of



PETER G. MARSHALL, of the South Danvers & Salem Express, is the authorized general agent for the "Wizard" in Salem, South Danvers, and Danvers. His receipts are binding at this office.

Abraham Lincoln.

We deem it most fortunate for our country, that at this most important crisis of its history it has a man at the head of its councils in whose honesty, skill and good judgment so much of public confidence is placed. Even before the first outbreak of the rebellion, when threatened with assassination, he quailed not, but boldly and confidently took the place assigned to him by the loyal people of the nation, and has, ever since, retained, in a remarkable degree, their confidence and support. Surrounded by difficulties and adverse counsels, he has carefully and prudently watched and directed the course of events with a wisdom hardly to be anticipated amidst scenes so trying and so full of perplexities. However divided in opinion the people and their legislators may have been, they all seem disposed to rely on his foresight and integrity of purpose, and unhesitatingly yield to his better judgment of the means to be applied toward the suppression of this gigantic rebellion and the restoration of peace to our distracted country.

First, trusting in God, and at the same time keeping our powder dry; next let us put trust and confidence in the man of the people's choice to use the means placed in his hands by the great Ruler of events, and we shall come out of this bloody contest, humbled it may be and purified, but restored to a more perfect union, and a country whose watch word shall be Freedom.

The Old South Bell.

What is the matter with the bell on the Old South? Instead of the fine, swelling tones we were wont to hear from that lofty tower, we have had of late only the harsh sounds of a cracked kettle. Its tongue speaks discord. Shakspeare's words,—"he hath a heart as sound as a bell,"—lose their significance as applied to this. It is no longer, as of yore, one of the "merry bells." Its sounds are positively lugubrious, and "sing heavy music to the timorous soul." Its iron tongue and brazen mouth repel rather than invite the devout worshippers. How long must our nerves be pained by its ear-splitting clamor?

And how is it with the Town Clock? In despite of Dr. Young, we say it was not "wise in man in giving it a tongue." We pray you, good Mr. Sexton, no more to wind it up, but wind up the bell and let the clock go. We would sooner trust to Father Time's hour glass and watch its sands to measure off the hours, than to hear the strokes of the clapper on this mass of cracked bell-metal. If it continues to strike, it ought to be suppressed by our policemen who surrounded the Lynn strikers. If it must be rung at high noon and nine o'clock at night, first take out its tongue and make it a dumb bell.

MANNING'S BATTERY, which was in the battle of Baton Rouge, distinguished itself throughout the whole engagement, by their bravery. The Battery lost, 1 man killed,—Franklin Delaney, of Boston or Roxbury,—and five men wounded,—viz:—Geo. W. Kingsley of Salem, in the left shoulder, dangerously; Thomas Weir of Salem, in the right arm, severely; Wm. M. Peabody of Salem, left side, slightly; Wm. Griffin of Salem, right hip, slightly; James Butler of Lowell, severely in right arm. Three horses were killed and six wounded.

GEORGE F. BARNES.—Our readers will notice the name of this gentleman on the Roll of the nine months' volunteers. Like Mr. Thompson of the High School, he resigns a pleasant and eligible position, to devote his powers to the service of the country. We are well aware that the community, where he has taught so acceptably and successfully, will greatly miss him and be reconciled to their loss only by the consideration of the high motives which impelled him to leave his peaceful pursuits for the labors and dangers of the field.

TOWN MEETING IN DANVERS.—We learn that they had a large and energetic meeting in Danvers yesterday afternoon, at which the town voted to offer a bounty of \$125 for recruits to fill up its nine months' quota. This looks like determination to "put it through." We are glad also to see some more signs of animation in our neighbor city of Salem. Our good mother is rubbing her eyes and will be fully awake by and by. She does not like to be hurried.

Our Quota Under the Last Call.

South Danvers is now fairly out of the woods in the matter of a draft. Her first quota is full and the men are in camp, and over ninety of the last, which is probably her full number, have enlisted. Even if it is full, which can only be learned when the returns are made at Headquarters, the company will be brought up to the entire complement of 101 men. So much for the patriotic spirit of the town in placing so many men promptly in the field. When we look at the excellent material of which this company is composed, we cannot but think it will prove one of the "crack" corps of the new levies. It has in its ranks many men of mature age, of character and substance as well as physical strength and endurance. It will also be splendidly officered, and orders are already out for its organization.

In speaking thus favorably of the bright promise of this last contribution of our sons to the service, we must not overlook the unselfish patriotism of those earlier veterans of the war who are now in service without the stimulus of bounties and threatened drafts. All honor should be first accorded to them, as they have already sustained the burden and heat of the day. When our newer troops have won their laurels, as we feel assured they will, they will receive their meed of commendation. The following is a copy of the Roll of the new company, so far as we learn the names up to the time of going to press:—

- 1 Robert S. Daniels, Jr.,
- 2 John W. Stevens,
- 3 R. G. Nelson,
- 4 Frank G. Arnold,
- 5 James Perkins,
- 6 P. L. Winchester, Jr.,
- 7 Horace S. Page,
- 8 John W. Barnard,
- 9 William H. Hildreth,
- 10 Benjamin Winchester,
- 11 Albert Carleton,
- 12 George H. Little,
- 13 Henry Gowen,
- 14 George C. Teel,
- 15 William H. Harrington,
- 16 Samuel C. Abbott,
- 17 Joseph Henry Osgood,
- 18 Austin Peasley,
- 19 Elbridge Rust,
- 20 Benjamin F. Hutchinson,
- 21 Charles H. Kimball,
- 22 Joseph S. Nutter,
- 23 George H. Batchelder,
- 24 Amos Osborne, 3d,
- 25 Amos P. Bodge,
- 26 Hiram A. Kimball,
- 27 Jacob G. Bodge,
- 28 Lorenzo D. Warner,
- 29 Thomas W. Peasley,
- 30 Isaac Wilson,
- 31 Enoch F. Plummer,
- 32 William Curtis,
- 33 William L. Thompson,
- 34 Thomas W. Buxton,
- 35 John A. P. Sumner,
- 36 George E. Marsh,
- 37 Charles Colby,
- 38 Caleb A. Webster,
- 39 Benjamin N. Moore,
- 40 Cleaves K. Hutchinson,
- 41 Charles W. Nevers,
- 42 Alphonzo P. Rhodes,
- 43 George Galeucia,
- 44 George H. Low,
- 45 Frank Johnson,
- 46 Albert H. Whidden,
- 47 Edward W. McKay,
- 48 Joseph Bushby,
- 49 Albert Tufts,
- 50 Joseph H. Swett,
- 51 Henry E. Ham,
- 52 Nicholas M. Quint,
- 53 Orin R. Evans,
- 54 James J. Hatch,
- 55 Frederick T. Stone,
- 56 Charles E. Carr,
- 57 Andrew N. Farnham,
- 58 Thomas A. Ray,
- 59 Albert H. Perkins,
- 60 Charles A. Towne,
- 61 Charles E. Foss,
- 62 John Graves, Jr.,
- 63 Lewis E. Staples,
- 64 Jesse W. Wilkins,
- 65 John F. Sanborn,
- 66 Lewis A. Manning,
- 67 William F. Pingree,
- 68 Charles L. Manning,
- 69 Amos Ingalls,
- 70 George W. Buxton,
- 71 Andrew S. Wiggin,
- 72 Charles Trask,
- 73 George A. Upton,
- 74 Daniel A. Small,
- 75 George H. Goodridge,
- 76 John W. Marden,
- 77 O. K. Jeffrey,
- 78 David Goldthwait,
- 79 Samson B. Galeucia,
- 80 George H. Poor,
- 81 George P. Jacobs,
- 82 Benjamin R. Symonds,
- 83 Charles Mackintire,
- 84 Daniel Fant,
- 85 George F. Barnes,
- 86 Oliver Grant,
- 87 John W. Boynton,
- 88 King Porter,
- 89 Lewis B. Southwick,
- 90 John C. Dodge,
- 91 James Gilbert,
- 92 Prince W. Nash,
- 93 H. L. Hadley.

SOUTH DANVERS RECRUITS. 3 Year's Quota.

(Revised and Corrected.)

John W. French,	10th Battery.
John Neagle,	23d Regiment.
Arthur F. Poole,	14th "
Sam'l G. Southwick,	" "
Henry Moore,	" "
Joseph H. Peirce,	" "
Richard H. Roome,	" "
Jesse Tyler,	" "
Albert Shepard,	" "
John F. Frothingham,	" "
Wm. R. Armstrong,	" "
Thomas Buxton,	" "
James H. Bryant,	19th "
Wesley Reed,	38th "
Edward A. Bessom,	39th "
Paul Osborne,	" "
Peter McArthur,	" "
Joseph Fogg,	" "
John K. Gibbs,	" "
James Robbins,	" "
Joseph R. Patterson,	" "
John Garroll,	" "
Joseph Verry,	" "
Frank Powers,	" "
David Powell,	" "
Geo. W. Bancroft, Jr.,	" "
Cyrus D. Smith,	" "
William Meyer,	" "
Harrison A. Dodge,	" "
Samuel Wiley,	" "
Geo. A. Verry,	" "
Geo. N. Symonds,	" "
William E. Purington,	" "
James Milliken,	" "
Chas. W. Hanson,	" "
John O. Blaisdell,	" "
Phillip Currell,	" "
John Gannon,	" "
Eli H. Barnham,	" "
Philip Frye,	" "
George Smith,	" "
James F. Flint,	" "
John Peirce, Jr.,	" "
Edward H. Bowker,	" "
Augustus Clifford,	" "
D. L. Wells,	" "
Wm. L. Richardson,	" "
Benj. F. Butler,	" "
William J. Moulton,	" "
Gen. J. Purcell,	" "
John Towle,	" "
Charles Gould,	" "
Nathan Rosenthal,	" "
Walter B. Whitney,	" "
Joseph A. Merryfield,	" "
Harry Russell,	" "
Wm. H. Farrell,	" "
James A. Lord,	" "
Ezekiel B. Durling,	" "
Jefferson T. Cottrell,	" "
Justin W. Cottrell,	" "
John Ois Tyler,	" "
Henry Baker,	" "
George Hillyer,	" "
Franklin Page,	" "
John P. Dodge,	" "
George S. Nelson,	" "
Henry W. Moulton,	" "
George H. Wiley,	" "
Jacob O. Guilford,	" "
George Johnson,	" "
Wm. F. Sumner, Salem City Guards.	
Joseph N. Sumner, Salem City Guards.	
George Osborne, Assistant Surgeon.	
Albert P. Upton, Quartermaster Sergeant.	

Why is a ragged urchin like a minister approaching the end of his sermon? D'yve give it up? Because he's to 'rd his close.

ESSEX HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.—The June number of this valuable serial has come to hand. The leading article is a continuation of Mr. Goodell's Biographical sketches of the officers of Probate for Essex County. We have here notices of Benjamin Greenleaf, our townsman Hon. Samuel Holten, and Hon. Daniel A. White, N. S. Howe, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Judges, and also Daniel Noyes, Nathaniel Lord and their successors up to the time of the change of the laws uniting the office of Judge of the Court of Insolvency with that of Judge of Probate.

Next follow Abstracts from papers in the Clerk of the Court's office, and a copy by D. Perley Derby, with notes by Dr. B. F. Browne. It would be interesting to know if any of the lands bestowed by these grants still remain in the families of the grantees not alienated by deed.

M. A. Stiekney communicates a copy of early births in the town of Rowley with interesting notes. G. D. Plippen gives an old document descriptive of the "Old Planters" of Massachusetts. Dr. Browne continues his account of the improvements of Salem Common with sketches of the subscribers. Other articles fill the remaining pages, the whole making this number (although we miss the Witchcraft) one which will compare with any of its predecessors.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.—We call the attention of our readers, especially soldiers and the friends of soldiers, to the advertisement of W. E. P. Smyth, who will put them in the shortest and most effective way, and at the least cost, to obtain all their dues from the government. He is familiar with every rope in the ship, and will make the quickest work of it.

If those of our citizens having claims will present them at the Post Office, they will be put in a way to have them allowed, and no charge will be made until the claims are allowed and paid.

NEEDLES.—Mr. John P. Peabody has had the enterprise to send to Europe and have manufactured a style of needles which have been tested by housewives and proved to be the best in use. They are therefore reliable, and all ladies who would secure for themselves the best of those useful implements, should try them and they will be sure not to use any other kind.

They are called the "Gold eyed needle" and have been brought to a state of perfection by a secret process known only to the manufacturer.

If the Canada papers desire to do the United States and human nature a good service, they will publish the name (and if possible, where he came from) of every man who sneaks across the line to evade the draft. The people of Canada ought to drive the mean-spirited cowards to the north pole, or anywhere out of a civilized country.

Town Meeting.

Another rousing meeting of our citizens was held last Monday evening at the Town Hall.—The doings of the meeting are contained in the following resolves, which were passed without a dissenting voice:

Resolved, That the citizens of South Danvers desire once more solemnly to pledge their fidelity to the sacred cause of the American Union, and their unalterable determination never to falter in their efforts to maintain its integrity and perpetuate its blessings; that they will not measure their sense of duty by their legal obligations, nor pause to inquire whether they have done more or less than their neighbors; but that, like their fathers in Revolutionary days, they will do all that they can, to the extent of the means with which God has endowed them, in behalf of the cause of Constitutional Government, and for the salvation of their beloved country.

Resolved, That there be paid to each resident of the town who shall enlist and be sworn in as a member of the company of nine months' volunteers for the war, now being recruited by Mr. R. S. Daniels, Jr., the sum of one hundred dollars.

Resolved, That the Treasurer of the town be, and he hereby is, authorized, to hire upon the best terms possible, a sum not exceeding ten thousand dollars, to meet the payment of the above mentioned bounty.

Resolved, That South Danvers, expressing in her municipal capacity, the feelings and wishes of her individual citizens, hereby declares her hearty appreciation of the patriotism of those of her sons who have enlisted and are now enlisting to serve in defense of the Union; and faithfully pledges her fostering care, in time of need, of the families of her brave soldiers, and her lively gratitude for the services and her blessings upon the lives of those who in serving their country in the hour of danger confer enduring honor upon their native or adopted town. Their names will illumine her annals, and be handed down in affectionate remembrance to future generations.

A Loving Rebel Letter.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA Jan 23d 1862.

DEAR MISS after my Love and Best respects to you I with a degree of pleasure take this opportunity of addressing you on the Stat of my health which will in form you that I am well gratifying you that those few lines may come to hand and find you in the Stat Stat of health from what I learn you intend to wait for a Soldier it gratified me very much to get such news for I have Sam Claim on the girls that wait for the Soldiers my Self

I heard that you was going to marry one of them Coureeds and I didnt think that that would have a sored But if you will I cant help it But I rather you would wait a while for I think if I could See you I should put you out of that notion the world is wid the Sea is Deep in your arms I Long to Sleep I am in Love and may be I Lov But one you are She I Love you as I Lov my Life and freely would I Love you my wife I now have told to you my mind and to me you have always proved kind and hop you will end my grief and send to me some kind Now want you turn unto my Sid and say to me you will be my Brid are will you Be hold me a riched lif with out I git you for my wife Dont tak this Lins as any Sler fer it is you I Lov my Dear now if this Lins you Do except an ancer from you I Shall expect and if the Sam you Do refus Burn the Lins and me exens for I am your lif friend and affectionate Levior rit Soon fail not

To Miss Mary Victory

Jan 23th 1862

The Poltroons.

A letter to the editor of the Detroit Free Press, dated London, Canada, Aug. 9, thus speaks of the poltroons: "You would have been amused had you been in our city this morning, to have seen the cowardly Yankees snubbed—those who run away from your country to escape the draft—Irish, Dutch and Yankees.—About fifty came to a family owned by a British subject. They applied for work, and the proprietor gave them a withering rebuke. He asked them if they were from the other side; they said, 'Yes.' 'Why did you leave?' 'Because we did not want to be drafted.' 'Have you not enjoyed all the benefits and had all the privileges of citizens?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I will tell you what I think of you. I consider you turned thieves, and a mean, contemptible pack of knaves, and unfit for an honest man to trust. I should be afraid, if I should employ you, that you would steal. And now boys (turning to his own hands,) I will give you fifty dollars to rotten-egg all the traitors to their own Government that ever come here again.'—The men hurried, and the traitors fled.—I only wish we had a few more such intelligent British subjects as the proprietor of that foundry."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September came to us the earliest of the Magazines and is well laden with things old and new. By old, we simply mean good things from old and well known authors who have contributed so much aforetime to our enjoyment. From most of them we would be sorry to part and yet we welcome the tokens of genius in the new contributors who are taking their places. "Life in the Open Air," "Rifle Clubs," "David Gault," and "The Life of Birds," are all agreeable articles. "The Horrors of St. Domingo" possesses its usual sombre interest, and Agassiz' "Natural History" articles claim the attention of all lovers of Nature.

"CONTINENTAL MONTHLY" FOR SEPTEMBER.—Besides the genial Editor's Table and Literary Notices, the Continental for September has twenty two contributions. Of course, we have not as yet read all that is embraced in such a table of contents as this. But remembering past numbers of the work and recalling scarcely an instance where they failed to gratify us, we therefore think ourselves justified in assuring our readers that the September number before us is as full of instruction and entertainment as any of its predecessors have been.

"AMONG THE PINES."—This admirable book, of which we have heretofore heard spoken of in terms of high praise, is having an almost unprecedented run. It is one of those books which hold the reader to its pages until the last page is reached. We are not going to say that it is in fact superior to Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, only that it takes us better. Like that great work, it blends the feelings and sympathies of the reader, which is in reality the secret of its immense success.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

The war has distributed our young townsmen over so many of the fields, pastures, woods, prairies, lakes, mountains, rivers, and even seas, within the precincts of Uncle Sam's world-renowned and hospitable arms, acting as willing and generous sentinels, against the marauders of its good products, that hardly a day passes but brings a letter from some one of them, containing information and matters of interest to their friends and the public from each particular post of the writer. These missives show, in their own peculiar, unadorned, natural way, "the form and pressure of our times." And as such we are happy to have had the opportunity of frequently impressing them on our sheet, with the humble aspiration that this feature of it would make it of some value, should it ever be honored with a transmission so far into the future as to be peered into for a collateral record of the character and history of our town and townsmen in these momentous days. Here follows a copy from one of our native citizens dated at

MILL CREEK GENERAL HOSPITAL, NEAR FORT MONROE, VA., SUNDAY, Aug. 17th, 1862.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Your date of Aug. 13th came duly to hand. Considerable changes have been going on here since I last wrote; they have not as yet affected me, except rather to increase my duties in common with the rest of the surgeons. As I said in my letter to Eliza, a Dr. Bronson, of Attleboro, Mass., has been put in charge of our Hospital. One of our corps, Dr. Smith, has been commissioned as Second Assistant in the 10th N. Y. and gone to join the regiment. To take his place, two additional surgeons, Dr. Hutchinson, of Maine, and Dr. Litch, of Pennsylvania, have been detailed here, and a medical cadet, by the name of Mason. Dr. Merriam, of Boston, is expected within a few days. He will be an addition, and is a nice fellow; I know him quite well. Our staff will then consist of seven Surgeons, viz:—Crocker, of Boston; Allen, of Lawrence, R. I.; Litch, of Pennsylvania; Merriam, of Boston; Osborne, of South Danvers; and the Medical Cadets, Lester, of New York; Beers, of New York; and Mason, of Attleboro, Mass. We need them all and many more.

Within the past few days, about 1,700 men have been sent here for hospital accommodation and ration. About a hundred and thirty hospital tents, (each tent to accommodate ten patients,) have been put up for their lodgings, while their medical aid and ration are supplied from this hospital. You see at once it is a pretty large draft on our resources, though to be sure most of those patients require but little treatment, and of those who do many of them are able to come to the office and obtain advice and recipe for themselves. These patients are from McClellan's army, which you know has started for some other point, and of course had been obliged to dispose of its sick and wounded in permanent hospitals. The Chesapeake (hospital), which is about a mile from here, and made a hospital from a Female Seminary, contain also about 1,000 to 1,400 men, with only accommodations actually for 600 or 600. This building is about six stories high, with a cupola at least fifty feet above that, and from the top the view is magnificent. I went up there the other night and was well repaid. The ruins of Hampton lie on one side and the fort on the other, with Hampton Roads and the opposite shore stretching far away in front.

One of the most startling changes here, however, has been the dismissal from the service of both the Surgeons of the 6th Maryland Regiment, Drs. Gilman and Norris, with whom I have been messing, it is alleged for disloyalty. With regard to Norris, I think it possible, but I think Gilman has been harshly treated. He has been sick for two or three weeks and has been unable to obtain a furlough; now when he is much worse, and evidently suffering from remittent fever, he receives the notification; and what is more, it comes direct from the President of the United States; so that it must have been issued for some very grave offense. Dr. Gilman left yesterday, a very sick man. Dr. Norris remains to-day, awaiting some appointment to take his place. He would not have done this, if he had not been shamed into it on the score of humanity. He would have left the regiment entirely in the lurch.

I have now joined the mess of our staff and like it much. It is cheaper, better, and more agreeable, as I now feel more like one of the crowd.

I have not seen Major Bolles for several days. I believe he is now doing well,—shall try to see him to-day.

Your son, G.
P. M. of Aug. 20th.—Have received the package from Baltimore. We have lots of work now. 3,300 patients are to be taken care of in the three hospital buildings and 160 hospital tents. They are McClellan's sick. He has been here to-day, and will probably make his Headquarters less than quarter of a mile from our hospital. His army is within a few miles of Fort Monroe. One Division arrived yesterday. Porter's Division is at Newport News. The latter Stephen Wold was connected with. I expect to visit the army to-morrow.

Yours in haste, G.

BROWNLOW ON SIDELL.—As a specimen of finished abuse, Parson Brownlow's notice of John Sidell, in a speech at Utica, was an unapproachable thing in its line. "Perhaps," he said, "some of you men with grey hairs, among my hearers, have visited Washington, and have seen John Sidell; if you have, you must have seen an exact counterpart of a full grown orang outang. When God Almighty placed the head on his shoulders He did it with the expectation that nobody would mistake him for an honest man." The Parson characterized him further as the "butt out of original sin and the upper crust of inhumanity," and said he would not insult the memory of Judas Iscariot by comparing him with the modern traitor.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF PATRIOTS.—Rufus Hart, of South Danvers, is now and has been for more than a year in the U. S. Volunteer army, fighting in defense of the Union and the Constitution, for the preservation of which his father fought in the war of 1812, and for the establishment of which his grandfather fought through the long and wearisome seven years war of the revolution, during which he visited his family but once. The great-grandfather of Rufus fought through the old "French war." We cannot trace the family genealogy any farther, but it is fair to presume that the earlier generations did their share in fighting the Indians.—Gaz.

One of the claps at New Fairhaven, Ct., who cut off a finger to escape the draft, has since died of lockjaw.

Cloud Scenery.

MR. EDITOR,—Did you observe the scenery of the heavens last Saturday eve? It was perfectly magnificent.

As the glorious Orb of day went down behind the western hills, the flash of his last dying smiles set all the drapery of the skies on fire. Fit symbol, thought we, of the influence of a good man's life, felt in moulding and beautifying the characters of others, long after he has passed from earth to heaven.

There might be seen a small patch of clouds dashed with roseate tints, their movements scarcely perceptible—there a delicate line of crimson, stretching itself from north to west, like a bar to the gate of Paradise. Self-poised above, hangs a rich amber-colored cloud, solitary and alone, like a vast diamond, or a seraph's golden shield, while flecks of purple, embroidered with silvery light, danced attendance in the distance.

But now as the evening steals on, immense volumes of clouds begin to rise, sometimes resembling huge battlements, dark at their base, but erested with heavy brazen ordnance, from whose tips the "live thunder" seems just ready to leap—then changing to the shape of mighty billows convulsed by a furious storm, and fringed with phosphorescent lightning,—anon, twisting themselves into the forms of vast anacondas, with spiral folds, and fiery tongues issuing from their heads. Again, a gloomy cavern opens, through which you may gaze, as if the doors of the shadow of death had been unfolded. In one direction a high mottled steed may be seen, rearing and plunging with nostrils and his "neck clothed with thunder"—in another, the fierce bird of Jove appears," with outspread wings, holding a thunderbolt in his talons—in yet another, an Indian Chief, arrayed in the fantastic costume of his race, stands with his right foot advanced, a bow in his left hand, with arrow upon the string, drawn to the head.

But list! the breeze freshens, and as the "winds lift up their voices, the heavy battalions of vapors move with" accelerated speed, and a swift-footed messenger darts up, and pursues with airy heels his course through the heavens in advance, as if to give notice of the coming storm.

And now comes the "final charge. Caught in the blast, the swarthy legions rush" onward to the south, helter-skelter, pell-mell—one column pressing on after, and overtaking another, till the whole becomes a scene of the wildest disorder and most inextricable confusion. But look again. In the north, the clear crystalline sky breaks out as fresh and bright as the eyelids of the morning. "Fair weather cometh out of the North; with God is terrible majesty!"

Was it not an apt emblem of the political condition of our country?

We at the North are free from the horrors and desolations of the present conflict. But how have the clouds of war accumulated at the other end of the Union? Thitherward sweeps the crimson tide. There the "battle of the warrior is heard with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood" line hill and field and valley.

But we observed that the whole cavalcade of sable-clad warriors drove southward, till at length they all disappeared from the sky, and the bright everlasting stars came out one after another, in serene beauty, while the brilliant constellations in the North shut up their pointed, tremulous shafts in tumultuous glory, as if rejoicing that order had once more been restored to the hearers.

And thus we trust it will be, that the waves of this infernal rebellion shall recede farther and farther towards the Gulf, and finally vanish out of sight. Then will the principles of justice and civil liberty again dawn upon the country, and become the guiding stars of the nation forevermore. "Truth shall spring out of the earth a righteousness teak down from heaven."

HAMILTON—A Sad Occurrence.—On Saturday afternoon, Samuel Saunders, a boy about fifteen years old, was drowned, while bathing in company with a younger brother and one other boy, in Miles' River, just below Moulton's bridge, so called. He either waded or plunged into a deep place in the river, and might have struck a rock upon the bottom, or been taken with cramp, as the boys say his head was turned or bent down towards his body, and was thus, though the place was only a few yards wide, unable to get out. The other boys could not help him, but run to the nearest house for assistance, but before the body was recovered, life was past being restored. The deceased was a son of Mr. Nathaniel Saunders, who has two sons in the army, and was kind, faithful and universally beloved.—Gazette.

BATTLE FIELD HORRORS.—The Charleston Mercury of a recent date says:—

Gentlemen who have ridden over the battle fields of the Seven Pines and the battle fields of subsequent fights state that the flies exist in such swarms that it is with the utmost difficulty that a horse can be controlled in passing over them, the insects swarming out of the trees and ground, and lighting upon both horses and riders. The dead of both armies have been buried so slightly that the scent attracts the flies to the localities. This may account for the sparse collection of flies at Richmond, and it is remarked that the troublesome insects are fewer than for years past. Immense flocks of crows and buzzards also hover over the fields at times, attracted there by the festering wreck of humanity beneath.

THE MUSICAL STRING OF PEARLS.—A collection of Hymns and Tunes, original and selected, adapted to all occasions of Social Worship. By Rev. J. W. Dudson, author of "Rivival Melodies," "The Melodion," &c.—We are indebted to E. B. Wait of Danvers for a copy of this work. It contains some of the choicest Hymns and Tunes extant, and will prove a valuable auxiliary on "all occasions of social worship."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September has been received by E. B. Wait of Danvers from A. Williams & Co. The number contains thirteen articles, besides its monthly record and Editor's Easy Chair and Drawer. Five of these articles are illustrated. "Iron-clad Vessels" will be especially interesting at this time. "A Partie Carre" is a striking and original story by Mrs. Stoddard. Thackeray's "Philip" is concluded. "Orley Farm" has got on as far as the trial of Lady Mason, and the present number is very exciting. "The Language and Poetry of Smoke," "Benjamin Silliman," and Carlyle's Frederick the Great" are among the most attractive of the remaining papers.

ITEMS.

At the training in Bangor, Vice President Hamlin shouldered slab and marched in the ranks all

The able bodied men of Graft lots to see who should go to fill in man, and then sent him as a vote

It seems that General Stone has as mysteriously as he was impropriously stopping with his family in

"Long John" Wentworth of (engaged in organizing a regiment to be commanded by himself,

The New York Independent's jutant General Thomas is a tra from his office our plans all also revealed to the rebels.

It is said the N. Y. Herald w an early death by a timely loan capitalist.

When the devil rebelled, God him and ask him to give bond Journal.

No; but he gave him a pass to go South.—Nashville Union.

Capt. Joseph A. Dalton, of th Division has been appointed Maj regiment, of which there are bet seven hundred men now in camp

The Princess Clotilde, who has ed a member to the royal family o determined to

SOUTH DANVERS, Aug. 25th, 1862.
Mr. Editor,--In your account of the citizens meeting of last Friday evening, you do me, unintentionally I am bound to suppose, very great injustice, by representing that I made remarks opposed to volunteering and bounties.

I expressly recommended volunteering, but thought that if volunteers for the nine months service could not be had without paying bounties it would be just as well--more satisfactory to all concerned--more agreeable to the advice of the Governor--a better precedent for the future, and in my judgment, just as patriotic, to submit, quietly, promptly and uncomplainingly to a draft.

Will you correct the impression your report conveys by inserting this or something equivalent in your next issue?
Respectfully Yours,
SIDNEY C. BANCROFT.

The 14th Regiment.
So many reports have been in circulation in relation to the whereabouts of this Regiment, that the friends of the many of our young men who have joined it will be interested to know that it has at last left the Forts on the south bank of the Potomac, and in company with two or three old New York regiments, marched to Alexandria with three days rations in its haversacks. From this point, it is reported that it will embark on the river and go down stream, perhaps to Aquia Creek. This indicates that its destination is to reinforce McClellan, and not join Banks as at first reported. The Regiment has for some days been under marching orders, and on Thursday it was made a sure thing that it was to move. It left the Forts about noon, 1,800 strong, and made a formidable appearance. At that time, 11,000 of the new troops had arrived in the vicinity, making a strong guard for Washington.

The story that the 14th was to embark for New Orleans, is not generally credited.

LYNN.--A man named Baldwin, supposed to be the principal of a gang of scoundrels who have been making and circulating base coin for some months past, was arrested in Lynn, one day last week, by a Boston police officer.

Doe Power.--Dog power is coming into use in New York to a large extent. Why it has not before been applied extensively all over the world, and those huge mastiffs allowed to lie about in the sunshine, and consume as much food as the children of a poor man, passes comprehension. The German ash-mongers and rag-pickers are teaching people wonderful lessons in the way of economizing over. Three stout dogs harnessed to an ash-cart, can draw a load nearly equal to a horse. They work with a will, and guided by a man--and often a woman--in the shafts, draw a load which no individual unaided, could master. It is wonderful to see their strength, and remarkable docility and teachableness. When he master stops, they instantly rest, and at the slightest signal they straighten out their traces. Only one kind word, often mere look, from the brute which so often kicks them, they gratefully receive. More than that, they recompense it with eager effort and wonderful toil at the drag ope.

Dr. D. C. Perkins has been appointed inspector of recruits for South Danvers and vicinity.

Town of South Danvers.

Proposals will be received for a loan of Ten thousand Dollars, pursuant to a vote of the town passed August 25th, 1862, authorizing the Treasurer to hire this sum to pay bounty to military volunteers. Proposals will state the terms for one year, and will be received until Wednesday, Sept. 30.

FRANCIS BAKER, Town Treasurer.
August 26, 1862.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY
will meet on Wednesday and Thursday of each week, for work, and to give out garments made, to those who prefer taking them home.

The Hall will be open from 2 to 7 1-2 o'clock M.

Sun Umbrellas--at J. F. ALMY'S.

Sun Umbrellas--at J. F. ALMY'S.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin.
Like a staff!

And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crease in his laugh.

That is the man who refused to take Dr. Hien's Invigorating Spirit to cure his disordered stomach--the crook in his back, and the melancholy crease in his voice.

Ham's Invigorating Spirit can be obtained at Mr. D. Grosvenor's Apothecary Shop, 23 Main St.

South Danvers Fish Market.

P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge. ap30

To Let.

A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a printer or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of S. D. Symonds, 64 Main Street.

South Danvers, July 26, 1862.

\$100 REWARD!

The Subscriber will pay the above reward to any person who will detect and bring to justice the villain or villains who unworried the passengers from the wheels of his omnibuses, thus exposing the passengers to danger of life and limb.

B. F. BURKHAM.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

TO PATRONS.--Those of our patrons who have oblige, administrators' notices, &c., to print, & desiring to have them published in this paper, have only to signify their wish to the judge register who procures the insertion, and the just will be complied with.

Sun Umbrellas--at J. F. ALMY'S.

Printing Office for Sale.

The Printing Office of the "SOUTH DANVERS WEEKLY" is offered for sale if applied for immediately. In ordinary times it has a large Job Business, and the paper has a good circulation. It is well stocked with book and job type (all modern), and has four presses, viz: a Tufts Hand Press, Adams Power Press, Ragles Engine Press, and Gordon Billhead Press, all in good working order, together with a variety of other material usually found in a first-rate printing office. Terms cash.

CHARLES D. HOWARD.

South Danvers, Aug. 20, 1862.

Visit OSBORN'S Store, and look at the unusual variety of new styles in Hats and Caps, 191 Essex street, Salem.

Port of Danvers.

At 17th, sch Diamond, Norton, Rondout.

At 19th, sch Brutus, Cragin, Boston.

At 20th, sch Thatcher Taylor, Loring, New York.

Marriages.

In Salem, Aug. 13, by Rev Mr Spaulding, Mr Geo W Edwards, 30th Mass. Regt, to Miss Mary E Mulligan, both of Salem.

10th, by Rev Mr Beaman, Mr Horace E Sanborn to Miss Catherine B Smith.

16th, by Rev Mr Carleton, Mr Francis L Stanwood of Salem, to Miss Mary J Ross of St Albans.

20th, by Rev Mr Beaman, Mr Thomas W Walton to Miss Mary H Weston.

24th, by Rev Mr Eaton, Mr Otis B Sheldon of Haverhill, to Miss Mary J daughter of Thos M Dix, Esq. of Salem.

24th, by Rev Mr Thayer, Mr Joseph H Torr to Miss Caroline Barnard.

24th, by Rev Mr Thayer, Mr Otis B Sheldon of Haverhill, to Miss Mary J daughter of Thos M Dix, Esq. of Salem.

24th, by Rev Mr Thayer, Capt. George S Nelson, of South Danvers, 30th Regiment Mass Vols, to Miss Sarah Lizette, eldest daughter of George O. Hodgdon, Esq. of Salem.

In Lynn, Aug. 21, by Rev Mr M. Curdy, Mr Michael Taylor to Miss Sarah A Schofield, of Saugus; 13th, Mr Charles F Beckards to Miss Nellie H Stearns.

Deaths.

In Beverly, Aug. 13, Mr Benjamin S. Galea, aged 62 yrs 8 mos--formerly of South Danvers.

EDWARD HAMMOND

Hereby gives notice to the people of South Danvers, that he still continues to offer his services, when needed, as an

UNDERTAKER,

and Furnisher of such articles as are used in the solemnization of funerals. His residence is on Hammond's Corner, Wallis street, near the Essex Railroad Station.

South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

Good Advice.

Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright--just listen now.

Take HERICK'S PILLS
Should friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never more caress;
There is a cure for such distress,
In HERICK'S PILLS.

Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every part of life be crossed,
Take the sure balm of HERICK'S PILLS.

Should sudden illness hint of death,
Should cruel landlords turn you out,
Your help--your refuge, you can shout,
In HERICK'S PILLS.

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated, with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 34 page.

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.

The combination of ingredients in these Pills are the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities. Painful Menstruations, removing all obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, whites, all nervous affections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arise from interruption of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS

was the commencement of a new era in the treatment of those irregularities and obstructions which have consigned so many to a PAINFUL GRAVE. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular, and whenever an obstruction takes place the general health begins to decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS

are the most effectual remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to Females. To all classes they are invaluable, inducing, with certainty, periodical regularity. They are known to thousands, who have used them at different periods throughout the country, having the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each box--The Price One Dollar per Box, containing from 60 to 80 Pills.

Pills sent, mail, promptly, by remitting to the Proprietor. Sold by Druggists generally.

R. B. HUTCHINGS, Proprietor,
20 Cedar St., New York.

D. P. GROSVENOR agent for So. Danvers and G. C. Goodwin, Boston. ap16-1y

Advertisements.

W. E. P. SMYTH,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Practor in Admiralty, and Commissioner of Deeds for the several States.

Frazier's Building, over the Post Office, LYNN, MASS.

Having peculiar means for procuring, with accuracy and dispatch, all claims against Government, especially those for Bounties, Back Pay and Pensions, I have made this a specialty. Several months' residence in Washington enabled me to become thoroughly conversant with the routine of business in all the Departments, through which claims, of whatever nature, are passed, and also familiar with the private law in the Treasury Department, which advantages give me unexcelled facilities for the successful prosecution of business in any way connected with Government.

Important to Soldiers, Marines and their Heirs.

Persons entitled in the U. S. Service, Land or Naval, since March 1, 1861, if disabled in the service, are entitled to Pension; Relatives of Persons deceased in the service are entitled to Bounty and Pension; in the following order:

1st. The Widow. 4th. The Mother. 2d. The Children. 5th. The Brothers and Sisters. 3d. The Father. 6th. The Sisters collectively.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION need not be taken on, in ordinary cases, to enable heirs of persons deceased in the service to obtain Pensions and Bounties.

When a discharge is granted for disability, in no case should the Cash of Identity on the back of the Discharge be filled up. The same course is to be carried all papers at once to an Attorney, without tampering with them. All those who have claims, should present them without delay, as soon as the pressure will thereto great upon the Auditor's Office, by reason of numerous applications, that applicants will be subjected to vexatious delay in getting their claims audited.

NO CHARGE MADE UNTIL CLAIMS ARE PAID.

Lynn, Aug. 27, 1862--1y

ANNIE BRAY.

No. 76 FEDERAL STREET, SALEM.

COTTONS AT LOWER PRICES

During the month of August I shall sell Doz. Cotton Goods at very low prices, in order to prepare to open New Goods the first of Sept. at 27 ANN R BRAY, 76 Federal st.

GAYLE & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

Flour, Grain and Produce,

Manufacturers' Agents for the sale of Concentrated Lye, Soda and Pearlash Saleratus, and Bi Carb. Soda.

PHILLIPS WHARF, Salem.

John P. Peabody.

Hosiery and Gloves

Wrought Setts

Grenadine Veils

Black Lace Veils

Hair and Nail Brushes

Light Kid Gloves

Bonnet Ribbons

Bonnet Ruches

Dress Buttons

Dress Trimmings

Embroidered Bands

White Checked Cambrics

White Jaconet Cambrics

WE ARE SELLING

AT

LOW PRICES

In order to reduce our stock.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

220 ESSEX ST., SALEM.

TO BE OPENED THIS DAY

AT

BROWNING & LONG'S,

The following articles--Entirely New Patterns:

Swiss Ruffles,

Lace Ruffles,

Revere Ruffles,

And Swiss Collette Ruffles.

ALSO

CAMBRIC AND LINEN SETTS,

and SWISS AND LINEN SETTS.

TO BE OPENED THIS DAY

AT

BROWNING & LONG,

The following articles--Entirely New Patterns:

Swiss Ruffles,

Lace Ruffles,

Revere Ruffles,

And Swiss Collette Ruffles.

ALSO

CAMBRIC AND LINEN SETTS,

and SWISS AND LINEN SETTS.

TO BE OPENED THIS DAY

AT

BROWNING & LONG,

No. 177 Essex Street,

Successors to J. Mayer.

Offer their stock of

"Embroideries,"

Consisting of

Cambric and Muslin Setts,

Cambric & Muslin Collars

Cambric & Muslin Bands,

And Infants' Waists,

AT A REDUCTION OF

PER CENT

USUAL LOW PRICES.

August 20, 1862. SALEM, Mass.

\$22 MONITOR. \$22

SEWING MACHINE

For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Combining all the latest improvements that the best mechanical skill can invent.

The proprietors, practical Sewing Machine inventors, having had many years experience in the business, and having devoted the past year to the perfection of the Monitor, are now confident that for simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship and durability, beauty of design and finish, the Monitor must supersede all others as the best practical Family Sewing Machine yet offered to the public.

Every variety of sewing that can be done on any machine can be done on the Monitor. It uses a straight needle, and will sew any fabric from the most flimsy muslin to the coarsest broadcloth and leather. All kinds of thread used direct from the spools without the trouble of rewinding, from the finest cotton and sewing silk to the coarsest linen.

There is no spool on the under part, like all other sewing machines; both are on the upper part, where any child can adjust them.

Confident that a first class Family Sewing Machine at a moderate price, has long been needed to meet the wants of all--the poor as well as the rich--and believing that such a machine must command the liberal patronage of the people and find a rapid sale, the proprietors offer the Monitor at the extremely low price of \$22. The Monitor is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect order five years without charge.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and the Canadas to whom the most liberal inducements are offered.

All communications must be addressed to the undersigned, at the Bureau Sewing Machine Office and Patent Exchange,

260 Washington st. Boston.

THOS. DERMOT, SOLE AGENT.

June 4--6m

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

WILLIAM J. WALTON,

94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at sat

isfactory prices.

Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.

WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main st.

South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862.

D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,

Druggist and Apothecary,

33 MAIN STREET.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye

Stuffs, and Popular Proprietary Medicines.

Personal attention to Physicians' Prescriptions.

South Danvers, May 29, 1861.

GEO. E. MEACOM,

Druggist & Apothecary,

37 Main St., So. Danvers,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Foreign Soothers, Shakers,

Horns, Dye Stuffs, Guns,

Acids, Sponges, Shout-

ter Braces, Trusses,

and Genuine Patent Medicines.

Also, Imported Oils of choice brands, Perfumery

Toilet Articles and Stationery.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared by ex

perienced persons.

37 MAIN STREET.

PATTERSON'S

LEATHER HANDLING MACHINE

THIS undersigned is agent for the above

machine. It can be seen in operation at

Pinder & Brown's Tannery.

may 7--3m

CLARK & CIDDINGS.

AMONG THE PINES.

A NEW supply of the Cheap Edition, price

much reduced, for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,

aug13 190 Essex street.

FOR SOLDIERS.

PHOTOS--Roll-up Writing Cases--Pocket

Books, and Stationery of all kinds, for

sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,

aug13 190 Essex st., Salem.

TELEGRAM MAPS.

FRESH supply received. Blue and Red

Pencils for marking the above--6 cts each

--for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

NEW BOOKS

A T G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S--190

Essex street--

The Orpheus C. Kerr papers;

Marrying for Money, by Mrs MacKenzie Dan-

iels; Continental Monthly for September;

The Downfall of England, by George Francis

Train, and a sermon on Civil War in America,

by Archbishop Hughes--10 cts.

Harper's Monthly for September;

School for the Soldier, from Cameron's Tac-

tics, 25 cts.

George S. Walker.

SUMMER UNDER WEAR.

FOR GENTLEMEN, selling at a reduction

from former prices, and at less than similar

grades can be manufactured.

GEORGE S. WALKER,

Dea' in Gent's Furnishing Goods and

Toilet Articles,

aug13 Opposite Eastern Railroad Station

FOR ARMY WEAR

AND TRAVELLERS' USE--All - Wool

Shirts. Also a fine assortment of Collars,

Ties, Suspenders, &c., &c., at

GEORGE S. WALKER'S

The Free Soldier's Cry.

"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

Freemen! freemen! Oh remember,
Soldiers! soldiers! Oh remember,
Brothers! brothers! Oh remember,
That we strike for Liberty!

Rally, rally, round our banner,
'Tis the flag our fathers hallowed,
'Tis the standard they uplifted,
In the glorious days of old!

When the battle rages loudest,
When the dead are falling round us,
We shall feel through all the struggle,
God and freedom on our side!

Freemen! freemen! Oh remember,
Soldiers! soldiers! Oh remember,
Brothers! brothers! Oh remember!
That we strike for Liberty!

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND HIS CATS.—A human being, weighing a general principle, must call up before his mind all that is to be said for and against it, as well as say whether the weightiest reasons make for or against. And he may quite overlook some important reason, on one side or other. He may quite forget something so obvious and familiar, that a child might have remembered it. Or he may fail to discern that some consideration which mainly decides his judgment, is open to a fatal objection, which every one can see is fatal the instant it is stated. Was it not Sir Isaac Newton who had a pet cat and kitten? And did not these animals annoy him while busy in his study, by frequently expressing their desire to be let out and in? The happy thought struck him that he might save himself the trouble of often rising to open his study-door for their passage by providing a way that should always be practicable for their exit or entrance. And accordingly the great man cut in his door a large hole for the cat to go out and in, and a small hole for the kitten. He failed to remember what the stupidest bumpkin would have remembered, that the large hole through which the cat passed might be made use of by the kitten too. And the lustrous philosopher discerned the error into which he had fallen, and the fatal objection to the principle on which he had acted, only when taught it by the logic of facts. Having provided the holes already mentioned, he waited with pride to see the creatures pass through them for the first time. And as they arose from the rug before the fire, where they had been lying, and evinced a disposition to roam to other scenes, the great mind stopped in some sublime calculation; the pen was laid down; and all but the greatest man watched them intently. They approached the door and discerned the provision made for their comfort. The cat went through the door by the large hole provided for her, and instantly the kitten followed her through the same hole! How the great man must have felt his error! There was no resisting the objection to the course he had pursued, that was brought forward by the act of the kitten. And it appears almost certain that if Newton, before committing himself by action, had argued the case; if he had stated the arguments in favor of the two holes, and if he had heard the house-maid on the other side, the error would have been averted.—Good Words.

Too Wise.—A correspondent of a city paper, relates the following story, to illustrate the importance of common sense to great men:

Great men, my boy, are never so great but that they can profit occasionally by a suggestion from the humblest of the species. I once knew a very great man who went home in a shower, and was horrified at discovering that he could not get his umbrella through the front door. He was a very great man, understood Sanscrit, made speeches that nobody could comprehend, and had relatives in Beacon street, Boston. There he stood. There he stood in the rain, my boy, pushing his umbrella this way and that way, turning it endways and sideways, holding it at acute angles and obtuse angles; but still it wouldn't go through the door, or anything like it. By and by there came a chap of humble attainments, who sung out:

"What's the matter, old three-and-six-pence?"

"Ah, my friend, I cannot get my umbrella into the house. I've been trying for half an hour to wedge it through the door, but I can't get it through, and know not how to act."

The humble chap stood under the gas light, my boy, and by the gleam thereof his mouth was seen to pucker foolishly.

"Hev you tried the experiment of shutting up that air umbrella?" says he.

The great man gave a start, and says he:—

"Per Jovem! I did not think to do that."

And he shut his umbrella and went in peacefully.

PRENTICE says:—"A chap sometimes comes in our office and sits hour after hour without telling one word of truth during the whole time. He can outsize a hen, and outlie the devil." He must be one of the telegraph reporters for the Associated Press.

"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder mill.

Advertisements.



PRINTING

IN EVERY VARIETY.

Neatly and Promptly EXECUTED

At

The Wizard Office,

SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE,

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

POSTERS,

(LARGE AND SMALL,) WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT

IN THIS

VICINITY.

BALE CIRCULARS, TICKETS,

— AND —

Orders of Prices.

Address Cards,

Wedding Cards,

Printed in the neatest manner, And on the finest stock.

BILL-HEADS

For Manufacturing and Mercantile Houses,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

And all kinds of BLANKS of every description Printed to suit.

EVERY DESCRIPTION

— OF —

JOB PRINTING

Done in the best manner, and at the

LOWEST PRICES.

— AND —

WARRANTED

To please or no pay, at the

WIZARD OFFICE,

Allen's Building,

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF

FIRE PROOF SAFE

Manufacture is divided into two classes, viz:

THE MARLAND PATENT—see class 1.

ALL OTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF MANUFACTURE—the other class.

These two classes differ in one vitally important point.

Experience and mechanical skill have produced in this after class article equal to the requirements in only five out of the six sides of the safe.

Experience has also shown the cause, in the number of cases of this class of safe having been burned, to be the heat being conducted by the iron, indispensable in the construction of the door and doorway, directly upon the inside wood casing of the safe, thereby proving this class unreliable in all emergencies.

THE MARLAND PATENT has proved to be as fire proof in the front or door side as in either one of its other sides, by so constructing the door and doorway of non-conducting material in place of the iron, as used in the other class of safe, so that the inside wood case is as wholly cut off from communication of heat through this side as if there were no opening there thus rendering it proof against any heat less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and stone.

M. B. BIGELOW & ANSON HARDY,

32 School street, Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers and Proprietors of

MARLAND PATENT SAFE.

REMOVAL!

AUGUSTUS HAMMOND,

Manufacturer and Repairer of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HAS removed from his old place of business to the Railroad Ground, opposite the Old South Church, where he would be happy to continue to receive favors from his friends and patrons.

may 21

Salem Superior.

400 BBLs. "SALEM SUPERIOR" Flour, rec'd this day, and for sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

Canada Oats.

1500 BUSHELS bright and sweet CAN. ADA OATS, received this day, and for sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

Flour.

400 BBLs. FLOUR, "Catawba" and "Peerless" brands, made expressly for Baker's use, received this day and for sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

THOMAS DAVIS,

ADVERTISING AGENT,

For the principal New England Newspapers, remains at the old stand, No. 23 Cornhill, Boston, where you will find him still loyal to the Constitution, the Laws, and Advertiser.

Boston, Jan 25, 1862.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF TIME

TO

LYNN & BOSTON

BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

On and after THURSDAY, June 19th, 1862,

W. F. BURNHAM'S

Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers, passing down Main street, through Washington street to Lynn, daily.

Leave South Danvers at 7.50 A.M., and 12.50 and 4.50 P.M.

Leave Lynn at 10 A.M., and 2.12 and 6.12 P.M.

Home Cars leaving Seollay's Building, Court street, Boston, at 8.15 A.M., 1.15 and 6.15 P.M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the above named hours, to take passengers to South Danvers.

Sunday Arrangements.

Leave S. Danvers at 7.50 a.m., and 4.50 p.m. Leave Lynn at 9.30 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Cars leave Seollay's Building, Boston, to meet the Omnibuses in Lynn for South Danvers, at 8.15 a.m. and 6.15 p.m.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Tickets to Lynn, - 15 cents. Through to Boston, - 30 cents.

Passengers called for at reasonable charges if notice is given at the Office.

EXRESS BUSINESS

Between South Danvers and Lynn promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.

EXTRA COACHES furnished at short notice, at moderate rates.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Sale and Lynn Omnibus.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, an Omnibus will leave Stage Office in Central St., Salem, for Lynn.

At 8.30 a.m. and 1.30 and 4.30 p.m. connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston Horse Railroad for Boston.

Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem, at 9.50 a.m., and 2.50 and 6.50 p.m.

or, on arrival of 8.14 a.m. and 1.14, 4.14 p.m. cars from Boston.

Fare—Between Lynn and Salem, 15 cts., or eight tickets for \$1. Through tickets from Salem to Boston, 30 cents. For sale by the Driver, and the Conductor in the cars.

ON SUNDAYS,

The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 a.m., and 4.30 p.m. Returning will leave Lynn at 10.50 a.m. and 6.50 p.m., or on arrival of the 9.15 a.m., and 4.16 p.m. cars from Boston.

Express business between Salem and Lynn promptly attended to.

Moses A. SHACKLEY.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

MOSES A. SHACKLEY, HENRY M. MERRILL

South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit and receive their patronage.

The undersigned is authorized to collect all bills and to settle all accounts against the late firm, and all persons interested are requested to act accordingly.

IL. M. MERRILL.

South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861.

MUNROE'S

(LATE REED'S)

SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON

RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 8.10 a.m.

Express leaves Boston at 1.12 p.m.

Freight " " at 5 p.m.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers Square.

Order Box. W. M. Jacobs' store, Main street.

EXPRESS OFFICE, in Boston, 5 Congress Square; Freight Office, 1 Fulton st.

Also an Order Box at 80 Pearl street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.

Packages received and sent forward daily for Ball's more, Fortens, Blount, and other regiments, and any other point where the different regiments are stationed.

WM. C. MUNROE,

South Danvers, May 21—47

Flour and Pork.

RECEIVED this day, by rail:

60 bbls. Mass Pork

150 bbls. KYTONE MILLS FLOUR;

100 bbls. Fagin's "

For sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

aug 6

NATIONAL TAX BOOK.

COMPLETE edition, only 10 cents, with a large type, for sale by

aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

CHEAP READING.

SUBSCRIPTION Circulating Library—into which all the new books are put as soon as they are published.

aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

STATIONERY

FOR SOLDIERS—of all kinds—compact folders and roll up cases—pocket inkstands, etc., etc., at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 100 Essex street, Salem.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

OF THE SEAT OF WAR, near Richmond— with positions of the armies during the recent engagements—just published.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

aug 6 100 Essex st., sign of Five Golden Books

COTTONS.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St.

WE have a full stock of all the different grades of Brown and Bleached Cottons Sheetings of every width.

aug 6

Prints. Prints.

AT the Lowest Cash Prices; Cambrics; Se-licias; Battings; Crashes.

aug 6 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St.

WHITE DINNEN WARE; White Tea Ware, and White Toilet Ware, at

may 14 R. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

BLOWING WARE. Mulberry and Flowering Blue Ware, of all kinds, constantly for sale at

may 14 R. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

CHINA AND GLASS WARE. French and English China Sets—and Out and Pressed Glass Ware of all kinds, constantly for sale at

may 14 R. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

PORT-FOLIOS, of every style—fresh lots just received from the manufacturers. Also, Gamm and Chess Boards—for sale by

may 14 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of Muckle Black Albert and Chester County breeds, of which the Muckle took the First Premium at the 1st Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

EDWIN GODDARD, Near Tupper's Brook.

South Danvers, March 27, 1861.

E. R. PERKINS,

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,

Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent sea or pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when desired.

MESSERS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers,

Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S

PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 29, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS-PORT,

DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL

OF the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Lehigh, Locust Mountain, Black Heath, Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.

Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,

J. Q. A. BACHLEDER,

C. T. BACHLEDER, July 19—47

THOMAS PINNOCK,

SALER, MASS.

Orders may be left at his yard, No. 25 Peabody St., or at his house No. 6 Hancock street, South Salem.

Roofs covered with any kind of Slates, according to order for Boston.

Samuel P. Maynard, vras. Austin W. Benton, Sec'y Hamilton Mutual Insurance Company, Salem, and Capital—\$200,000.

Wm. C. Prescott, Pres. John T. Burnham, Sec'y Eagle Fire Insurance Company, Boston.

Henry Earl, Pres. E. T. Underhill, Sec'y Mutual Safety Insurance Co., South Reading.

Horace P. Wakelid, Pres. D. E. Wheelock, Sec'y Also, will effect insurance on the LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS, for one year, seven years, or for the whole term of life, in the

Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., Springfield, Mass. Capital and Assets—\$750,000.

Caleb Rice, Pres. D. B. Bacon, Sec'y William Mack, M. D., Medical Examiner.

WM. ARCHER, Jr., 18 Washington st. and 34 Front st., Salem.

CURRIER & MILLET, Dealers in

Furniture, Chairs, MATRESSES, FEATHERS, & 255 & 261 ESSEX ST.

Salem, dec 14—ly

E. F. BURNHAM,

SOLE AGENT FOR

SARGENT & CO'S

MAGIC SOAP,

For South Danvers & Salem.

OFFICE—Central St., opp. Lowell Depot, at Burnham's Express Office, So. Danvers.

Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs.

Orders sent by rail or otherwise to So. Danvers will be promptly attended to.

tf-cit3

House Lots for Sale.

"TWENTY House Lots, of good size, are offered for sale, on a new street, on the land of the subscriber, leading from Aborn street, being a continuation of Pleasant street. The situation is pleasant, on high ground and easy of access. Land in its vicinity is rapidly advancing in value and a good opportunity is now afforded to obtain a good house lot at a cheap price and on easy terms. Application may be made to the Subscriber, WILLIAM SUTTON, South Danvers, March 26th, 1862.

Cottage for Sale.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1862.

NO. 35.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.
Terms—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
per square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
per square, 1.50 3.50 12.00
Notice of a column, 8.00 20.00 30.00
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.
55 cents per line will be charged for notices of sales for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to six months, and is not transferable. Advertisements of real estate, or for the sale of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or for the sale of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Cards.

WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
Salem, August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Mr. Upham will attend to the collection of Pension and Bounty Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their office to
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD
Dentist,
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.
Jan 11—17

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Insurance effected in the following offices:
Hamilton and Holyoke, Salem; Eagle, Boston;
Atlantic and Rockingham, Exeter.
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
South Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
SANT L. NEWMAN. NAT'L. SIMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Crochery, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.

No. 32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
Salem, Mass.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
Jan 23

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
West India Goods, Country Produce
No. 3 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

June 26

JESSE SMITH,
No. 282 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aueroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

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A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
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WINDOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
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DR. P. KENSON,
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Cures Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nails
penetrating the flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Selected Poetry.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the heeded whip-poor-will:
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track,
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The footman's form with bending back.
I think I see him crouching low,
I stop and list—I stop and peer—
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until mine eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone.
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the weird old tulip tree,
My silent marches I resume,
And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night
The deep bay-windows fringed with vine;
The room within, in softened light,
The tender, milk white hand in mine,
The timid pressure, and the pause
That oftentimes overcame our speech—
That time when by mysterious laws
We each felt all in each.

And then, that bitter, bitter day,
When came the final hour to part,
When clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart.
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go,
I had to tear myself away,
And left her stolid in her woe.

So rose the dream—to pass the night—
When distant in the darkness glen,
Approaching up the sombre height,
I heard the solid march of men;
Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry:
It rings along the watchful line.
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply.
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge, I wait,
The corporal gives the mystic spell,
With arms at part I charge my mate,
And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I think, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When'er the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
That when I wear the camp divine,
Whether in travail or in pain,
I too may have the countersign.

TRUE POETRY.

For elegance and beauty, the following lines
from the pen of Charles Mackay, challenge the
whole world of poetry:

How many thoughts I give thee!
Come hither on the grass,
And if thou'lt count unfeigned
The green blades as we pass;
Or the leaves that sigh and tremble,
To the sweet wind of the west,
Or the rippling of the river,
Or the sunbeams on its breast,
I'll count the thoughts I give thee,
My beautiful, my best!

How many joys I owe thee!
Come sit where joys run high,
And count the heaving billows,
That break on the shores and die—
Or the grains of sand they fondle,
When the storms are overblown,
Or the peal in the deep-sea caverns,
Or the stars in the milky zone,
And I'll count the joys I owe thee,
My beautiful, my own!

And how much love I proffer!
Come scoop the ocean dry,
Or weigh in thy tiny balance
The star ships of the sky;
Or twine around thy fingers,
The sunlight streaming wide,
Or fold it in thy bosom,
While the world is dark beside;
And I'll tell how much I love thee,
My beautiful, my bride!

ROMPING.—Don't be afraid of a little
romping on the part of your girls, and
never punish them for indulging in it,
but thank heaven, who has endowed them
so largely with animal spirits. These
must have vent in some way, and better
the glow which a little romping imparts
to the cheeks, than a distorted spine or a
pallid brow. Health is one of the great-
est of blessings; and only a good share
of physical exercise can secure this to
children. Let them romp then, even if
they do make some noise, and tear their
dresses occasionally, and lead you to cry
out, "Oh, dear! what shall I do!" Yes,
let them romp. Soberer time will come
by-and-by. Life brings its cares soon
enough to all; and let the children be
happy while they are young. God made
them to be happy, and why should par-
ents thwart His plans? We do not be-
lieve in a dull childhood, but in cheerfulness
in youth, and cheerfulness in age.

Original.

Sermons from Stones.

BY TIMOTHY OLDBOX.

No. 5.

I propose, my dear Sir, or dear Madam,
as the case may be, to tell you that thing,
which, more than any other, you desire
to know, and which, to say truth, is of
all others most important that you should
know. This, I admit, is considerable to
promise. And it may happen that the
conclusion, like the "ample propositions
which hope makes," "fail in its promised
largeness."

I shall tell you nothing new. What I
have to say is very old. You have read
it in books. You have heard it an hun-
dred times in Sermons,—that is, if your
experience goes back to the comparative-
ly remote period when the Gospel was
preached in this vicinity. Latterly, as
you know, nothing but war and most un-
charitable politics has been preached, at
least where I attend service. I was about
to say "Divine Service," but you have
already been informed of the good reason
I have for leaving out the word "Divine."

Here, let me say, by way of digres-
sions,—though I hate digressions, and
except in extreme cases, never indulge
in them,—what I, and doubtless many
other simple minded country folk, hon-
estly think of this modern New England
style of political war preaching. I shall
be brief at present, but hereafter I intend
to write several volumes upon this sub-
ject, which, by you, my dear madam,
and all other people of sense, will doubt-
less be read and approved.

In the first place, we think,—that is,
myself and the simple minded folk before
spoken of,—that this style of preaching is,
to say the least, in bad taste,—that it
does much harm and no good,—that, like
the royal prerogative in England some
years ago, it has increased, is increasing,
and ought to be diminished,—that, in-
deed, its entire abolition would tend
greatly to promote the spiritual well being
of the men and women of this country.

We think—we do—that it would be
much better for all parties to have once
more proclaimed the Gospel of Peace and
good will towards men, South as well as
North,—towards white masters as well
as black slaves,—towards those with
whom we differ in opinion as well as to-
wards those with whom we agree,—and
that this should be done, if possible, in
the spirit of that charity which is not
puffed up,—which hopeth all things, be-
lieved all things, endureth all things,
and which suffereth long and is kind.

But, dropping this matter, for I am
afraid, my dear Sir, that you already be-
gin to think me little better than one of
the wicked, for the very good reason that
I do not happen to think as you do, let
us proceed.

What I propose to tell you, and what
I have no doubt you most desire to know,
is simply how to make the most of this
world,—how, through a long and pros-
perous life, you may attain a peaceful
and happy old age. The precept is con-
tained in three words: Do your duty;—
your whole duty,—whenever and what-
ever that may happen to be. "Fear
God and keep his commandments; for
this is the beginning," as also the end,
"of wisdom."

This is not what you have been doing,
my good Sir,—not by any manner of
means. I shall tell you what you have
been doing. I know,—indeed, Sir, I
know much more about these matters
than you or your neighbors give me
credit for knowing. Instead of making
some effort to bring out your own dwarfed
self into the pattern of a perfect man,—in-
stead of using honestly the means with-
in your reach in the way of doing good,—
you have been striving to obtain prop-
erty, position, influence, applause,—in some
way to get socially or otherwise above
your neighbor, who is your better.

You have been striving to make a very
considerable man out of a very incon-
siderable part of a man, which all the rest
of this world and I, and all the rest
of us, have been doing all our lives. I
have no fault to find with you, Sir, or
any one else, in this matter. The fault,
doubtless, is somewhat in our stars as
well as ourselves, that we are underlings;
so let our stars take a fair share of re-
sponsibility for the mischief.

Our fierce Democracy, which is very
well in its way, has done much to make
all of us miserable and some of us wicked.
It has swept away the restraints of rank
and custom which, in the Old World, by
setting limits to hope, and bounds to
ambition, prevents unreasonable efforts
and everts disappointment. It has opened

the field of competition for all, and all
have rushed in; so that the life of each,
instead of the beautiful and harmonious
existence it might be, becomes an en-
vious striving after wealth, honor, social
position.

We wander up and down the earth and
give ourselves no rest, crying Lo here
and Lo there; in this direction or in
that, shall we chance to light upon fame
or fortune—at the very cheapest, we shall
make ourselves respectable.

And thus we wear out life, alas!
Distracted as a homeless wind,
In groping where we must not pass—
In seeking what we shall not find.

What is wanted to balance the evils
resulting from the fierce competitions of
our American life, is something that
shall limit our ambition and set a bound
to extravagant expectations,—some poise
is wanted that shall keep us contented
in that golden mean of existence for
which the highest and the humblest are
alike adapted,—some balm for

"This hunger and thirst of the heart;
This frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden—
The golden pomogrants of Eden
To quiet its fever and pain."

This way, for which we all seek,—
that through the "dim obscurity" leads
to "the happy isle,"—we shall find, in
what to most of us, doubtless, seems
the hard path of duty,—in the patient
well doing of small things.

There is a story of an Eastern Shep-
herd, who, having traveled the round
earth in search of happiness, returning at
last, weary and foot sore, to the tent of
his fathers, found it, a dweller among
rocks. So is it ever. "Not many great
men; not many mighty men;" but the
pure in heart,—they "see God." The
lines of those only who walk in the ways
of righteousness, are "cast in pleasant
places."

We are miserable, all of us; I am, at
least. We are wicked. We ought to be
miserable. Let us thank God that we
are so.

Doing our duty,—our whole duty,—each
in his own place,—this is the secret of a
harmonious and symmetrical life. This,
and this only, leads to a peaceful and
happy old age. And doing this, it mat-
ters little whether life pass unnoticed in
the obscurity of some private home, or
whether whole nations honor its departure
with their tears. Perfected in itself, it
needs not the uncertain witness of man's
praise, but even in dishonor, in ob-
loquy and temptation, it may strengthen
itself, and find comfort in the conscious-
ness of a pure intent.

Let us be virtuous, for so, only, shall
we be happy.

So manhood and old age shall be
Of lordlier shape than boyhood dreamed;
Each mount of promise, when 'tis reached,
Be fairer, greener than it seemed.

And so each agony that floats
Shall bring us blessings from afar,
Nor all the bitter strife of earth
The quiet of our souls shall mar.

"So shall we one day gain, life past,
Clear prospect of our beings whole,—
Shall see ourselves, and learn at last,
Our true affinities of soul.

"We shall not then deny a course
To every thought that men ignore,
We shall not then call hardness force
Nor lightness wisdom any more.

We shall not bend to earth's false gods
"The supple hinges of the knee,"
But know that peace and rest abide,
O fount of Truth, alone with Thee.

Selected.

The Lost Key.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I say, Philip, have you seen my port
monnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly
at the words, and he drew away the hand
which had been caressing his wife's pret-
ty hair.

"Is that port monnaie lost again?"
"Now, Philip," said the little woman,
with a world of pretty penitence in the
lengthened word, "don't scold. Upon
my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it
this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Cora," said the
iron-hearted husband, pushing back the
books on the table before him with a
movement denoting intense irritation.—
"Will you never break yourself of this
careless habit, my love?"

Cora was silent, looking down like a
naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what an annoyance
these careless habits are to a methodical
man like myself, dear," he added in a
gentler tone, as the coral lip began to
tremble and the eye to suffuse.

"Do try to be more thoughtful, for my

sake. Here is your lost treasure," he
added, quietly drawing a tiny case of
pearl and gold from his pocket. "I
found it lying on the stairs and thought
it a most excellent opportunity for giving
my careless little wife a lesson."

Cora clasped her little hands at the
sight of the restored treasure and danced
out of the room in girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the hus-
band, looking after her with a smile and
a sigh, blending unconsciously into one
another.

"Well, if I don't make haste I shall
be too late to meet that engagement on
Cedar street. Let me see, the notes are
in my secretarie, I believe. Nothing like
looking up things and keeping the keys
yourself. If Cora only followed my ex-
ample."

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking
in his various pockets, with nervous haste,
for something which seemed not to be
forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting
his lip. "I always put it in that vest
pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on
the table among those papers!"

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and
thither like animated snow flakes as Mr.
Walter hurriedly sought among their con-
fused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed,
in dire perplexity. "And every one of
those notes is looked up in the secretarie,
with no earthly chance of ever getting at
it! But I am certain the key can't be
lost—I never lose anything! It won't do
to wait many more minutes—I'll just put
on a clean shirt and run down town.—
Hang that key!"

Mr. Walter hastened to his room to
complete the details of his toilet, ere he
left the house, but his trials were not yet
destined to terminate. He was a method-
ical man, therefore his bureau was care-
fully locked; he always kept things in
one place, therefore the keys were snugly
reposing in one corner of the inaccessible
secretarie.

He rushed frantically back to the li-
brary, hoping faintly that the key might
be on the mantle piece, where he had not
yet searched. No—it is not there, but a
treacherous inkstand was the contents
whereof, by one unlucky sweep of the
elbow, descended in an elon cataraet over
his shirt bosom—the shirt bosom upon
which alone he had depended.

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he
murmured, gloomily, stanching the ink
fly with his pocket handkerchief. "How-
ever, I can button my coat over for the
present. Let me see—there is that mon-
ney I promised to pay to Smithson to-day,
and—"

He stopped short, a cold dew of dis-
may breaking out on his forehead—the
money-drawer was a fixture of the wretch-
ed secretarie!

Penniless, shirtless and paperless, what
more desperate state of affairs could his
worst enemy desire for him? There was
a lower deep yet, however—would he not
be characterless likewise if his wife
should by any inopportune chance dis-
cover that he, the model of rule and or-
der, had lost his key! So thought Mr.
Walter as he strode off down town to a
day of perplexities and mortifications.

"If ever I tease Cora again about los-
ing things," he muttered inwardly, as he
entered the tea room on returning home,
"I hope to be drowned with a hundred
weight of keys about my neck! It's a
judgment upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke,
forgetful of the ink-stamps of the morn-
ing. Cora uttered a faint scream, and
shrank back exclaiming:—

"My dear Philip, what is the matter
with your shirt bosom to-night?"

"The matter! Oh!" said he, color-
ing and laughing, "I remember now—I
spilt a little ink over it this morning. It
don't signify much."

"Do let me get you another, dear!"

"No, no," said he, eagerly detain-
ing her; "it isn't at all worth while. Do
sit down and be easy, my love!"

But Cora started to carry her baby up
to the nursery. Just as she reached the
door something jingled softly in the pocket
of her little silk apron—she stopped in
the passage way.

"Oh, by the way, Philip, here is the
key to your secretarie. I found it on the
dining-room table this afternoon, and,"
she added, with an arch sparkle of the
eyes, "I thought it would be an excel-
lent opportunity for giving my husband a
lesson!"

She laid the key in his hand, and ran
out of the room, as he recoiled involun-
tarily from the sound of his own pedantic
words. As he contemplated the gleam-
ing wards of the little steel mischief-

maker, in mingled delight and mortifica-
tion, the echo of Cora's merry laughter
on the stairs reached his ears like a
chime of silver bells.

He laughed too—he couldn't help it!
Mrs. Cora Walter was a discreet little
female. She never alluded to the subject
of keys again, and her husband was
never after known to reproach her for
carelessness.

Lady's Dress.

If dress may be considered as an index
of the taste of the age, it is not in error
now, when it marks an increase of luxury
and expenditure in all classes. So much
for the cost and material of modern eos-
tume; the causes that influence the cut
or fashion of a dress are less easily deter-
mined or reviewed. The bright colored
petticoats of the present day are easily
accounted for by their convenience and
warmth. The hats worn in summer came
originally from Germany and Switzerland.
Although now sadly shorn of their shel-
tering proportions, and altered from their
ugly but useful mushroom shapes, they
recommend themselves for various rea-
sons; they are becoming more durable,
and cooler in summer than bonnets; their
adoption is therefore easily understood,
and the burnous, the Spanish mantilla,
carry their own history with them. But
how is it that we have one year a tight
sleeve like a man's coat, and another a
hanging one like a Chinese mandarin?—
Who lengthens the cloaks of the fair sex
until they almost touch the ground one
year, and the following season cuts them
off below the waist? This is a mysteri-
ous subject. We are in the habit, when
we don't know exactly what a man's oc-
cupation is, of saying, "Oh, he has some-
thing to do in the city." In the same
way all we know about these changes is
that they are effected in Paris. We have
heard that there are individuals there
whose sole occupation is to devise a new
pattern, invent a new trimming: but on
what principles they proceed we know
not. Every now and then we discover
that some great novelty is only what our
grandmothers wore before us. The adop-
tion or rejection of a fashion, however,
depends very much upon the taste and
character of individuals who, from their
rank or wealth, exercise an influence in
society. Accordingly, in the present day,
the Empress has been made responsible
for much. When Eugenie de Montijo
espoused Napoleon III, envy, hatred, mal-
ice, and all uncharitableness were arrayed
against her. She was not royal; she was
not French; she rode on horseback; she
had English blood in her veins, an Eng-
lish complexion, and most probably Eng-
lish tastes. When she returned from
Notre Dame after the marriage ceremony,
the vast crowds assembled near the Tu-
illeries to view her entry therein, gave
her no welcome; received their Empress
in silence; yet in a few months France
unanimously pronounced her charming.
She had none of the conventional man-
ners prescribed to royalty; she laughed
when she could have been grave, and
wept when she could have been composed;
she wore fancy dresses, offensive to court
etiquette, yet in spite of her being as nat-
ural as French women are generally ar-
tificial, she was pronounced charming.—
Her beauty and grace captivated the other
sex; but we have no hesitation in saying
that one cause of her popularity with her
own sex was her being beyond all com-
parison the best dressed woman in the
empire. The French look upon the toi-
let as a work of art, and pay the same
tribute to that as we do to any other ar-
tistic production. They accepted and val-
ued her success as another proof of the
supremacy of France in this as in other
matters. We really think it very hard,
however, that the Empress should be
charged with the present monstrosities of
dress, the hideous bonnets, the heavy
wreaths loading the brows and lengthen-
ing the face so as to give some women (as
a man in the pit of the Opera last year
remarked) "the appearance of unicorns."
The exaggerated hoops, too,—are these
purely French? We have always had a
liking for hoops in England, and some of
our most decorous periods of costumes
have been those when the hoop was worn.
We half think this is a fashion for which
we are as much responsible as our neigh-
bors across the water. [London Society.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength adding still the strong?
Is it thy will, oh Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No! say thy mountains; No! thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs.
God save the people!

[Cheers.] When I allude to the down-
fall of England, I mean the uprising of
the people—when men shall have votes
and not be called the mob. *The American
rebellion is the world's rebellion, and
the LIFE of America is the DEATH of
England.* British statesmen have acted
on that hypothesis. America will LIVE
England will DIE—such is the law of
nations. Prosperity, then, adversity. The
antithesis follows everywhere in nature,
right, left, up, down—abuse a man, the
praise him—strong, weak, young, old.
When a man is very ill, he must get bet-
ter or die. The runner at the top of his
speed must slacken or fall. So the na-
tion that has mounted to the last round
of the ladder must drop or descend step
by step. America is going up. England
coming down. The downfall of England
commenced the moment the govern-
ment classes laid their plans for sapping away
the liberties of the people. TAXATION
WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IS ROBBERY.

[Cheers.] Ah! drop the treacherous mask! throw by
The cloak which veiled thee hitherto
Stand forth thou base, incarnate Lie,
Stamped with the signet brand of Hell!
At last we view thee as thou art—
A trickster with a demon's heart.

[Loud cheers.] 'Revolution is catch-
ing like laughter, fever or speculation. Or
suicide follows another; and more mur-
ders have taken place during the last few
weeks than the previous ten months.
When an accident happens in the morn-
ing, something goes wrong each hour of
the day; one man gapes and then the
whole party begin to open their mouths
[laughter.] The French Revolution of
'48 inaugurated revolution in Italy, revolu-
tion in Hungary, revolution in Poland,
and two hundred thousand shop-keepers
ranged themselves into line to stop revolu-
tion in London. Some revolutions are
silent, others are noisy; the Thirteenth
Century Revolution was silent—the No-
man overcame the Saxon, ending the
tyranny of nation over nation. The
Eighteenth Century Revolution was al-
so silent, ending the property in man. The
Barons under the Plantagenets, Macaulay
says, degraded the peasants to the level
of the swine and oxen they tended. When
England abolished the slavery of the
body, the governing classes commenced
enslaving the mind. Their success may
be seen by going into the back country,
and talking with the serfs you find there.
There are no such people in America.
Lafayette, when riding through the

THREE CHEERS FOR AMERICA!

THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND

Speech of George Francis Train.

The Boston Bulletin gives the follow-
ing report of a speech lately delivered by
George F. Train, before the Brotherhood
of St. Patrick, in London. Mr. Train
was expected here by the end of the
last month; but it is said that just before
the sailing of the steamer, he was arrest-
ed in consequence of the delivery of this
speech:

crowded streets of Boston years ago, saw the thousands of smiling faces and the well-dressed men that lined the road, and asked, "Where are our common people?" "There," replied the Mayor, "are all the common people we have in America," [cheers]. The dwarfed tree of the Asiatic was made by continual wounds—the mammoth oak of the American forest was not tortured out of shape by the hand of man. Liberty is a dwarf in England,—in America a giant.

Columbia needs no heraldry, nor strange, time-honored crest.

To stamp her name and title clear, the Queen of all the West!

The stars of heaven upon her shield in silver clusters shine;

The wreaths of fame that bind her brows, her thankful millions twine.

[Cheers.] As superstition is credence without evidence, as tyranny is the exercise of power without right, so taxation without representation is robbery. Dead men ought not to legislate for live men. The founders of your debt are gone—posterity is paying for their blunders. If the working classes would look more into books and less into quart pots, they would be wiser and better able to cope with the clever statesmen who keep them in their serfdom (hear and applause.)

God save the people!

When will thou save the people?

Oh! God of Mercy! when?

Not kings and lords, but nations!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of the heart, oh God are they!

Let them not pass like weeds, away!

Their heritage a sunless day!

God save the people!

(Long and continued cheers.)

Over one-half of the House of Commons, as is well known, is elected by 150,000 electors. The idea of one town of a thousand people having the same representation in parliament as Liverpool, or Manchester, or Birmingham, is not only absurd, but positively insulting to the common sense of Englishmen. Who before ever heard of a little village having the same legislative power as a great province? To-day a dozen rotten boroughs, owned by the aristocracy, wield more power in the House of Commons than the great counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire and Middlesex.

There are six millions of able-bodied men in England whose position is lower than the American slaves. Five negroes are allowed three votes by the Constitution, which make a negro three-fifths of a man; but in England he is not counted so high as the cattle of the field or the trees in the forest. Even the million of voters on the lists have no actual representation. They are bought and sold as regularly as corn, or hemp, or iron. You can look at the share lists in the Reform and Carlton clubs. They will tell you to a pound the cost of any rotten borough in the kingdom. America is natural—England artificial. God was the engineer of America's water-works; England less favored, employed man. God was our gardener, man yours. God planted our forests, man yours. Our corn feeds your millions as our cotton furnishes them with clothes. Our institutions give your masses hope for better days, and our revolution has furnished you with a platform for your revolution. Pariahment is of no use; the bayonet has a sharper point than the petition—parliament is of no use in our day—the people must act. *Vox populi, Vox Dei.*

When will thou save the people?

Oh, God of Mercy, when?

The people! Lord, the people!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!

God! save the people! think they are,

Thy children, as thy angels fair!

Save them from misery and despair!

God save the people.

(Cheers.) The downfall of England is rapid when her colonies fall off. The heart of royalty must be feeble when its extremities decay. The colonies of England, for their own protection, will be obliged to shake off the incubus of the old country. Canada already is rolling off the reel. The Times prepares the way. Let her slide. She is useless now. We can do without her. Lord Palmerston would a sneer. He says—*If they are men they would arm themselves. I say if they are men they will declare their independence* (cheers.)

The Lords are equally defiant. Four grapes grow thick upon the English tree of despotism. Give Canada money and she is loyal. Stop the supply and she stops the Militia Bill. Canada taxes England's manufactures, and England pays for her army. How long will the hard-working men of England submit to be taxed and impoverished to please the aristocracy? Before the election of another American President Canada will be a nation (cheers.) As a dependency, she is a pauper. As a nation she is a millionaire (hear.) Ten minutes after her Declaration of Independence, America will acknowledge Canada as a sister State (hear.) Are there no statesmen in Canada equal to the opportunity? Irishmen, I call upon you for three hearty cheers for the Republic of Canada! the first President the Irish rebel, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. (The call was loudly responded to with additional cheers.)

Australia may be loyal now; but war between America and England will expose her to danger from our *Monitors*. Seeing this, up will go the flag, the five-star flag that was raised over the Bureka stockade, on the Ballarat, in 1854, when Captain Wise and forty soldiers were shot by the diggers, under Lawler and McGill. That was only eight years ago, I was a merchant at Melbourne. One hundred thousand tons of shipping were consigned to my house in 1855-6. The leader of the forces on the Ballarat offered me the Presidency of the Australian Republic, in the name of the Diggers of the Revolution (cheers.) I was a man of commerce then. I declined. Colt sent me one hundred dollars' worth of revolvers; the diggers wanted them. I refused to sell; and while there was no one can say that I was not a good colonist, The Irish there were my friends. In 1865 I was a guest, when the Brotherhood of St. Patrick gave the parting banquet at Melbourne to Wm. Smith O'Brien (loud cheers.) That distinguished Irishman and lover of liberty toasted in eloquent words America, and gave my name therewith. I replied, and those Irish cheers still ring in my remembrance (applause.) And Irishmen are always welcome when I think of those cheers, and the Irish Brigade who are fighting the battle of liberty over the sea (cheers.)

Australia will soon be a nation. Hurrah for the Republic of the Antipodes. Gavan Duffy, the Irish rebel of '48, the first President of the New Republic (cheers.) With Murphy, O'Shaughnessy, Ireland, McKie, and Moleworth, all Irishmen, in his Cabinet (cheers.) The DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND commences in earnest with the UPRISING OF IRELAND (hear.)

Stand together, brothers all—

Close together, close together;

Be Ireland's might a broken wall;

Close up together, tight together,

Pease, no noise, but hand in hand;

Let calm resolve pervade your band,

And wait till nature's God command—

Then strike together, all together.

(Cheers.) Twenty years ago O'Connell was at the zenith of his fame. I allude to the time when he forced from a Tory ministry Catholic emancipation—(cheers)—when he opened the city corporations to Catholics, and was elected the first Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin. This was the time he swore that Ireland should have her House of Peers and House of Commons.—His Repeat speeches are monuments of energy. He showed where £1,200,000 were expended to buy rotten boroughs for English representatives, where £16,000 was openly paid for a borough, and £3,000 for one vote, or an office of £2,000 a year if the vote could not be bought with gold. These were the days when twenty peers, ten bishops, seven judges, and whole regiments were given to officers of the army and navy if they would vote for the Union. All this came out and more. He showed how 700,000 had petitioned against the Union, and only 3,000 for it; but then England had 13,000 soldiers in Ireland, so says the history of 1800. O'Connell spoke all these truths twenty years ago. He showed the injustice of making Ireland pay interest on the English National Debt, which he called *making Ireland pay for the knife with which Lord Castlereagh cut his throat*. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington stated that they brought in the Catholic Emancipation Bill to avert civil war.

Off with disguise! no quarter now

To rebel honor! thou wouldst strike

Hot blazes up the English brow

And murder, fame and strength alike.

Beware! six million hearts aflame

Still burn with hate thou canst not tame.

(Tremendous cheers.)

In 1841 Ireland had a population of 8,178,124; she would have had with usual increase of population 9,000,000 in 1861, and 10,200,000 in 1862. But she had but 6,516,774 in 1867, and less than six millions now: where have they gone? Go ask the grave-yard of the Irish poor. The balance hauled to America, where abundance awaits them and good will cheer on their well paid labor (cheers.)

O God! look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,

And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;

Nor while the grass grows on the hill, and streams flow through the vale,

May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail!

God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun—

Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one!

Join hands and a nation.

Unite, to free your fathers' sod.

It matters not to me—

At different shrines you kneel to God—

Cannot you all be free?

Cannot you join to break the chains,

To strike for manhood's right?

O yes, you'll ne'er make slaves remain—

For Ireland's sake unite!

(Cheers.) Look at America—our army is yours. Union is as essential to you as to us. Ireland for ever! Three cheers for the land of the brave. The spirit of Ireland is again alive. You cannot crush it. Nine times England's confederation edicts have thundered upon her people,—seven centuries of continued injustice, outrage, murder—yet Ireland lives again in the 150,000 Irish soldiers in the American army (cheers.) The Sixty-ninth still cheers for Corcoran. The Chicago Montgomery Guard still cheers for Illinois and the West as they fought at Lexington; Shields was backed by Irish at Winchester; and the Irish Brigade at Fair Oaks stopped the rebels in their advance. The Massachusetts Ninth, and the Pennsylvania Sixty-ninth were Irish regiments (loud cheers.) All hail, then, Irishmen, as you live your lives over again in the army of the Constitution (loud cheers.)—Our army is your army. Let Catholic and Protestant combine for Union. We do not inquire, when the Irishman volunteers, whether he be Protestant or Catholic (cheers.)

Unite, and by the famine graves,

By your sires' sacred dust,

You shall not, will not, long be slaves—

You'll break your chains secured.

The tyrant Saxon soon shall quake,

At banded millions' might;

The time is nigh—arouse! awake!—

For Ireland's sake unite!

(loud cheers.)

England's downfall commences when America closes up the ranks, and peace cements Union and perpetuates Republics and universal suffrage—when "rank is but the guinea stamp," and "a man's a man for a' that." These cries must shortly come into fashion: Canada for the Canadians, Australia for the Australians, and Ireland for Irishmen (loud cheers.) What distracts your country? Shall I tell you? (Yes.) Well, then, it is a firebrand that England knows how to use—a firebrand thrown into your ranks whenever you talk of nationality. (Name.) That firebrand is religion (hear, and cheers.) Now, my idea is that so long as you permit this bone of contention to distract your councils, so long you will remain in slavery, and be what O'Connell told the Parliament—alien in manners, alien in language, alien in religion, and alien in the very land that once belonged to Irishmen (loud cheers.) Whenever you speak of unity—of nationality—you must omit that word religion. Drop that, and Catholic and Protestant will join hands, and Ireland will be a Queen among the nations of old earth (cheers.)

When will you cease this useless strife,

The scourge of Linnisfail?

Base bigotry, and party strife—

The Gael against the Gael,

O! once your country nobly join

Together in your might;

Forget old Limerick and the Boyne—

For Ireland's sake, unite!

(Cheers.)

Mark well the eloquent words of Archbishop Hughes at Dublin. He said he had seen three great things in the world—the Falls of Niagara, St. Peter's at Rome, and that glorious demonstration of Irishmen at Dublin, on the laying of the foundation of the Catholic University. He says the Irish soldiers are only drilling in America, and that they do not intend to lay down their belts—(applause)—and I do not hesitate to say that if England interferes in our domestic matters, that glorious rebel of '48, Thomas Francis Meagher, will be back again in Dublin, with a body guard of ten thousand veteran Irish soldiers from the battle fields of Richmond. (Here the whole audience rose to their feet, and the hall resounded with cheers for Shields, Meagher and Irish Nationality.)

England's decline and fall must be near at hand. Mark the strange scene in the House of Commons. The Lords and merchants hurry up from the country to pass the Game Bill, for fear that some poor Lancashire wretches may pick up a hare or a pheasant on the Queen's highway to keep their wives and little ones from starving (shame). Notice the cry of womanhood and manhood from the factories—

Why is it that, after years of prosperity and plenty of cotton, the operatives have nothing laid up for a rainy day? Can it be possible that the workmen of England work at starvation prices, in order to make fortunes for the landowners, the mill-owners, and the bankers? There are 451,000 operatives in the 2,800 cotton mills of England, and they receive but 10s. 6d. per week, or 1s. 6d. per day, out of which they have to pay the taxes and live. It is too expensive in England to die. Already one-fourth are out of employment. In six weeks more, one-half will be. In six months all will be cast adrift. Yes, the nobles laugh; and the landed gentry pass game bills; and the Ministry eat their white-bait; and Lord Palmerston avails himself of the gaudy of the day, to insult every honest man in England by his coarse speech against the champion of the people, Richard Cobden, the lover of the working man (loud cheers for Cobden.)

Mark well the hand-writing over the hall-door of the minister, and on the gilded wall of the noble. See how they laugh over the wine—see them bring down the birds and call the people the mob. They forget that the vices as well as the virtues of men are registered by the clerk who keeps the books of God. The rate-in-aid becomes a loan in Lancashire; but how unnatural is the laugh of the ministers when the costly wine went round at Greenwith.

The sounds of mirth and feasting are madly borne on high.

White death, a guest unbidden, sits watching silently.

O! luckless crew and pilot, your hands with blood are red,

And in your souls is lying a secret guilty dread!

The downfall of England was certain when the rich began to starve the poor. The aristocracy and moniedocracy have a foodmaster for the people. They can tell to a penny how much burden they can bear and exist. The *Orcery* that rules in England dwells in Pall Mall, and I will christen it by the name of *Cloacery*. The poor eye have always with you. What serfdom—what slavery—no hope—no education—no religion—naught but desolation and despair. What have the people done to be denied air and water and light even?—Think of 8,000 families living in Scotland, each in one room with no window! The statistics are sickening—227,000 families, each live in one room with one window, and 250,000 families, each live in two rooms with two windows! Think of seventy-two per cent, of the entire population of Scotland living in families of from four to eight persons, in only two rooms, with only two windows! And this is freedom! I call it slavery. What immorality! How debasing to the mind!

The monarchies of Europe, like garrulous old men, are propping each other up with the hope of the downfall of America. Hear them chatter, and try to stand firmly on their weak legs—

"Sane teeth, Sane eyes, Sane everything."

(Cheers.) Each saying to the other, Republics are dead. *Miserere Domine!* America is divided—the Union is gone; but I am with the people (cheers). I believe that—

"Right is right since God is God,

And right the day must win;

To doubt it were disloyalty—

To falter were sin."

My lecture is ended; my thoughts are now your thoughts; and let liberty burn within your breasts. Remember the lessons of history. How the oppressed Romans burst asunder their bonds, under the tyranny, the Tribune of the people. How the Tyrones sprang to arms when Andrew Hofer sounded the alarm bell for liberty! How the Republican mountaineers grasped their cross-bows when Tell hurled defiance to the tyrant Gessler! How the North rose up to protect their national flag, and fight the battle of man. So Ireland must find some Garibaldi to remember Wolf Tone, Emmet and Daniel O'Connell, and cry Union in America and Liberty in Ireland! (Tremendous cheers and great sensation, the audience escorting Mr. Train, with loud cheers, some way into the street.)

Soldiers Cared For.

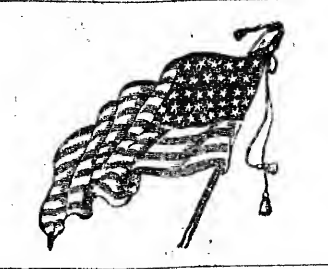
We extract the following from Hall's Journal of Health as especially timely, now that so many of our young men are preparing for camp life. Let those now about to depart attend to these suggestions, and the friends of those who are already in the southern camps and barracks lose no time in sending forward this simple remedy. If they are sending any package by express, this little strip of flannel ought not to be omitted. It may be sent by mail for a postage inside of a dime, and will prove invaluable to the soldier:

Out of one thousand soldiers, one hundred and four are sick; this is the constant proportion, as reported by the Sanitary Commission. The autumn always increases the number, by reason of the hot days and cool nights, causing diarrheas and dysenteries, of every shade and degree. One yard and a-half of stout, woollen flannel, about fourteen inches broad, worn from August to November, tightly and constantly around the abdomen, in such a way that it will be double in front, with bias of tape strongly sewed on one end, and about one yard from the other, according to the size of the person, for convenience of tying, would do more toward preventing bowel-complaints among our brave and self-denying soldiers, than all known human means besides. This simple device arrested the onset of cholera, in three days, in one of the largest divisions of the Prussian army, when the terrible scourge last visited Europe. Let every family who has a member in the army, forward such an article on the instant of reading this; if you can do no better, send an old worn petticoat, for, by reason of its softness and pliability, it is better than anything else. Let every mother who reads this, and who may have no son or other relative bravely battling for the perpetuity of our glorious Union, send one abdominal bandage, to be given to some worthy soldier who has no mother, no sister, no wife, to exercise these kindly cares for him.—And let the generous rich, of whom there are so many among us, be assured that it is impossible to spend an equal amount of money as efficiently in any other way. One man who has been in the army twelve months is worth now two raw recruits; hence one dollar's worth of good woollen flannel for one of them, or even an old petticoat, by keeping such soldier healthy in the field, will be worth more than the fifty dollars bounty paid for the two recruits, under the present exigencies of the case.

Gen. Burnside has evacuated Fredericksburg, and blown up all the Government machine shops.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1862.



PORTER G. MARSHALL, of the South Danvers & Salem Express, is the authorized general agent for the "Wizard" in Salem, South Danvers, and Danvers. His receipts are binding on this office.

The Ladies' Aid Society will forward Hospital Clothing and Stores to Mrs. Fales THIS WEEK.

The Rebellion.

The past week has been one of unusual excitement. It has been eventful and its developments full of interest. The tide of success has been varying, now up and then down, now a success and then a reverse, so that it has become difficult to know whether, on the whole, we stand better or worse than at the beginning. It is certain that every day's delay leaves us relatively stronger, as our new levies are fast pouring into Virginia. The rebels are weakened by their successes, as well as by their defeats, and they must soon go by the board from sheer exhaustion.

We cannot but feel that they are at present too near to Washington, but we have no idea of their getting there, except as prisoners. The events of the coming week will probably be decisive, and we shall await them with a good degree of confidence.

Bounties.

Some complaint has been made, we think unjustly, on account of the bounties paid to the new recruits. It should be remembered that since the early enlistments a different state of things exists, inasmuch as the labor market now affords active and profitable employment to men, which was not the case when enlistments were first made. It may be that some towns have offered too liberally, and we think the main objection to the system is, the want of uniformity in the amount offered. The whole object of the bounty, as we understand it, was to have a volunteer and not a compulsory soldiery. If no bounties had been offered, there would have been very many cases of hardship which will not exist under the volunteer system; and it is very likely that, in case of a draft, as much money would have been paid to substitutes as will now have to be paid by bounties, and often by those little able to bear the burden. The men must be had, and why is it not better to have them by voluntary enlistment rather than by a forced draft, where the rich may be cleared by hiring a substitute, and the poor man be obliged to go, whatever may be his inclination or the state of his business or family? We think it no imputation of want of patriotism to accept the bounty, in addition to the monthly pay of a soldier when it is a sacrifice to leave more profitable employments.

SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—In another place will be found a new appeal to the benevolent among us in behalf of our brave and suffering soldiers. What heart can at this trying hour withstand such an appeal, when our beloved ones, sons, brothers and husbands are lying low in sickness and mutilation, wanting the very articles which we can so readily provide for them! The active and indefatigable Mrs. Fales, who is heard from whenever there is suffering in our armies; at Corinth, Alexandria, Harrison's Landing, or wherever our soldiers are encamped, calls upon us for aid. Shall it not be granted, and that immediately? Our Aid Society have wisely made her the almoner of its charities and the members are heeding this new appeal. Give, then, this Society your means to forward at once to the scene of carnage to alleviate the pains of the suffering. We know this call will be heeded.

The Ladies Society here is not inactive. Last Sunday its members were busily employed in providing sanitary articles for the hospitals, and two barrels of such things as are most needed, have been forwarded. Every day since, they meet and work for the cause, and other packages will go forward this week on their holy mission of relief to the suffering. Let there be no slackening of effort, but let these benevolent ladies be fully supplied with all the material they need.

THE OLD DANVERS LIGHT INFANTRY.

We have heard the suggestion, and we approve of it, that on the occasion of our new company going into camp, the old Danvers Light Infantry turn out and escort them thither. Many of the early members now survive, and these, with the past members up to the time of its being disbanded, would make a larger company than that of the nine months' men. Will not some of the members circulate a paper for signatures? We know of one who would like to enlist for this service.

Pio-Nic.

On Saturday last the Unitarian Society held a Pio-Nic at the pleasant Grove of Mr. Bowman Viles, at West Danvers. The day was beautiful, being comfortably cool, yet the sun shone bright from a cloudless sky, and nothing seemed wanting to make the occasion, as it was, a most pleasant and joyous gathering. It was made still more enjoyable by the presence of Rev. Mr. WHEELER and his estimable lady, who entered heartily into the social enjoyments of the occasion. Troops of children joined their parents and friends in rambles through the forest and among the berry bushes, and they afterwards took part in an open-air concert guided by Mr. YOUNG, who presided at the melodeon. In our view, there is no music like children's voices, especially when their melody is heard in the grand old woods on a day like this. After singing many of the familiar sacred and patriotic songs to which we of late have become accustomed, the whole company, after a blessing had been craved by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, partook of a rare and excellent repast from the tables, which had been most bountifully supplied by the ladies from their well filled baskets.

After this entertainment was well over, Mr. Wheeler addressed the company present, congratulating the Society upon their meeting together under such pleasurable circumstances and with such favorable surroundings, and trusting that in the future they might enjoy many more of such delightful meetings. His address to the children was tender and affectionate, full of good sentiments and timely counsel. He alluded particularly to the events of the present war, and endeavored to impress upon their young minds not only the importance of the issues pending in this great struggle, but that it was going on for them and for their benefit even more than for the good of the adult population.

Mr. D. Webster King, in behalf of the company, expressed their thanks to Mr. Wheeler (whom he still designated as the Pastor) for his presence at the gathering and his words of encouragement and counsel. The whole company then gathered around the music stand, and with united voices again awakened the echoes of the surrounding woods. Later in the day, the party was increased by new accessions, and the old adage, "the more the merrier," was exemplified until the coming shades of evening warned them of the time of separation. Thus pleasantly ended, with the last days of summer, this social festival.

BOLD ROBBERY.—The house of Mr. E. S. Flint, on Main street, was entered on Friday night last and property stolen consisting of specie and a gold watch and chain, the whole valued at about \$200. The watch was in a room where a lady and two children were sleeping who were not awakened by the burglar.

The little trunk containing most of the valuables was in the sitting room above stairs and might have easily been carried away with its contents. The thief missed of seeing a little box of small silver change, about \$30, and he might also have taken silver ware and jewelry, equal in value to the money he carried off. The money taken consisted of about \$70 in gold and nearly as much of silver dollars and half dollars. There was also a small box of rare coins. The watch taken had a white dial and was wound up in the face and would be easily recognized.

The thief probably entered the house in the evening and secreted himself in the cellar until the inmates of the house were asleep.

The watch and chain were the property of Mrs. Osgood. The thief opened a portmanteau belonging to her and took from it a little silver change, leaving the cents.

ENROLLED MILITIA.—By the attention of the Town Clerk, we are enabled to present the following official statement of the enrolled militia of the town:

Whole number of persons enrolled between 18 and 45, 948

Of this number there are now in service 254

Whole number enlisted in So. Danvers and mustered into the Army for three years, 422

It must be borne in mind that there are, among the enrolled men, no foreigners unnaturalized, while there are many such now in the service, by which they secure naturalization. These are not counted in the 254, but are found in the 422 enlisted men for three years. If we add to these figures our nine months' men, say 100, and our three months' men of last year, South Danvers will have sent into the service very nearly 600 men! What other town of her population can show so good a record?

We learn from the New York papers that Henry O. Wiley, formerly of Danvers, has been commissioned Captain in the 123d Regiment New York Volunteers for three years.

We learn that Samuel Brown, Jr., formerly of this town, has been commissioned Captain in the 16th Regiment Connecticut three years' volunteers.

Our Nine Months' Volunteers.

Our Company of Volunteers, under the last call of the President, is now enlisted up to the standard number and was organized last Thursday evening. Gen. Sutton presiding, by the choice of the following Officers, who have since been commissioned by the Governor:—

Captain—ROBERT S. DANIELS, JR.
First Lieut.—GEORGE A. BARNES.
Second Lieut.—WM. L. THOMPSON.

The votes were as follows:

CAPTAIN.

Whole number of ballots, 78

Robert S. Daniels had 78

and was unanimously elected.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Whole number of ballots, 71

George A. Barnes had 56

Wm. L. Thompson, 10

Reuben G. Nelson, 5

and George A. Barnes was elected.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Whole number of ballots, 78

Wm. L. Thompson had 35

John W. Stevens, 34

Reuben G. Nelson, 8

James Perkins, 1

and their was no choice.

Second Ballot.

Whole number of ballots, 78

Wm. L. Thompson had 40

John W. Stevens, 32

Reuben G. Nelson, 5

James Perkins, 1

and Wm. L. Thompson was elected.

So far as can now be judged, the Company has been most fortunate in its choice of commissioned officers. To Captain Daniels all eyes have been directed as the future commander, as he is well known to be skilled in the military manual, having been instructed in Boston under one of the best drill officers of a foreign country. He was also commander of a drill club last season and soon brought it to a good state of discipline. The two lieutenants are men of education, intelligence and gentlemanly bearing; and all will doubtless do honor to the corps. Capt. Daniels received the united suffrage of the company, while for the other officers difference of opinion existed, Messrs. Nelson and Stevens having their ardent supporters. If either of them had been elected, the company would have been ably served.

By request, we re-publish the list of names, with some additions:

- 1 Robert S. Daniels, Jr.,
- 2 John W. Stevens,
- 3 R. G. Nelson,
- 4 Frank G. Arnold,
- 5 James Perkins,
- 6 P. L. Winchester, Jr.,
- 7 Horace S. Page,
- 8 John W. Barnard,
- 9 William H. Hildreth,
- 10 Benjamin Winchester,
- 11 Albert Carleton,
- 12 George H. Little,
- 13 Henry Gowen,
- 14 George C. Teel,
- 15 William H. Harrington,
- 16 Samuel C. Abbott,
- 17 Joseph Henry Osgood,
- 18 Austin Peasley,
- 19 Elbridge Rust,
- 20 Benjamin F. Hutchinson,
- 21 Charles H. Kimball,
- 22 Joseph S. Nutter,
- 23 George H. Batchelder,
- 24 Amos Osborne, 3d,
- 25 Amos P. Bodge,
- 26 Hiram A. Kimball,
- 27 Jacob G. Bodge,
- 28 Lorenzo D. Warner,
- 29 Thomas W. Peasley,
- 30 Isaac Wilson,
- 31 Enoch F. Plummer,
- 32 William Curtis,
- 33 William L. Thompson,
- 34 Thomas W. Buxton,
- 35 John A. P. Sumner,
- 36 George E. Marsh,
- 37 Charles Colby,
- 38 Caleb A. Webster,
- 39 Benjamin N. Moore,
- 40 Cleaves K. Hutchinson,
- 41 Charles W. Neviers,
- 42 Alphonzo P. Rhodes,
- 43 George Galeucia,
- 44 George H. Low, Salem,
- 45 Frank Johnson,
- 46 Albert H. Whidden,
- 47 Edward W. McKay,
- 48 Joseph Bushby,
- 49 Albert Tufts,
- 50 Joseph H. Swett,
- 51 Henry E. Ham,
- 52 Nicholas M. Quint,
- 53 Orin R. Evans,
- 54 James I. Hatch,
- 55 Frederick T. Stone,
- 56 Charles E. Carr,
- 57 Andrew N. Farnham,
- 58 Thomas A. Ray,
- 59 Albert H. Perkins,
- 60 Charles A. Towne,
- 61 Charles E. Foss,
- 62 John Graves, Jr.,
- 63 Lewis E. Staples,
- 64 Jesse W. Wilkins,
- 65 John P. Sautron,
- 66 Lewis A. Manning,
- 67 William F. Pingree,
- 68 Charles L. Manning,
- 69 Amos Ingalls,
- 70 George W. Buxton,
- 71 Andrew S. Wiggin,

72 Charles Trask,

73 George A. Upton,

74 Daniel A. Small,

75 George H. Goodridge,

76 John W. Marden,

77 O. K. Jeffrey,

78 David Goldthwait,

79 Samson B. Galeucia,

80 George H. Pogr,

81 George F. Jacobs,

82 Benjamin R. Symonds,

83 Charles Mackintire,

84 Daniel Fant,

85 George F. Barnes,

86 Oliver Grant,

87 John W. Boynton,

88 King Porter,

89 Lewis B. Southwick,

90 John C. Dodge,

91 James Gilbert,

92 Horace Hadley, Salem,

93 Wm. H. Southwick,

94 Geo. W. Jones,

95 Geo. W. Moore,

96 Frank A. Pemberton,

97 Wm. H. Perkins,

98 Samuel P. Hart,

99 Wm. J. Lunt, Salem,

100 George Seal, Salem,

101 Wm. C. Beckett,

102 Felix McCarthy,

103 Benj. F. Southwick,

104 Jos. N. Burbeck.

LYNNFIELD, Sept. 1st, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD.—Our village is again the peaceful and quiet spot of old, the soldiers having all left for their new quarters at Boxford. I scarcely need to tell you that we miss them very much, and their absence is the cause of regret many, while others express themselves glad that they are gone. The encampment here was pronounced filthy and unhealthy on account of so many being quartered in so small a space. There were several in the Hospital, whom surgeons believed to be sick from the filthy state of the ground and bad water. One man named Osborne, belonging East Bridgewater, was left at the Lynnfield Hotel, being too sick to be carried with the rest, and died on the night of the Regiments left—(Thursday night) disease, cholera morbos. His remains were taken to Boston, en route for East Bridgewater, on Friday morning, by the 10 o'clock train.

I visited the encampment at Boxford on Thursday of last week, and had the honor of sharing a soldier's bunk. Thursday night. The encampments consist of three level fields; the most westerly one being the encampment of the 39th, the 40th and the 41st occupy separate fields to the left of the 39th. There is a small pond near, which do not compare well with the lake at Lynnfield, but may, perhaps, serve their purpose nearly as well. The boys seem in fine spirits—the South Danvers boys in particular, with whom I quartered together with the boys from Lynnfield the same company, and who were kind solicitous in regard to my comfort and convenience. My experience in camp life was very encouraging, and I regret that I was not able to join my old associates in the good cause they have espoused.

At the last meeting held in town it was voted to pay each volunteer on last requisition the sum of \$100. There are 19 yet to be obtained, and it is very doubtful whether they can be obtained at all if the government does not resort to a draft. Inducements are offered the Lynnfield volunteers to join the Richardson Light Guard of So. Reading who will go into camp soon with the 7th Regiment. Some in the Centre District have already joined the R. L. G.

The names of the volunteers from Lynnfield in the So. Danvers Company, Co. A, 39th Regiment, Capt. Nelson are as follows:

Geo. M. Sumners,

Wm. I. Mansfield,

Wendell G. Nichols,

F. Solon Richardson,

Jonas Barden.

It will be gratifying to me to see the names on the same sheet with the brother members, and doubtless no less gratifying to them.

I remain yours truly,

LYNNFIELD.

PATRIOTIC TEACHERS.—In this town we employ five male teachers in the sum number of schools, and four of these have enlisted in the army. One of them Lieut. C. B. Warner, fell on the battle field, and won a soldier's name and soldier's grave. Another, Mr. C. Bradford, is appointed Captain of a company in Maine, and two others are lieutenants in our own company.

The remaining teacher is exempt from military duty.

In the absence of Mr. Bradford, whose place is not yet supplied, the school room is under the care of the assistant, and the pupils are engaged in the patriotic labor of scraping lint.

CORRECTION.—The name of George Osborne, printed in our last issue among the volunteers, Assistant Surgeon, should have been Geo. S. Osborne. He is Assistant Surgeon under Government contract, now in service in Virginia, as is son of Dr. Osborne, Sen. The latter is still with us at his post.

SOUTH DANVERS RECRUITS.

3 Year's Quota.

(Revised and Corrected.)

John W. French,	10th Battery,
John Neagle,	23d Regiment.
Sam'l G. Southwick,	14th "
Henry Moore,	"
Joseph H. Peirce,	"
Richard H. Roome,	"
Jesse Tyler,	"
Albert Shepard,	"
John P. Frothingham,	"
Wm. R. Armstrong,	"
James H. Bryant,	19th "
Wesley Reed,	38th "
Edward A. Bessom,	39th "
Peter Osborne,	"
Paul McArthur,	"
Joseph Pegg,	"
John K. Gibbs,	"
James Robbins,	"
Joseph R. Patterson,	"
John Carroll,	"
Frank Powers,	"
David Powell,	"
Geo. W. Bancroft, Jr.,	"
Cyrus D. Smith,	"
William Meyer,	"
Harrison A. Dodge,	"
Samuel Wiley,	"
Geo. A. Vary,	"
Geo. N. Symonds,	"
William E. Dunnington,	"
James Milliken,	"
Chas. W. Hanson,	"
John O. Blaisdell,	"
Philip Carroll,	"
John Gannon,	"
Ed H. Burnham,	"
Philip Frye,	"
George Smith,	"
James F. Pilot,	"
John Peirce, Jr.,	"
Edward H. Bowker,	"
Augustus Clifford,	"
D. L. Wells,	"
Wm. L. Richardson,	"
Benj. F. Butler,	"
William J. Moulton,	"
Geo. J. Purcell,	"
John Towle,	"
Charles Gould,	"
Nathan Rosenthal,	"
Walter D. Whitney,	"
Joseph A. Merrifield,	"
Harry Russell,	"
Wm. H. Farrell,	"
James A. Lord,	"
Ezekiel B. Durling,	"
Jefferson T. Cottrell,	"
Justin W. Cottrell,	"
John Otis Tyler,	"
Henry Baker,	"
George Hillier,	"
Franklin Page,	"
John P. Dodge,	"
George S. Nelson,	"
Henry W. Moulton,	"
Geo. H. Wilton,	"
Jacob O. Gaillard,	"
George Johnson,	"
Wm. F. Sumner, Salem City Guards.	
Joseph N. Sumner, Salem City Guards.	
George F. Osborne, Assistant Surgeon.	
Albert P. Upton, Quartermaster Sergeant.	

ladies present to generous and brave young men the alternative to fight for their liberties or be driven from society in disgrace, bearing the brand of the coward, they will then have done their duty, and our country will be safe.

Loyal mothers and sisters have been content, when sons and brothers were about to enlist, "to say nothing." This is much; but it is not enough. This is negative action. The crisis demands positive action. It is not sufficient "to say nothing." They should say—"Go; fight for your country, and when our liberties are safe, return to enjoy with us the prosperity and peace your valor has helped to secure." A beautiful and accomplished young lady of St. Louis declares that she will refuse the civilities of any young man who, in this hour of the nation's extremity, refuses to do battle for the nation's deliverance. This is the ring of the true metal. It is the exercise of woman's mighty power. The flash of a thousand eyes like hers, is more potent than the gleam of a thousand bayonets. If such were the patriotism and determination of all the women of America, we should be invincible against the armies of the world. The loyal ladies of the land have a mighty power and a corresponding duty. Will they prove faithful?

Advertisements.

PRINTING
IN
EVERY VARIETY.
Neatly and Promptly
EXECUTED
—At—
The Wizard Office,
SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE,
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.
POSTERS,
(LARGE AND SMALL.)
WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT
—IN THIS—
VICINITY.

DUTY OF WOMEN.

The St. Louis Daily Union makes a strong appeal to our women. While the most onerous responsibilities in the nation's struggle for life rest on men, grave duties are developed on the loyal women of the country. A portion of these duties have been met with characteristic alacrity, and discharged with tenderness and fidelity. The sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers have kindled a glow of lively sympathy in woman's heart, and her hand has been prompt to alleviate. Like an angel of mercy she has gone on her errand of loyalty and love to cool the fevered brow and revive the drooping spirits of the suffering soldier. Many a loyal heart has been, by the hand of woman, made glad, and kindled into increased fervor of patriotism, and a firmer determination to return, when the wasting hand of disease shall have been lifted, to the ranks of war. A generous nation will not forget her ardent and devotion to our holy cause in this hour of its peril. But woman has other and higher duties. In social life she rules with absolute sway. Her power, though gentle, is irresistible. Shall this power be exercised in behalf of our country? In the South it has been made available in favor of the wicked cause of Rebellion. The women of the South fixed their standard of honor and patriotism and compelled the young men to observe it. The decree was absolute: to refuse obedience was to incur social disgrace and banishment. Young men were not permitted, they were compelled, to enlist. To refuse was to be branded and despised as a coward. Arms-bearing men were driven, by an overpowering public sentiment and dread of public scorn, into the ranks of war.

We would not have our fair countrywomen debase themselves by cherishing those unwomanly and fierce passions which characterize a portion at least of the women of the South. We only ask that they will exercise their omnipotent social power in filling up the ranks of our armies with the tens of thousands of loyal young men in the country. Earnestness is not fierceness. Ardent is not rancor. We ask that the exalted enthusiasm which burns in woman's nature shall be infused into the souls of the fighting materials of the country. We ask that a strong and irresistible public sentiment be created in social life which shall make it disgraceful, disgraceful for able-bodied young men to remain quietly at home, while their country is racked with the throes of threatened desolation. When

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF TIME

LYNN & BOSTON BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

On and after THURSDAY, June 10th, 1862,

W. F. BURNHAM'S
Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers, passing down Main street, through Washington street to Lynn, daily.
Leave South Danvers at 7.50 A. M., and 12.50 and 4.50 P. M.
Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2.15 and 6.15 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, at 8.15 A. M., 1.15 and 6.15 P. M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the above named hours, to take passengers to South Danvers.

Sunday Arrangements.
Leave S. Danvers at 7.50 A. M., and 4.50 P. M.
Leave Lynn at 9.30 A. M., and 6.30 P. M.
Cars leave Scollay's Building, Boston, to meet the Omnibuses in Lynn for South Danvers, at 8.15 A. M., and 5.15 P. M.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Tickets to Lynn, - - 15 cents.
Through to Boston, - 30 cents.

Passengers called for at reasonable charges if notice is given at the Office.

EXPRESS BUSINESS
Between S. Danvers and Lynn promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.

EXTRA COACHES furnished at short notice, at moderate rates.
South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Salem and Lynn Omnibus.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, an Omnibus will leave Stage Office in Central St., Salem, for Lynn.

At 8.30 A. M., and 1.30 and 4.30 P. M., connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston Horse Railroad for Boston.

Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem, at 9.50 A. M., and 2.50 and 5.50 P. M.; or, on arrival of 8.15 A. M., and 1.15, 4.15 P. M., cars from Boston.

ON SUNDAYS,
The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.; returning, will leave Lynn at 10.50 A. M., and 5.50 P. M., or on arrival of the 9.15 A. M., and 4.15 P. M. cars from Boston.

Express business between Salem and Lynn promptly attended to.

DISOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
The Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

MORIS A. SHACKLEY,
MERRILL M. MERRILL
South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit and receive their patronage.

The undersigned is authorized to collect all bills and to settle all accounts against the firm, and all persons interested are requested to act accordingly.

H. M. MERRILL.
South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861.

MUNROE'S

(LATE REED'S)
SOUTH DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

Express leaves South Danvers at 10.15 A. M., 1.15 P. M., and 5.15 P. M.
Express leaves Boston at 3.15 P. M.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers, Square.
Also an Order Box at 88 Pearl street.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

ARMY EXPRESS.
Packages received and sent forward daily for Ball's more, Fort Monroe, Annapolis, Washington, Alexandria, and other points where the different regiments are stationed.

WM. C. MUNROE,
South Danvers, May 21—1f

Flour and Pork.

RECEIVED this day, by rail:
60 bbls. Extra Pure
150 bbls. KEYSTONE MILLS FLOUR;
100 bbls. FINEST FLOUR;
For sale by GAYLE & CO.,
Phillips' Wharf.

aug 6

NATIONAL TAX BOOK.

COMPLETE edition, only 10 cents, with a large type, for sale by
aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

CHEAP READING.

SUBSCRIPTION Circular Library—into which all the new books are put as soon as they are published.
aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

STATIONERY

FOR SOLDIERS—of all kinds—compact folios and roll up cases—pocket inkstands, etc., etc., at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S,
190 Essex street, Salem.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

OF THE SEAT OF WAR, near Richmond, with positions of the armies during the recent engagements—just published.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.
aug 6 190 Essex st., sign of Five Golden Books

Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale nine PIGS of black and white breed, the first from the late Mr. John A. Allen, of the County of Essex, raised on his farm. Price reasonable. Cattle Sheds. Prices reasonable. BYRON GOODE, Near Taylor's Brook.

South Danvers, March 27, 1862.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes, Photographs, Microphotographs, Melanotypes, and patent of the Pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Melanotypes, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when ordered.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,
Wallis Street, South Danvers,
Are Agents for
GEORGE V. FISKE & CO.'S

PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,
CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND
PIPE FOR DRAINS.
South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bacheelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)
DANVERS-PORT,
DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL

Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand.

Franklin, Old Country's Lohigh, Locust Mountain, Black Head, Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.
Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,
J. Q. A. BACHELDER,
C. T. BACHELDER,
July 19—1f

THOMAS PINNOCK, SLATER,

SALMON, MASS.
Orders may be left at his yard, No. 25 Penobscot St., or at his house No. 6 Hancock street, South Danvers.

Roofs covered with any kind of Slates, according to order. All work warranted.

Ann R. Bray,
—DEALER IN—
Camel's Hair Goods,
Salem, May 12, 1862.

Important to the Afflicted

Dr. HOW continues to be consulted at his office, Nos. 7 and 9 Endicott street, Boston, on all diseases of a

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.
By a long course of study and practical experience of preventing the unfortunate with remedies that have never failed to cure them, he has been able to cure the most alarming cases of

GONORRHOEA AND SYMPTOMS.
Beneath his treatment, all the horrors of venereal and impure blood, Impetigo, Scrofula, Gonorrhoea, Ulcers, pain and distress in the region of prostatic ducts, Induration of the Testes, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Abscesses, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and all the long train of horrible symptoms attending this class of disease, are made to become as harmless as the simplest ailment of a child.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.
Dr. H. devotes a great part of his time to the treatment of those cases caused by a secret and solitary habit, which ruin the body and mind, and render the individual unfit for business or society. Some of the most and melancholy effects of this habit, early in the course, are weakness of the back and limbs, dizziness of the head, Dimness of sight, Pain in the region of the heart, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility. The fearful effects on the mind are such as to render the patient almost insensible to the loss of his reason, and to render him a prey to the most desperate delirium.

Patients who wish to understand Dr. H.'s treatment, may send for a copy of his treatise, which will be furnished free of charge, and will be sent to all parts of the country, with full directions for use, and a receipt for the full amount of the fee. Dr. H. has no fee for the treatment, and is not to be paid until the patient is cured. He has no other charge than the cost of the medicine, and is not to be paid until the patient is cured.

CAUTION
TO FEMALES IN DELICATE HEALTH.
Dr. H. has no doubt that greater experience in the treatment of women and children, than any other physician in Boston.

Dr. H. has no doubt that greater experience in the treatment of women and children, than any other physician in Boston.

CERTAIN CURE
IN ALL CASES, OR NO CHARGES MADE.
Dr. H. is consulted daily, from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., at his office, 7 and 9 Endicott street, Boston, on all diseases of a

RARE CHANCE FOR BARGAINS.
CLOSING OUT SALE!
Large and fine stock of

JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE,
AND FANCY GOODS,
At No. 2 West Dock, 188 Essex street.

JOSEPH J. RIDER
Having in contemplation an immediate change of business, offers his entire stock of Fine Jewelry,

Pure Coin Silver Ware, Rich Plated Ware, Fancy JEWELRY, Spectacles, Cutlery, &c., &c.

at greatly Reduced Prices, wishing to dispose of all at the earliest possible date.

This stock is quite new, and was carefully selected for the Salem trade, and offers an excellent opportunity, not often presented, of making purchases for Christmas and New Year's Presents, Wedding and Friendly Gifts, Refreshing the Table, &c.

Old Silver taken in exchange.
Don't fail to call before purchasing elsewhere, as all articles are guaranteed as per representation, and prices will be satisfactory.

No. 2 West Dock—188 Essex street.

GOLD PENS. New styles at low prices.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S,
190 Essex street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. New and desirable patterns—some of the regular styles in Turkey Morocco bindings, for sale at two-thirds the former prices—by
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex st.

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

THE subscriber offers for sale nine PIGS of black and white breed, the first from the late Mr. John A. Allen, of the County of Essex, raised on his farm. Price reasonable. Cattle Sheds. Prices reasonable. BYRON GOODE, Near Taylor's Brook.

South Danvers, March 27, 1862.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Central street, South Danvers,
Having provided himself with a

Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of town, with one or a pair of horses.

NEW HEARSE,

The furnishes at his Warerooms
Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and Stained Wood

COPPINS AND CASKETS,

of all sizes and prices.
METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.
PLATES—Silver and Plated.
SHROUDS—Thibet, Cashmere, Muslin and Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c. All of which will be furnished as low as at any other establishment.

2 SILVER Plated Egg-Cups for \$1—at RIDGER'S, 188 Essex st.

Are you insured?

THE subscriber would respectfully call your attention to the fact that he is fully prepared to effect INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE, to any amount, at current rates, on

Dwelling Houses, Barns, and their contents, Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c., &c. And that he is the authorized Agent for the following respectable Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:

Thames Insurance Co., (Stock) Norwich, Conn. Capital—\$200,000.
Aurora Fire Insurance Co., (Stock) Boston. Capital—\$100,000.
Conway Fire Insurance Co., (Stock) Boston. Capital—\$100,000.
James P. Whitney, Pres. David C. Rogers, Sec'y.

City Insurance Company, (Stock) Boston. Capital—\$100,000.
Samuel P. Hayward, Pres. Austin W. Benton, Sec'y.

Marshall Mutual Insurance Company, Salem. Capital—\$100,000.
Wm. C. Prescott, Pres. John T. Harbison, Sec'y.

Engle Fire Insurance Company, Boston. Capital—\$100,000.
Henry Earl, Pres. F. T. Underhill, Sec'y.

Mutual Safety Insurance Co., South Reading. Capital—\$100,000.
Horace P. Wakar, Pres. J. D. Wheeler, Sec'y.

Persons who wish to insure on the LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS, for one year, seven years, or for the whole term of life, in the

Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., Springfield, Mass. Capital and Assets—\$500,000.
Calcutt Allen, Pres. H. B. Bacon, Sec'y.

WM. ARCHER, JR.,
19 Washington st. and 34 Front st., Salem.

CURRIER & MILLETT,

Dealers in
Furniture, Chairs,
MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.
259 & 261 ESSEX ST.

E. F. BURNHAM,

SOLD AGENT FOR
SARGENT & CO.'S
MAGIC SOAP,
For South Danvers & Salem.

OFFICE—Central St., opp. Lowell Depot, at Burnham's Express Office, So. Danvers.
Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs.
Orders sent by mail or otherwise to So. Danvers will be promptly attended to. to-cd

House Lots for Sale.

Twenty House Lots of good size, are offered for sale, on a new street, on land of the subscriber, leading from Salem street, to a new street, on high ground and many of acres. Land is very richly and advantageously situated for building, and is well adapted for a cheap price, and on easy terms.

Application may be made to the subscriber, or to the agent, WILLIAM BURNHAM, South Danvers, March 26th, 1862.

Cottage for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the new Cottage, on the corner of Salem street, and a new street, on high ground and many of acres. Land is very richly and advantageously situated for building, and is well adapted for a cheap price, and on easy terms.

Application may be made to the subscriber, or to the agent, WILLIAM BURNHAM, South Danvers, March 26th, 1862.

For Sale.

THE DWELLING HOUSE situated on Main street, nearly opposite the Monument, and lately occupied by Rev. James O. Murray. Apply to AMOS MERRILL.

South Danvers, March 27.

To Let.

A LARGE ROOM, with Sky Light 12 feet square, suitable for a Daguerreotype Studio, has been used for that purpose, and is now available for any other purpose, and is a large room, centrally located. Apply to W. O. BACHELDER, 138 Main st.

THE NEW TAX LAW.

CITIZEN'S EDITION of the New National Tax Law—complete, 10 cents. For sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

ALBUMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE best assortment at the lowest possible prices, at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

OUT WARE.

CUT Tumblers and Goblets; Glass Dishes, etc., etc., at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

CROCKERY WARE.

CHINA WARE, Glass Ware, Hard Ware, Wooden Ware, of all kinds, constantly for sale at
S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, Salem, 32 Lawrence Place, Sign of Tea Tray.

MUSICAL NOTICE.

CHICKERING & SONS' Piano-Fortes. ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St. Danvers, Mass.

THE best assortment at the lowest possible prices, at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

OUT WARE.

CUT Tumblers and Goblets; Glass Dishes, etc., etc., at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

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G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex street.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1862.

NO. 36.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers, Mass.

CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor, FITCH POOLE, Editor.

TERMS—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1st Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
2d Square, 1.50 3.50 6.00
3d Square, 1.00 2.50 4.00
4th Square, .75 2.00 3.00
5th Square, .50 1.50 2.00
6th Square, .25 1.00 1.50
7th Square, .15 .50 1.00
8th Square, .10 .30 .50
9th Square, .05 .20 .30
10th Square, .03 .10 .15
11th Square, .02 .05 .07
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Selected.

(Translated from the French.)

The Owl's Tower.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

"It is your turn now, captain," said one of my brother officers," as we sat before a camp-fire, telling-stories to while away the time.

"Friends," I answered, "I have really nothing to relate. Hitherto, my life has been calm and tranquil, and were I to relate any one common-place incident of my life, you would all fall asleep."

As I expected, these words produced earnest disclaimers, and after a little urging, I told them the one incident in my life worth relating.

"Toward the end of the year 1818, important affairs called me to Spain, and obliged me to remain nearly a year in Andalusia. I was then scarcely twenty-three years old, for it was twenty years ago. I took up my residence in Port Real, and two or three times every week mounted my horse and galloped to Cadiz, where I had many friends. Many times in my visits I heard Jose Maria spoken of. For a long time he, with a picked band of saltedors or brigands, had invested the great highways of Spain, but after a few years he had resigned his command, made peace with the Spanish government, and was now passing his days in tranquility and ease in a beautiful country villa. Instances of unhardened audacity were related of him, and being young and gay, I had a great curiosity to see him.

"One morning I received a letter from a friend, Don Torribio Quesada, inviting me to come the next evening and take a glass of wine with him at Cadiz, and meet Jose Maria, the former chief of the saltedors. Bounding with joy, I set out, and in good time reached my friend's house. Jose Maria was punctual to the minute. He came up to all my expectations, for he was handsome, and gay, and kept the company in one continual roar of laughter. The hour for separation came, and after drinking a last glass of *val de penas* and giving a friendly shake of the hand, Jose Maria left.

Torribio Quesada requested me to remain with him over night, but I refused obstinately, for I was but two hours' ride from my home. Don Torribio, seeing remonstrances were useless, pressed me no more. Together we drank a parting glass, embraced, and I sprang upon my horse, who pawed impatiently at the gate.

The night was dark, great black clouds, charged with electricity, rolled up from the west, and the muttering of distant thunder was heard at intervals; the atmosphere was oppressive, and I had gone out a little distance when large drops of rain began to fall. I put spurs to my horse, and we cantered along briskly for a few miles. My head was heated with the wine I had drunk and filled with the gloomy recitals I had heard that day, for Jose Maria had related many of his former deeds. I am not generally timid, as you can testify, comrades; but this night I felt a strange dread, and as I continued on my lonely road I kept my ears and eyes open for everything.

Soon the darkness grew impenetrable, and the storm burst with all its fury.—My horse reared and plunged, as flash after flash of lightning lit up the gloom, and I had to concentrate all my thoughts upon keeping my seat firm. Slowly, and in constant danger of being flung from my saddle, I went onward, till a flash of lightning brighter and more prolonged than the rest, showed me that I was close to a fortress known throughout the country as the Owl's Tower, a name which it well merited, for none save those birds dared enter it. I felt no fear now, and springing from the saddle, and passing the bridge over my arm, I entered the ruin, followed by my horse. I was greatly surprised on reaching the main hall, to find a bright fire of fagots and dried wood blazing there.

"Where are the inhabitants of this abode? Will they give a storm-bound traveller a welcome?" And I looked attentively on all sides, but could see no one, neither did my listening ear catch the least sound, save the moaning of the wind and pattering of the rain.

A little re-assured by the silence, I determined to search the old fortress; my researches were futile; the fire was the only trace of life I found, except a sort of manger half filled with hay, to which I tied my tired horse. Convinced then that for the present at least I was the sole occupant of the tower, I re-entered the hall, and wishing to be prepared for any emergency, I examined my arms, and

to be more secure, mounted to the second story, where, wrapping myself in my mantle, I laid down and committed myself to God. I intended only to rest and watch, but fatigue, aided by the wine, soon overcame me, and I sank into a deep sleep, from which I was aroused by the sound of coming steps.

The storm had ceased, though the night was still dark. A dozen persons entered the tower. From my position I could see without being seen. The comers were stout men, dressed in the rich, jaunty costume of Andalusia. They were armed to the teeth. They seated themselves around the fire, on to which they threw two or three armfuls of wood, and conversed earnestly, easting at intervals covetous glances towards a chest and portmanteau lying in a corner.

The first words I heard left me no doubt as to what was their profession.—They were saltedors or robbers of the highway, and belonged to the *cubilla* (troop) of Nina, the celebrated chief who had succeeded Jose Maria, and whose name had become the terror of all Andalusia. Their gestures were animated, and they often placed their hands upon their weapons. I understood that they were disputing about their booty. The dispute raged so fiercely that I every minute expected to see them come to blows; they had risen tumultuously, drawn their swords, and were looking at each other seowingly, when the chief suddenly appeared.

El Nino was at this time about forty years old, very tall and well built. His shoulders were broad, arms muscular denoting uncommon strength; his face possessed none of the beauty of the former chief, but was dark, seared and very ferocious. The flickering, red light of the fire as it played in his face, gave a strange expression to the ironical smile on his lips.

"Quarrelling, disputing again?" said he, in a clear, emphatic voice. "Divalo! can you not live together in the friendly state bandits should always be?"

One of the brigands hazarded a justification, but Nino interrupted him.

"Silence! I wish to hear nothing. Here you are disputing together around the fire like very idiots, thinking no more of our common interest and safety here than if we were alone in the universe! Happily my eye is always like the eagle! When and where did the man pass to whom the horse I found in the stable belongs?"

At these words a cold shudder passed through me, and I thought of my frightful position; I was as if in a prison with no means of escaping. I gave my soul to God, and resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible to these bandits, whose ferocity I had heard too constantly since I had been in Spain, to doubt what my fate would be if I fell into their hands. Meanwhile, these saltedors, astounded at first by the words of their chief, had seized their carbines.

"We do not know where the man can be, for on our arrival here, the place was deserted and everything as we left it," said one of the brigands.

"Possibly," said Nino; "any way two of you must search the surroundings of this tower; perhaps he is hid near."

Two men left, and the captain began to pace up and down the hall, waiting their return; after a few minutes they came back.

"Well?" said he.

"Nothing," replied the two rascals; "the horse is here still, but we could find no trace of the rider. Mayhap the horse threw the man and found his way here alone."

"Likely. The horse was well fastened," And El Nino began his pacing.

A silence, like death, reigned in the hall but a few minutes before resounding with so much noise. I dared breathe, thinking that all danger had passed; I was mistaken. At the expiration of a minute the captain stopped.

"Has any one searched the tower?"

"No," answered the robbers; "what good? No man could be so abandoned by God as to come here and throw himself into the very wolf's den!"

"Who knows?" murmured the captain; "perhaps the man we seek was here before us, and expecting our return, has hid in the upper story. We must search everywhere; in our situation two precautions are better than one." And followed by his men, Nino walked towards the staircase.

I ascended to the second story; I stayed not to listen to the noise the robbers made searching every corner.

"Nothing!" said the captain; "we will go up higher."

The tower was formed of only two stories, and terminated in a platform; which I reached, faint and breathless, and a prey to great terror. I saw I was lost, lost without hope of salvation; no human being could come to my aid. I ran from side to side; I rushed like a hunted stag to the edge of the battlement, and saw—a precipice of more than a hundred feet! My teeth chattered together, a cold sweat covered my face, and I was trembling in every limb. I heard the steps of the robbers upon the stairs, warning me of their near approach, and I calculated in despair how few instants would elapse before they would be upon me.

At last, rendered insane with fear, resolved to throw myself from the parapet into the abyss beneath, rather than fall into the rascals' hands, who I knew would torture me for a ransom. Mechanically, before accomplishing this desperate design, I looked over again, perhaps to measure the depth of the precipice beneath me. I saw then about two feet below me a strong iron bar, firmly fastened to the stone-work of the tower. A sudden idea seized me; here was a means of escape. Time pressed—I had not a moment to lose; so, without reflecting further, I leaned over, grasped the bar with two hands, and soon my body was hanging supported only by the bar, whose strength I could not calculate, over the awful abyss beneath.

I had hardly attained this position, when the bandits sprang upon the platform, and commenced a rigid search. The storm commenced again—the rain fell in torrents; the wind blew nearly a gale, and at intervals came flashes of vivid lightning.

"Now you see, captain, there is no one here!" exclaimed the robbers.

"So it seems!" replied Nino, spitefully.

"Let us descend and send the horse to the Old Nick!" said one of the brigands.

"We will descend," said the chief.

A sigh escaped from my breast at these words, which proved to me that the brigands, convinced of the vanity of the search, would now leave me time to escape. From the depths of my heart I thanked God for the unforeseen aid extended to me, and I prepared to get upon the platform. The position I occupied was anything but agreeable, and my hands and arms ached with the strain on them; and I knew not whether it was imagination or not, but it seemed to me as if the iron bar was slowly but surely becoming loosened from its foundation, and inclined imperceptibly towards the abyss. It was necessary to hurry. Complete silence reigned all round. Uniting all my strength, I raised my head to calculate the distance which separated me from the wall. The captain, nonchalantly seated on the edge of the platform, fixed his fierce eyes upon me, and regarded me with an ironical smile.

"Ha!" said he, in a triumphant tone.

"Demon!" I cried, filled with rage and bitter despair.

Without speaking, Nino bent over to seize me. Letting go of the bar with one hand, I took one of the pistols placed in my belt.

"You cannot escape me, comrade," said the bandit, laughing.

"O, I will kill you!" cried I, setting my teeth and taking aim.

"That moment I felt the bar sinking; my hand slipped; I let my pistol fall, and with superhuman strength I seized the iron with both hands, but it bent slowly still."

"O!" cried I, in my despair, "anything but such a death!" And concentrating all my strength, I was preparing to make a spring for the wall.

"No!" exclaimed the captain, with a bitter laugh. "You shall die like a dog!"

He pushed me back. The moment was terrible. The bar bent suddenly till it hung straight downwards; in spite of my frantic, desperate efforts, I felt my sore, stiffened fingers slide slowly along the wet, slippery iron; I heard an infernal laugh, uttered by the robber chief, who enjoyed my agony; then, losing all hope, I closed my eyes so as not to see the fearful gulf yawning at my feet, from which I had no hope of saving myself, and—

"And—" cried all my hearers, intensely interested in my recital.

"And—I awoke, comrades," continued I; "for all that I have told you is a dream. Stupified by my frequent libations in the evening, I fell asleep after

leaving Cadiz, and my head full of the histories of bandits. I dreamed over again what I have just related to you; while my horse, more happy and sensible than myself, walked safely and surely to his very stable-door and stopped. The recital was not all a dream. True, I went through all the scenes in my sleep, but it was but rehearsing a story told by the famous Jose Maria. A young man, a stranger, a German, I believe, did enter accidentally the robbers' tower, but nothing saved him; he slid from the parapet into the deep gulf beneath and was killed. Many are the scenes of cruelty and horror that have been perpetrated inside the gray stone walls of the Owl's Tower."

HURRAH FOR THE UNITED STATES.

George Francis Train's
STATISTICAL SPEECH,
Proving his Country Ahead of the World.

From advance sheets prepared and revised by Mr. TRAIN, exclusively and expressly for the Boston Bulletin.

This speech of Mr. Train was delivered in one of the London Discussion Halls, within a few days of his celebrated one before the Brotherhood of St. Patrick.

In the free discussion which took place upon "Which was Conducive of the Most Happiness to Mankind—Monarchical Institutions or Republican?" of course the all absorbing American question claimed most attention. This country was soundly rated by several English debaters, who saw nothing but the downfall and destruction of all Republics in the American war.

One or two Irish speakers, in their arguments, boldly defended Republics, and Mr. Train, who was called upon for his views on the subject, gave them in the following speech, which contains a powerful array of statistics of the agriculture, wealth, and great natural resources of America, which were brought forward by the speaker as the facts and figures, to prove this country ahead of all others, and the only first class empire in the world.

Mr. Train's reply is like all of his speeches, bold, fearless, and unqualified, and according to his own convictions.

The question will be better understood in this way,—Which has the best Government, or the best country for mankind, England or America? I shall so deal with it. The best Government—America of course. (Laughter.) Would you compare the Thames with the Mississippi? The falls at Windermere with Niagara? Do you see any counterpart between your little lakes and Ontario, Michigan, Superior? Your artificial forests and our natural ones? Your cabbage gardens and our gigantic farms? Nature was niggardly when she created England for the English. Bounteous when she gave America to the Americans. Our representative Governments are as different as our lakes, our rivers, and our cornfields. As America is superior in the one, so is she exalted in the other. (Oh!) Don't interrupt me. I intend to give facts.

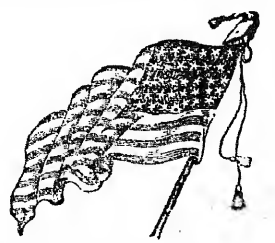
Agriculture has room to grow in America. We have thirty-four States, any one of which could absorb all England without adding sufficient to our pasturage to attract attention from the passing schoolboy. (Oh! laughter, "bunkum," and "Question.") I shall classify my arguments to your satisfaction.

America beats the world in cotton. The first bale was landed in Liverpool only a couple of generations ago—the merchant still lives; William Rathbone has watched its progress from one bale to five millions. (Hear.) The world has turned out one hundred millions of bales in less than a hundred years—America produced 75,000,000 of it in half that time. Yes; our 200,000 pounds of cotton in the first census has increased to 1,100,000,000 pounds in the last. Really Cotton was king, and Lincoln has dethroned the tyrant and made him his servant instead of his master. (Applause.) America has fed England for many years in return for clothes. Now America must not only clothe herself but clothe England as well as feed her, and receive gold in payment instead of paper and abuse. (Renewed cheers.)

England hungers for cotton—the mills are starving for the raw material. Last year the stock of cotton in hand in the marts of Europe was 2,000,000 bales and 500,000 bales afloat—say 2,500,000 The entire stock on hand in all the ports to-day on this side is but 200,000 bales, and 200,000 on the way—say 400,000

bales. Running short time, the consumption is 40,000 bales a week. Ten weeks hence the European mills must stop. Reduce it to 25,000 bales per week, and it will last for twenty weeks. Between now and then some heavy pages of history will have been prepared for publication. (Hear.) America will have two crops on hand—last year's, say 3,000,000 bales; this, 2,000,000; in all, 5,000,000; but England must wait for it until the Union flag flies over the plantations. (Cheers.) America intends to run the mills in future with double gangs, night and day, and manufacture much of this cotton and sell it to Europe. Half a cent export duty is not enough—make it two cents. India cannot compete with America in producing the staple. When the English manufacturers are sure that our cotton tariff is secure they will pack up their machinery and household goods and embark for America, where freedom, under republican institutions, means representation as well as taxation. (Oh! and cheers.) American women already ask the shopmen for cottons and muslins of American manufacture.

English goods must be shut out of our markets by an earnest discriminating duty. (Ironical cheers.) Americans must ask the question when they buy—Is this English? Yes. Then show me something American. (Applause.) The shopkeeper will thus be obliged to keep a stock of American fabrics, if he wishes to sell to Americans. Yes, Americans must manufacture their own cotton, and sell the manufactured article to Europe instead of the raw material. Formerly, we



PORTER T. MARSHALL, of the South Danvers & Salem Express, is the authorized general agent for the "Wizard" in Salem, South Danvers, and Danvers. His receipts are binding at this office.

The Situation.

There has been an important change in the position of our own and the rebel forces since last week. The enemy felt confident that he could capture Pope's army and then cross the Potomac and march on to Baltimore. In this he was foiled, although he captured large supplies of our army and caused it to fall back to the old lines of defense.

A change has taken place in the command of our armies. GEN. McCLELLAN assumes command of the forces around Washington. The soldiers greet him with the greatest enthusiasm. We may be assured that he will manage with prudence, and, let us hope, with vigor. The nation is not in a mood long to tolerate inaction.

The Rebels have crossed the Potomac in some force and drawing around them the secession sympathizers of Maryland. It is for our generals to say whether they are to return to Dixie as conquerors or prisoners. It is a bold dash and may cost them dear if our force is not paralyzed by their daring.

South Danvers.

Well may we congratulate ourselves that our good town has so nobly done her duty, and more than was required of her, in answer to the calls of the President. While other towns and cities are struggling and beating up for recruits, ours are all, and more than all, furnished and organized. South Danvers has thus sustained her revolutionary renown. It is a heavy stake for her population, but she has resolved to bear the burdens which the war imposes upon her. What is life good for, if not to be laid down in the way of duty and patriotism? It is a great trial to send forth our sons, brothers and husbands, but it must and will be borne with fortitude by them and ourselves. To lose our friends in battle is a great calamity, but not so great as not to have a country to battle for. Let us not be disheartened, but feel proud of our town, our country and our glorious old flag.

Croaking.

The last week was a glorious one for the croakers. They had full license to be miserable and to make all others so. Everything favored their side, and there was nothing for others to do but look on and see how they thrived upon their harvest of bad news and worse portents. Through their spectacles, the rebel forces outnumbered ours, ten to one, and Stonewall Jackson was making an easy march to Baltimore, while Jeff. Davis takes up his quiet quarters in the President's House. The Rebel Congress removes from Richmond to the National Capitol, and Beauregard is made Secretary of War, and the honest Floyd is put at the head of the Treasury. Ben. Butler is hanged, and Abe Lincoln is shut up in a tobacco loft in Richmond. Dayton and Charles Francis Adams are recalled, and Mason and Slidell take their places.

In speaking of croakers, we now refer to the honest, desponding loyalists, whose exertions and aspirations are for the best good of their country. They are too easily cast down and discouraged, and it is at their periods of depression that complaints escape them. But there is another class of croakers whose wish is father to their worst thoughts. They inwardly rejoice at all adverse news, and gloat over the defeat of our armies. They not only circulate, but manufacture bad news by which to torture and lacerate the feelings of those who have friends in our army. Avoid these. Their very breath is pestiferous, and treason shows itself in their faces, as does the rankest hypocrisy in their words.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—We are accustomed in these days of disaster to our arms to hear expressions of discouragement and despondency from real friends of the national cause. Some of these hang their heads and seem almost ready to give up. They declare that things are worse than ever and that we are behind the point where we were a year ago. Now it is no such thing. We stand vastly better than we did twelve months ago. We are really stronger than we were then, or six months since. The bold dash of the rebels, made in the very desperation of their cause, has for the moment blinded and paralyzed us. We are relatively vastly better off to-day than at any time within the year. We have already sent nearly 300,000 men into the field, and we shall soon send to Father Abraham 300,000 more. With these we shall very soon take all the stiffening out of the now exultant rebels.

while then
throes of threat

Departure for Camp.

The new company, commanded by Capt. R. S. Daniels, Jr., is ordered to go into camp at Wenham THIS DAY. We publish again the Roll of members, with some corrections, and more will probably be made, as the Surgeon has not got through with all the examinations, and more may be rejected for physical defects. The new company creates quite an interest with our citizens, composed as it is almost entirely of our immediate neighbors and friends, whose absence will be greatly missed. We hear that the company will be escorted to the Rail Road station in Salem by some one or more of our Engine companies, by the Old Danvers Light Infantry and by the pupils of the Peabody High School, who turn out as a token of respect for their late teacher, Wm. L. Thompson, who is one of the commissioned officers. The Escort will be provided with a band, and if the weather is pleasant it will be quite a gala day.

OFFICERS

Captain—ROBERT S. DANIELS, JR.
1st Lieut.—GEORGE F. BARNES.
2d "—WM. L. THOMPSON.

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John W. Barnard,
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Elbridge Rust,
Benjamin F. Hutchinson,
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George H. Batchelder,
Amos Osborne, 3d,
Amos P. Bodge,
Hiram A. Kimball,
Jacob G. Bodge,
Lorenzo D. Warner,
Thomas W. Peasley,
Enoch F. Plummer,
William Curtis,
Thomas W. Buxton,
John A. P. Sumner,
George E. Marsh,
Charles Colby,
Caleb A. Webster,
Benjamin N. Moore,
Cleaves K. Hutchinson,
Charles W. Nevers,
Alphonzo P. Rhodes,
George Galeucin,
George H. Low, Salem,
Frank Johnson,
Albert H. Whidden,
Edward W. McKay,
Joseph Bushby,
Albert Tufts,
Joseph H. Sweet,
Henry E. Ham,
Nicholas M. Quint,
Orin R. Evans,
James I. Hatch,
Frederick T. Stone,
Charles E. Carr,
Andrew N. Farnham,
Thomas A. Ray,
Albert H. Perkins,
Charles A. Towne,
Charles E. Foss,
John Graves, Jr.,
Lewis E. Staples,
Josse W. Wilkins,
John F. Sanborn,
Lewis A. Manning,
William F. Pingree,
Charles L. Manning,
Amos Ingalls,
George W. Buxton,
Andrew S. Wiggin,
Charles Trask,
George A. Upton,
Daniel A. Small,
George H. Goodridge,
John W. Marden,
O. K. Jeffrey,
David Goldthwait,
Samson B. Galeucia,
George H. Poole,
George F. Jacobs,
Benjamin R. Symonds,
Charles Mackintire,
Daniel Paut,
Oliver Grant,
John W. Boynton,
King Porter,
Lewis B. Southwick,
John C. Dodge,
James Gilbert,
Horace Hadley, Salem,
Wm. H. Southwick,
Geo. W. Jones,
Geo. W. Moore,
Frank A. Pemberton,
Wm. H. Perkins,
Samuel P. Hart,
Wm. J. Lunt, Salem,
George Searl, Salem,
Wm. C. Beckett,
Benj. F. Southwick,
Jos. N. Burbeck.

WE learn that the new War loan of \$10,000, voted by the town at its last meeting, has been taken by the Warren Savings Bank, on much more favorable terms for the town than the former loan of 12,000.

State Convention.

This body meets at Worcester THIS DAY. It will be an important gathering and ought to express the feelings of the great body of the people. May its proceedings be marked by wisdom and prudence, and be productive of great good to the general cause of the country as well as the Commonwealth.

At a meeting at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, the following gentlemen were chosen delegates from this town:—
DELEGATES to the Convention at Worcester Sept. 10th. (this day).—

Eben S. Poor,
Lewis Allen,
Stephen Blaney,
A. P. Phillips,
James P. King,
Francis Baker,
D. Webster King.

RESTORATION.—In our last we gave an account of the burglary at the house of Mr. E. S. Flint. Among the articles stolen was a gold watch and chain belonging to Mrs. Osgood, an inmate of the house. On Monday morning last, about 8 o'clock, the watch and chain were found on the back stairs of the house, wrapped up in a paper and uninjured!

The boldness of this restoration is quite equal to that of the robbery, as it must have been in open daylight, in a public place, where the person could only enter from the street. Half an hour before the discovery the watch was not there. The liability to exposure from persons within the house passing the stairway was also very great.

IMPORTANT! The community will be interested to learn that the venerable publisher of the WIZARD has gone south to watch the condition of our public affairs. We are not informed whether he went by the call of the President or the War Department, but our friends may now feel confident that things will begin to go right in Washington. The rebels will not invade Pennsylvania, capture New York and Philadelphia and besiege Boston, if he can prevent it.

THE GOLD BOX.—The Gold Box, of the value of 100 Guineas, containing the Freedom of the City of London to our distinguished townsman, Geo. PRABODY, has arrived in town and is to have a place in the Cabinet of the Peabody Institute. Our readers are already acquainted with the circumstances under which the Gift was bestowed. Upon receiving it, Mr. Peabody immediately resolved that its custody should be confided to his fellow townsman in the Institution which he has founded for their benefit. He accordingly sent it to this country in care of his confidential friend, H. G. Somerby, Esq., who performed his trust by placing it in the care of Hon. R. S. Daniels.

The box is a splendid piece of workmanship and has on the inside of the cover an elaborate inscription.

PRESENTATION.—The Irving Association of this town have presented a sword, sash and belt to Lieut. Geo. C. BANCROFT of Co. B, 40th Regt. Mass. 3 Years' Volunteers. Eight members of this Association (about twenty in number) have already entered the military service. Lieut. Bancroft was a member of the Salem Independent Cadets and was serving as Sergeant at Fort Warren when he received his appointment in the army.

The 40th Regt. left Camp Stanton on Monday for Washington.

APPOINTMENTS.—Horace Poole, formerly of this town, and late of the Iowa 1st, has been appointed Adjutant of the Iowa 2d Regiment.

Arthur F. Poole, of the 14th Regt., Mass. Vols., has been appointed Assistant Hospital Steward.

Jos. R. Patterson, of the 39th Mass., has been assigned to the Commissary Department, at Camp Stanton, Boxford.

Oakum as a Substitute for Lint in Gunshot and other Suppurating Wounds.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, Surgeon to Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., writes as follows to the editor of the *American Times*, on a subject which at present possesses peculiar interest:

"I have for many years past been in the habit of using picked oakum, in all cases of suppurating wounds, particularly in connection with opened joints, where the suppuration is excessive. The great number of gunshot wounds now in the Bellevue Hospital, where I use it entirely to the exclusion of lint, has furnished an opportunity for a number of army surgeons to examine its advantages, and they have requested me to make the subject more generally known to the profession."

After specifying wherein it is superior to lint in many particulars, he continues thus:

"Another great advantage which the oakum possesses over lint, which in these times of heavy taxation is not to be overlooked, is its cheapness. Lint at the present time costs from \$125 to \$135 per pound; whereas the finest picked oakum can be obtained at the 'Empire Oakum Works,' No. 149 West 38th Street, for ten cents per pound. And if it were universally adopted in the army, it would save many thousands of dollars to the government, and I confidently believe the life of many a soldier. And no surgeon who has once used it will ever resort to lint again—particularly if the lint is made of cotton."

Communications.

President Lincoln and Emancipation.

MR. EDITOR.—We have noticed that in several newspapers, (the WIZARD not included) the editors, and some of their correspondents, have repeatedly put forth the idea, that, besides being the most expeditious, the only true and proper way to conquer the rebellion, is for President Lincoln to proclaim immediate emancipation to all the slaves in the Southern States. And some writers have gone so far as to represent the President as holding the same relation to the oppressed in the South, as Pharaoh of old sustained to the enslaved Israelites in Egypt; and the troubles which are now abroad in the land are spoken of as so many judgments, coming trumpet-tongued, straight from the Eternal Throne, saying unto him "Let my people go." Witness the Boston Congregationalist, and the New York Independent, both of them religious prints.

Now we have several inquiries to make of these pseudo-prophets and interpreters of Divine Providence.

And first, we would ask, where Mr. Lincoln gets his authority for abolishing slavery in the several States? Does the Constitution confer it upon him? Where in that document is there a line, one syllable on the subject?

We do not hold to the opinion, that it is a pro-slavery instrument. We believe, that in its letter and spirit, it is opposed to the principle of holding property in human beings. But slavery being found in some of the States in the Union, we are just as far from believing that it gives, either to the President or to Congress, the right to abolish it. In fact, has not this principle of non-interference with slavery in the States been held by every political party since the adoption of the Constitution?

But perhaps it will be replied to this, that it can be done "under the War Power," or as a military necessity. But does such an exigency actually exist? Has it its existence to this, that 20,000,000, with all the means and sinews of war, cannot subjugate 10,000,000 who are almost destitute of these appliances, without calling upon the slaves to assist us?

Are we willing to make this confession to the nations of Europe? For one, the writer is not.

With all the stupidity and imbecility which these writers lay to the charge of the Northern States, we have gained too many conquests over the rebels already to regard their subjugation as an utter impossibility, without calling in the assistance of their slaves.

But admitting for the argument's sake, that the Constitution does clothe the President with the requisite authority, we would again inquire how such a proclamation from him is going to effect it? Suppose he should issue a declaration tomorrow that henceforth every human being held in bondage in the South was forever free from all obligation to render further service to his master, what would be the effect? Would it produce universal emancipation? We know not. We are told in Holy Writ "that where the word of a King is, there is power." But we are quite skeptical as to whether at the mere ipse-dixit of President Lincoln the bonds would fall from 4,000,000 of slaves.

His first call for 75,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion, we are told, was read in the Confederate Congress amid shouts of laughter.

But if a proclamation of the above named character should be put forth by him, with the expectation that, like a huge plowshare driven across the continent, it would snap asunder, in the twinkling of an eye, all the bonds and ligaments that now hold this infernal institution together, could we wonder if the nations of Europe should burst into a universal guffaw at the ridiculous attempt?

"So can I call for spirits from the vasty deep; But will they come?"

We have read in ancient story of the vain effort of a weak prince to bind in fetters the angry surges of the ocean, but the old hoary veteran, lifting his brawny arms on high, burst in sudden his frail bonds and tossed the saucy form in his face.

Where then, is the sense, or propriety, of calling upon Mr. Lincoln continually to put down this rebellion immediately by proclaiming universal emancipation?

Must not the rebellion itself be put down before the slaves can be reached? Must we not strike through the rebellion before we can touch the fetters of the slaves, even if we designed to free them from bondage?

Such is the view we have taken of the matter, but if in error, have not the slightest reluctance to being set right.

PITACON.

Our Soldiers at Newborn.

We have been pained to hear of the increasing sickness in our 17th Regiment at Newborn, N. C. At this time many of our soldiers there stationed are affected by jaundice, accompanied by slow fevers, and, after a little time, by the appearance of the scurvy. These are superinduced, doubtless, partly by the change of climate, to which they are not yet accustomed, but more by their being

confined in their diet almost exclusively to salted provisions and hard bread. It was not until Saturday last that the friends of those who enlisted in that regiment from our town (Danvers,) became aware of the extent of sickness prevalent among them, or of the fact that for the three months past they have been unprovided with vegetable food and have been unable to obtain it. A subscription was at once started and fourteen bbls. of potatoes and two of Onions were contributed by our citizens in addition to the money received, the amount of which we have not been informed. The vegetables were sent off the next day, the contributors being moved by the wants of their friends, and believing that it is lawful to do good even upon the Sabbath day. A part of these were sent to Co. B, which, although made up mostly of volunteers from So. Danvers, contains a dozen more of our citizens. The larger portion however was sent to Co. C, which consists almost entirely of Danvers men. If some one would take the responsibility of receiving and forwarding them, we doubt not but there are many farmers and gardeners in So. Danvers who would each contribute a barrel of potatoes, apples, onions or other vegetables for a like purpose. Who will set the ball in motion? One drilled soldier is worth two new recruits. We cannot afford to have them sick, and it pains us to know that they are suffering. We will attend to the wants of Co. C, and will not So. Danvers do as well for Camp B?

Danvers, Sept. 8th, 1862. T.

[The above suggestion is one of importance and should have immediate attention. Let the friends of Co B see to it that vegetables are provided. Will not the town committee who organized the company receive and forward the contributions?—E.]

LYNNFIELD, Sept. 8th, 1862

DEAR WIZARD.—In my communication of last week, I stated that 19 more were wanted to fill the quota of volunteers in this town. I should have stated that 19 was the number required on the last quota. I am also informed since my last, that 11 have already been obtained—all from the North and Centre wards—leaving but 8 more to be obtained, which looks much more encouraging than 19. Charles Mader of Lynnfield Centre is reported killed in the late Bull Run fight. He leaves a family in the same Co. (Co. I, 11 Reg.) is reported wounded in the leg. Others in the same Company helunging in So. Danvers, are also reported killed.

Yours truly

LYNNFIELD.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

PORT TILGHMOUTH, Aug. 31st, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND.—We left Clouds Mills Tuesday night about nine o'clock, and made a short march of six miles to Alexandria, where we bivouacked for the night. Before we started, the regiment was formed in a hollow square, and addressed by Col. Greene, who took command of the regiment. He said we had got to go without any tents, and carry our own knapsacks; we should march ten miles every night and lay by in camp in the heat of the day; that no officer whatever should carry any camp equipment, but sleep out in the open fields with the men; all should be alike.

We slept on the ground the first night with nothing but our blankets. The next morning, (Wednesday,) we took up our line of march at 5-1-2 o'clock, and came to a large piece of woods, where we halted, at our breakfast, had a good wash in a brook, filled our canteens and laid down to sleep. But as we were about to stop here all day, but at 9 o'clock Colonel Greene received a despatch to make a forced march on Manassas, a distance of twenty-two miles. The sun was blazing hot, and the roads were very dusty.

Contrabands were pointing in from Manassas in large numbers, and reported a battle going on all out, and that the New York 2d Regiment was all cut up and retreating; we hurried up as fast as possible, and many fell down by the extreme heat. It was found necessary to lay aside our knapsacks and blankets, and we marched into the woods and piled them all in a heap; placed a guard around them, and took up our line of march again, feeling greatly relieved of our principal load. I thought I should cave in, but was bound to keep up, which I did the whole distance. All along the road for seven miles towards Centreville were wagons loaded with supplies for Pope's army, thousands of horses, mules and beef cattle. The teamsters cheered us, clapped their hands, as we passed through. "You have saved us," they cried out all along the entire line; we kept up our march until we neared Centreville, gathering accounts of the battle that morning. The New York 11th battery of artillery had lost four cannon, which was taken from them by the rebels. We now de-cended a long hill where we were met by a Major of the New York 2d Regiment, who told us not to go ahead, as the rebels were upon us, and we should be all cut up. Col. Greene told him that he had better go home, that his boys knew no such word as retreat, and on we went. When we reached the bottom of the hill, the Colonel and his staff ascended a rise, and seeing the rebel cavalry only five hundred yards distant marching upon us, he dashed down to us, ordered two pieces of artillery to the rear which belonged to the New York 11th battery, but which he took forcible possession of, filed the regiment right and left into the woods, our battalion under Major Rolfe taking the right of the line of battle, the first battalion under Lieut. Col. Wright and Major Washburn the centre, and the second battalion under Major Buxton occupying the left. The line of battle was formed in an instant, and one never could have believed a regiment who had never been in action could have behaved with such perfect coolness. Every man was at his post, and stood firm as a rock. The artillery was double-shotted and planned to command two roads. All in line we were down on our knees, and under cover of the woods quietly awaited the approach of the enemy, but they only came to the top of the hill, saw our invulnerable position and skeddaddled back, thinking it no use to attack us

with cavalry in the woods. We were in line of battle and every man at his post for more than five hours, and no enemy appearing, scouts and pickets were thrown out to watch the movements of the enemy. Darkness came on, and posting a guard around our camp, we laid down to sleep on our arms, without any covering but the woods, all our blankets left behind ten miles away, and nothing to eat or drink but hard bread and cold water. The morning came and no alarms during the night. We were all in excellent spirits, with a splendid appetite. Preparations were made to receive the enemy if they saw fit to come on. Our position was altered somewhat, as we expected them on the front and rear. We learned that the rebels had garrisoned all the fortifications around Centreville, and it was impossible for us to proceed. We sent immediately to the War Department for a battery of artillery and some cavalry, so as to be able to silence the guns at Centreville and force our way through Manassas. In the forenoon two of our surgeons and a hospital steward proceeded to Fairfax village, about two miles in the rear of our lines, in a hospital wagon, when a band of cavalry came up and took them all prisoners; they were carried to Manassas, or rather drove there on foot. Our company was started in pursuit, but could not reach them. The rebels were released on parole, and they came into camp, minus their shoulder straps and swords and horses. Surgeon Dana brought with him a note from Bob Lee who was Colonel of the rebel cavalry, and son of Gen. Lee in the rebel army. To Col. Greene, saying, "To Col. Wm. B. Greene—Sir: Your shrewdness in forming your line of battle in the woods saved you; if you had been on the open plain last night I would have cut your command all to pieces, but woods are no place for cavalry to attack infantry. Yours, Bob Lee." We had various alarms during this day, and we were obliged to hold our position throughout the entire day. Our scouts came in in the afternoon, and reported us completely surrounded; and we expected nothing but a pretty thorough shelling out from the enemy's guns had we remained through another night. In the afternoon about five o'clock, a body of cavalry was seen approaching us by the main road, and we were certainly in hopes of a brush this time; but they proved to be our friends, in the shape of McClellan's body guard of Pennsylvania picked cavalry, who had been sent from Alexandria by the little General for our relief, also to bring orders. They saved the country around our position, and wherever they went the rebels skeddaddled in double quick time. We tried in every possible way to induce them to face us but all in no purpose. Our ambulances were put out in an open field for them to capture, but they wouldn't come to the scratch. I saw the devils all around us in almost every patch of woods; these were the first rebels in battle array in any force I had yet seen. Numerous spies were captured by our boys, some of whom were found in the tops of trees watching our movements. They were confined. It was coming on night, and the assembly was beat, and the companies formed. We had received orders from Gen. McClellan to report ourselves to him at Clouds Mills, as Jackson was marching on Manassas with 40,000 men, and had already cut off all of Gen. Pope's supplies. The regiment was quickly formed, and we took up our line of march for Clouds Mills, the same place from which we had started the day but one before. We were flanked by McClellan's body guard all the way home. As we started from Centreville commanding commenced in good earnest at Manassas, and such a roar of artillery I never heard before. Our regiment moved along at a strong, solid pace, not a word hardly being spoken in the ranks; we had had a smart shower and the marching was splendid. We kept a sharp lookout along our way, as we very much expected an attack in our rear. There was a long train of us, being about 25 wagons, 2 pieces of artillery, one hundred cavalry, and our regiment 1800 strong of infantry marching by fours. As we passed through Fairfax village, all was dark and still as death. The rebels had taken possession of the place that afternoon, and the Union Hotel and Court House was filled with them. They did not dare attack us, however; our solid columns were too much for them. We were followed by rebel cavalry for a long distance, but they finally left and we had no trouble whatever. This night we made a forced march of 20 miles in about 5-1-2 hours. The rebel cavalry which had harassed us so many hours in the old Black Horse (Stewart's) Cavalry, but now commanded by Bob Lee, and we said to number 2000 men. However, we did some good, saving Pope's supply trains and contents, also horses, mules and cattle to the amount probably of 3 millions of dollars, perhaps more, and we also had a fair view of the enemy, and an exciting, lively, tip-top camping out time of it. With the loss of one hundred steady, one wagon and two horses, and had only one man shot, and the loss of our knapsacks and blankets. We reached Clouds Mills at one o'clock Friday morning, reported to Gen. McClellan, and slept in our own tents which we had left only 2 days before. Friday morning woke up and found all around us was encamped McClellan's whole army. Saw lots of boys whom I knew; Lt. Col. Arthur Devoreaux, of Salem, Nat. Harris, Moses Shackley, Morrison and a host of others, and the looks of these men showed what they had been used to on the Peninsula. They looked tough, I assure you. While there I saw all McClellan's fighting boys, such as T. F. Meagher's Irish Brigade, Sheum's, Richardson's, Sedgwick's and other divisions. They all left for Manassas this Friday morning to engage Jackson. Besides their infantry and cavalry they had 60 pieces of artillery. Oh I didn't want to go with them and see the great battle out? Our boys were very much dissatisfied at coming back without having a fight, but McClellan so ordered and come we did, and very lucky for us as it has proved since. Friday afternoon we received orders to return to Port Albany from McClellan, and we marched again in the night to Fort Albany, thence to Port Tillinghast, and the whole regiment camped again in the open air, with nothing to lie on but the cold ground, and nothing to cover us but the deep blue azure of heaven. I never in all my life enjoyed myself better, never slept sounder, and never had such an appetite in all my life. I like it, and would like it again. The had cold I had when I started was almost entirely disappeared. The only thing that troubled us very bad on our march out and back, was the extreme heat and scarcity of water. Such was our thirst, that we drank water which a moment before was waded through by the horses, all black and muddy, and red as a brick. I think a few such marches would make the 14th a pretty tough set and they all like it. I wish we could have had one smart fight, so as to have distinguished ourselves, which we could have done had we had the chance, but Gen.

McClellan came into command of the whole of Virginia, and he told Col. Greene our services were needed more in the fortifications here, than we were in the field. He picked us out for this place, and made us his artillery for this purpose, and here we remained until ordered away by him. Great satisfaction has been expressed by the people of Washington and Alexandria at the movement of Gen. Sturgis in taking us away from 1 and more than all in pushing us on to Manassas with nothing in the world to support and all alone but ourselves. What could do, as simple infantry, against the well fortified places of Centreville and Manassas, with a battery of artillery, except two ten pounders which we took from the Colonel of the New York 11th battery? Why, if we had been day later on the road, we should have been crated out to pieces by Jackson, and no one told the tale. Such was the very narrow escape we have passed through within one week. Our escape from his Black Horse Cavalry entirely through the skillfulness of Col. Greene and it may be said of him, there is no braver, or a more skillful and strategic of in the army. But now we are back to old Centreville, to fight the enemy here. Pope driven Jackson's whole army, and fought it on the very identical field at Bull Run, with a little more than one year ago that battle fought which resulted in an inglorious retreat. But that stain is entirely wiped out by the tide of yesterday, and our army has gained most glorious victory. At the very place where we camped on Thursday night was fought Friday the battle in which Taylor's New Jersey Brigade was so fearfully cut up. The commenced yesterday morning and laid until evening. They attacked the enemy in front and rear and on all sides. From fort could be seen yesterday the whole of Stoneman's Division in line of battle only half a mile from here. Troops are pouring in by thousands to the rescue, and to-morrow morning I expect to hear of another battle and a big one too; point far this side of Manassas. If they or through this way, the fortifications on the left of the Potomac are all ready to give him a dose of cannon and grape. Our magazines were filled with the needful, and every detail was made march last night to its particular gun. There is great cheering in all the forts and at Arlington now—what the news is I do not know. You should be here to-day, to see Sunday in war times. I never saw such Sunday before. The 16th Maine Regiment camped outside our fort, and our whole company have pitched our tents inside; the batteries are closed night, and all is in readiness for action. The Colonel said when we left Manassas, we had gone from heavy artillery the lightest kind of infantry, but now it is cavalry. The great battle will probably be terminated to-morrow. No cannonading have heard to-day anywhere. All are writing their friends. Last night our knapsacks were filled, but they were all empty. I have everything but my blankets—shirts, stockings all are gone but what I have on. You hear from me again soon.

MORE TRUST WANTED. If we could get every citizen of the great loyal North and send the word they most need to hear, to feel and live by, we would say, trust your President, trust your generals, trust your army, trust your people, trust God. It is with trust that we observe so much disposition to flout with everybody and everything. Every citizen of a free government is entitled to an opinion. That opinion carefully formed should express temperately, calmly, earnestly. Such expression of opinion makes up the great popular will, the *vox populi*, which is the 1 of a republic, and which neither Presidents, Cabinets, nor generals, will wish to dare to disregard; but when fault-finding and denunciation take the place of opinion properly expressed, then danger becomes imminent. Is there not something here that should be remedied? Do not the people of this awful crisis seek rather to blame the administration than to sustain the government? Are there not many who would discover a weak point in the President's policy, rather than in a rebel fort? Are the not too many who delight in attacking the country of the war rather than the ranks of the enemy? We need men; we need soldiers; we need the great host of Northern freemen be trained in the plain of battle and encounter with crossed bayonets the traitors who ass our national life. This is our great need—what do we get? Warfare encounters on the main argument: a warfare of words; words and bayonets where there should be soldiers at bayonets.

FRUIT PRESERVERS.—Our readers will not fail to notice Lindlow's Patent Jars for preserving fruits, as advertised by Messrs. NEWMAN & SYMONDS. This invention carries the products of Autumn all through the year.

COTTON-RAISING IN SOUTH DANVER.—Edward Hammond has a flourishing cotton plantation, on a small scale. He has a single plant, raised from the seed, now in bloom, having a pretty white flower. We shall say more about it after he has gathered his crop.

SINGING SCHOOL.

Mr. Randall, of Salem, respectfully gives notice that he will commence a Class for Instruction in Sacred Music for Ladies and Gentlemen at the Rev. Mr. Barber's Vestry, on THURSDAY EVENING, Sept. 18th, at 7-1-2 o'clock. All interested are invited to attend. Terms for 2 lessons: Ladies, \$1.00; Gentlemen, \$1.50. Sept. 10th, 1862.

Premium for change—See PEABODY'S Advertisements.

FOUND.

On the road at West Danvers, near the New Danvers Turnpike, a pocket Memorandum containing a sum of money in bank bills. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

PAUL TIBBETTS.
South Danvers, Sept. 10th, 1862. a copy.

Have you seen these 29 cent Collars, in PEABODY'S Window?

Black Crape Collars in new styles just opened at PEABODY'S.

So. Danvers Horticultural Society.

An adjourned meeting of the South Danvers Horticultural Society will be held at the Exchange Reading Room, on SATURDAY EVENING next, Sept. 6, at 7 o'clock.

The several Committees are particularly requested to be present.

M. O. STANLEY, Sec'y.

SWALLOWED A HOLE.—The other day Charlie, five years old, found one of those curious bone-rimmed circles which, I believe ladies have named cycloids, and while playing in the garden swallowed it. The family were in the house busily engaged on a work of entomology, when Charlie ran in with mouth wide open and eyes distended to their utmost capacity.

His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired:— "What is the matter? What has happened?"

The urchin, all agog, managed to articulate:—

"Water!"

It was brought him; when, after drinking copiously, he exclaimed:—

"Oh! mother, I swallowed a hole!"

"Swallowed a hole!"

"Yes, mother, swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory around it!"

A woman says what she pleases without being knocked down for saying it.

She can take a snore after dinner while her husband goes to his business.

She can go into the street without being asked to stand there at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it be too pale and powder it if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixings if too thin.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one that she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over until he warns the public not to trust her on his account.

Those are the advantages woman has.

It is related of a Southern slaveholder that he was wont to boast of the head-

endurance of a favorite house-servant.— Upon the occasion of a dinner-party, he bragged that Sam could not be knocked down by any blow, however severe, upon his head.

An athletic and powerful man of the party laughed at such an idea, and as Sam was about entering the room with the candles, he stood behind the door and struck him a powerful blow on the head.

The candles flickered a little, but Sam passed quietly on, merely saying:— "Gentlemen, be careful of the elbows, or de lights will be distinguished."

An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another said to dangle about his delicate person, said to the jeweler that he would like to have a something engraved on it—ah to denote what he was. Certainly, certainly. I will put a cipher on it, said the tradesman.

At a recent meeting of a parish, a straight-laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, deacon, asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

"I wish you would not smoke cigars?" said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover.

"Why not I smoke as well as your chimney?"

"Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

He has quit smoking.

LIBERAL OFFER.—An advertisement in a country paper reads as follows:—

"Stolen, a watch worth twenty-five dollars. If the thief will return it he will be informed where he can steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

The following is an exact copy of a notice posted in a country post-office in a Western State:—

SHAMFAN, November 13 (Thirteenth). Lost a red Kaf. He had a Whyte Spot on too his behind legges. He was a She Kaf. I will give three dollars to every Body ant will bring Him Hom.

KRANTZ HANDSCOFF.

"And the American Civil War is the cause of this rise in tallow," said a French chandler to one of his friends.

"Why, pa!" innocently asked the heir to the good-will and plant of the paternal chandler, "why, pa! do the Americans fight by candle light?"

"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young uh' justing the door step on 'tother side of the street, fooled yer dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might have been in California hunting diamonds, my son."

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Oh, yes," he replied; "if it blows on at this rate it will blow us to heaven in half an hour." The chaplain, in alarm, exclaimed, "Oh! God, forbid!"

"What did you give for that horse, neighbor?" "My note." "Well, that was cheap."

SURE TO HARROW UP THE SOLE.— Peg-ends inside one's boots.

A trifling loan to your neighbor makes him your debtor; a large one your enemy.

A lady well advanced in maidenhood at her marriage, requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing,

"This is the way I long have sought And mourn because I found it not."

"Sir, you are just like the motion of a dog's tail!"

"How so?"

"Because you are a wag."

Who is the most liberal man?

The grocer; he gives almost every thing a weigh.

When is a flock of sheep like our climate? When it is composed of all wethers.

FIREWORKS—Run and candles.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. CHANGE OF TIME

TO
LYNN & BOSTON
BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

On and after THURSDAY, June 19th, 1862,

W. F. BURNHAM'S

Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building, South Danvers, passing down Main street, through Washington street to Lynn, daily.

Leave South Danvers at 7.50 A. M., and 12.50 and 4.50 P. M.

Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2.12 and 6.12 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, at 8.15 A. M., 1.15 and 5.15 P. M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the above named hours, to take passengers to South Danvers.

Sunday Arrangements.

Leave S. Danvers at 7.00 a.m., and 4.50 p.m. Leave Lynn at 9.30 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Care leave Seely's Building, Boston, to meet the Omnibus at Lynn for South Danvers, at 8.15 a.m. and 5.15 p.m.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Tickets to Lynn, 15 cents. Through to Boston, 30 cents.

Passengers called for at reasonable charges if notice is given at the Office.

EXTRA COACHES furnished at short notice, at moderate rates.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Salem and Lynn Omnibus.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, an Omnibus will leave Stage Office in Central St., Salem, for Lynn.

At 8.30 a.m. and 1.30 and 4.30 p.m. connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston Horse Railroad for Boston.

Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem, at 9.00 a.m. and 2.00 and 5.00 p.m.

on arrival of 8.14 a.m. and 1.14, 4.14 p.m. cars from Boston.

Fare—Between Lynn and Salem, 15 cts, or tickets for \$1. Through tickets from Salem to Boston, 30 cents. Fare by the Driver, and the Conductor in the cars.

ON SUNDAYS.

The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. Returning, will leave Lynn at 10.00 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.—on arrival of the 9.15 a.m. and 4.15 p.m. cars from Boston.

Express business between Salem and Lynn promptly attended to.

Moses A. Shackley.

Disolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

MOSES A. SHACKLEY, HENRY M. MERRILL, South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit and receive their patronage.

The undersigned is authorized to collect all bills and to settle all accounts against the late firm, and all persons interested are requested to act accordingly.

H. M. MERRILL, South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861.

Flour and Pork.

RECEIVED this day, by rail:

50 bbls. Key Brand's Mills Flour; 100 bbls. Key Brand's " "

For sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

NATIONAL TAX BOOK.

COMPLETE edition, only 10 cents, with a large type, for sale by

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

CHEAP READING.

SUBSCRIPTION Circulating Library—into which all the new books are put as soon as published.

aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

STATIONERY

FOR SOLDIERS—of all kinds—complete folios and roll up cases—pocket inkstands, etc., etc., at

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH, 190 Essex street, Salem.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

OF THE SEAT OF WAR, near Richmond— with positions of the army during the recent engagements—just published.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH, aug 6 190 Essex st., sign of Five Golden Books

COTTONS.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St

WE have a full stock, of all the different grades of Brown and Bleached Cottons Sheetings of every width.

aug 6

Prints. Prints.

AT the Lowest Cash Prices; Cambrics; Se-
lias; Batings; Grapes.

aug 6 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St.

WHITE DINNER WARE; White

Ten Ware, and White Toilet Ware, at

may 14 S. C. & E. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

FLOWING WARE. Mulberry and

Flowing Blue Ware, of all kinds, constantly for sale at

may 14 S. C. & E. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

CHINA AND GLASS WARE. French

and English China, Glass and Cut and Pressed Glass Ware of all kinds, constantly for sale at

may 14 S. C. & E. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

PORT-FOLIOS, of every style—fresh

just received from the manufacturers. Also, Gammal and Chess Boards—for sale by

may 14 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

Salem Superior.

BBL'S. "SALEM SUPERIOR" Flour, rec'd this day, and for sale by

may 14 GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

Canada Oats.

BUSHELS bright and sweet CAN-
ADA OATS, received this day,

and for sale by

may 14 Phillips' Wharf, Salem.

Flour.

BBL'S. FLOUR, "Cataract" and

"Peerless" brands, made expressly for Baker's use, received this day and for sale

may 14 GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

THOMAS DAVIS,

ADVERTISING AGENT,

For the principal New England Newspapers, remains at the old stand, No. 22 Cornhill, Boston, where you will find him still loyal to the Constitution, the Laws, and Advertising.

Boston, Jan 29, 1862.

Choice Spring Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale PIGS of Black, White, and Chester County breeds, of which the Muckle took the First Premium at the last Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

W. R. GOODALE, Near Tapley's Brook.

South Danvers, March 27, 1861.

H. R. PERKINS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,

Photographs, Epitaphs, and patent

colored Pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when desired.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers,

Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO.'S

PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS-PORT,

DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL

OF the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Lohg, Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.

Order box at post office, South Danvers, and post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,

J. Q. A. BACHELDER,

C. T. BACHELDER, July 19—

THOMAS PINNOCK,

SALER, MASS.

Orders may be left at his Yard, No. 25 Pea-

body St., or at his house No. 6 Hancock street, South Salem.

Books covered with any kind of Slates, ac-

cording to order. All work warranted.

Salem, May 7, 1862.

Ann R. Bray,

No. 76 Federal Street,

DEALER IN

Camel's Hair Goods,

Salem, May 12, 1862.

Important to the Afflicted.

DR. J. C. continues to be consulted at his office, Nos. 7 and 9 Railroad street, Boston, on all diseases of

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience of the most successful treatment of the various diseases of the human system, Dr. J. C. has now the gratification of presenting, for the relief of suffering humanity, a new and powerful remedy, which he has found to be the most successful of all.

GONORRHEA AND SYPHILIS.

Beneath his treatment, all the horrors of venereal and impure blood, Gleet, Scrophulous, Gonorrhea, Ulcers, pain and distress in the region of the bladder, inflammation of the bladder and kidneys, ity, stricture, and all the other diseases of the urinary system, the long train of horrible affections attending the disease of the blood, are made to become as harmless as the simplest ailments of a child.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Dr. J. C. devotes a great part of his time to the treatment of these cases, and he has found that the remedy which he has discovered, and which he has named "The New and Powerful Remedy," is the most successful of all.

Dr. J. C. has also discovered a new and powerful remedy for the treatment of the various diseases of the human system, which he has found to be the most successful of all.

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Dr. J. C. has also discovered a

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

NO. 37.

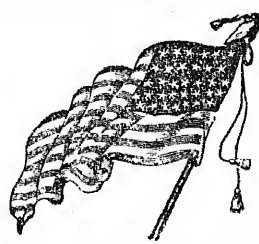
SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Saturday morning, at Allen's Building, South Square, by

CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.

One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
Square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
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Our juvenile but rather obese editor, who somewhat more than a year ago joined the band of heroic civilians in their famous advance upon Washington from Bull Run, has again been indulging in prophetic dreams. Our readers will remember that upon his return from Washington, after his interview with LINCOLN and his Cabinet to which Scott and McClellan were, as a matter of courtesy, invited—he predicted that the coming Christmas would, to use his own classical expression, see the rebellion entirely *supplanted*. This, undoubtedly, was clear enough to him, but unfortunately Jeff. Davis (who, by the way, resembles our editor very much) being in one of his wrong-headed moods, obstinately refused to see it in that light, and the result is that the rebellion has, so to speak, slightly continued up to this time. After this, the editor very properly, lost all confidence in himself, and it was determined that we, that is, the publisher, should turn southward, and see what could be done.

Now our good editor thinks himself a prophet. He sees visions and dreams; and scarcely had we reached Philadelphia, when he had a dream, and began to prophesy.—Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia were saved—the rebel army, broken and defeated, were flying in wild confusion to the Gulf of Mexico or to the Gulf of Perdition (no matter which), whilst we, that is our humble self, the publisher, with both hands in the tail-feathers of the American Eagle, were riding on the whirlwind and directing all this storm! This, as the result of our journeying South, is what the editor saw in his vision. It was a very pretty picture, indeed, but not true. The editor is neither a prophet or the son of a prophet. At that time nothing he predicted came to pass. When at Philadelphia, we felt very much as he did in the neighborhood of Bull Run. The case of our soul became precious in our own eyes. We experienced a strong desire to walk about in a whole skin, and fearing the rebels might look in some fine morning, we followed his excellent example, and made ourself scarce in that vicinity.

The rebels may be whipped—we hope they will—in fact, we know they will—but all the fighting in this office must be done by the editor. That is what we keep him for. He has far more time past drilling with a small squad, and the sooner he starts for the war the better for the coming unborn millions. Let him advance at once, and by the help of his courage and strategy, there will be no doubt as to the result.

Departure of the Nine Months' Volunteers.

We had quite a military demonstration last Wednesday on the occasion of our recently enlisted company going into camp at Wenhams. We append an account of the march, which we find in the Salem Gazette, and which is a correct narrative, as far as it goes, of the proceedings of the day. In another place we speak more particularly of the "Old Guard" as it appeared under its first commander; and in our Army Correspondence will be found a letter from one of its members descriptive of events of the campaign. The day was fine, and it seemed as if almost our whole population had come out to witness the pageant. A fine band of music had been provided. The Old Danvers Light Infantry came out with its heavy columns and under its early commander, and was highly complimented for its soldierly bearing and good marching and wheeling. Two of the fire companies, the Eagle and Volunteer, appeared in their brilliant uniforms of blue and scarlet and added materially to the show,—the pupils of the Peabody and also of the Bowditch schools. A carriage, draped with the American flag, bore the three Dartmouth prisoners and two invalid past officers of the Danvers Light Infantry. These were Capt. Abner Sanger and Lieut. Ralph Emerson.

These bodies composed the Escort, but the great interest of the occasion centered in the company of Capt. ROBERT S. DANIELS, Jr., whose well filled ranks were composed of our strong and vigorous young men, the flower of our village. They were now about to leave their loved homes at the call of duty, to endure the labors, deprivations and perils of the camp and battle field. They only needed to be fully uniformed, armed and equipped, to have presented the appearance of veteran soldiers. We yet hope that before the company is ordered from camp, it will be permitted to appear again in our streets in all the "pomp and circumstance" of glorious war. We have no doubt they would do full justice to themselves and their able and skillful commander. We learn that many of our citizens have expressed a desire that the company should attend in a body at one of our churches, there to be addressed and the soldiers to receive some valuable tokens of remembrance from friends at home. We have also heard that some words of counsel will be addressed to the company. We have heard Sunday afternoon named as the time, and the Old South Church as the place of the proposed testimonials.

The citizens of Salem had a sight of some of the public spirit of our South Danvers neighbors on Wednesday, when a procession from that town marched through our streets to the

Eastern Railroad depot. It seems that the company of Capt. R. S. Daniels, Jr., had been attached to the Fifth Regiment as Co. C, and ordered to camp at Wenhams on Wednesday.—The company is composed of some of the finest young men of the place. The first Lieutenant is George F. Barnes, principal of the Grammar School in the Bowditch District, and the Second Lieutenant is Wm. L. Thompson, principal of the Peabody High School. The citizens of the town, desiring to express their appreciation of the company, took impromptu measures towards escorting them to camp, and meetings were held the evening before the departure, to take suitable measures to this effect. The Old Danvers Light Infantry, organized in 1818, and which flourished in Danvers till within a few years, when it was disbanded,—was reconstituted with a completeness not less marvellous than the brevity of time in which the thing was done. The fire companies made arrangements for coming out also, and the other inhabitants, having no idea of being crowded out, resolved to come forth, and far more, give dignity and an imposing character to that part of the procession usually finished up, on the printed programme, by the insertion of the words, "citizens generally."

The escort thus indicated, met on the Square at one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and receiving the company whom it was thus proposed to honor, marched to the Eastern Railroad depot in Salem where they took the cars for Wenhams—most of the citizens who took part in the procession availing themselves of the liberality of the railroad managers in allowing them to ride at half price. The procession made an imposing appearance, and greatly excited the interest of our citizens. It was under the Chief Marshaling of Hon. A. A. Kinnear, assisted by Eben Sutton, Jr., and Jos. Jacobs, Jr. as Aides, and the following gentlemen as Assistant Marshals:—Amos Merrill, Wm. Sutton, Jr., John A. Lord, D. C. Perkins, John O. Poor, Geo. E. Mencom, Edward W. Jacobs, Geo. Winchester. After the Chief Marshal and his Aides came the Band. Then followed the old members of the Danvers Light Infantry, to the number of 115 men. They were commanded by Hon. R. S. Daniels, the first captain of the company, and father of the Captain of the volunteers. Gen. Wm. Sutton acted as first Lieut., and Mr. Wm. Cutler as second; and the duty of color-bearer was performed by Mr. Amos Trask. Then followed the veterans of the War of 1812 also, Messrs A. Sanger and Ralph Emerson, formerly Lieutenants in the Company—in a barouche: Volunteer Engine Co. No. 4, and Eagle Co. 5—both in uniform; citizens in formidable array; and South Danvers High School—boys on foot and girls in carriages. This formed the escort, and then followed Captain Daniels's volunteers, a fine looking body of men as one need meet with.

On returning from Wenhams, Mr. Abbott, at the Square, addressed the citizens briefly, thanking them for that co-operation which made things pass off so pleasantly.

Old Danvers Light Infantry.

The late parade of this famous old company, famous for its military spirit and discipline, and the high rank it held in its Brigade and Division, leads us to look back into its early history as connected with the late demonstration. The company was organized in 1818, its first officers being

Capt.—Robert S. Daniels.
Lieut.—Abner Sanger.
Ensign—Allen Gonsal.

At the parade on Wednesday, it was found that of the original 48 members, 17 had deceased, 16 were present in the ranks, leaving 15 living who were not present. Some of these have long since removed from town and others were absent from infirmities or other causes. The average age of the sixteen who were present is estimated at about 65 years. The ranks, on the late occasion, were filled up to over a hundred men by the more recent members, some of whom came from the neighboring towns and Salem, Boston, and even New York. The notice of the parade was very short, and the evening before, the following officers were elected for the occasion:—

Hon. Robert S. Daniels, Captain.
Major—Wm. Sutton, Lieutenant.
Lieut. Wm. Cutler, Ensign.

1st Sergeant, Stephen Osborne,
2d do Fitch Poole,
3d do Samuel P. Fowler,
4th do Joseph Jacobs.

1st Corporal, Caleb Osborne,
2d do Anthony Snow,
3d do George C. Peirce,
4th do Dennison W. Osborne,

Color Bearer, Amos Trask.

Capt. Abner Sanger and Lieut. Ralph Emerson rode in the carriage with Messrs. PRICE, HILL and HAMMOND, the Dartmouth prisoners, as they were too infirm in health to bear the fatigues of the march. We expected to have been able to publish the entire roll of the company as it was on the day of parade, but unfortunately the list was not completed. It was a pleasant reunion to all, both the ancient and the recent members, a few of whom date their membership from the year 1802. Outsiders, who witnessed the parade, say that the marching of the Old Guard was excellent, their solid columns and heavy tread giving the idea of a phalanx of veterans.

We learn that the report that President Lincoln had given an Order to the corps to repair to Washington as his body-guard, is not correct, or at least needs confirmation.

RASCALLY TRICK.—On Saturday evening last, as a young lady was walking rather rapidly down Lowell Street, she was suddenly precipitated to the ground with so much force as to bruise her face and shoulders. A rope had been passed at a small distance from the ground, across the sidewalk from a fence to a tree—probably by some mischievous boys. We hope they will be caught and brought before Justice Perkins.

The Tide Turned.

The tide of military success has at last fairly turned against the rebels. They have made their desperate raid into Maryland, threatened Pennsylvania, but when they met McClellan's troops, they turned their backs and ran for the fords of the Potomac. This news is cheering and elevating to the loyalists of the country, and promises to make this war a short one.

Let these successes be followed up by energetic action. Let our troops, flushed with success, pursue the foe to Richmond or the mountains. Let the new levies of the West pour down into Kentucky and Tennessee and recover all, and more than all we have lost in those States. Let our naval forces take Charleston and Mobile and the spine of the Rebellion will in reality be broken.

PAINFUL RUMORS.—Our community, and particularly the family connections of Mr. FRANKLIN OSBORN, Jr., of the 24th Regt., were painfully excited by a report of his death at the late fight at Washington, N. C., which appeared in the Boston Herald. In the Journal of the same morning, the name was spelled *Oldson*. This gave room for doubt and even hope, but when the mail came in, it brought a letter from a relative of Mr. Osborn at Newbern, stating that he had just had intelligence of the death of his kinsman in the battle. Another letter from Newbern, in the same mail, gave an account of the death of Frank Oldson of Salem. Enquiry was made in Salem, and it was found that a soldier of that name was in the same regiment and his friends believed him dead. The mystery is yet unsolved and will not probably be entirely cleared up until the next mail from Newbern.

LIEUT. GEO. W. TAYLOR, of Manning's Battery, at the commencement of the late Battle of Baton Rouge—where the rebels, under Breckinridge, were so roughly handled—was on the sick list; but he couldn't keep quiet while his comrades in arms were in battle, and rushed from the hospital, and did his duty so well as to elicit commendation from his superior officers. Lieut. Taylor is a South Danvers production.

THE OLD SOUTH BELL.—We were glad to see, yesterday morning, workmen taking down from its high place this carpeting mass of bell metal. We hope its voice will be improved before it again ascends to such a height. It was growing daily worse and worse, so that we found it very difficult to keep step by it. A new one of large weight (2156 1/2 lbs.) takes the place of the one removed.

CAUTION TO BOYS.—Last Wednesday a young lad of about fourteen years of age, came near being badly maimed by the careless use of a pistol in the hands of another boy. The pistol went off and threw the wad and charge of powder into the ear and cheek of his companion, causing much pain, and the powder marks will probably remain for life.

THE MONTHLIES.—Godey's Lady's Book comes to us promptly, well filled as usual with readings and pictorials, rich in embellishment and literary excellence. Ladies call this the best of all the monthlies.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

COMPANY X (Danvers Light Infantry) }
Major Gen. (Sept. 16th, 1862.)

MR. EDITOR,—I now take up my pen to inform you that I am in good health and hope these few lines will find you the same. I thought you would like to present to your readers a correct account of the perilous march of Company X to Camp Lander on Wednesday last. Never since I was in the famous battle of Tippecanoe in the year 1824, in Gen. Appleton's Brigade, where I became nearly mortally wounded—in the tail of my coat—did I encounter so many perils and dangers, as in this campaign to Wenhams. We expected hot work, and we prepared for it. Our ranks were not only filled with the young and active members of the corps, but on this occasion we dug up many of our old, departed comrades, and also found others ready for duty who fortunately remained unburied. With true military punctuality we met at the appointed rendezvous, all armed and equipped for military duty. Each man was provided with two arms and three days' rations. As we were not provided with haversacks, we carried our rations in our broad baskets.

The great object of our expedition, as you know, Mr. Editor, was to take Wenhams. Company X was placed in the front column, as its members knew the ground, having marched through that place on their first campaign in 1820. We were therefore the better prepared to avoid ambushes and musket batteries. Next to us followed the Eagle and Volunteer Zouaves, after them the Peabody Guards and Bowditch Cadets—then came the Baggage Train and Ambulance with the invalids and prisoners, and last of all, the new nine months' recruits. Altogether, it was a very formidable column. The Old Guard had been in many a campaign before, and well knew the hard-

ships of a soldier's life. The fourth section had suffered severely in their first campaign; when at Hamilton, their tent was pitched directly over a bumblebee's nest, the enemy surprising them by a night attack in their rear as they were quietly sleeping on the straw in their tent. At first the rogues were complete, but the enemy was finally vanquished. The Zouaves had often been under fire and were still "able and willing" to do their whole duty. The rest of the column, although at present called raw recruits, were of excellent material. The whole were under the charge of the Provost Marshal.

We marched off bravely to the music of the band and the spirit-stirring drum and fife, cheered by the smiles of the ladies and the waving of handkerchiefs. We were first ordered to take Salem, which we did by a well managed surprise, throwing out our skirmishers to watch the fortifications on Gallows Hill, but they did not discern a ghost of a defender. Blubber Hollow fell into our hands without firing a gun, and we might have taken Salem Court House as easily as our forces at Washington took Fairfax. Our Provost Marshal had before frequently taken it, but it was not considered expedient to capture it at this time. He chose to send forward a small force to take possession of the Eastern Railroad and seize the rolling stock. This was handsomely done by an adroit flank movement, and the whole column embarked in the cars, leaving our invalids to hold possession of Salem until our return.

By a forced march we took quiet possession of Beverly, fish, beans and all. We then pushed on without loss of time or life and stopped at Wenhams, formed a new line and waited an attack. No enemy appearing, we had orders to march to Camp Lander, and "by the right flank" we marched into camp and saw our friends of Company C take possession of their barracks.

We found that Company C was the first of the 5th Regiment which had come in, although a company from Newburyport and another from Salisbury belonging to another regiment, arrived before us. Three other companies came in while we were there, from Charlestown, Malden and Marlborough.

Camp Lander is well situated on an extended plain, with woods in the rear. Wenhams Lake is not far distant, which is noted for its very cold ice. We went through the barracks, whose furniture was high post bedsteads on each side, each one two stories high, without curtains, and furnished with feather beds of good, clean straw. We did not notice any pillows, bolsters or counterpanes, and I am sure the floor was not carpeted. The time now came to take leave of our friends of Company C, and having accomplished the object of the expedition, we were ordered to take up our line of march for the railroad. This was done by turning our rear to the camp and our front to the railroad, while, by a well executed skedaddle movement over the fields and fences, we reached the station without the loss of a man.

Coming to Salem, we took possession of the Essex Railroad, and passing through Carlonsville, reached Grove St., where the column was again formed and marched triumphantly up Main street to the Square and dismissed until further orders.

D. L. I.

CAMP CHARGE, Virginia, Sept. 16th, 1862.

FRIEND POOLE.—The 39th Regiment has at length arrived at this place; and we have had a long, weary and dusty journey. We are encamped on a high, level tract of land, not a spire of grass above the surface and every thing of a dirty cream and molasses color. We all had to stretch ourselves on the ground last night, and we don't find it so very rough after all. To be sure harks and shoulders grow a little about the middle, but a short nap for an hour or two on double quick soon takes out all the kinks. Our tents have just arrived, and all the boys are busy putting them up. Corporal Dodge is superintending operations, and every man under his charge has to pony up pretty lively. He thinks if he was in the old times, drawing off a lynch or packing away, with a prospect of roast beef and bird's nest pudding, for dinner, he might move around some livelier. Corporal Milken has just come in from a brush excursion and we are going to have a shady street, as soon as we can plant the trees. Private Bessem, although the loss in the blanket sprained him pretty bad, is the life of the company, and I have not seen the first signs of the blues amongst us. The men are all willing to work and no matter how hard our fare may be at times, not a word of grumbling is heard.—Our officers are all bully. Capt. Nelson's time can't be lost; every body likes him, and when we come to the scratch every man will follow him. Our lieutenants have the respect of the whole company, and whether we storm a fort or attack a musket battery, we feel confident that they will be in the front.

I must tell you about our baggage train which is composed of 4 mules, a covered wagon, and G. W. Bancroft Jr. The latter was detailed as vanguard yesterday, and going to Washington, he obtained the four animals, fresh from the prairies, never having been harnessed and as risky and untidy as a jackass could be supposed to be. He arrived in camp about 11 o'clock P. M., and the scene that ensued on unloading almost beggars description. Bancroft had lost his voice entirely on the road from Washington, and couldn't seem to take command at all, and Adjutant Smith was forced to take the lead. The animals being got off after a while, the next thing was to tie each one to a wheel, and here came the tug of war. The adjt. being an experienced horse tamer was in his element; but he found wulf more dif-

ficult than horse. He was under the mule and over the jackass, cutting and slashing and using more profane expletives in three moments than an experienced entry clerk could book in as many hours. The animals would be securing the pole of the wagon one minute and the next would be taking an observation across the roof. But at last they were secured for a while, and the weary drivers hugged the straw.

Such scenes serve to relieve the monotony of camp life, and sometimes a hearty laugh is better than a good dinner. But I must shut down for Nels. Synmonds our able commissary Sergeant has just notified us that hard bread and coffee is waiting for us, and I must skedaddle.

Yours &c
C. W. HANSON.

Pencilings by the Way.

On a recent trip to the Quaker City, we had a good sight of the "Great Eastern," the largest craft ever made. She lay in Plum Bay, Long Island Sound, and had just arrived from Liverpool, bringing fourteen hundred passengers and three thousand tons of merchandise. She met with an accident while entering the Sound, in the neighborhood of Montauk Point, by touching upon a sharp rock that opened a leak in her stern compartment, through which the water made so fast, after she arrived at her anchorage, that it was soon apparent that she was settling by the stern, notwithstanding the action of the pumps. Nothing can be done to stop the leakage until the cargo is out, and then it is a question how it is to be got at. The Great Eastern has six masts, and five smoke stacks. A ship of 2,000 tons looks like a yacht beside her.

We next passed Green Point, near Brooklyn, and had a good view of some three or four monitors in course of construction, at the "Continental Works" of Mr. Rowland. Preparations are also making for the construction of two iron clad vessels a great deal larger than any of the gunboats now building. They will be about three hundred and forty feet long, nearly the same length as the "Niagara" and "Great Republic," which were called "the mile vessels" before the era of the Great Eastern. Besides being the most powerful vessels in the Navy, they will be so built so as to secure a high degree of speed, and will be very serviceable as rams. Mr. Lincoln has named them the "Puritan" and "Dictator."

At the Brooklyn Navy Yard we saw the noble frigate "North Carolina," a ship-of-the-line, with its three tiers of frowning cannon. Her days for usefulness and glory, in her present style, are passed. The late dash of the rebel "Merrimac" at this style of craft in Hampton Roads, seals the fate of this once formidable vessel, and she will probably be subjected to the same kind of treatment as the "Ranocoe" is having, that is, be razed or cut down to near the water line, and be fitted to a coat of iron mail.

The sail through the "Narrows" is very pleasant, and gives the traveler an excellent view of Blackwell Island, with its city institutions, hospital, jail, house of reformation, &c. The landscape on the New York and Long Island shore, is picturesque, with its clustered and turreted palatial residences peeping up through thick groves of trees.

New York harbor is always interesting to the stranger, with its countless vessels of every clime, including steamers, ferry-boats, and all manner of sailing craft. Two large steamers, the "Atlantic" and "Forest City," were crowded with wounded soldiers—the former had nearly a thousand on board. The Norwich line of steamboats (the "City of New York" and "City of Boston,") now stop at Jersey City in order to enable passengers going South to take the early trains. The boat then proceeds on her way to New York. This is a great accommodation to southern travelers, and the large increase of travel on the Norwich and Worcester route, shows that the efforts of the Corporation to please are appreciated.

Before finishing our short trip, we visited the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and saw the new "Ironides," a frigate of 18 guns, plated with 4 1/2 inch plates. She will be the most formidable vessel in our navy when completed, will carry two 100 pound rifled guns, and will draw only fourteen feet of water. Her late trial trip to Fortress Monroe, was a decided success, and fulfilled the expectations of her builders. We noticed that this vessel, as well as most all the other war craft in the vicinity, was painted lead-color. Lying off the Navy Yard was a Brazilian war steamer and the U. S. frigates Jamestown, Powhatan and Quaker City. Near by was a British prize steamer, the Bermuda, we believe, lately captured while endeavoring to run the blockade. Her smoke stacks were painted white, in order to help evade our vessels, but the color led to her capture, as it showed in good advantage against the dark foliage of the islands she was sailing just. She had a valuable cargo.

"Creaking."

MR. EDITOR.—This disease, like the small-pox, is of ancient date. Indeed, it has been in the world ever since the days of the first family. Cain evidently had it, as is manifest from the following line:—"My punishment is greater than I can bear." Good old Jacob was suffering from its attack when he exclaimed, "All these things are against me." Job also had the complaint for a season in its most violent form, and under its force gave birth to the following rhetorical explosion:—"Cursed be the day wherein I was born." David, though generally in health, was at times deeply afflicted with it. Many others might be named, such as Nabal, Abah, Haman and Jonah, showing that the race of "creakers" have existed in every age.

We pass to observe in the next place, that this disease is sometimes chronic, sometimes temporary.

Chronic cases are those of persons who have it the natural way. It was born in them; and clings to them through life. There is no season when they are entirely free from it, and in situations in which they are at ease.

In the natural world, if the sun walks in brightness through the sky, a great drought is in prospect—the crop, it will be cut off. If clouds line the heavens and empty themselves upon the earth, the absence of sunlight will be the occasion of much sickness—the potato rot will not let in, &c.

In the commercial world, if business is brisk and goods sold quick, it is the precursor of a general crash, and bankruptcy is read on every sign. If trade slackens, and the market is dull, this is just what they anticipated, and now their misery is at its height.

In the political world, all parties are alike corrupt, and every man has his price.

In the religious world, the clergymen are all hirelings, and every professor a wolf in sheep's

clothing. In short, everything is out of order, and the whole world out of joint. Hens cackle when they ought to crow, and roosters crow when they ought to cackle. The eternal appendage of every dog that is straight, ought to curl, and unless it curls tight enough to lift the animal from his hind feet, it is not sufficient.

If a pistreen is found lying on the ground, a grunt follows because it was not a quarter.

Thus, through all his waking hours, the disease is perpetually manifesting itself in some form. And even when Morpheus has locked up his mortal senses, the nasal twang of his nocturnal music gives evidence that he is under the same direful influence. "Awake, asleep, at home, abroad," the demon still clings to him.

Temporary cases are those of individuals who have contracted the complaint by associating too closely with the above named class who have it the natural way. Such were some of the cases already instanced, as Jacob, Job, David and Jonah. The cases of Cain, Nabal, Abah and Haman must have been of the chronic type.

Again, we remark that this complaint is periodical. There are times when it sweeps through a community like fire through a forest. We do not mean to imply that chronic creakers are ever entirely free from it: we have elsewhere asserted the contrary. But there are seasons when it rages with much more violence than it does at others. Then the voices of these creakers may be heard, as glum and discordant as the grunts and groans of bull-frogs in a marsh of a summer's evening. (Indeed, their dolorous moans remind one of that celebrated pig instrument invented by some Abbe for the special amusement of Louis XV. that was played with keys like a harpsichord, in which pigs of different tones and ages were placed, so as to form the treble and bass of the scale. According as the performer played, a spike at the end of each key produced the tones desired, while a muzzel was so contrived as to act the part of a Damper, and stop the mouth of each pig as soon as the note was uttered.)

Such a season is the present, and the subject upon which the disease feeds and flourishes, is the struggle now going on between the North and South.

President Lincoln (such is the tenor of the strain) is an old granny, constantly falling upon his knees before the border States, and begging them not to be offended at his course—or, dragging his slow length along with reluctant step, when he ought to be a swift-footed Achilles, or a John in his movements. Gen. McClellan is another slow team, fit only for "mud-campaigns" and retreats. Gen. McDowell is a secessionist in disguise, using all his influence in favor of the rebels, for which he is paid by our Government. Gen. Pope is a hotspur of very limited capacity, and was out-generalled and whipped by Jackson. Gen. Halleck may have brains enough, but he is too phlegmatic—this is why Beauregard escaped him at Corinth. Fremont and Hunter go off at half-cock, and are totally unfit to be trusted in any office. Banks runs his head foolishly into a nest of hornets, and comes out half stung to death. Butler is a wind-bag, and will collapse ere long.

The system of volunteering was too slow a process when it commenced, and drafting is tyrannical. The law prohibiting persons from leaving the States to avoid being drafted, is perfectly outrageous and despotic. Paying large bounties to those who enlist, is foolish and extravagant. In fact the whole machinery of Government is out of order, and every wheel revolving the wrong way.

This is about a fair specimen of what we meet with occasionally, from persons suffering from this malady. They remind one of a porcupine "rolled up the wrong way," fretting himself to death with his own prickles.

Some editors seem to be deeply afflicted with this disorder at the present time. Instance the Boston Traveller and New York Independent. The editor of the latter print seems to have had the delirium tremens added to the other disease. He is out with everything in the Government, and down upon everybody. His editorials bristle with carping criticisms, and his opinions are delivered with oracular pomposity and "sesquipedalian ponderosity," as though he turned the crank of the universe and held the tiller of the world.

But now the question is, how shall these patients be cured? For those of the chronic type there is no remedy that we are aware of, short of miracle. Their distemper, like *original sin*, is "bred in the bone." You may help them for a time, sometimes with harsh medicines, sometimes with medicines, but they will soon return "like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." But to those whose cases are of short standing, we would say, take ten grains of *fall in an over-ruling Providence*, three times a day, morning, noon, and night. It will have a most wonderful effect in producing calmness of heart, and serenity of mind.

The following records the experience of one who had been deeply afflicted with this malady, and afterwards recovered:—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

PHOENIX.

HARD WARE.—We are glad to learn by the advertisement of Messrs. Newman & Symonds, that they are about to include with their present excellent assortment of goods, the article of Hard Ware, which is so essential in our daily business and households. For some time past we have been compelled to go to Salem or elsewhere for even the smallest articles in this line of trade.

MAINE ELECTION.—The Belfast Journal says the Republicans have carried their entire State Ticket by a large majority, though somewhat smaller this year than heretofore, having taken less interest, and having lost votes out of all proportion among those who have gone to the war. Two or three more calls for troops would render Maine a Democratic State, unless made by draft.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE Essex Agricultural Society, at a meeting held last week, voted not to give up their Show, but to hold the same as usual, which will be at Georgetown on the 30th of September and the 1st of October.

STRAILING PAPERS.—A person was sentenced the other day in Portland, to ten days confinement in jail, for stealing a newspaper.

In peace, time is money; in war, time is victory.

Emancipation.

MR. EDITOR.—"Phœbian's" "co needs a few words in reply, which I will offer.

Slavery is wrong! All true patriots of the taint of treason, are agreed on And, not only does slavery wrong slave, but it has degraded the unnatural war shows daily.

And, slavery being wrong; hence the oppressed nor the oppressor, w there for its continuance? Show lover of the honest justice exert to overthrow it?

The Southerners are battling for hold slaves; they offer no other for taking up arms. They were c under our Constitution and the inc of our Northern people they could teeter in their wrong-doing, and so live with us longer under that preferring to have one for themselves.

Now we are determined not to Union severed; we want it whole opposed their leaving. One party quer. I think ours will ultimately that we can subjugate 10,000,000; without the aid of the slaves, but that we should demand such a Northern lives as must follow the How many of the truest patriots are willing that their sons and brot fall victims to a long, earnest, and when the assistance of the slaves, n this conflict less lengthy and bla such an alternative is before us. F strate that the slaves will be rebels, so they can gain their freedom; w contrary, any aid from our govern bring them all flocking to sustain o laws. Now it is very possibl rebels will offer freedom to every sla fight for them, rather than to lay c arms before us. In that case, the co can be imagined.

If we emancipate, we are not only powerful aid to crush the rebellion, doing right, and to a great extent i paration for the past. What cure you or I for Europe an on our acts? Why is not the inq times made, "What will God thi than, What will the nations of Euro That is the question we want asked, we as a people get to thinking more opinion's than of Europe's it will sav folies. The Constitution is not a "pro-slav merit"—has nothing to say about a Mr. Lincoln's "authority for abolishi ry" is in his oath. He swears that faithfully execute the office of a Pr the United States, and will to the be ability, preserve, protect, and defend stitutions of the United States. To do that duty faithfully, he mus any act or laws of any state that shall lower the United States among the n the earth; and any act of the peopl State of our Union that shall endange ty of that Union must be prevented a shed. And the duty of Congress is: Not wishing to trespass on the space journal longer,

I remain yours &c,

South Danvers, Sept. 11, 1862.

Items.

In removing the cargo of the prize sh munda, now discharging at Philadelphia, were found twenty-six boxes marked "D." and containing in the aggregate \$ worth of Confederate postage stamps ne to rebel computation.

The State of Illinois has raised fifty th volunteers already on the new call of the ident. The men have been raised so su that Governor Yates, with all his eueg, hardly take care of them.

Gov. Buckingham of Connecticut has i ed the following dispatch from the War E ment: "Justices of the Peace are exemp military service by draft."

We notice that among the few persons from the steamship Golden Gate, burned Pacific a few weeks ago, was one man w only on board the Central America, from only a few escaped. It seems to be a for the vessels but lucky for himself.

There is a deficient crop in all parts of sia. Even the hay harvest has failed, an landed proprietors are already offering cattle for sale.

The inoculation of cattle for the cure prevention of pleuro-pneumonia has b successful in New South Wales, and is bing to be generally practiced in that col

The Newburyport Herald says, "McCle is a patriot and will serve his country in capacity if it is in the trenches with a spe

The new census shows that there are 733 more males than females in the country. The war continues long enough, the sexes be equal.

Macias, Maine, has done well. Last Sa day night nine children were born in the to which is exactly the quota required of i, der the nine months call.

The Killed, Wounded and Missing in Massachusetts Regiments in the late battle Virginia, it is supposed will not fall shor one thousand.

Rebel soldiers who have been converted v by our men sent to bury the dead and take of the wounded, are represented as being posed to a continuance of

History of the War. Everybody will rejoice that the history of its unrighteous rebellion is to come from the pen of John S. C. Abbott. Mr. Abbott has been afforded all the facilities he needs on the Government, and he will present to the public a history which, in its narrative and style, will show a life and freshness unequalled by any other. To Americans, it must be even more exciting and entertaining than his "Life of Napoleon." This new work engages all his time and thought, and he enters upon it with alacrity and enthusiasm. The publisher will get at the work in the best style of modern typography and binding, so that it shall be an ornament to the center table and library. It is not only had of authorized agents, and the price is put low to meet an extended and general circulation. Mr. C. A. Stebbins is now in town and will call upon our citizens to give them an opportunity to obtain the work. We commend him to the good graces of our citizens who will not fail to be well repaid for their subscription by possession of the best contemporary history of the War that will be written.

South Danvers Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

The Annual Meeting of the Members of this company, for choice of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may come before them, will be held at the Room of the Danvers Bank on MONDAY, the Sixth day of October next, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Per order, G. A. OSBORNE, Sec'y.

South Danvers, Sept. 17, 1862.

Danvers Bank.

The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the Annual Meeting to choose directors, to determine upon the amount of the Dividend to the Directors to the Bank, and to transact such other business as may come before them, will be held at their Bank on MONDAY, the Sixth day of October next, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Per order, G. A. OSBORNE, Cashier.

South Danvers, Sept. 17, 1862.

ELVET RIBBONS—with colored edges, the style for Dress Trimmings—just received EBBODY'S, 220 Essex street.

ERMAN WORSTEDS—at PEABODY'S.

GOOLEN YARNS—at PEABODY'S.

KNEN HOPS—at PEABODY'S.

KNY YARNS—at PEABODY'S.

KNY NEEDLES—the best, at PEABODY'S.

KNY BUTTONS—new styles—at PEABODY'S.

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KNY BUTTONS—new styles—at PEABODY'S.

Doctor Osborne,
A. S. author, will be prepared to examine and enroll militia men claiming exemption from duty at his office daily, No. 19, Main st. South Danvers.

Port of Danvers.

At 6th, schs. Back Diamond, Young, Philadelphia; 7th, Florence, Candance, New York; 12th, E. Smith, Snow, do; Pearl, Robinson, Rockland; sloop Comet, Floyd, Boston.

Deaths.

In this town, Sept. 10, Mrs. Lydia, widow of the late Mr. Jonathan Day, 66 yrs. Sept. 16, (Rockville), Mr. Abraham Smith, 54. Sept. 17, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Nathan H. Poor, aged 40. Funeral to-morrow [Thursday] afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Friends and relatives are invited.

In the death of Mrs. Poor we have to mourn the loss of one who was an exemplar in all the duties of domestic life. As the kind and tender mother, the faithful and devoted wife, the considerate and agreeable neighbor and friend, her untimely departure will be sorely missed. Most of all will she be missed within the precincts of her own household, as the kind helper, counselor and friend. In her we portrayed those solid virtues set forth by Solomon in his description of the "excellent woman."

Aug. 29, Daniel Blake, 78.

In Danvers, Sept. 14, Abel Lawrence, Esq., formerly of Salem, 76 yrs.

In Salem, Sept. 9, Rev. Wm. Davenport, 60; Mrs. Decey Lyles, widow of the late Mr. Oliver Parsons, 75; Mr. John Thomas Jumper, 41.

In Boston, Sept. 13, Mr. Henry H. Gill, of Salem, 32 yrs.—chief officer of ship Geo. Raynes, in Beverly, Mr. William Carroll, 71.

In Middlebury, Mr. Matthew Bussett, 69.

In Wrentham, Mrs. Sally, widow of the late Mr. Paul Kimball, 69.

In Richmond, Va., July 13, Robt. Windrop Putnam, son of Wm. R. Putnam, of Danvers, aged 17 years. He was a member of Co. F, 19th Reg. Mass. Vols., and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, June 30, taken prisoner, and died of his wounds.

In Newbern, N. C., of typhoid fever, Daniel Smith, of Danvers, Mass.—a member of Co. C, 17th Regiment Mass. Vols., and brother to Capt. W. W. Smith of the same regiment.

EDWARD HAMMOND

Hereby gives notice to the people of South Danvers, that he still continues to offer his services, when needed, as an

UNDERTAKER,

and Furnisher of such articles as are used in the solemnization of funerals. His residence is on Hammond's Corner, Wallis street, near the Essex Railroad Station.

South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

Good Advice.

Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.

Take HAMMOND'S PILLS

Should friends grow cold, or face oppress;
Should fortune never more be less;
There is a cure for such distress.

Take HAMMOND'S PILLS

Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure hand (for true cost).

Take HAMMOND'S PILLS

Should sudden illness blast thy soul,
Should cruel landladies turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout,

Take HAMMOND'S PILLS

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, manhood and old age. Taken with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sold in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff!

And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack in his laugh.

That is the man who refused to take Dr. Ham's Investigating Spirit to cure his disordered stomach—hence the crook in his back, and the melancholy tone of his voice.

Ham's Investigating Spirit can be obtained at Mr. D. P. Grosvenor's Apothecary Shop, 33 Main St.

Advertisements.

Hard Ware.

THE Subscribers would inform the public of that they have now on hand an assortment of

Hard Ware, House Trimmings, Nails, &c., which they offer for sale at reasonable prices.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS.

South Danvers, Sept. 17.

REMOVAL!

JOHN J. ASHBY,

WOULD inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the store

No. 145 Essex Street,

formerly occupied by JOHN BARLOW, where he has opened a good assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

and will MANUFACTURE to order, all kinds of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Also, Snow Boots, at the lowest Cash Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done on the most reasonable terms.

Succesor to John Barlow.

Salem, September 17, 1862.

Assignee's Notice.

IN INSOLVENCY. In the case of

DAVID DANIELS & COMPANY,

of South Danvers, in the County of Essex, shoo manufacturers, insolvent debtors:

The third meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtors will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Salem, in said county of Essex, on the twenty-seventh day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may present and prove their claims, and the assignee will present his account, and creditors may appear and object to the allowance thereof.

A. A. ABBOTT, Assignee.

South Danvers, Sept. 17, 1862—2w

GOLD BAND WARE.

RICH GOLD Band Sets, complete; also

Lustre China—at

at S & E A SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

NEW BOOKS.

AT G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S, 190

Essex st., Salem:

BROWNING & LONG,

Will soon receive their

OWN IMPORTATION

—OF—

GERMAN ZEPHYR WORSTEDS.

THESE ZEPHYRS having been ordered nine months since, we shall be able to sell them at the

lowest prices!

And being from one of the

First MANUFACTORIES in EUROPE,

they will consist of all the

New Shades and Colors,

And are of a superior quality.

By steamer ASIA, our new

FALL KID GLOVES.

In Embroidered and Plain.

During the next two weeks one of the

Firm will be in New York, for the purpose of selecting our FALL STOCK,

which will comprise the most desirable

Goods to be found in the market, and we

shall strictly adhere to our Established

Rule of selling

FIRST CLASS GOODS,

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES.

BROWNING & LONG,

Succesors to J. Mayer.

No. 177 Essex Street, 21

Sept. 17, 1862. SALEM, Mass.

NEW GOODS.

WE have during the past week been in the New York and Boston

Markets picking up New Goods, and have returned with a good Stock of many kinds of goods, which are now open ready for your inspection.

We would call the attention of our customers to the fact, that the price of goods is growing higher and higher, and that it is policy for all to buy as early as possible. We found some things at old prices, and can therefore offer some real Bargains.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

OUR NEW GOODS.

Wrought Bands.

We have found a job lot of Wrought Bands and Flouncings, at less prices than we ever bought. We have a nice Needle Wrought Band for 25 cents, and in all prices to \$1.00.

Wrought Collars.

We have the best bargains in Wrought Collars—for 25, 34, 42 and 50 cents. Also, Collars up to \$2.60. In CHAPE COLLARS, we have a full line of new goods.

Infants' Waists.

We can show an extra full stock of these goods, at the lowest prices—from 42 cts to \$3.00.

Black Lace Veils.

Black Lace Veils for 25c;

" " " " 50;

" " " " 75;

" " " " \$1.25;

" " " " 1.42;

" " " " 1.60;

" " " " 1.75;

" " " " 1.88;

" " " " 2.00;

" " " " 2.25;

" " " " 3.00;

Kid Gloves.

We have the same celebrated make of Kid Gloves that we have sold the last few years. We have a full line in White, Black, Colored—Light Fancy Colors—in Embroidered and Plain backs. As these goods are on the rise, it is policy to buy now.

In Linen Bosoms, Linen Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, we can show New Goods at much lower prices than they will be sold for later in the season.

On all sales amounting to One Dollar or more, we will make a discount of 5 per cent. if paid in specie.

JOHN P. PEABODY,

220 Essex Street, Salem.

Salem, Sept. 10, 1862.

George S. Walker.

Soldiers, "Attention!"

READ this list of articles for the Soldier's use, which can be found at

GEORGE S. WALKER'S

GENT'S FURNISHING STORE,

No. 228 Essex Street,

UNDER SHIRTS and DRAWERS, Blue and White, Plain and Ribbed;

WOOL OVER-SHIRTS, all sizes, in good length, with and without collars.

WOOL ROSE—Medium and Heavy;

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS—Silk and Cotton.

SUSPENSERS—A good variety of the most desirable kinds.

Military Gloves, Paper Collars,

Dressing Cases, Pocket Mirrors,

Mirror, Brush and Comb, Water Filters,

Hair Brushes, Combs,

Razors, Soaps,

Purses, &c., &c., &c.

ALL AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

sept 10

PRESERVE YOUR FRUIT.

GLASS JARS & GLASS COVERS

For Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, &c.

IN A PERFECTLY FRESH STATE.

They require no Wax, Solder or Cement, seal instantly, and are more easily sealed and opened than any other article for the purpose ever invented. All kinds of Wax and Cement are equally disagreeable and uncertain in sealing.

In presenting these articles to the public, the inventor challenges the World in an infallible, Simple, Easy, and Rapid process of Hermetical Sealing.

All scientific and practical men who have examined them say they are without a fault, and are the only ones that have stood the chemical test.

The sealing is on an entirely original plan for several years, and the best certificate of its value is, that those who have tried these articles will use no other.

They are warranted as represented. Reliable directions for putting up all kinds of Fruits, Vegetables, &c., will accompany the Jars.

PRICE LIST.

Pints, 1 doz. \$2 25

Quarts, " 3 00

3 Pints, " 3 50

Half Gallon, " 4 00

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,

AGENTS,

South Danvers, Mass.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber being about to leave town for a few months, would take this opportunity to inform his customers and friends that his shop on Pleasant Street will be kept open during his absence by Mr. JOHN P. FURNER, who will faithfully attend to all orders.

JAMES PERKINS.

South Danvers, Sept. 3, 1862.

W. E. P. SMYTH,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Practor in Admiralty, and Commissioner of Deeds for the several States.

Frazier's Building, over the Post Office,

LYNN, MASS.

Having peculiar means for presenting, with accuracy and dispatch, all claims against Government, especially those for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, I have made this a speciality. Several months' residence in Washington enabled me to become thoroughly conversant with the various departments, through which claims, of whatever nature, are passed, and also familiar with the practice in the U. S. Court of Claims; in addition to which I have a partner there, and a former partner in the Treasury Department, which advantages are not unequalled facilities for the successful prosecution of business in any way connected with Government.

Important to Soldiers, Marines and their Heirs.

Persons enlisted in the U. S. Service, Land or Naval, since March 1, 1861, and disabled in the service, are entitled to Pension; Relatives of Persons deceased in the service are entitled to Bounty and Pension; in the following order:

1st. The Widow. 4th. The Mother.

2d. The Children. 5th. The Brothers and Sisters.

3d. The Father. 6th. The Siblings.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION need not be taken on, in ordinary cases, to enable heirs of persons deceased in the service to obtain Pensions and Bounty. When a discharge is granted for disability, in no case should the oath of fidelity on the back of the discharge be filled up. The safest course is, to carry all papers at once to an Attorney, without tampering with them. All those who have claims, should present them without delay, as soon as the papers will be so great upon the Auditor's office, by reason of numerous applications, that applicants will be subjected to considerable delay in receiving their claims.

NO CHARGE MADE UNTIL CLAIMS ARE PAID.

Claims left at the Post Office, South Danvers, will be promptly forwarded.

Lynn, Aug. 27, 1862—1y

A. J. Archer & Co

September 17, 1862.

NEW FALL GOODS.

We ask attention to our large and attractive stock of

NEW GOODS,

which will be offered at

LOW PRICES.

sep 17 A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex st.

BLACK SILKS. BLACK SILKS.

WE offer a large stock of

RICH BLACK SILKS,

bought before the recent advance in prices, at

LOW RATES.

—ALSO—

BLACK PARAMETAS, in 4-4 and 6-4 width;

BLACK FRENCH BOMBAZETTES;

BLACK 3-4 and 6-4 MOUSSELINE D'LANES;

BLACK ALPACAS;

BLACK ENGLISH CHAPES;

BLACK THIBET SHAWLS, long and square;

Ribbon bound THIBET SHAWLS, at low prices.

AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER & CO.

avg 6 181 ESSEX ST.

Black Doeskins.

LOW PRICED BLACK DOESKINS AND

BLACK CASSIMERES,

BROAD CLOTHS, GERMAN

CLOTHS, in Black, Blue and

OVERCOATINGS—Meltons, Silk Mixtures,

Repellents—for Spring Overcoats.

FANCY CASSIMERES AND DOESKINS.

A large variety of FANCY CLOTHS, for Coats and

and for Boys' wear.

BLACK SILK VESTINGS.

For Sale at Low Prices.


avg 6 A. J

the smoking room at the Club.

Silvery, why they are as black as charcoal, exclaimed Valentine.

Well, I mean Nitrate of Silver, exclaimed Orson.

Advertisements.



PRINTING

IN

EVERY VARIETY.

Neatly and Promptly
EXECUTED
— At —

The Wizard Office,

SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE,
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

POSTERS,

(LARGE AND SMALL,)
WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT

— IN THIS —
VICINITY.

**BALE CIRCULARS,
TICKETS,
— AND —
Orders of Duties.**

BUSINESS CARDS,
Address Cards,
Wedding Cards,

Printed in the neatest manner,
And on the finest stock.

BLANK-HEADS
For Manufacturing and Mercantile Houses,
BLANK RECEIPTS.

And all kinds of **BLANKS** of every description
Printed to suit.

EVERY DESCRIPTION
— OF —
JOB PRINTING
Done in the best manner, and at the
LOWEST PRICES.
— AND —
WARRANTED
To please or pay, at the

For pleasure or no pay, at the

WIZARD OFFICE,
Allen's Building,
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.



FIRE PROOF SAFE

Manufacture is divided into two classes, viz:
THE MARBLE PATENT—as one class:
ALL OTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF MANUFAC

These two classes differ in one vitally important point. Experience and mechanical skill have produced in this other class an article equal to its requirements in every respect of the six sides of the Safe.

Experience has also shown the cause, in the number of cases of this class of Safe having been burned, to be the heat being conveyed by the door and its hinges to the constriction on of the door and doorway, directly upon the inside wood casing of the Safe, thereby proving that the door is the cause of the fire.

THE MARLAND PATENTSM has proved to be as fire proof in the front or door sides in either one or if non-conducting, by so constructing the door and doorway of non-conducting material in place of the door, as used in the other class of Safes, and the door and doorway also is as wholly cut off from communication of heat through this side as if there were no opening there thus rendering it proof against any heat less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and steel.

M. B. BIGELOW & ANSON HARDY,
32 School street, Boston, Mass.
Manufacturers and Proprietors of the
MARLAND PATENT SAFE.

REMOVAL !
AUGUSTUS HAMMOND,
Manufacturer and Repairer of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HAS removed from his old place of business
to the Railroad Ground, opposite the Old
South Church, where he would be happy to
continue to receive favors from his friends and
patrons. my 21

ANN R. BRAY,
NO. 76 FEDERAL STREET, SALEM.
COTTONS AT LOWER PRICES!
During the month of August I shall sell Domett's
Gossus at very low prices, in order to
prepare to open New Goods the first of Sept.
my 27 **ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal st.**

PHOTOGRAPHS
J. B. Palmer, Carte de Visite and

Rev. C. H. Palmer, carte de visite size
New styles of Frames for Card Photo-
graphs, at G M WHIPPLE & A. A SMITH'S.
aug 27 110 Essex St., Salem,

E. R. PERKINS,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

241 Essex Street, Salem.
Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,
Photographs, Subaquatics, Melainotypes, and patent

cat for Pictures, at various sizes, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when desired. jan 11

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,
Wallis Street, South Danvers,
Are Agents for
GEORGE W. FISKE & CO.'S
PATENT EAVE TROUCHS,
CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND
PIPE FOR DRAINS.
South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,
(Successors to M. Black)
DANVERS - FORT,
DEALERS IN
WOOD AND COAL

Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Lehigh,
Locust Mountain, Black Heath,
Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE - 6 Allen's Building.
Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,
J. C. A. BACHELDER,
Q. T. BACHELDER.

July 19—tf

Important to the Afflicted.

Dr. D. W. continues to be consulted at his office, Nos. 7 and 9 Endicott street, Boston, on all diseases of a

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience in the treatment of the various forms of the Venereal Disease, Dr. D. W. has acquired a thorough knowledge of the same, and is enabled to give relief to the afflicted in the most prompt and efficient manner.

GONORRHOEA AND SYPHILIS.

His treatment, all the horrors of venereal and lupular diseases, Erysipelas, Scrophulous Ulcers, pain and distress in the regions of procreation, inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, &c., were his lot; he was afflicted with the long train of horrible symptoms attending this class of diseases, till he became as harmless as the simplest infants of a child.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Dr. D. devotes a great part of his time to the treatment of these cases caused by a secret and solitary habit, which ruins the body and mind, producing the most distressing and melancholy effects, usually early in life, viz. Debility, Lassitude, Tremors, Syncope, Incontinence, Discharge of Semen, Dropsy, &c. Symptoms, Lipothymia, Dizziness at the head, Dimness of sight, Impatience of the heart, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Depression of spirits, &c. The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded; loss of memory, confusion

version of evils produced, self-distrust, a timidity, &c., are among the evils produced. Such persons should, however, be treated in a judicious manner, until a physician of experience, and he at once restored to health and happiness.

Persons who wish to remain under Dr. Dow's treatment a few days or weeks, will be furnished with a box of medicine, containing a sufficient quantity of medicine sent to all parts of the country, with full directions for use, on receiving description of your case, and on enclosing the sum of one dollar.

Medicine sent at the best price, warranted the best preventive. Order by mail, 3 for \$1 and a red stamp.

May, 1852-1/2.

CAUTION

TO FEMALES IN DELICATE HEALTH.

DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, 7 and 5 Endicott Street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases which require medical treatment, and especially the diseases of the Womb, Fibro Albu, Suppression, and other morbid discharges, are all treated upon new and improved principles, and in every case with the most rapid and permanent cure, and in a very few days. An invariably certain is the new mode of treatment, most obstinate complaints of the female sex, and in every case, such rapid cures are effected, as to induce confidence in the new method.

In perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the cure of diseases of woman and children, than any other physician in Boston.

Dr. Dow is constantly receiving for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his private attention to an office practice, for the cure of the whole class of diseases of women and children, acknowledges no superior in the United States.

N. B.—All letters must contain four red stamps, or show the receipt of a letter.

Office Hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

May, 1868.—ly

CERTAIN CURE

IN ALL CASES, OR NO CHARGES MADE.

Dr. Dow is consulted daily, from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m., as above, upon all difficult and chronic diseases of every name and nature, having by his unwearied attention and successful success gained a reputation which calls patients from all parts of the country to his office.

Among the physicians in Boston, none stand higher in the profession than the celebrated DR. DOW, N. B. Easton.

loss of an experienced physician and surgeon should
 lose him a call. \$5.—Dr. J. W. Imports and has for
 sale a new article, called the French Secret. Order
 may, Two for \$1 and a red stamp.
 May, 1862.—17

Rare Chance for Bargains.
CLOSING OUT SALE!
 Large and fine stock of
JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE,
AND FANCY GOODS,
 At No. 2 West Block, 188 Essex street.

JOSEPH J. RIDER
 Having in contemplation an immediate change
 of business, offers his entire stock of Fine
 jewelry,
 Pure Coin Silver Ware,
 Rich Plated Ware,
 Fancy Goods,
 Sundries

greatly IMPROVE DRESS, wishing to dispose of all at the earliest possible time.

This stock, hitherto unsold, and was carefully selected for the Salem trade, and offers an excellent opportunity, not often presented, of making purchases for Christmas and New Year's presents, Warehousing and Friendly Gifts, Returnings the Table, &c. &c.

Old Silver taken in exchange.

Don't fail to call before purchasing elsewhere, as all articles are guaranteed as per representation, and prices are satisfactory.

JOSEPH J. RIDGE

No. 2 West Block—188 Essex street.

GOLD PENS. New styles at low prices—every pen warranted, at
D. H. WHIPPLE & A. SMITHS,
Sign of the Golden Rule, 100
N. B. ST.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. New and desirable—some for sale.

Cutlery,
&c., &c.
greatly INCREASED PRICES, wishing to dispose of all at the earliest possible time.
This stock is quite new, and was carefully selected for the Salem trade, and offers an excellent opportunity, not often presented, of making purchases for Christmas and New Year's Presents, at Very Cheap and Friendly Gifts, returning the Table, &c.
Old Silver taken in exchange.
Do not fail to call before purchasing elsewhere, as all articles are guaranteed as per representation, and prices will be satisfactory.
JOSEPH J. RIDDEL,
No. 2 West Block—188 Essex street.
GOLD PENS. New styles at low prices—every pen warranted, at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S,
may 14 100 N. 2nd St., the Golden Hawk,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. New and desirable patterns—some of the regular styles Turkey Morocco bindings, for sale at two-thirds the former prices—by
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S, 190 Essex st.
Salem Superior.
400 BBL'S. "SALEM SUPERIOR" Flour, rec'd this day, and for sale by
Jy 16 GAYLE & CO., Phillips Wharf.
Canada Oats.
500 BUSHEL'S bright and sweet CAN-
ADA OATS, received this day,
and for sale by
may 16 Phillips Wharf, Salem.
Flour.
400 BBL'S. FLOUR, "Oatnack" and "Peerless" brands, made expressly for Baker's use, received this day and for sale
Jy 16 GAYLE & CO., Phillips Wharf.

Turkey Morocco bindings, for sale at two-thirds the former prices—by
G M WILKINS & A A SMITH'S, 190 Essex st.

Salem Superior.

100 BBLS. "SALEM SUPERIOR"
Flour, rec'd this day, and for sale by
jy 16 GAYLE & CO, Phillips Wharf.

Canada Oats.

500 BUSHEL'S bright and sweet CAN-
ADA OATS, received this day,
and for sale by GAYLE & CO.,
may 16 Phillips Wharf, Salem.

Flour.

100 BBL'S. FLOUR, "Cataract" and
"Peerless" brands, made expressly
for Baker's use, received this day and for sale
y GAYLE & CO., Phillips Wharf.

THOMAS DAVIS,
ADVERTISING AGENT,
for the principal New England Newspapers, remains
of the old stand, No. 23 Cornhill, Boston, where you
will find him still loyal to the Constitution, the Laws,
and Advertising.
Boston, Jan 29, 1862. tf

Dr. Ham's Spirit.

H. & H. G. HUBON,
WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM
Manufacturers of
Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut
and Stained Wood
CUFFINS and CASKETS.

MAKING this our exclusive business, we are
ready at all times and at the shortest notice to
furnish Grave Caskets of all styles, as well as
 Coffins and Caskets of the finest finish. Personal at-
tention given, and delivered without extra charge, to
each of the neighborhood. Orders, by express
or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Black Walnut and White Wood
Boards, Plank and Joists

for sale.

dec 14—1f

R. C. MANNING & CO.
Successors to JOHN DIKE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
COAL, WOOD, BARK, HAY, &c.
183 DERBY STREET,
SALEM, MASS.
N. C. ROBINES, R. C. MANNING.
oct17

Dyspepsia Remedy.
DR. DARIUS HAM'S

AROMATIC INVIGORATING SPIRIT!
This Medicine has been used by the public for six years, with increasing favor. It is recommended to Children, the Weak, and the Sick, in the following Cases:
Heart-Burn, Colic Pains, Wind in Stomach or Pains in the Bowels, Headache, Drowsiness, Kidney Complaints, Low Spirits, Delirium, Tremors, Intemperance.
It STIMULATES, EXHILARATES, INVIGORATES, BUT WILL NOT INTOXICATE OR STUPIFY.
AS A MEDICINE, it is quick and effectual, curing the most aggravated cases of Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, and all other dangerous forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases.
It will instantly revive the most melancholy and drooping spirits, and restore the weak, nervous and debilitated, to health, and to the enjoyment of life.
Persons who, from the ignominious use of liquors, have become dejected, and their nervous system deranged, will find in this medicine a most effectual and safe remedy.

that horrible cure to humanity, the DELIRIUM TREMENS, will, almost immediately, feel the happy and healthy, invigorating efficacy of Dr. Han's Invigorating Spirit.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

DOSE.—One wine glass full as often as necessary.

One dose will remove the flatulencies.

One dose will cure the heartburn.

Three doses will cure the indigestion.

One dose will give the bowels a healthy action.

One dose will stop the distressing pains of Dyspepsia.

One dose will remove the distressing and distressing effects of indigestion, heartburn, and flatulencies.

One dose will give the stomach a healthy action.

The stomach receives the Invigorating Spirit, the distressing and all painful feelings will be removed.

One dose will remove the distressing and distressing effects of Colic, either in the stomach or bowels.

One dose will remove all obstructions in the bowels.

One dose will remove the distressing and distressing effects of Cholera.

Persons who are seriously afflicted with any Kidney Complaints are assured speedy relief by a dose of the Spirit, and a repetition of one or two bottles.

NIGHTLY DISSOLUTION.

Persons who, from dissipating too much over night and feel the evil effects of poisonous liquors, in violent

that horrible cure to humanity, the DELIRIUM TREMENS, will almost immediately, feel the happy and refreshing influence of Dr. Han's Invigorating Spirit.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

DOSE.—One wine glass full as often as necessary.
One dose will remove the Head Sprits.
One dose will stop the Heart-Burn.
Three doses will stop Erysipeli-tan.
One dose will give relief from Rheumatism.
One dose will stop the distressing pains of Dyspepsia.
One dose will remove the distressing and distending dose of doings of the Liver.
The stomach receives the Invigorating Spirit, the distressing load and all painful feelings will be removed.
It will soothe the inflammation of the lining membrane of Colic, either in the stomach or bowels.
A few doses will remove all obstructions in the Kidney, bladder or urinary organs.
Persons who are seriously afflicted with any Kidney Complaints are assured speedily relief by a dose of Colic, and a second dose will cure in one or two bottles.

NIGHTLY DISSOLUTION.

Persons who, from dissipating too much over night and feel the evil effects of poisonous liquors, in violent headaches, sickness at stomach, weakness, giddiness, &c., may take several times a day, after meals, one bottle.

Ladies of weak and sickly constitutions, should take the Invigorating Spirit three times a day; it will make them healthy, and restore their regularity of menstruation and irregularities from the menstrual organ, and restore the bloom of health and beauty to the careworn face.

During pregnancy it will be found an invaluable medicine to remove disagreeable sensations at the stomach.

All the proprietor asks, is a trial, and to induce this, he has put up a large quantity of bottles, and in bottles, at 50 cts., quarts \$1.


General Depot, 48 Water Street, N. Y. Sold by
Messrs. J. B. Rogers, Boston; R. W. Foster, and H. S. Danvers, by George B Menout, T. A. Sweetser, D. F. Grosvenor, Jr., and by Druggists everywhere.

N. Y.

FRANKLIN COAL.

JUST landed, a cargo of FRANKLIN COAL
—the best in the world for domestic use.
POTTER,
Successors to M. Black, Jr.
Danversport, May 6, 1861. tf

E. N. PRICE,
 Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESSES,
SADDLES, BRIDLES,
AND WHIPS.
 — ALSO —
Trunks, Valises and Traveling Bags.
 All orders for Manufacturing and Repairing
 executed with promptness, and in the best
 manner.
 237 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.
 mel13-1f

 **Book & Job Printing**
 OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
 Executed with Neatness & Dispatch

E. N. PRICE,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
**HARNESSES,
SADDLES, BRIDLES,
AND WHIPS.**
— ALSO —
Trunks, Valises and Traveling Bags.
All orders for Manufacturing and Repairing
executed with promptness, and in the best
manner.
237 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.
mch13-1f

Book & Job Printing
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Executed with Neatness & Dispatch
AT THIS OFFICE.

D. W. BOWDLIN,
—ARTIST IS—
PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.
Rooms No. 175 Essex st, Salem, [Downing's Block]
Portraits, Miniatures, and Views, by the Ambro-
type, Daguerreotype, Photograph and Stereoscope
process—Bain's Indian Ink, Oil and Water colors.
Particular attention paid to restoring old Pa-
per-phototypes, and other pictures—and making enlarged
copies, highly finished. may 16

Dry Goods at Reduced Prices.
We have desirable styles of **THIN GOODS,**
which we shall sell at Cost.
BLACK and WHITE THIN GOODS, for
Mourning;
MOURNING GINGHAM—a new and desir-
able style of Goods for Travelling Dresses;
Our customers are invited to call on the 1st

AT THIS OFFICE.
 D. W. BOWDIN,
 —ARTIST IN—
PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.
 Rooms No. 175 Essex st., Salem, [Downing's Block].
 Portraits, Miniatures, and Views, 1 the Ambu-
 type, Daguerreotype, Photograph and 1 Stereoscopic
 process—Indian Ink and Oil, and Water colors.
 1 250 Thorough attention paid to re-silvering old wa-
 gnerotypes, and other pictures—and making enlarged
 copies, highly finished. may 16

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 We have desirable styles of **THIN GOODS**,
 which we shall sell at Cost.
BLACK AND WHITE THIN GOODS, for
 Mourning;
MOURNING GINGHAM—a new and desir-
 able style of Goods for Travelling Dresses;
 Our customers are invited to call, as they will
 find it to their advantage.
 j y 16 ANN R BRAY, 76 Federal st.

100 BBLs. DOUGLASS MILLS Flour,
 a superior Wisconsin extra, rec'd
 this day and for sale by **GAYLE & CO.,**
 June 4 Phillips Wharf.

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' WATCH
SPRING SKIRTS, entirely new patterns;
 Black Velvet and Fancy Trimmings;
 Black Buttons. ANN R. BRAY,
 June 4 No. 76 Federal street.

STAMPS AND RAILROAD TICKETS
VERY neat Morocco Wallets for holding the
 above. Also—Envelopes of extra heavy
 paper—at G M WHIPPLE & A S MITCHELL'S.

BLACK SILKS.
 WE have received our assortment of **BLACK**
SILKS for Spring and Summer wear, which we
 can recommend, as we always have them of one house

find it to their advantage.
 july 16 ANN R BRAY, 76 Federal st.

100 BEES, DOUGLASS MILLS Flour,
 a superior Wisconsin extra, rec'd
 this day and for sale by GAYLE & CO.,
 june 4 Phillips Wharf.

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' WATC
SPRING SKIRTS, entirely new pattern;
 Black Velvet and Fancy Trimmings;
 Black Buttons. ANN R. BRAY,
 june 4 No. 76 Federal street.

STAMPS AND Railroad TICKETS.
VERY neat Morocco Wallets for holding the
 above. Also—Bundles of extra heavy
 paper—at G M WHIPPLE & A S MITCHELL'S.

BLACK SILKS.
WE have received an assortment of BLACK
 SILKS for Spring and Summer wear, which we
 can recommend, as we always have them of one house
 ANN R BRAY, 76 Federal st.


**Piano Fortes Tuned, Repaired and
 Regulated.**

 The subscriber respectfully in-
 forms the citizens of South Dan-
 vers that he will be in town every
 Wednesday, and will attend to all orders en-
 trusted to him, with promptness and care.
 Order sent to BROOKS & BROS'S Periodi-
 cal Store, this building.
 jan30 THOMAS B. HOLDEN.

**EDWARD C. WEBSTER,
 ONE PRICE**
HAT, CAP & FUR STORE,
 231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST

Circulating Library.
 Ten Copies of Major Winthrop's last Work,
 "BYEN BROUGHT,"

PIANO FORTES TUNED, REPAIRED and
Regulated.



The subscriber respectfully in-
forms the citizens of South Dun-
stable that he will be in town every
Wednesday, and will attend to all orders en-
trusted to him, with promptness and care.
Order slate at BROOKS & BRO'S Periodical
Store, this building,
jan30 THOMAS M. HOLDEN.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,
ONE PRICE

HAT, CAP & FUR STORE,
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST

Circulating Library.

TEN Copies of Major Windrop's last Work,
Edwin Brotherdoff, have been added to our
Library: a sufficient number of copies of all
the new books, put in as soon as issued.

G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH.

FOWLER'S SCHOOL GRAMMAR,
AND McMillan's First Latin Book, for sale at the
introduction prices, by
G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH.
At the old stand of H Whipple & Son

On and after MONDAY, Ap. 14th, 1862
Trains leave Salem daily, (Sunday ex-
cepted.)

From SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON
6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 am. 1, 2.30, 5.30, 7.16 pm.
Beverly, 8.16 am. 1, 3.15, 5.40, 5.45
7.46 pm.
W. Reach, Man'r and Glouce'r 8.15, am. 3.15
5.45, pm.
Newburyport, 8.15, am. 1, 3.45, 5.45 pm. 6.40
7.06 pm.
Amesbury, 8.15, am. 3.45, 5.45, pm.
Portsmouth, 8.15, am., 3.45, 5.45, pm.
Portland, 8.15, am. 3.45, pm.
Marblehead, 7.16, 8.16, 9.25, 11.16 am. 1
3.45, 5.45, 7.16, p. m.
From BOSTON for SALEM, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, am.
12.15, 2.30, 3.45, 5.45, 6.20, 7, 9.30, p. m.
Portland for Salem, 8.15 am., 3 pm.
Portsmouth for Salem, 7.45 am., *11.15, am
*6.30, pm.
Amesbury, for Salem, 7.35, 9.40, am., 5.50
pm.
Newburyport for Salem, 7.05, 8, 10, am, 12
6.16.

Ipswich for Salem, 7.25, 8.25, 10.25 am, 12.25 pm.
 Gloucester for Salem, 7.10, 10.10, am., 4.40 pm.
 Beverly for Salem, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50, 10.50 am, 12.50, 6.20, 7.05, pm.
 Lynn for Salem, 8, 9, 11, am., 12.45, 8.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.50, 7.50, 11.00 pm.
 Marblehead for Salem, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 12.45, 4.45, 5.15, 6.45, pm.
 "Or on arrival from the East."
 On Wednesdays 11.15, P. M. via Saugus Branch, and on Saturdays at 10.15 pm.

South Reading Branch Railroad.
 On and after Monday, Nov. 4, 1861, Trains leave S. Danvers for Boston, 6.45, 9.55, am, 3, 5, p. m.
 Boston for Salem, at 7, 12 m., 3, 5.30 pm.

Essex Railroad.

Trains leave So. Danvers for Lawrence and
Way Stations, at 7.00, 11.20 a. m. 4.55 p. m.
Trains leave Lawrence for S. Danvers, 8
a. m., 12.40, 6 p. m.

Salem and Lowell Railroad.

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 4th, 1861—
Trains will run as follows—
Leave Lowell for Salem, 7.25 a. m., 2.45 p. m.
“ Salem Station for Lowell, 9.40 a. m., 5.05 p. m.
The 7.25 a. m. and, 5.05 p. m., trains con-
nect at West Danvers Junction with train for
Lynnfield Centre, South Reading, Milrose,
Methuen and Concord, and Lowell, and
North Danvers, Georgetown, and Newburyport.
Leave Salem for Ballardvale, Andover, Law-
rence and Haverhill, 9.40 a. m., or 4.55 p. m.
For Methuen, Manchester, & Concord, 9.40 a. m.
SALEM, HAVERHILL, & NEWBURYPORT
By connection of trains at West Danvers

Junction passengers by 7.15 a. m. train from New-
 buryport, Georgetown, Haverhill, Bradford, Dor-
 chester and Springfield, Mass. Railroad may
 proceed without delay to South Danvers, (Salem
 and Salem. Passengers leaving Salem (Court House
 Station) by 5.55 p. m., or South Danvers, (Salem
 and Lowell Railroad Station) may proceed di-
 rectly to Topsfield, Georgetown Haverhill, or
 Newburyport. Through tickets can be obtain-
 ed at the several Ticket Offices.

MARSHALL'S
DANVERS, SO. DANVERS & SALEM
EXPRESS.

Leave DANVERS (daily) at 9 A. M.
 SALEM at 12 P. M.

OFFICE:
 In Danvers—At 25 B. Waitt's and the Post Office.
 In Salem—At 100 Essex St. W. W. C. Storer.
 In So. Danvers—Francis Dane & Co's, and No 2 Main
 street.
 In Salem—No 7 Washington street, 100 Essex and 21

17 Derby Square.
All business promptly and faithfully attended to.
ESTD 1850. Persons are particularly requested to
write their orders.
L. P. Peckham, left at the office, should be marked
"Marshall's Express."
L. P. Being connected with the RAILROAD here,
is enabled to forward Notes, Drafts and Bills for
collection, and small packages, to all accessible
points in the United States, at the usual rates.
F. G. MARSHALL.
JANUARY 8-1871

**Abbott's South Danvers & Salem
EXPRESS.**

Leave South Danvers, 7 1/2 a m, 1 p m
Leave Salem, 10 a m, 4 p m

Orders left for Tool & Moulton's, and principal stores
on Market Street, South Danvers; and for Washington
street, and at Reed's in the Market, Salem.

SPEED, COMFORT AND SAFETY!
WE ARE FOR NEW YORK.

Norwich Steamboat Train.
The only Boats Landing at Jersey City.
CABIN Passage, \$3; Deck Passage, \$2.00.
 The new and elegant sixteen wheel cars
 the steamboat express train leave the Boston &
 Worcester Railroad Station, Albany st., at 5.30
 P. M., daily, connecting with the new steamers
 which expressly for this line) CITY OF BOS-
 TON, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; CITY OF NEW YORK, Cap-
 Jewett, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,
 which (before proceeding to their Pier, No. 39
 North River, will touch at the wharf of the
 City of New York, Jersey City, (Sundays
 excepted) thus enabling Southern Passengers
 to make sure connections with First Southern
 Train, and at the same time avoid the great an-
 noyance of the Ferry and Hack transportation
 between the City and Jersey City. The train
 leaves time for Breakfast before the trains
 leave. Conductors D. F. Waller and W T Bar-

to accompany the passengers through.
 Tickets, berths and staterooms secured at the
 Railroad Station, and at the office of the line,
 79 Washington street.
 Through tickets to Philadelphia, Baltimore
 and Washington can be had at 79 Washington
 street.
 WM. DICKEY, Jr, Agent.

**South Danvers & Salem Line of
 Omnibuses.**

ON and after MONDAY, Nov. 4, 1861, the
 South Danvers and Salem Line of Omnibus-
 ses will run as follows:

Leave the Hourly Office, South Danvers at
 8, 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2
 12, 12 1/2, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2, 4,
 4 1/2, 6, 6 1/2, 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, 8.

Leave No. 13 Central St., Salem, at
 8, 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2, a.m. 12,
 12 1/2, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2, 6,
 6 1/2, 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, 8, 9.

See Ladies' Room, at Needham & Hawkes's,

NO. 272 Essex Street, and at the Offices.
PASSENGERS on the regular route, 6 cents,
 or Twenty Tickets for \$1.00.
 Passengers called for or left off the route,
 at a reasonable distance, the fare will be 13
 cents.
 Express Coaches furnished, at all hours, at
 reasonable prices.
 nov 27 HENRY M. MERRILL.

PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.

THE subscriber is still prepared to do at kinds o
 Job Work and Tanning, such as removing Farm
 and Merchandise of any description about town,
 or to send from the neighboring towns
 and to deliver at the Essex Railroad Sta
 tion, and at S. Flint's place, the lowest rates.
 Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continu
 ance of the same.
 W. H. PINGREE
 South Danvers, 1860.

MUSICAL NOTICE.

MELODIONS—a good assortment of 4, 5,
 and 6 Octaves, warranted.

Wishing to put within the reach of every person an opportunity of obtaining a good Model, the subscriber will offer the purchaser the privilege of paying in monthly instalments. **PIANO FORTES** will be sold on the same terms.

All who may wish to avail themselves of this opportunity are invited to call.

ANN R. BRAY, No 76 Federal st.

MAJ. GEN. C. B. McCLELLAN & CO.
BY ADY—Card Photographs of the above for sale by **G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH**

South Danvers Wizard.

11. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1862.

NO. 38.

THE SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Friday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers, by
CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
TOM POOLE, Editor.

One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.
per line. \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00
per column. 1.50 3.50 12.00
of Nonpareil type are equal to a square
per line will be charged for notices of
for political, civic, or religious purposes,
for notices of acknowledgments, &c.
of Annual Advertisers is limited to
immediate business, and all advertisements
of other persons, as well as legal ad-
vertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or
residents by them, must be paid for at the
rate.

Cards.

WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.

Opposite the Village Bank.
any will attend to the collection of Pension
by Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem.
idence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Hoe near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
FRANK MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
7 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
B. Ives, Jr. JOHN D. PEABODY.

EDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
7 Washington Street, Salem.

A. S. CRAWFORD
Dentist,
MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Infinitesimal Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDWIN,
DENTIST,
Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Building—No. 37 Washington street.)

F. POOLE,
Insurance Agent,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
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LEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Invert Square, opp. Congregational Church
LEWMAN. RATH'S SYMONDS.

C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ing, Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
Front street, Lawrence Place,
SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
SEAL AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
Orders promptly and faithfully executed.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Country Produce
2 Main Street, South Danvers.

RANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
and Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER
keeps constantly on hand
WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
101 Essex street, Salem. may16

WILLIAM BLANEY,
SEAL AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paper Hanger,
MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
GLASS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.

WALKING MADE EASY.
DR. P. KENISON,
HIPODROMIST,
215 Washington St., Boston,
and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails. Nails
raising the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Original Poetry.

THE OLD SOUTH BELLS.



We present below two poetic effusions on the Bells of the Old South Church. The first was suggested by the recent accession of a new bell, and as it has the ring of true poetry, it does not need any of our commendation.

Of the second piece, which was written forty-nine years ago by Dr. Andrew Nichols, who was then the laureate of the village, although we cannot claim for it much poetic merit, it contains many very good points. To make these apparent, some explanation is required for modern readers. Up to that date, a little bell of two hundred pounds weight swung in the tower of the old edifice. Some graceless youngsters, who thought a bigger bell was needed, robbed it one night of its tongue. A new one was provided, and this also disappeared. A subscription was then started and a larger bell, of about 1200 lbs. was bought and placed in the tower. It became cracked, and a heavier one was procured. This also gave out, and then another, every new one being heavier than its predecessor, the present weighing 2156 lbs.

To the New Bell.

[Written on hearing the first tones of the new bell in the Old South steeple, 17th September, 1862.]

Ring at the waking dawn,

Ring at the breaking day,

In foul and fair

To a new day's care

Call the sons of toil away.

Peal forth when the people call

Thy tongue to tell their glee,

O, loud and strong

Send the peal along—

Let its echoes wake the sea.

Sound in storm thy angry tone,

In rain thy weeping wail,

Ring in the gloom

A deepening boom,

Shriek out in the drifting gale.

Ring out as the children's laugh

Flits through the bloom of May;

No note can swell

Like a bridal bell

The joy of a holiday.

Waft up with a nation's wail,

Up to the stately sea,

Their passions who cry—

"Let our life-blood lie

On the altar of the free!"

Ring o'er the deserted hearth,

Thy softest, sweetest tone,

A silvery bell

Binds anew the spell

Of hours that have come and gone.

With a tender, pensive chime,

Break on our bursting birth,

O, sweet and slow,

With a gentle blow,

Remind us of time and earth.

Soft and sweet, when Sabbath calm

Steals o'er the balmy air,

Chime out the hour

When man hath power

With the God of Heaven in prayer.

Toe deep for the early dead,

Soft for the aged, gone

Where stroke of bell,

In funeral knell,

Shall the rarest be of tone.

Ring at e'en in lingering swell—

"I knell—the dying day—

A footsteps tread—

To Heaven and God—

Time—cuts short—the long—lone way."

W. M. N.

To the Old Bell.

Our fathers, their meek than proud,
Procure'd a "little bell,"
And thought that 't would not ring so loud,
Would answer just as well

To call the Minister to prayers,
(For he liv'd very near),
And if themselves were later there
The less they had to hear.

One generation pass'd away,
Another took its place;
Our fathers bought this Bell (they said),
"It will not their sons disgrace."

"Besides! a heavy bell would shake
This aged steeple down;
It would our peaceful slumbers break
Should fire break out in town."

And who this heavy tax would pay,
(Nearly two hundred pounds),
Fools only throw their cash away
To purchase empty sounds.

Time pass'd, and this little Bell
Told many to their graves;
It still the "meeting time" could tell,
Until "some Rogues or Knaves,"

Who long had scorn'd the small, shrill voice,
Tore out its tuneful tongue!
And though the multitude rejoice
No merry peal is rung.

Some sober minded men there are
Who curse the "theft profane;"
Some hope, dear reader,—do not stare,—
'Twill never ring again.

But hark! the Blacksmith's anvil rings,
His bellows swells with pride;
"Another Tongue" the Sexton brings—
"Our wants are well supplied."

Too soon, alas! ill-fated Tongue,
Thou, too, must silent be,
No peal or knell by thee was rung,
Nor will there ever be.
Danvers, November, 1813.

Original.

[For the Wizard]

To Salem and Back.

Half past three to a second, and the Omnibus is ready to start. Licensed dog No. 7, on the Town Clerk's list, is gambling with licensed dog No. 3. Several dogs, not licensed to sleep, are asleep at several points on the Square. Is that dog near the market with his tail shaved, saving a tuft at the end, an imitation lion?

The driver holds out, or rather in, his hand for tickets or cash. His is a "fare," if not a "fairy hand." Mary Jane gives him one ticket; Sophronia another; he gets two three-cent pieces from Phelim O'Meague in the corner, one of which he bites to secure himself against lead; he gets a five cent piece and an old copper cent from another passenger; then the stop is pulled, bang goes the door, and the trip begins.

Hot and hazy, soft and lazy we creep, as far as Holden street, without an accession. But we cannot pass that point without a crinoline or two. In they crush. "Pay on entering," stares them in the face; but in they come. "Single tickets six cents" grins in mockery upon their double bulk. "Can Merrill's line pay?" "Why do you ask?" "Only six cents for each hooped and clasped bale, bundle, or package?"

We start, after this profound inquiry, and Phelim shifts his quid.—Mary Jane tells something quietly to Sophronia,—the three jolly pigeons at their peck on the street, flutter off, as the two in hand flutter on. Another addition is made to the passenger list in the person of an emphatic youth, name unknown, supposed to be Jerk. Jerk treads on O'Meague's toes as he rushes up to the seat beside the lamp. Jerk has passed by "pay on entering." The driver sees no fumbling in pocket, no ticket, wallet, green back, bank bill, (Warren or other,) silver nor cent, and so he raps on his mysterious box. Shocking to the sensitive mind is that sound, it cringes through ones feelings with its hard "cash here" kind of a cry. [Merrill.—For future inquiry, Is that phrase "cash here" the origin of the title Cashier given to those gentlemen in the banks who require you to hand them the cash?]

Jerk has his head squeezed close to the lamp, deep in the study of physiognomy on the side walk. The young man is reminded by Phelim O'Meague that the driver would like the "pleasure of a sight of the jindlemine's money." This was delicately done, was it not? So Mary Jane seems to think, for she smiles delicately a gleam upon the gallant and tender Phelim O'Meague. Jerk is now awake. He frowns. He is serious. Publicly called on for money—what can that driver mean? He drives with an unnecessary amount of energy into his pocket, and literally pulls out an enormous wallet. He fishes out a three-cent piece which looks as if it had been under fire of the Massachusetts troops at Roanoke; he tries for another stowed away among a selection of facts and scraps out from the "SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD,"—the observer knows Howard's print,—fails to reach it, and hands up a new dime that he was keeping for a soda with lemon flavor and a weed. The driver looks hard at the new coin—why do drivers always look so hard at new quarters and dimes?—hands Jerk down four small cents, touches off his "cattle" with the whip, and dashes past the returning Omnibus in Blubber Hollow.

The quiet of our entrance into the City of Peace was broken by the pavement on Essex street. The passengers, as well as the driver and horses, were all in a doze when our gallant O'Meague, seeing the man he came to visit at the corner of Sewall street, pulled the stop with a twitch that sent the driver's foot a foot higher with a kind of galvanized shock. As Phelim emptied his mouth, he saluted the witch who perpetually rides that broom on that door of that Omnibus, and taking one glance at her bespattered face, he leaped out as if he had been a frog having upon him Saint Patrick's admonition to leave the soil.

Mary Jane smiled on us all as she

took her leave; Sophronia next tripped down the steps, and entered a confectioner's store on the right, while Jerk and ourselves took the last cent's worth of our money out of the vehicle, by sitting with the calmness of philosophers till the horses wheeled round for their return trip, some account of which will be given next week.

[Translated from the French.]

Our Country.

OCTOBER THE 12TH, SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.—The nights have become cold and long, the sun does not now awaken me through my curtains a long while before the hour of labor, and, even when my eyes are opened, the pleasant warmth of the bed keeps me enchain'd amidst my down. Every morning there arises a long debate between my diligence and my idleness, and, warmly enveloped up to my eyes, I wait, like the Gascon, (the booster,) till they shall succeed in coming to an agreement.

This morning, however, a light which shines through my door to my pillow, has awakened me sooner than usual. I have in vain turned every way, the light obstinately pursues me, from position to position, like a victorious enemy. At length, out of all patience, I have risen to a sitting posture, and I have thrown my night cap to the foot of the bed.

Whoever he may be, I have risen in a very bad humor, railing against my new neighbor who has thought it advisable to wake when I wish to sleep.

I have, by way of preparation, as I have already said, thrown my cap to the other end of my alcove, and I disengage slowly my limbs from the warm blankets, while making a multitude of bitter reflections upon the inconvenience of neighbors.

To say the truth, (now that I am well awake and that my ill humor has gone to join my cap.)—to say the truth, this new neighbor, though he rises earlier than is convenient for my idleness, is not on that account any the less a very brave man; he bears his misery, as very few know how to bear their good fortune, with gaiety and moderation.

However, fate has cruelly tried him. The father Chateaufort is no more than a wreck of a man. In the place of one of his arms, hangs a wrinkled sleeve; the left leg came from the turners, and the right is drawn along with difficulty; but above this ruin rises a visage calm and jovial. While seeing his look, smiling with serene energy, while hearing his voice whose tone is, so to say, accentuated with kindness, one feels that the soul has remained whole in this half-destroyed envelope. "The fortress is a little damaged," as father Chateaufort says, "but the garrison is very well."

Decidedly, the more I think of this excellent man, the more I reproach myself for the species of malediction which I have cast at him when awaking.

We are, in general, too indulgent with regard to these secret wrongs against our neighbor. All malevolence which does not pass from the domain of thought we think innocent, and, in our grosser justice, we absolve without examination the fault that is not translated by action.

These scruples have come to me while I have finished dressing, and I have said to myself that the father Chateaufort has a right to a reparation. In order to compensate for the feeling of malevolence now, I owe him an ostensible testimony of sympathy; I hear him humming to himself; he is at work; I will make him, the first, my neighborly visit.

EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.—I have found the father Chateaufort before a table lighted by a little smoky lamp, without fire, although he is shivering, and making coarse boxes; he murmurs between his teeth a popular refrain. At the moment, when I have opened the door, he has uttered an exclamation of joyous surprise.

"Ah! it is you, neighbor! Come in, then! I did not think you so early; so I have put a sourdine to my chanterelle; I was afraid of waking you."

Excellent man! while I was wishing him to the devil, he denies himself for me.

This idea has touched me, and I have made to him, as a neighbor, my compliments of welcome with an expansion which has opened his heart.

"My faith, you have the air of a good Christian," he said to me, with a tone of soldier-like cordiality, while pressing my hand; "I love not the nation which regards the corridor as a frontier and treats neighbors as Cossacks. When one lives upon the same air and speaks the same

jargon, one is not made to turn the back. * * * Sit down there, neighbor, without being asked. * * * Only, take care of the tabouret; it has only three feet, and it is necessary that good will should take the place of the fourth."

"It seems to me that is a wealth which is not lacking here!" I have observed.

"Good will!" repeated Chateaufort; "it is all that my mother left me, and I believe that no other son has received a better heritage. So, at the battery, they called me *Monsieur Content*."

"You have served?"
"In the third of artillery during the republic, and later in the guard, during all the trembling. I was at Jemappe and at Waterloo, so to say, at the baptism and interment of our glory!" I regarded him with astonishment.

"And how old were you at Jemappe?" demanded I.

"Only about fifteen," said he.

"And you had the idea of serving so young?"

"So to say, I did not think about it. I worked then in a toy manufactory, without thinking that France could demand anything else of me than that of making for her, draught-boards, shuttle-cocks and cups and balls. But I had at Vincennes an old uncle whom I went to see, from time to time, a veteran of Fontenoy. My uncle, who had served in such a manner as to be named prince under the other, was then on half pay as simple under-lieutenant. But you ought to have seen him with his uniform, his cross of Saint Louis, his wooden leg, his white moustaches and his beautiful figure! You would have said it was a portrait of one of the old heroes in white powder which are at Versailles!"

Every time that I visited him, he told me some things which rested me in spirit. But one day I found him very serious.

"Jerome," said he to me, "do you know what is passing on the frontier?"

"No, Lieutenant," as I replied to him.

"Ah, well," as he resumed, "the country is in peril!"

I did not understand well, and mean-while he explained somewhat.

"You have never thought perhaps what the country is," replied he, while putting his hand on my shoulder; "it is all that which surrounds you—all that which has raised and nourished you—all that you have loved! These fields which you see, these houses, these trees, these young girls who pass along laughing—is the country! The laws which protect you, the bread which rewards your labor, the words which you exchange, the joy and the sadness which comes to you from the men, and the things among which you live—is the country. The little chamber where you have formerly seen your mother, the remembrances which she has left you, the earth where she reposes—is the country! You see it, you breathe it all around you! Figure to thyself, my son, thy rights and thy duties, thy affections and thy needs, thy remembrances and thy gratitude—unite all this under a single name, and that name will be the country."

I was trembling with emotion, with great tears in my eyes.

"Ah! I understand," exclaimed I; "it is the family at large—it is the bit of the world to which God has attached our body and our soul."

Selected.

[From the London American of Aug. 27.]

Mr. Train's Claim on England for One Million Sterling.

Mr. Train makes out a good case. We think, after all, he has now. He owns the gold mine, he says, and has not transferred the title-deeds. We have talked with many Englishmen, and all admit that he has been badly treated. We know how he despises advice, else we would venture to give him a hint or two. He must suppose that the people only are with him; we are cognizant of the fact that some of the aristocracy are also with him. His opponents have been some of the Great English Contractors, who have blocked the game to get the thing into their own hands. It is too late. Mr. Train in going to America leaves behind him a rich inheritance. He has laid the plans here for a great fortune, and we hope to see him realize it. Few men would have risked everything to defend their country.

Mr. TRAIN.—Everything takes time. Some months pass—almost a year—before a babe is born. (Laughter.) Babyhood, Boyhood, and Manhood are distinct

features. Each comes in its turn: a drop of water—a stream—a river—then the sea. A nut—a shoot—a sapling—and the oak. A grain of sand—a hill—a mountain—and then the world. Everything takes time. Even the robust Backwoodsman cuts down the forest—digs up the stumps—fences in the farm—before his seed-time makes way for harvest. All this takes time. The ship grows from timber to timber—the keel—the ribs—the deck—the mast—and then the launch. Why should Tramways be an exception. I have cleared the way. Jackson told me that I could not introduce them in twenty years. I have built six in less than as many months. (Cheers.) Everybody believes in them. All classes say they are the thing. *Get rid of Train, and we will build them everywhere.* That is the difficulty. (Laughter.) The idea is planted in the minds of men. The people believe in it, and believe in me.—(Applause.) I represent them. I am content in their boat. I shall bide my time. Not to introduce tramways is to spite the people, not me. Ireland has a Tramway Bill. Scotland has a Tramway Bill, but England refuses. All right.—It suits me as well as any way. I am easily pleased. People think I am beat. Am I! We shall see. It may come out that I have checkmated my opponents.—Time will show. Tramways are postponed, not defeated. (Hear.) You believe that tramways will be built here, do you not? ("Yes.") I know they will.—(Applause.) My time will come. I own the patent. I have spent three years of hard work, and £20,000 in giving life to the idea. Do you think anybody else will get the benefit? The seed-time was mine, and so will be the harvest. At Birkenhead I told then that my little puppy should not become anybody else's dog. That puppy is still alive. (Hear.) He has grown some since then, and will grow more another year. My name is associated with Tramways. A dozen engineers claimed the railway honors with Stephenson; a score of electricians disputed the priority with Morse; but the Tramway idea in England belongs to me and the people I represent. (Hear.) I shall spend no more money. I shall move for no more bills in Parliament. Tramways may rest till I return. The people want them; and what the people say some day will be respected. (Cheers.)—When tramways are the subject of conversation, they will think of me. Already men say, He has been badly used. He worked and toiled, and his success was complete, until money, rank, and national prejudice were brought to bear against him. (Hear.) Were I asked what has postponed tramways, I should divide the opposition in this way:—

Jealousy against Americans and everything of American invention, with intention of some M. P. contractor to twist the Tramway out of the patentee's hand 20
Combination of the aristocracy to shield one of its class from justice 20
Omnibus interest, represented by the afore-referred to baronet 20
The Trent affair, and my warm advocacy on behalf of the Union in defence of American institutions 40

I say again Postponed, for Tramways are sure to be built. (Cheers.) It is only a question of time. The suspicion of money, a clever merchant once told me is the next best thing to money itself. Such is my position. I am the Tramway. It is my patent. I am the sole introducer. The sole promoter. The people say so. The press say so. The judges find me for that very fact. So the law endorses my rights. (Hear.)—Can any one put a button on my coat and alter the pocket, and claim the coat as his property? Some may say that they will alter the door, the wheel, the rail—but will that deprive me of my rights? (No.) A Tramway will continue to be a Tramway; a dozen pamphlets and a hundred leaders in the journals of England acknowledge my rights, and thousands of Englishmen will tell you that I have not been treated as a gentleman—that my money has been forced from me by illegal claims—that my family has been insulted—that I have been refused a trial. No witnesses called—no mixed jury—no appeal—my roads torn up by the Sheriff—(Shame)—in short that thus far the word *fair play* does not bear upon my case. (Hear.) Do you think after all this that in my absence in America, the Jackson Omnibus party can force my promoters and patent rights out of England. (No.) You know too well the common instincts of human nature. My work is done. I shall wait. Others will build roads. Ayrton knew the bill

would pass, but he never intended to pass it this season. I saw him talking with Paxton, and Shelley, and Jackson. The House of Commons Rotunda is the Stock Exchange of the engineering and contracting jobs of the Empire (Hear.)—When the roads are built, after the Bill passes next session, I shall send in my claim. I am the Tramway Heir-at-Law. I am the eldest child; and will the Judges do me the still further wrong, to say I have no patent? That I am not the Promoter. That I did not introduce Tramways into England? Do you believe they will continue to persecute me, for the purpose of cutting off the entail?—I think not. My inheritance is certain. Years hence, my income will be enormous. For, you see, the moment a road is built, my solicitors, Messrs. Baxter, Rose & Co., will send a note to the Directors, or the builders of it, saying that they are instructed on my behalf to ask for £300 a mile for Royalty and Promotership. Should the Board reply, that my rights were not admitted—my solicitors will say, that they are not instructed to contest the point, but merely to make the claim. Another road is built. The same letters pass. Still another—until roads are built all over the kingdom. Tramways pay one hundred per cent. (Cheers.) The four cars on the Surrey side took eight thousand pounds in eight months. At a cost actual of four thousand pounds, and working expenses one-half of receipts, you get the Dutchman's profit of cent. per cent. (Hear.) About this time, I shall drop in upon you again, and say, "I hope I don't intrude. How about my claim?" Then comes the rub. Of course I should get my money. Do you want to know the result during the next five years? Here it is. Two thousand miles will be built—2,000 miles at £500 per mile is one million sterling! (Cheers.) Who says that I am beat? I intend to be one of the richest men in England. Meanwhile, I am going home. I shall at once publish three books—"A History of the War," "Union Speeches in England," and "The Battle of the Trams in England," wherein a million sterling is involved. (Cheers.) I shall lecture in every town, village, and city, rousing up the people to prosecute the war. I shall raise a regiment of Irishmen and command it. (Cheers.) And when my life is required to fill up some patriot's grave, there I shall be. (Hear.) For when I cease to have a country, I want to die. (Loud cheers.) Longfellow says, that time will teach thee soon the truth. *There are no birds in last year's nest.*

THE DANCE OF DEATH.—The Ladies' Sanitary Association of London have issued a letter warning their sisters against the use of the brilliant green tarlatan, and green leaves in flowers, so much in use in "fashionable circles." They adduce instances of the death of a number of persons employed in manufacturing these stuffs and flowers—notwithstanding that during their work they had their "faces tightly bound with towels." They adduce also the testimony of Professor Hoffman, of the Royal College of Chemistry, who states that "green tarlatans contains as much as half their weight in emerald green. The color is loosely laid on with starch, and comes off by the slightest friction in clouds of dust, the twenty yards of a tarlatan dress containing nine hundred grains of arsenic." One physician satisfied himself that from a lady's dress of this kind not less than sixty grains, sufficient to kill thirty persons, powdered off in a single evening during the lady's dance at a ball. The "dance of death" and of folly surely all this ought to be called, as it is the pregnant source of many evils, such as consumption, wasting cough, gastric fever, with which the innocent too often are seized, whilst a strong constitutional woman, able to dance and to show off her powers of dancing, may escape. The trade of making these green poisoned dresses has been banished from Bavaria.

CURIOUS FACT.—It is a well authenticated fact that soldiers wounded in the head, on recovery from the wound, have, in some instances, lost all consciousness of their personal identity. The case of a soldier who died in one of the Paris hospitals is a striking confirmation of this fact. Wounded at the battle of Solferino, the wound soon cicatrised, but he afterwards labored under a strange hallucination, fancying himself dead. When asked how he was, he would reply: "You want to know how Pierre Valin is; why, he was killed at Solferino. What you see is not Valin, but a machine made to imitate him."

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FRIEND POOLE.—The following letter has been received in town from a member of Co. B, 24th Reg. Mass. Vols., wrote the time of the battle at Washington, N. C.:

WASHINGTON, N. C., Sept. 7, 1862.

Once more we have met the rebels, and I have escaped unharm. On Thursday and Friday, there were landed here, four companies of cavalry and two sections of a light battery, they intending to make a scout for eight or ten days. They had their rations for that time, and calculated to start yesterday morning early. Our forces (stationed here) consisted of one company of cavalry, one of artillery, two companies of N. C. U. V., and Companies B and D of the Mass 24th. Every company is much reduced by sickness. The company of artillery (six guns) had not more than men enough to man two guns, and the cavalry company had about forty-five effective men. The N. C. companies, about one hundred men, and B and D ninety men, making about two hundred and seventy-five men, and the scouting party of about two hundred and fifty. Many of our best men were upon special duty, and were quartered in different parts of the town. The fort is finished, guns mounted, and garrisoned by three men. The block houses are finished, but they had no guns mounted in them. We had on our usual patrol and picket, which took about fifty of our infantry and one-half of our cavalry. Just outside of the picket, and all around the town, are several hundred acres of corn growing. Farther outside are the trees that have been felled to keep the enemy from surprising us. Such was the condition of our defenses when we retired Friday evening, never once dreaming of an attack. Col. Potter and Lieut. Col. Mix arrived Friday. By the orders of the latter, no one had been allowed to leave town for a week past, and the enemy did not know of the arrivals here Thursday and Friday, (so our prisoners tell us).

On Saturday morning, at about half-past four o'clock, (a dense fog prevailing at the time) I was awoke out of a sound sleep, by a volley of musketry and the yells of the enemy's cavalry, as they charged through the town. You had better believe it gave us a start. I think I dressed a little quicker than ever before. All was confusion among the men, and we were all dressed and equipped before we were fairly awake, but not before the rebels had charged down the street by our quarters. Our company fell in, (only about thirty men, the balance being in guard duty or in hospital.) The rebels rushed by, intent upon securing our artillery (four pieces) and they were successful, but fortunately for us, the caissons contained but three rounds of ammunition. In the meantime, their infantry had come in; they came down in boats and landed upon the river bank, marched through woods, swamps, and finally the cornfields, and came into town about the same time as their cavalry, firing upon the picket and alarming us. They were in the greatest disorder, and thought only of our artillery. We formed across the street, and Co. D did the same. The humming birds flew so thick for a spell, there was not much attention to orders. We were busy attending to the rebels, as they rushed through the streets yelling, swinging their sabres, hurrahing for Jeff. Davis, and damning the Yankees. They were full of whiskey and daring in the extreme. We fired and dodged, dodged and fired, the rebels doing the same, but their shots were very wild, and did but little execution. Their artillery was planted in the back part of the town, and their shells passed over us.

The gunboat Picket blew up at this time, from some cause unknown to me, but it is generally supposed that in the confusion attending the alarm, some one was careless about their magazine. At this time, we had the order to fall back to the wharf and take shelter in a large brick warehouse, so as to give the gunboats a chance to fire upon the rebels. Their position (the rebels) was such that the shells from the boat were fired through the buildings where the officers and men of Companies B and D were quartered. The way kindling stuff was made was a caution. It may be an expensive way of making a granular fuel, but certainly it is very effective for that purpose. The shells tore through the town, and shattered many houses, and spread terror among the rebels, who retreated. While this was going on, the cavalry and artillery had got equipped. Cannon were instantly placed in all directions, sweeping the streets, and grape and canister pour forth, scattering the rebels wherever they remained, with the exception of one street, where the rebels had posted themselves in the houses. They fired upon our artillery until all were wounded but one, and the piece abandoned. The rebels then rallied, and attempted to take the piece, but they were met by Col. Potter leading the cavalry, and the rebels wavered and fled. At this time the Colonel had his horse shot from under him. The rebels again took to the houses and fences, and we doing the same, firing as the opportunity offered. At half past seven the firing had almost ceased, the rebels having nearly all retired, as we supposed, to our fort and block houses, and we marched cautiously out, expecting the rebels would attempt to cut us off from the boats; but they had got enough, and they all retreated before us. Our guard of three men at the fort were not molested, and but one of the block houses visited. They left upon the Greenville road, (where they left picket and cavalry came in), carrying off the four pieces of artillery they had taken, and many dead and wounded. The prisoners say they intend to take the town, and hold or destroy it. Their officers told them that our force was very small, and that we had much sickness. Considering the force they had, they have made a failure. We lost four men—three died since the engagement, twenty wounded, and ten taken prisoners. Their loss must be far greater than ours. The N. C. U. V. fought desperately. Col. Potter proved himself a brave man.

Our quarters were pretty well shattered, some twenty eleven men passing through them. Considerable damage was done to the men's coats, knapsacks, and canteens. A man we had hanging up had a bull-pass through it, and carried away the eastern part of N. C. My box of cigars, with two bunches left, was struck by a grape shot, and there was not a piece left as large as my finger. That is the extent of my loss.

The shells of the gunboat were exploded with great accuracy in every part of the town. Every place where the rebels made a stand had the marks of these death-dealing missiles. At one time, we thought the rebels had taken the fort and turned the guns upon us. Shells were dropped inside of it, seldom missing it, although it is not in sight from where the gunboat lay. The greater part of the rebels were

drunk. Many canteens we found contained whiskey. Nearly all of the prisoners we took were partly intoxicated. The rebels were very poorly clothed and shod, and very dirty. Their arms were of all descriptions, from a fowling piece to a Windsor rifle. The officers all had pistols, which they freely used when the opportunity offered. The rebels fired upon the wives and children of the N. C. U. V., and even attacked some of the women with their sabres. Chase of Salem was on picket on the Greenville road; there was a N. C. with him, also a corporal from Co. D. The corporal escaped, but the N. C. was killed and his body horribly mutilated. Chase is a prisoner.

It was amusing to see the colored population skedaddle; they left in a hurry, going aboard of flat boats. Many of the rebel cavalry horses were killed, some horribly cut up by shell and grape. Great confusion was caused by the fog. Sometimes we were in the midst of them, and it is miraculous how so many escaped. A part of the rebel infantry had been recently pressed in, and I do not doubt but many of them fired high purposely. We had breakfast about eleven A. M., and soon after I went on picket on the Greenville road, where I remained until this morning. There were seven beside myself, four infantry and four cavalry. There was no alarm. We have buried the dead to day. The wounded are having excellent care, and the most will recover. Some of the rebels are awfully mangled, and many are crippled for life.

MONDAY, Sept. 8.—I am having a rest to-day. Gen. Foster arrived early this morning; also, a gunboat to take the pickets place; and if the rebels will now show themselves, we will give them a good reception. But for the accident aboard the Picket, they would have suffered terribly. As it is, they have had enough. Buildings are being pulled down to give the guns a range, and a brick building is pierced with loop holes, for us to retreat to, if the occasion requires. The people are awfully frightened. The shells flew so thick the other day that real estate depreciated in value very fast.

TUESDAY 9th.—A rainy day. There are no rebels, or signs of any. Our cavalry went out yesterday as far as Truster's Creek, but they saw nothing of them. Guns have been placed in the block houses, and men are stationed in them. The fort is garrisoned by a company of marines. We do not apprehend any attack, but shall guard against one.

I am on picket again to-day. Am posted at the lower side of the town upon the bank of the river, to see that no boats come up without a pass made subsequent to September seventh. We have a good old cabin for a shelter, and can build a fire if we wish to. We have had a dinner of fresh beef and hard bread. There are several cows at pasture near us. They do not object to being milked by Yankees; so we are enjoying ourselves very well. Co. D lost another man by sickness Saturday night. They also lost one in battle, Corporal Clarke; he used to live in So. Danvers. The sick and wounded at the hospital have been sent to Portsmouth to recruit. Gen. Foster left last evening. The prisoners go to Newbern to-day.

WEDNESDAY 10th.—I have just concluded my breakfast of bread and milk and feel first rate. There has been no alarm, and I reckon the rebels are many miles away. The weather continues wet, but we have had good shelter and kept dry. All the picket posts have sentry boxes built, so we can always keep dry if it does rain.

EVERETT.—At nine this morning the "Ocean Wave" arrived here from Newbern, bringing three companies of the 27th Mass. to relieve us. We are to return to-morrow to Newbern. We have been here nine weeks to-day. Our duty has been rather hard the last few weeks, as the companies have been so much reduced by sickness. Co. D loses ten men by disease, and one in battle. Co. B loses one man by disease, and one in battle. Co. B have twenty-five men unfit for duty, but they are all getting better. We have had a very pleasant time since we have been here, but now no one is allowed to come in, it will not be so pleasant. Fruit is very scarce now, and if the rebels continue in the neighborhood, there will not be any. Our quarters have been excellent, much more healthy than living in tents. I presume we shall be with the regiment, and that will be pleasant on many accounts. I am sorry our band has gone home. We have the most ridiculous news to-day, and many credit it. The story is, that the rebels have driven our forces to Arlington Heights, taking all their stores and camp equipment. I have had a real scold with the men to-day for believing any such yarn, and for giving up as they do. Even if it were true, good would come out of it, for it would hasten what must come before we shall have peace, the emancipation of all slaves. Another report is, the rebels have attacked Cincinnati.

NEWBERN, September 12th, Merchants' Bank Building.—We embarked at noon yesterday, upon the Ocean Wave, and soon after sailed for Newbern. It was quite a shanty, and we had good shelter and plenty of room. A box of Sardines was opened, and, with some biscuit of "Auntie's" (our milk maid), and some condensed coffee, made an excellent supper. We arrived at midnight and remained on the boat until morning, when we marched up to Camp Lee, had breakfast, then marched to town, and went into quarters here, where we shall remain a day or two, until the ground gets dry, and then pitch our tents.

Yours for the Union, VOLUNTEER.

NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, }
September 9, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—There is a little bustle here in Newbern for fear of an attack; but let them come on; they will get all they bargained for; we are well prepared for them. The story is, that Gen. Branch is coming down on us with twenty thousand troops, but that is as big a lie as ever was told. There are nothing but little bands outside of our lines, just for a scare. The reports that are got up here are by the black-hearted wretches who inhabit this town. Gen. Foster, I understand, is trying to find out who it is, and if he is caught, you can tell what will be done with him. Some of them are quite saucy. They are watched, and will be dealt with as they deserve, when the proper time comes.

I see by the papers that Danvers and South Danvers are doing their duty, and I hear that both quotas are full. I am glad of it. We want them all, and the sooner they come, the sooner it will end one way or the other, God only knows. If the young men of Massachusetts knew our feelings, they would come and join us. If there are any one in Danvers, or South Danvers, old or young, who are able to

carry a rifle, in the name of God come out and help us to put the rebellion down. Don't let it be said that the young men of the towns of South and North Danvers were backward in this war, and let them call to mind what our fathers did in the war of '76. Let them keep the name. Good old Danvers has done well, but there is room for a few more. Come, in the name of God, come and help to support the honor of all concerned.

There has been some deaths of Danvers boys. Among them is private Daniel Smith of Co. C, 17th Mass., a brother to Capt. Smith of Co. I, formerly 1st Lieutenant in Co. C. He was a good soldier, and his loss is deeply felt by his Captain (Fuller). Darling Lowe of South Danvers is discharged, and is on his way home. James Holt, Joseph Burchstead and Alden Stiles are sent home, not being able to do their duty. Can't some of the Danvers boys fill their places in Co. C, the best company in the 17th Regiment? Capt. Fuller will give them a hearty welcome.

Capt. Fuller and Capt. Smith are on the retired list for a spell. Capt. Smith is at Portsmouth, and Capt. Fuller goes down to-day. Their health is poor, and it is a wonder they both are not dead, for they are up to their duty all the time.

From the Department of North Carolina.

"Emancipation."

MR. EDITOR.—The spirit of "M. T.'s" reply to our queries, touching the subject above named, is unexceptionable, but the logic, to our mind at least, far from being conclusive. Allow us one word by way of rejoinder.—"M. T. says:—'Slavery is wrong, injuring both the oppressed and the oppressor.' Granted freely, as nothing to the purpose. Slavery has always been wrong from the beginning; so that if this fact alone gives Mr. Lincoln the right to abolish it, all his predecessors have possessed the same—a position that will hardly be assumed.

Again.—'It is very possible that the rebels will offer freedom to every slave that will fight for them; and in that case the consequences can be imagined.' True, this is 'very possible,' but to our mind not very probable. But granting it certain, what would be the consequence?

First, it would save Mr. Lincoln the necessity of doing it, and thus avert from the Government 400,000 bayonets in the border States, which he says, would be turned against it, were he to attempt such an act.

Again, it would be furnishing the slaves with just what we wish were in their possession at this moment, viz.: plenty of arms.

Lastly, 'facts demonstrate' to our mind, that these weapons would be used, not against those whom they know have always been in favor of their freedom, but (manure all their premises to the contrary) against those whom they know equally well would reduce them to their former state of bondage the moment they became victors over the North.

Once more.—'Mr. Lincoln's authority for abolishing slavery, is found in his oath.' But how does this appear? He swears that he will faithfully execute the office of President, and to the best of his ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.' Exactly so; and it is admitted that he can do this 'without calling in the aid of the slaves.' Where, then, exists the 'military necessity,' which, in the absence of any authority derived from the Constitution, is confessedly the only exigency that gives him the right to emancipate?

What the 'Duty would think' of our confessing ourselves 20,000,000 of cowardly innuendoes, it may, perhaps, be difficult to ascertain for certainty. Our impression, however, is, that his thoughts on that subject would not differ very materially from those of the nations of Europe.

What he thinks of President Lincoln's refusing to emancipate under existing circumstances, depends upon whether it is wrong or not. If wrong, he would undoubtedly condemn it; but that is just the point that requires proof.

Lastly, 'M. T.' observes that the President, in order 'to do his duty faithfully, must oppose any act, or laws of any State, that shall serve to lower the United States among the nations of the earth.' But 'what care we for the opinions of European nations on our acts? Let us ask, what will God think, rather than what will the nations of Europe think?'

"That is the question we want to have asked."

S. D. L. I. L. A.

CAMP LAMER, WILMINGTON, Sept. 16, 1862.

Report of the Meeting called for the Organization of a Literary Association in the South Danvers Light Infantry Company.

The meeting was called to order by Jas. Perkins.

On motion of J. S. Nutter, H. L. Hadley was chosen moderator by a unanimous vote.

On taking the chair, he spoke of the object of the meeting as follows:—Our object in forming this association is to invite the members of this company to mutual efforts for moral and intellectual improvement, and at the same time to prevent as far as possible the introduction of any amusement, the use of which will be unfavorable to such improvement.

And we believe that such a society as we intend to establish, will tend to check the demoralization of camp life, and remind us of the duty of employing our leisure in the most judicious and profitable manner.

It being thought necessary that the meeting should have a secretary, A. H. Perkins was nominated and chosen.

On motion of Mr. J. S. Nutter, a committee of three was appointed by the chair, to draft resolutions for the next meeting. The committee appointed were Jas. Perkins, Lt. Barnes, and J. S. Nutter.

The committee reported the following resolutions:—

1. That this society be called the So. Danvers Light Infantry Literary Association.

2. That the acting President and Secretary remain in the same position that they now hold.

3. That the President and Secretary be a committee to draft a Constitution and By Laws for the Government of the Society.

4. That the subject for discussion at the next meeting shall be "Is the Rebellion of the South a sufficient cause for the Unconstitutional Emancipation of the Slaves?" That the disputants be C. Kimball, J. S. Nutter, and C. K. Hitchinson on the Affirmative; H. L. Hadley, Geo. Marsh, and Jas. Perkins on the Negative.

5. That the secretary make a full report of the proceedings of this meeting to the So. Danvers WIZARD.

6. That the President and Secretary be a committee to choose a subject and disputants for the third meeting of the society.

A. H. Perkins,
Acting Secretary.

A Singular Story.

The *Gartenlaube*, a very respectable journal of Leipzig, in Germany, printed in a recent number a story purporting to be told by an American sailor, mate of a ship he calls the *Black Hawk*, of Boston, Mass., in which the sinking of the Prussian frigate *Amazon* in the North Sea, in the winter of '61, is charged upon the captain of the *Black Hawk* as a premeditated act of revenge for some injury inflicted upon him by the Prussian government. The story of the sailor, which we give below, is to be investigated by the Prussian government, so that the truth is likely to be elicited. Here is the story:—

Charles Whitman, of Pennsylvania, relates that he sailed from Boston for Cronstadt, mate in the *Black Hawk*, of which one Morton was Captain; that Morton was a man of many adventures and desperate character, who had been one of the mutinous crew of the United States brig *Somers*, had afterwards sailed in slavers and was put in command of his ship by the influence of those for whom he had in former times sailed to the African coast; that in Cronstadt, and afterwards in Copenhagen, he was visited by persons whose conversation, accidentally overheard in the cabin, revealed to Whitman a plot against the frigate *Amazon* which lay at Copenhagen at the same time; that, under pretence of fearing ice in getting out into the North Sea, Captain Morton had his ship's bow considerably strengthened at Copenhagen; that he sailed in company with the *Amazon*, passed with her through the Skagor Rack, and in a heavy blow some days afterwards ran plump into her, and stove her so that she sank with all on board.

The reward he was to receive for this piece of rascality is stated at two thousand pounds sterling; but an old grudge which Morton said to have had against the Prussian government, which had injured him and imprisoned him once, was an added inducement. The persons who paid him for this crime are not so distinct, he pointed out; they seem to have been agents of the Danish government, together with Prussians, of a party which is opposed to a navy.—The unfortunate frigate is said to have had a poor crew, and officers who were not good seamen, which is very likely as the Prussians are not sailors, though good soldiers. It is told that in the gale she lost her main and mizen masts, and was endeavoring to lie under a fore trysail and jib, while they tried to rig a jury mizen mast. Morton had the *Black Hawk*, described as a large clipper ship, under all the sail she would bear, and bore down upon the *Amazon*, which lay helpless in the trough of the sea. When within some cables length of her victims, he pushed the seaman away from the helm and took it himself, kept her off till she was headed square for the beam of the *Amazon*, and then, as her sails filled with the fine wind and the ship gathered headway, he flung her down upon the helpless frigate, striking her square amidships, and cutting her down through the upper deck. The wreck along to the *Black Hawk's* bow, while she was lifted in a great sea and came down with a second blow, which broke the *Amazon* in two and sent her pieces to the bottom, while Morton sailed on, saving no one.

What adds to the excitement in Germany is that the *Amazon* was the only frigate in the Prussian navy. In a note of the editor of the *Gartenlaube*, however, he states that the writer, "Charles Whitman," namely, comes to him with such excellent introductions, and his trustworthiness has been confirmed by recommendations of such importance and character, that it was not thought proper to decline publication of the story. The editor adds that the mysterious loss of the *Amazon* frigate, with all her crew, has till now been a deep mystery, though there seems to have been, before, suspicions of foul play.

He asserts that the fragments of the frigate, found at the time, pointed, by their shape, character and position, to some such catastrophe as is related above. And finally, this editor asserts positively that the pilots of Deal and Ramsgate, on the English coast, reported, at the time, speaking an American clipper, with broken bowsprit and injured bow, in the Channel, and that they were treated with very scant courtesy by the captain, who passed on without stopping. He further asserts that last winter the fact that an American ship had run and sunk the Prussian frigate was a matter of common talk in the mouths of seamen in Boston and New York; that it was said the American captain had been bribed to do the deed, in Copenhagen; that in the Union fleet, near Fort Monroe, there is now a seaman who relates the same story. It is remarked, too, with some plausibility, that if the ship had perished naturally, and not by so violent and unlooked-for a catastrophe as has been recounted, in a narrow sea like the North Sea, it could scarcely have failed but that some of her crew would have been saved.

COLLISION ON THE EASTERN RAILROAD.—On Wednesday evening last, the regular Newburyport train, leaving Boston at 6.20 P. M., came in collision, at Wrentham with an excursion train from Portsmouth, smashing both engines, three cars on the excursion train and the baggage car on the down train. The engineer of the down train Mr. Dudley Weeks, and the fireman, Augustus Whitney, and the fireman of the up train Sidney Woodbury, were killed. Many of the passengers were more or less injured, but that none were killed is almost a miracle.

H. L. Canterbury and P. Hilditch, of this town were in the first car of the excursion train but escaped unhurt.

MR. M. Stoeckl, the Russian Minister, after watching our troops as they marched on their way to Rockville the other night, said that he had the finest army in the world, but that no soldier could do his duty who carried so much baggage on his person; twice as much, he said, as a Russian soldier was allowed to carry, and far more awkwardly and inconveniently placed than his load.

THE tomb of Henry Clay is in possession of the rebels. Daily and nightly the howlings of disunion echo over the sacred dust of him who so deprecated and denounced the spirit of disunion through all his life. The Louisville Journal says the tomb of the great dead must be redeemed, and calls upon Kentuckians to come to the rescue!

THE "Allen Pear Tree," in Salem, which is 224 years old, bore thirteen bushels of fruit this year.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1862.

Political Movements.

We have had lately little or nothing to say regarding party politics, simply because we consider these matters of very little consequence, as compared with sustaining the Government of the country. We would have everything bend to this one-absorbing, central issue. There are, and should be at this time, but two parties, the party of patriotism and the party of treason. Every man, who is not wholly and earnestly enlisted on the side of patriotism, belongs to the party of traitors. This is the only measure we desire to see applied to men who are before the people for public office. Especially would we have shown in place, all of whatever party who retain their patriotism by strong devotion to the public interests and their zeal in the work of crushing the rebellion. This is no time to turn out good and faithful servants of the Republic on account of difference of opinion upon old party issues. We shall give our vote heartily for Gov. ANDREWS, not because he was nominated by a Republican Convention, but because he is heart and soul in the work of quelling the insurrection, and because he has shown signal ability in the management of our State affairs. Not that he has been free from mistakes, both in opinion and execution, but we believe the experience he has had, together with his well known executive ability, will enable him to carry on the government better than any new man would do it.

Although we have had occasion to say little on the subject of party politics, our views, as formerly and repeatedly expressed, have undergone no change. We remain, as ever, White Republicans. We are intensely national in our feelings touching the management of this war, and we contend that the national arm should be made strong to bring it to speedy conclusion. So long as the rebels choose to continue the war against this Government, we would continue to strike hard with whatever weapon we can command. We would continue to strike the blows until the traitors are made to eat their fill of humble-pie, and then we would grant them fair, and even generous terms of peace.

We are inclined to believe that but little interest will be felt in the elections by the great body of the people. They will go to the polls and generally vote for those most faithful in the service of the country. Politicians may make the attempt to stir up feelings of opposition to existing authorities, but they will signally fail. If they try to oppose party by party, they will make a magnificent failure. They will, doubtless, trot out their favorite "nigger" again and use him as of yore. They will eat, drink and sleep with him. They will cook him up in all imaginable dishes—roast, fried, stewed and boiled. They will have him for breakfast, dinner, supper and lunch. They must live on him exclusively, for without him they die.

We caution our friends not to be frightened by this cry of "nigger," let it come from one side or the other. This war is prosecuted for the benefit of the white race, and in its progress the condition of the negro will be a secondary consideration, but still an important one. The light of future events may exhibit some act of sudden and electric change, or it may only show changes gentle and gradual. Let us wait.

Emancipation!

The President's Proclamation of emancipation to the slaves held by rebel masters, has at last come forth and is before the people. It comes sooner than we expected, although we suppose almost all expected it would surely come if the rebels continued the war. The only question we have discussed about it is, as to the expediency of the measure at this particular time. The power to do it is in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and he has used it as he understands it is most expedient to shorten the war. No patriot will complain that in this thing the rebels are not fairly used. We can have no tenderness for them.

If they want to retain their slave property, let them cease resistance and come back under the protection of the Constitution. If they choose to take the risk of the loss by continued revolt, let them bear it with the best grace they can.

GOOD FLOCK.—Mr. Washington Perkins, of Londonderry, N. H., who is a man well to do in the world, having the ownership of a farm and the care of an aged father 82 years old, has enlisted in the army, but under some difficulties. He was told that he could not be accepted on account of the loss of his front teeth. He then quietly went to Manchester and had a set of artificial ones put in, and enlisted and passed a good surgical examination. He leaves a man to take his place on the farm and goes in the ranks as a private and all from a sense of duty and love of the cause. We hear that he is a brother of Mr. James Perkins of this town, who is in like independent circumstances, but has enlisted as a private in Capt. Daniels' company.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—We are the fortunate possessor of an excellent card photograph of Mr. SAMUEL QUINER WHITE, taken by Mr. Perkins of Salem in his best style. It is a full length, and he is represented, with his haversack full of WIZARDS, in the act of drawing one out to present to a subscriber.

We place a high value on this picture, not only on account of its intrinsic excellence, but because of Mr. White's valuable assistance to us in the WIZARD office. He is not only printer, but the paper to our subscribers, but distributes it. It is his province to turn the wheel of our power press, which duty he performs faithfully; for, without this aid, the labors of the publisher, composers and editor would be of no avail.

GRAPES.—"Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too." These words of the amiable poet Cowper came into our mind on a visit we made last week to the Graperies of Mr. J. Thayer and Mr. W. T. Dole. Such great, tempting clusters of beautiful grapes could only be produced by the temperature of a tropical climate. As we made our visit in the absence of the proprietors, we found the temptation too great for our weak virtue, and we just plucked a single specimen from the south side of one of the clusters. If such fruit grow in Eden, we think Mrs. Eve was not so much to blame, after all.

Our Victory.

The great battle of Antietam, last Wednesday, resulted in the defeat of the rebels and their flight from Maryland into Virginia. Here they will probably make a stand, and then a more decisive battle must be fought. Our army must surely be more rapidly reinforced than theirs and we ought to win a decisive and final victory.

McClellan's stock is up since his late success, and he stands well both with the government and the army. The country demands action and all eyes are directed to the south bank of the Potomac to get good tidings of the next encounter. God grant it may be a successful one to our arms.

SAFE.—In our issue of last week we referred to apprehensions for the fate of Mr. FRANKLIN OSBORN, Jr., who was reported as among the dead at the attack upon Washington, N. C. These apprehensions were, last Wednesday, happily relieved by the receipt of a newspaper of a later date, directed by himself, and subsequently by letters describing the battle. This case, and that of Mr. Geo. F. Shaw, both of whom were reported dead by the papers and by private letters, and for whose death the flags had been lowered to half-mast, will serve to make friends of the soldiers more cautious in believing reports of war casualties.

PRESENTATIONS.—Lieut. WM. L. THOMPSON, late of the Peabody High School, and now in the company of Capt. Daniels, at Camp Lander, has been presented with a fine revolver by his late pupils.

Adjutant MORRIS POOLE of the 21st Iowa has been presented by his friends in Dubuque with a pair of revolvers. The regiment is en route for Missouri.

ALARM BELL.—The bell belonging to the Eagle Engine Company was raised to its position in the belfry of the Engine House last week. It is a good toned bell, weighing about 800 lbs. This is three times larger than the old South Bell which hung on the old steeple up to 1813. There is a tradition that at the raising of this bell, while the Committee were away in pursuit of ropes and tackle, a Mr. Goldthwait took the bell in his arms and carried it, by the stairway, up to the bell deck.

We call the attention of the industrious cultivators of this vicinity to the Exhibition to be held at Georgetown on the last day of this month. Nature has poured forth her favors in abundance, and you should be equally vigilant in exhibiting them. We remember a young gentleman, who, a few years since, carried forward some very superior fruit from his father's garden, and he has ever since had the reputation of being the grower of the best of pears.

WE notice the death of Capt. EDWARD LANDER of Salem, aged 75, father of the late Gen. F. W. Lander. Capt. Lander was for several years a resident of this town, and distinguished for his courteous and gentlemanly deportment. Several of his family are eminent for their talents, particularly his daughter.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Geo. Osborn, Jr., of this town, and recently a teacher in the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, has been appointed to a Professorship in the Naval Academy at Newport, R. I.

SAD COINCIDENCE.—It is with much regret that we notice the death at Baden-Baden, Germany, of Mr. John Borne Bohlen of this city, son of the late Gen. Bohlen. Both father and son died upon the same day, August 22, the one in battle, the other in a foreign land.—*Phila. Press.*

WHAT GEN. McCLELLAN SAID.—When Gen. McClellan was deprived of all command, it was predicted he would resign. On Monday last, when he had but ninety men, he said:—"This will not make me quit the army, for I will remain if I have but a Corporal's command, or if I have to take a musket and serve in the ranks."

An old boat has recently been found in the bed of a cove on the Squamachuana river that bears marks of great antiquity. It is of oak, about 40 feet long and 3 deep, is supposed to have been one of Gen. Sullivan's transport boats, and used in the time of the revolution. A bank of earth had formed over it, upon which large trees were growing.

At a grand war meeting in Hartford on Thursday, Rev. Mr. Trask of Pittsburg, Mass., exhibited a bullet received by a drummer boy on the 17th of June, 1777, and which he carried in his body 77 years. Mr. Trask said he took the bullet from the dust in his coffin only four weeks ago.

In the battle of Baton Rouge, one of the hardest contested points of the field was a cemetery in which lie the bones of President Zachary Taylor, which was held alternately by either army, but finally occupied by the rebels, and from which, the account says, "they never emerged."

It is asserted that General McClellan's army drags after it six thousand army wagons. The rebels have very light baggage trains, hence the rapidity of their movements.

First and last the Federal Government has called for eleven hundred thousand troops, a number about as large as nearly all Europe called out to suppress Napoleon, at the hunting of the eagle in 1815.

Mr. Stidell is said to have had an interview with Napoleon III., in which the Emperor told him that something must be done for emancipation, before he could recognize the Southern Confederacy.

None of the generals who have served with Gen. McDowell believe him to be guilty of any of the offences that have been charged against him. His sole offence is want of success, which is the unpardonable sin of military life.

The number of exemptions in Lynn is 324, Salem 236, Marblehead 116, Danvers 44, South Danvers 16, Saugus 30, Swampscott 20, Nahant 12, Lynnfield 4.

"Fighting Joe Hooker" is a Newburyport boy, and the house in which he was born, is now standing in Federal street in that city.

The 73d Illinois regiment is commanded throughout by Methodist preachers.

Slavery and the War.

The following preamble and resolute passed, by nearly a unanimous vote, meeting held in Danvers last Wednesday:

lion that the honor of the nation and the stability of the Union, can be secured.—Newburyport Herald, 16th ult.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1862.

Direction of Letters.

Now that so many of our soldiers are about to depart to the seat of war, it may not be amiss to remind them and their friends at home of what is essential to have letters reach their proper destination. Some of the letters sent from home to friends in the army, are so obscurely superscribed that it is more of a wonder that they find their destination, than that they do not. Sometimes they are so diffusely covered with words that they are obscure, while what is essential is omitted. For instance, a person directs his letter thus—

Mr. John Smith, Private in Col. Jacobs' Regiment, 19th Regt., Massachusetts Volunteers, Company D, Capt. Sweeney, Beaufort, N. C., Gen. Burnside's Division, or elsewhere.

This is all right, but it is not so easy for the employees in the Post Office as if only what is essential is named. The letter is often so covered up with writing that no room is left for the stamp. All that is needful is to direct it thus—

John Smith,
Co. D, 19th Regt., Mass.,
Beaufort,
N. C.

Thus directed, it will reach Beaufort, N. C., and be put into the Regimental box and sent to the Regiment, wherever it may be stationed, and be called for by its proper owner.

Just so with letters to the army of Virginia. At the Post Office in Washington there are departments for the regiments of each State, and each State has as many boxes as regiments, and the letters are assorted into the several boxes and carried in mails to the proper regiment and delivered. As the number of regiments increase, new boxes are provided. All, therefore, that is needed, is to give the regimental number and State and the company letter. The latter is of less consequence than the State and Regiment.

Foreign letters often come very obscurely directed, owing to ignorance of the geography of the country. Here is an instance, and such are very common:—

South Danvers Massachusetts United States of North America Essex County Boston Suttons hollow.

There is a letter now in our Post Office which must remain unless it has a more explicit direction. The essential part is entirely left out. It is directed—

For Patrick Walsh,
Private, Company G,
Capt. Sweeney.

Here all we have to inform us of the whereabouts of the correspondent, is the name of Capt. Sweeney. There may be a dozen of that name in the army, but as we do not find the name on the Roster of the Massachusetts regiments, we do not know where to send it. We hope the writer, next time, will put on his letter the number of the Regiment and the State.

George Francis Train.

This noted character has at last turned up on this side of the Atlantic. While in England, he showed some indications of talent as a ready debater, and won considerable applause by his rattle-brain speeches, both there and at home. He was well posted up on the subjects on which he spoke, and at times he was powerful and effective. At other times he was declamatory and frothy. He was always reckless, often startling and frequently impudent. His head was too weak to stand praise, and he was spoiled by applause. His latest speeches in England were noisy and windy; "all sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Having made a goose of himself in England, he has come home to play the donkey here. He is making windy harangues and exciting ridicule where he formerly won praise. There never was a more complete burst up. "He went up like a rocket and came down like the stick." Poor Train! He is surely to be pitied, not condemned. What in others would be crime, in him is only folly. Gassy as he is, we think there is some good in him, if we could only find it. To find it, his over-weening self-conceit must be got out of him. Time may do this. His latest freak was a jump in the dark, by which, like some others, he came down on the wrong side of the fence. A few more such falls may do him good.

The Dead and Wounded of South Danvers.

The flags have again been drooping at half mast in honor of the gallant dead. We first had intelligence of the death of JOSEPH S. INGALLS, one of our most courageous and physically able soldiers. He fell at the battle of Antietam. He was one of the Andrew Sharpshooters, and came home as one of the Guard of Honor with the remains of the lamented Gen. Lander.

We next hear of the death of Capt. SAMUEL BROWN, 3d, who commanded a company in the 16th Conn. Regiment

and fell in the sanguinary fight for the possession of the stone bridge. Capt. Brown was well known and highly esteemed here in the place of his birth, and we also learn that he was held in high regard in Connecticut and by his company. He was a young man, of good mind, agreeable manners, and was a graduate and model scholar of the Peabody High School. After leaving this school, he went to Bowdoin College, where, he graduated. For some time he was a member of the Lyceum and Library Committee of the Peabody Institute until he removed to Connecticut, where he was employed successfully as a teacher. Like others of this profession, and of all professions, he felt it his duty to offer his services, and his life if it need be, to the good of his country. Of that life, endeared to many a relative and friend, he has made a noble sacrifice.

GUSTAVUS LABAREE is also severely wounded, and is now in a New Jersey Hospital. He was formerly connected with this office as carrier of the paper. JOSEPH GRAY and S. W. WILLIAMS are reported as wounded.

Artificial Limbs.

The large number of persons maimed by the sanguinary conflicts in the present war will cause a great demand for limbs of artificial construction. It happens most opportunely that a recent invention promises to replace the lower limbs of those who have suffered amputation, so effectually that their loss will scarcely be noticed by an outside observer. It is very well known that artificial legs are made and worn which almost deceive by their perfect form and natural movement. The late invention (we refer to that by Prof. Jewett of Salem) surpasses all of previous construction in several important particulars. By his improvement, the socket is so constructed as to unite firmness with flexibility, and a perfect fitting of the stump to the artificial limb. The limb itself combines lightness with strength in a wonderful degree, but the naturalness of its action is its chief merit. By a very simple contrivance, the artificial limb can always be made of even length with its living brother, thus enabling the wearer to walk with a limp so slight as to be scarcely discernible. If the amputation was below the knee, he walks up and down stairs with attenuating step, just as before he was crippled. If the amputation was above the knee, the joint of the artificial limb is so contrived as to support the weight of the body firmly, while its action is easily controlled by the will of the wearer. Whether the amputation is below or above, there is no need of even a cane for support.

We are aware that the above is a very imperfect statement of the merits of what we regard as one of the most important improvements of recent date for the alleviation of "ills that flesh is heir to." The discovery was owing to the loss of a limb by Prof. Jewett, by a railroad accident. He then obtained the best artificial substitute that could be had, but he saw and felt its defects, and then set at once about a remedy. His great success will cause a large demand of from all those crippled officers and soldiers who have the wisdom, in such an important matter, to "get the best." It is but the dictate of common humanity to make this important discovery widely known, that the lame may be made whole, or as nearly so as human ingenuity can devise.

COMPLIMENTARY.—We understand that a committee, especially appointed for that purpose, from the Agricultural Society, yesterday paid a visit to the grounds of Mr. Andrew Porter of this town, for the purpose of examining some rare fruits not yet matured. Many curious and beautiful specimens were tested and highly approved; but what most attracted the attention of the committee was a large, juicy nondescript, twenty-seven inches in circumference, which grows on a comparatively limber stock, about three feet from the ground. The juice of this curious fruit is very fragrant and has, at this season of the year, a sharp, pleasant taste, which the committee have no doubt will be greatly improved by age.

Before making a full report, we understand that the committee intend making another visit.

Jordan Lodge and the War.

Animated by the same pure spirit of patriotism, that, in the ages of the past, impelled the Knights of this ancient order to bid adieu to lady-love and castle, and donning eagle and spears, prepare with leveled lance to battle for the right, many of the sons of Jordan Lodge, arousing at their Country's call, have enlisted in her service, and are ready to lend a strong right arm to maintain, untarnished, the lustre of her liberty, and the full integrity of her glorious constitution.

Of these not less than four have been commissioned as Captains, viz: N. P. Fuller S. C. Bancroft Esq. S. Nelson and R. S. Daniels Jr. Mr. Chas. E. Bradford who has for some years been connected with this Lodge although not one of its members, has also received the same commission.

The following persons have been commissioned as Lieutenants: Robert Chapman, Chas. Warner, Geo. W. Taylor and Geo. F. Barnes.

There are doubtless some members of Jordan Lodge now residents of other towns, who now

hold commissions in the service, and perhaps others, too, in addition to those gone from here, whose patriotic contents them with the smaller pay and lesser honors of the private soldier. And as those valiant knights returning from victorious fields, each adorned with chaplets woven by the fingers of his lady fair, so may our more modern heroes soon return to friends and home, and here receive the honors due them for their valor.

Danvers Sept. 23, 1862. T.

Representative to Congress.

There is a call upon the Republicans to meet in convention to nominate in this district a candidate for Representative to Congress. South Danvers is now connected with her sister towns in Massachusetts, and a meeting will be held at the Town Hall this evening to nominate delegates to the District Convention. Unless Mr. Alley declines, we have no doubt that he will receive the nomination, as he has very fairly represented the national feelings of his constituents, and has the advantage of four years' experience in legislation.

The name of our townsman, Hon. Alfred A. Abbott has been frequently mentioned, both in private and publicly, for this position, which he is so well fitted, by his eminent ability, to fill and adorn. He has always firmly and persistently declined the use of his name in such connection, and however it may be regarded by the many who desire his nomination, we have the best of reasons for saying that his determination has undergone no change.

U. S. ASSESSORS.—We notice among the names of Deputy Assessors, Nathan H. Poor of South Danvers, John A. Putnam of Danvers, and Jos. J. Rider, Henry Cogswell, and Eliezer Austin of Salem.

Party Matters.

The popular cry of the day is, "Down with party and party managers;" and some people in our midst have secured to themselves no little applause from unthinking men by the pertinacity with which they have reiterated this remark. It is a little singular that this denunciation of party, only prevails when there is little or no party feeling. When two or more parties are in the field battling with energy for their candidates and platforms, no one cries out against party. It is when all is quiet in party matters, and party issues are settled or forgotten, that the cry comes forth. It seems needless to attempt to prove the utter senselessness and the foolish prejudice against party and party management and discipline. It is, doubtless, true, that errors will creep into the best of parties, but that is no good reason why they should not exist. It is only through parties that the people can, in a Republic, give any effective expression to their views. Men, whose aims are for the highest good of the people, must unite in party to carry their measures, or well disposed men will, with their party discipline, entirely control the government. It would be as foolish to attempt to secure and maintain the freedom of the people and righteous laws, without party discipline, as it would be for President Lincoln to attempt to put down the Rebellion without a disciplined army. All attempts to break up parties have heretofore proved unavailing and they always will. A few years ago the American party was established partially on the ground of opposition to parties in general, but it was not long before it was the most arbitrary party that ever existed, and its management fell into the hands of unscrupulous men, which soon caused its hasty dissolution. An effort is now being made to establish a new party, based upon the popular prejudice against party. In the address to the people, they state as follows: "It is no time for parties or party issues. He who wishes such, is a traitor to the people, to the government." It is not worth the time to attempt to show the inconsistency of this announcement. Like the Eastern juggler they have swallowed themselves. They will no sooner get a name than their ostensible issue drops from under them. But this apparent denunciation of party names and party issues is all delusive and it behooves us as loyal citizens to endeavor to penetrate the thin disguise under which these men cloak their wicked designs. That many good meaning men have signed this new call is undoubtedly true, and all we have to say in regard to them is that they are fondly led by designing men. If this is no time for party issues and party cries, why under heaven have these individuals attempted to establish a new party. The Republican party is now in control of the National and State Governments, and they cordially sustain these Governments in the active prosecution of the war. A new party, to be effective, must necessarily take issue with the Republicans on this vital question. In a time of war, like that in which we are engaged, there can be really only two parties—one in favor of the active prosecution of the war, the other for concession or submission.

Now, if we wish to know the issue upon which the new party stands, we can only do it by examining the list of names signed to the call—examine the character of the men—and see if we can find any leading opinion which we know them to possess. First, we have a large sprinkling of the active leaders in the party which supported Bell (now a traitor) for President, two years ago; then we have a good number of those who supported Breckinridge (another traitor) at the same time; then we have a few who supported President Lincoln for the Presidency, but are known to have pro-slavery views, or, as they would say, conservative views. It is not difficult, then, to see that the tie which binds the members of the new party is a love of slavery, and, necessarily, a sympathy with the South. In times of peace this would not be a matter of any great importance, but, situated as we are at present, at war with the South, commenced by them to maintain the aggressive character of slavery; it assumes an importance of great magnitude. If this new party should, by any possibility, arrive to power, what humiliating compromises would they not propose! If they are honest in their assertions, they would begin, first, by withdrawing the Emancipation Proclamation; then they would abolish the confiscation act; it is so hard, in their opinion, to take away the property of rebels. Then they would of course order our Generals to carry out the Fugitive Slave Act, and return every negro who escapes to our lines. Nor is this all; for, being men of compromising tendencies, they would soon yield to the gentlemen of the South all they asked for, and the Nation would then fall into fragments, a scorn and bye-word to every people on the face of the earth. Let us beware of all these insidious attempts to debauch the public mind. Let us stand firmly by our principles, and do all we can to elect men to office whom we know to be thoroughly in sympathy with us.

REPUBLICAN.

Old Danvers Light Infantry.

As there are three companies, who claim each to be the Danvers Light Infantry, we prefer "Old" to designate the original corps. This company, in its day, had a great reputation for enterprise and discipline under its various commanders, DANIELS, SANBORN and SUTTON. It was famous also for its campaigns, suppers, anniversary celebrations and military balls. Its numbers were not large, but the thinness of its ranks was more than made up by the spirit of its parades. Its frequent campaigns to different towns were fruitful of interesting events, and many a good story is remembered of what occurred in camp on the different excursions. These have been revived by the late volunteer parade for escort duty. The company has a history, and it ought to be written. O, that we had a Dr. H. F. Brown to do it. He has done such a work for the Salem Independent Cadets as a labor of love, and it will one day see the light. The career of the Old Infantry was short, compared with that of the Cadets, but it was fruitful in incident.

We publish the Roll of the Old corps, as it came out the other day to do escort for its young namesake and successor. The Selectmen may look out to see these veterans calling on them for bounty money:

OFFICERS.

Captain—CAPT. R. S. DANIELS.
1st Lieut.—GEN. WM. SUTTON.
2d Lieut.—WM. CURTIS.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Stephen Osborn,
Wm. J. C. Kenny,
Fitch Poole,
Samuel P. Fowler,
Amos Trask,
Warren M. Jacobs,
George C. Peirce,
Anthony Snow,
Caleb Osborn,
E. F. Putnam,
John Calif,
Richard Smith,
S. B. Cobb,
Chas. Manning,
H. O. Warren,
David Roberts, Jr.,
Moses Trask,
Wm. S. Osborn,
S. F. Reed,
Alex. Merrill,
Chas. Chapin,
Winthrop Brown,
Samuel Harris,
George Osborn,
Eben S. Howard,
J. H. Tenge,
F. Walker,
David Peirce,
R. S. D. Symonds,
S. A. Southwick,
F. K. Pemberton,
A. K. Abbott,
Willis Barnard,
Jos. Earl,
C. P. Borer,
Plummer Little,
Robert A. Herrick,
S. C. Abbott,
Levi Spaulding,
Nathan Symonds,
Isaac Munroe,
D. H. Southwick,
Benj. Beckett,
Wm. Berry,
Daniel Southwick,
James Boynton,
John Manning,
John Webster,
Thomas Trask,
Amos Osborn,
Wm. Eudicot,
Wm. Price,
Wm. T. Dole,
Nath. Annable,
Sumner Southwick,
E. G. Berry,
J. Harvey Turner,
Benj. Kent,
Edw. Stimpson,
Stephen Fernald,
S. P. Wilson,
S. W. McIntire,
G. A. Kimball,
Josiah Walton,
C. H. Loughton,
C. P. Low,
John Ruth,
John Bagley,
Ward Poole,
E. W. Safford,
L. E. Gordon,
M. O. Standley,
John Peabody,
Henry Poor,
John Hines,
Winthrop Andrews,
D. A. Baker,
Edw. Giddings,
Jona. King,
Fre. Puseley,
D. W. Osborn,
T. W. Carr,
Wm. Peirce,
J. E. Peabody,
G. S. Carrier,
H. N. Mahew,
J. P. Hamilton,
Eben King,
J. D. Moreland,
N. K. Hodgkins,
Stephen Blaney,
Horatio Lodge,
John S. Dwinell,
N. P. C. Patterson,
Edw. Fornis,
Augustus Beckett,
A. H. Sauger,
John Friend,
James Buntington,
Daniel Woodbury,
E. S. Flint.

The second day of our County Show is to-day, at Georgetown. Never has Nature been more beautiful in the bestowment of fine fruits and products. Let these things blessed gruffly others with the sight of them and they shall find their reward, if not by cash in hand, certainly in the consciousness of having done their duty.

LIABILITY FOR A DRAFT.—The number of men enrolled in town is 948. Of these, 680 are subject to be drafted. About one in seven of these would be drawn in the event of another call for 300,000 men. So it will be seen there are six chances of escape to one of being drawn.

Our gallant tars still continue to capture valuable prizes.

The Baptist Society and Mrs. Fales.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 24, 1862.
MY DEAR MRS. COOK,—I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of "five dollars and fifty cents, contributed by the Baptist Sabbath School" in South Danvers, for the sick and wounded soldiers. In behalf of the soldiers I thank the dear children, and will appropriate the amount, so that the hearts of many of the soldiers may be made glad, not only for the refreshment furnished, but with the thought that they are remembered by even the children at home. I meet with Mass. boys daily, in the hospitals and by the way side exhausted; to them, and all of every State, I do what I can for their comfort.

The paroled prisoners are arriving here by thousands, in a destitute and almost starved condition, and then there are about 18,000 in the hospitals in this city and vicinity, so that all that will work for their benefit can find much to do. I am doing more than ever, and need more than ever to do with. The government furnishes us with an ambulance, two horses and a driver, and all the army rations that I can use, which enables me to go to the distant hospitals, and to aid the struggling on the outskirts of the city, so that every day I can feed or furnish each comfort to many hundreds, speaking to each one personally.

Last week, Col. Sanford, Supervisor of Gov. Tel. Despatches, furnished me with \$50 worth of excellent grapes; these I distributed to 3100 sick and wounded men in the hospitals; and yesterday Adams' Express Co. furnished \$100 worth of grapes, and I shall commence the distribution to-day—a lady going with me to assist.

I want more clothing of every kind, but principally shirts and drawers. When a soldier is wounded in battle, and his clothing becomes very bloody, it has to be thrown away if there is no opportunity to wash it, as it becomes very offensive. I have supplied hundreds of men with shirts that had none for weeks and months. Two paroled prisoners came to my door last night, both barefooted and sick; they had had no shoes for months. One was Sergeant Richardson of the Mass. 2d, the other was of the 6th Conn. They had just arrived from Richmond, where they had been nearly starved. Two men from Maine were with them. I made them a good supper, lodged them in a tent I have in my front door yard, and gave them a breakfast this morning. Got some shoes and socks for the barefooted, but in doing this I had to take a pair of my own stockings, and my slippers, for the sick sergeant, who I had put in the Trinity Church Hospital, which is across the street. I give you these facts, that you may see what work there is to do here; and as soon as I finish this I must get fifty loaves of bread from the bakery at the Capitol, and with cheese, ham, fruits, etc., go among the hungry and sick, and to several hospitals to distribute grapes. Please remember me kindly to all my friends in your town, and tell them to send me everything.

Yours, truly,
Mrs. J. T. FALES.

Emancipation.

MR. EDITOR,—I should have worded my communication of the 11th inst differently, so that "Phoebe" could not have brought my remarks to criticize my final paragraph. It proves a weighty argument against writing in haste; and I think also shows that a person's thoughts will not be received alike by the different individuals on whom they are conferred. My words, (I quote from memory) "If the President does his duty faithfully, he must oppose my act or laws of any state, that shall serve to lower the United States among the nations of the earth," were intended to refer to the moral standard of our nation on the one point—Slavery—beside the "nations of the earth" as compared with other matters. I think human slavery the darkest blot on any escutcheon; and, where in many things we rank far before other nations, in that we fall very far behind; and that darkness diminishes the brightness of all our virtues.

If I had intended that paragraph to have been construed as he construed it, I think I should have made the preposition, among, before.

It appears a waste of words to discuss Emancipation. The time for words is very nearly passed. The time for action is near at hand.—The President is rapidly disclosing his power or his extreme weakness. I have faith that right and justice will prevail, and can await the changes time must bring.

In looking at this matter I think of how it will stand in history. I care more for one shining page in future history than national quiet or individual ease. Better all the woe and anguish we are having now,—"than a peace that sits

Beside the hearth in self-commended mood, And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits Are howling out of doors against the good Of the poor wanderer."

One point in "Phoebe's" article and I am done, as I do not wish to incur the censure of your numerous readers. He remarks: "facts demonstrate to our mind that these weapons" (which the rebels might give the slaves) would be used against the government but for it. Now I think that he is crediting the slaves with more brains and political knowledge than ever any individual or party—Garrisonian or otherwise—credited them with before, if he thinks they can discern in government acts up to this last act—or rather, these last words—by the President, any thing to cause them to believe the Government friendly to their cause.

This article, Mr. Editor, is at your option to publish, or not.

M. T.

It has been semi-officially stated that our loss in the battle of Antietam was 9220 in killed, wounded and missing, and the loss of the enemy, judging from the appearance of the battle field, must have exceeded fifteen thousand.

Gen. Halleck has requested that no more presents be sent to soldiers. They accumulate in Washington, are destroyed, benefit nobody, but trouble a great many in care and transportation.

Gen. Hooker has been appointed Brigadier General in the U. S. army, in place of Gen. Mansfield, killed in the battle of Antietam.

Rosin a year and a half ago, brought a dollar and a half a barrel. It is now worth twenty dollars a barrel.

Danvers Bank, Warren Bank, and Village Bank have declared a dividend of 3 per cent, payable Monday, October 6th.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT,
Saturday Evening, Sept. 20, 1862.

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is warm now through the day, but at night it is pretty cool. The doctors say this is the worst month in the year for the "shakes," the weather is so changeable. We have now 61 men in the hospital, most of them have either the shakes or the dysentery. About ten days ago we had between 70 and 80 patients; one of the men died a few nights ago. He had been in the hospital only five or six days, and was out the day before he died. His disease was quick consumption; his name was George E. Basty, of Middleton; he belonged to the Danvers company (Putnam Guards.) His company marched down here the day after he died; his body was carried out in front of our barracks and funeral services were held. The chaplain made a few remarks and a short prayer, after which the body was carried to Washington there to be embalmed, and sent home at the expense of the company.

EDITOR OF WIZARD.—I send you a few extracts from a private letter received in town the last week:

NEWBURN, Sept. 14th, 1862.
We are as well reconciled as possible, considering the bad meat and worry bread. I do not think I am at all unreasonable in saying it is a shame for us to be treated so. There is a plenty of good, new bread at Newburn, and we are fed on that which has several generations of worms in it. It was baked some ten or twelve months ago, and we have to get pretty hungry before we can pick the crackers over and eat them. Our meat is very bad, and compares well with the bread.

Gen. Foster has ordered camp fires built in the streets between the tents, and they are kept burning all night to keep off the fever and ague. I have had a new U. S. blanket given me, and I should like to have you see it. Of all the coarse things I ever saw, this beats them all. I should judge it was made of the coarsest of wool and goats hair.

We have news from Maryland to-day. We hear the rebels are at Hagerstown with one hundred thousand men, and that Gen. Pope has been sent to Oregon, and that Gen. Burnside has command.

What we are to pass through before we shall have peace, I do not know; but it does really seem as if the rebels were too smart for us. Sometimes I think that there are many traitors among the officers, but I hope I am mistaken. It looks strange, that we should be twelve months going from Washington to within twenty miles of Richmond, and the rebels can cut through us and go much farther in three or four weeks. Well, my faith is still unchanged, that the United States will embrace from Maine to the Rio Grande, and that we shall have, what we never had, a free country. The slaves will yet be free, and when their freedom is proclaimed, then we shall begin right.

This has been a fine day. Dress parade came off at five P. M. The companies turned out well, and looked nicely.

To-night the worms (real, great, black-headed fellows) were so large that we deemed it prudent to soak our bread well in scalding hot coffee before eating it.

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 15th.—A fine day, and a busy one. Went on battalion drill at nine A. M.; had two hours drill, and then we had to get ready for a review and inspection. J. Q. Adams, one of Gov. Andrew's staff, is here to look after the Massachusetts regiments; so at three P. M. we were reviewed and inspected, and undoubtedly he thought we were in good spirits and had everything first-rate, and will so report. We were put through from three until half past six, and then returned to camp pretty well played out. Tomorrow, at seven A. M., we are to be inspected in heavy marching order. What a fare it is for Gov. Andrew to send men out here to review and inspect us—men who do not come into camp only when we are on parade. Why do not they come into camp and live on army rations for a day or two, and talk with the men? they would then find out what was wanting.

KNAFSAK, Ju.

The wonderful feat called Zampifloration, by the celebrated Haulon Brothers, is now performed nightly at the Academy of Music, Boston, by Young America, in connection with the celebrated Ravel Troupe. All should see them.

The Webb Sisters closed their engagement at the Howard last week, and this week Mrs. Waller, the celebrated tragic actress, is the star.

The Great Eastern had a hole 80 feet long and three feet wide made in her bottom, by striking on a rock in Long Island Sound. She remains at Flushing.

The following Massachusetts regiments were in the light at Antietam; 13th, 15th, 21st, 24th, 26th, 12th, 35th and 32d. The two last named were new regiments.

The bodies of over forty Federal officers have reached Baltimore on the way North for interment.

Gen. Fremont's staff has been ordered to report to him for duty, but it has not transpired where his next field of duty will be.

It is believed by the citizens that the rebels lost at least 6000 men by desertion during the raid into Maryland.

Let this be our watchword in speech and in song, and still move in the whole civil and military policy of the war—"A star for every State, and a State for every star." [Winthrop's Speech.

THE DRAFT.—Gov. Andrew has issued his official instructions concerning the draft. Amongst the exemptions are members of the various fire departments of the state.

The President's late proclamation meets with a hearty response from the press and the people.

Gen. Banks was ridiculed when he said that he was for calling out a million of men for the prosecution of the war.—Now it is seen that he was right and had a better idea of the requirements of the contest than any other man in the country.

Needles—Have you tried those new Needles of PEABODY'S?

KID GLOVES.—We have just opened a full line of Plain and Stitched Kid Gloves in Black, White and Colors, received per

from New York. JOHN P. PEABODY.

GLOVES at PEABODY'S.

Bargains.—Have we marked down our 12 1-2 and 17 cts. Dress Trimmings to 6 cts. to close them.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

KID GLOVES.—PEABODY has a new stock.

Woolen Yarns at PEABODY'S.

Armen Yarns at PEABODY'S.

Needles—the best at PEABODY'S.

Journeymen Carriers.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the journeymen Carriers of Salem and South D was held at the Town Hall in Salem on day evening, for the purpose of adopting measures to secure a ten hours system of labor.

The meeting was organized by the ch George A. Dodge for Chairman, and John ray, Secretary.

A committee, appointed to draft a set resolutions setting forth the object of the ing, reported the following, which were ed:

Resolved.—That we, the Journeymen C of Salem and South Danvers, are of o that a system of working hours less than now in operation would be of mutual in and give better satisfaction, both to the en ers and employers.

Resolved.—That we consider ten hours eient for one day's labor, with the except Saturday which should be nine hours, and our desire that such a system should go operation on the 1st of October.

Resolved.—That a committee of four Salem and four from South Danvers be app ed to wait on the employers and inform of the decision of the meeting.

In accordance with the third resolutio following named gentlemen were appoint For Salem—George Pratt, Wm. Mel John McDonald and John Brown.

For South Danvers—Geo. Brennan, Ed McCarthy, Daniel Conroy and Michael Gle The meeting stands adjourned till Satu evening to hear the report of the Committe JOHN MURRAY, Secre

NEWSPAPER THEVES.—We have receive late a great many complaints of papers l mitted by the boys, but from intimations have received, we believe that most of the pers are stolen. Last Saturday one person caught in the act of stealing one from the steps of a subscriber, by one of our police but in consideration of alleged ignorance any crime in the act, she was permitted to free, an act of clemency which we shall repeat in any other case coming to our kn ledge.—Marblehead Ledger.

[We have the same trouble here.—Ed.]

PROPELLOR.—Who does not know "Pro lor," whose name has become a household u almost? We have yet to come across the s who has not either seen or heard of him. is a live Yankee, and possesses business qu ations rarely astonishing, and which ren him just fitted for the station which he p sile—that of advertising agent for the pri pal New England papers. He is affable and lile, and extremely popular with the busi men of the city. May he continue to 'pro for many years to come, with profit to him and his customers. His offices at 23 Corn Boston.—Hingham Journal.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay indignantly den the atrocious reports recently circulated ab him and his views, or that he differs with President in his policy. The base slanders who are one and all among the rebel sympat sers, should now put a slip upon their serpi tongues.

A steamer lately escaped the clutches guerrillas on the Kentucky shore of the Ol river by displaying a huge log, painted bla The second, mistaking it for a cannon, sk daddled. The Quaker guns are sometimes ve efficient, and are handled with great econo to the treasury.

When the rebel army came North, th came jubilantly singing, My Maryland! M Maryland! but after a short interview wi General McClellan they changed the tune b Oh! carry me back to Old Virginia.

Since Illinois poured forth her myria so gloriously for the support of the Union cau Prentice says her sobriquet has been change by general consent from the Sucker State to the Succor State.

Danvers Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Annual Meeting of the Members of this Company, for choice of Directors, and the election of other business as may come on, will be held at the Room of the Bank on MONDAY, the Sixth day of next, at 7 o'clock, P. M. In order,

G. A. OSBORNE, Sec'y.
Danvers, Sept. 17, 1862.

Danvers Bank.

Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the Annual Meeting to choose Directors to the Bank, and to such other business as may come before, will be held at their Bank MONDAY, the Sixth day of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Per order,

G. A. OSBORNE, Cashier.

Danvers, Sept. 17, 1862.

Warren Bank.

Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at their Bank Rooms on Oct. 7, at 9 o'clock, A. M. For the election of a Board of Directors, and for the transaction of any other legal business that may come before them.

FRANCIS BAKER, Cashier.

Danvers, Sept. 18, 1862.

Danvers Fish Market.

F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

FISH constantly on hand, and delivered at customers free of charge. ap30

To Let.

Building on Spring Street, suitable for a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of Symonds, 64 Main Street.

Danvers, July 25, 1862.

\$100 REWARD!

Whoever will pay the above reward to the person who will detect and bring to justice the person or persons who have stolen the wheels of his omnibuses, thus exposing passengers to danger of life and limb.

E. F. BURNHAM.

Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Edward Hammond

gives notice to the people of South Danvers that he still continues to offer his services as an

Undertaker.

Notice of such articles as are used in the preparation of funerals. His residence is at the corner of Wallis street, near the Broad Station.

Danvers, April 16, 1862.

Doctor Osborne,

has been prepared to examine and certify on military men claiming exemption from military duty, on the 19th, Main st. Danvers.

Port of Danvers.

3d, schs Columbia, Crosby, Bangor; la Herbert, New York; James Nixon, 1 Taylor, do.

Marriages.

At Danvers, Sept. 29, by Rev Mr. Bar- Benjamin N Marks, of Salem, to Miss Marston, of S. D. nvers, Sept. 28, by Rev James Fletcher, nzo D Hamilton, to Miss Mary L. Pow- of Danvers.

At Danvers, Sept. 28, by Rev E. R. Palmer, Mr. A. Arrington to Miss Agnes N. Danforth, S.

Deaths.

Danversport, Sept. 25th, Mrs Margaret A wife of Seth Steinson, 39 yrs 10 mos 12

lem, 23d, Mr Benjamin R Symonds, 61; 1 H Burke, 40; Miss Sarah E Gard- daughter of Mr David Gardner; 27th, es Kimball, 51—a member of Co F, th Reg; Mrs Susan, widow of the late yer Grover of Rockport, 76.

nnfield, Sept. 18, Mrs Harriet, widow and Emerson, Esq. 61.

l Creek Hospital, Porters Monroe, Va, Mr Tyler Mudge, of South Danvers—a of Co H, Mass 19th Reg—35 yrs.

Orleans, Aug 31, Mr Geo. Munroe, 62 years—a member of the 4th Mass

Advertisements.

5TH DANVERS POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

MAILS CLOSE

4 A. M., and 4 3/4 P. M.

MAILS DUE

4 A. M., and 3 P. M.

Office open (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M., till 8 P. M. Saturdays open till 11.

F. POOLE, P. M.

Danvers, Oct. 1, 1862.

and Danvers Aqueduct Co'y.

persons using the water of the Salem South Danvers Aqueduct are hereby notified that the water rents, for the six months Nov. 1, 1862, are now due, and that the water will be cut off on the 1st of Oct. next. Should the bills remain for thirty days, the water will be cut off in conformity to the regulations of the

NEW TAX BILL.

Payers' Manual, 25c; National Citizens of Tax Law, 10c;—for sale at G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

heavier means of obtaining all the New 1 standard reading can be obtained than our Subscription Circulating Library. moderate and regulations liberal.

M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH'S, 4 the old stand of H. Whipple & Son.

BOOKS AT HALF PRICE.

from our Subscription Library.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

John P. Peabody.

Kid Gloves.

WE have a full stock of KID GLOVES of the best quality, in Plain and Stitched, in Black, White and Gold. As these are New Goods, they are more desirable than Kids that have been kept over.

Worsted.

Our stock of German Worsted in Double and Single Zephyr is full, and we are prepared to sell at our low prices of last year.

Ribbons.

Our Fall Stock of Ribbons is now open, and is full of choice goods at a large discount from regular prices.

Flowers.

Our customers will find our Stock larger and better than ever before.

Ruches.

We can sell hand-made Ruches at as low, and in many cases lower prices than machine ones are sold about the city.

Trimmings.

Blk Velvets—Child Velvets—Cords—Braids—Buttons—Bindings—Silks—Twists—&c., &c. ONE PRICE ONLY.

We shall close our Store THURSDAY EVENINGS at 6 o'clock, during the season.

JOHN P. PEABODY,

220 Essex Street, Salem.

Salem, Oct. 1, 1862.

NOTICE.

CLOSING OUT STOCK AT

10 FRONT STREET, 10

ALL the STOCK will be closed out for the purpose of some alterations.

All the Crockery and Glass Ware; All the Wooden Ware, Carriages, &c.; All the Clothing, Coats, Pants and Vests; All the Under Shirts & Drawers; Dry Goods, &c. All the Cutlery, Knives and Forks, Carvers and Forks, Razors, &c.; All the Silver Plated Ware; Spoons, Forks, Cups, Butter Knives, &c. All the Hats and Caps; Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Patent Shoe Brushes.

All the Boots and Shoes; 300 doz. Hosiery; Fancy Goods, &c.; one Shop Coal Stove; About 20 feet good Fumel; one Collum Stove; Painted Floor Carpeting and Rugs; 500 Rolls (gold gilt) House Paper, at 25 cents per roll.

100 Looking Glasses, all sizes; 500 Window Shades, Pictures, Cord and Tassels, Picture Cord, &c.

All to be sold to make room for other Goods.

Remember No. 10 Front Street,

B. COLMAN,

Salem, Oct. 30, 1862.

Johnson's Far-Famed Transparent HONEY SOAP.

THE elegant, tasteful, and fastidious, cluster around it as bees in the hive, to do homage to their illustrious Queen.

Its extreme low price places it within the reach of all lovers of taste and elegance.

Sold only by B. COLMAN,

Oct. 1 3v No 10 Front street.

Choice Fall Pigs for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of Black and White Breed and Chester County breeds, of which the Mackie took the First Premium at the last Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.

EDMOND GOODE, Near Tapley's Brook.

South Danvers, Sept. 17, 1862.

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at South Danvers, Sept. 30, 1862. [Persons calling for these letters will please say they are advertised.]

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Arbuckle Sam'l Price Dan'l Jr
Cockwell Wm Pendragon John
Fuller John B Regan M (Southwick
Giles Geo M Street.)
Gordon Charles Richardson Capt John
Hill W H Tucker Andrew H
Jarvis Wm J Tift J
Kierball Benj C T L E
Kearney Edward Taylor John
Kelley B Sunborn Green
Moody Joseph W Smith Charles A
Millett Francis L West Wm S
Moses Luther T Wilson James

LADIES' LIST

Adams Jones Mrs Hall E G Mrs
Carlton Elizabeth H Keefe Mary O
Carter Rachel L Kennedy Catharine
Condy Mary Ann Lord Anna
Dennis Susan Parker Sarah N
Dwinell Sophronia Price Abby I
Fletcher Susan Ring John Mrs
Green Mary Roche Julia
Hackett M Miss Sallis an Mary E
Hamilton Susan H Westcott Melville
N. B. These letters are subject to an additional postage of one cent each.

FITCH POOLE, P. M.

To Consumptives.

THE Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.

Hard Ware.

THE Subscribers would inform the public that they have now on hand an assortment of

Hard Ware, House Trimmings, Nails, &c., which they offer for sale at reasonable prices.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,

South Danvers, Sept. 17.

REMOVAL!

JOHN J. ASHBY,

WOULD inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the store

No. 145 Essex Street,

formerly occupied by JOHN BARLOW, where he has opened a good assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

and will MANUFACTURE to order, all kinds of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Also, Snow Boots, at the lowest Cash Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN J. ASHBY,

Successor to John Barlow.

Salem, September 17, 1862.

Browning & Long.

BROWNING & LONG

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George S. Walker.

Soldiers, "Attention!"

READ this list of articles for the Soldier's use, which can be found at

GEORGE S. WALKER'S

GENT'S FURNISHING STORE,

No. 228 Essex Street,

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, Blue and White. Plaid and Ribbed;

WOOL OVER-SHIRTS, all sizes, in good length, with and without collars.

WOOL HOSE—Medium and Heavy;

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS—Silk and Cotton.

SUSPENDERS—A good variety of the most desirable kinds.

Military Gloves, Paper Collars, Dressing Gases, Puckett Mirrors, Mirror, Brush and Comb, Water Filters, Hair Brushes, Combs, Razors, &c., &c., &c.

ALL AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

sept 10

PRESERVE YOUR FRUIT.

For Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, &c., IN A PERFECTLY FRESH STATE.

They require no Wax, Solder or Cement, seal instantly, and are more easily sealed and opened than any other article for the purpose ever invented. All kinds of Wax and Cement are equally disagreeable and uncertain in sealing.

In presenting these articles to the public, the inventor challenges the World in an inflexible, Simple, Easy, and Rapid process of Hermetical Sealing.

All scientific and practical men who have examined them say they are without a fault, and are the only ones that have stood the chemical test.

The sealing is on an entirely original plan. This principle has stood the test for several years, and the best certificate of their value is, that those who have tried these articles will use no other.

They are warranted as represented. Reliable directions for putting up all kinds of Fruits, Vegetables, &c., will accompany the Jars.

PRICE LIST.

Pints,.....per doz. \$2 25
Quarts,..... " 3 00
3 Pints,..... " 3 50
Half Gallon, " 4 00

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,

AGENTS,

South Danvers, Mass.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber being about to leave town for a few months, would take this opportunity to inform his customers and friends that his shop on Pleasant Street will be kept open during his absence by Mr. JOHN P. FURNER, who will faithfully attend to all orders.

JAMES PERKINS.

South Danvers, Sept. 3, 1862.

W. E. P. SMYTH,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Proctor to Admiralty, and Commissioner of Deeds for the several States.

Franz's Building, over the Post Office, LYNN, MASS.

Having peculiar means for prosecuting, with accuracy and dispatch, all claims against the Government, especially those for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, I have made this a specialty. Several months' residence in Washington enabled me to become thoroughly conversant with the routine of business in all the Departments, through which claims for bounty, pensions, and arrears of pay, are passed, and also familiar with the practice in the U. S. Court of Claims; in addition to which I have a partner, the Hon. J. M. McKim, a former partner in the Treasury Department, which advantages give me unequalled facilities for the successful prosecution of all business in any way connected with Government.

Persons enlisted in the U. S. Service, Land or Naval, since March 1, 1861, if disabled in the service, are entitled to Pension; Relatives of Persons deceased in the service are entitled to Bounty and Pension; in the following order:

1st. The Widow. 4th. The Mother.
2d. The Children. 5th. The Brothers and Sisters collectively.
3d. The Father.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION need not be taken out, in ordinary cases, to receive the heirs of persons deceased in the service to obtain Bounties and Pensions. When a discharge is granted for disability, in no case should the title of discharge be on the back of the Discharge be filed up. The safest course is, to carry all papers at once to an Attorney, without tampering with them. All those who have claims, should present them without delay, as soon as the presence will be so great upon the Auditor's Office, by reason of numerous applications, that applicants will be subjected to vexatious delay in getting their claims settled.

Miscellaneous.

ACCEPTING A CHALLENGE.—Old Colonel S—, of Wisconsin, was a genius, a queer compound of comic seriousness. Replete with jokes, both original and selected, he was not slow in hashing them up and dealing them out to different customers on different occasions.

One evening, at a party, a young gentleman, upon whom the Colonel had told some cutting jokes, feeling himself insulted, challenged the Colonel to mortal combat.

The challenge was accepted. Having the choice of weapons and the appointment of the place of meeting, the Colonel told the young man to repair, the following morning at 6 o'clock, to a certain spot, and added, 'that he would see that the weapons were there.'

The following morning, at the indicated time, the young man repaired to the indicated spot (said spot being among the lead mines, was naturally furrowed with mineral holes.)

'Well, youngster,' said the Colonel, sticking his hands in his pockets and ejecting a superfluous quantity of tobacco juice from his capacious mouth, 'are you ready?' Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued:

'Here's where we are to fight,' indicating a mineral shaft near by, 'which was at least fifty feet deep—' and here are our weapons,' pointing to a pile of rocks. 'You're to go down that ar hole and throw up rocks, and I'm to stay up and throw them down.'

It is needless to add that the challenge was withdrawn.

A DARKEY'S SPEECH.—In one of the small cities of Massachusetts, the colored population held meetings to discuss the propriety of celebrating the anniversary of the West India emancipation. At one of these meetings a conservative gentleman was exceedingly surprised to see some of the 'fair sex' rising and taking part in the discussion. After two or three of the sisters had 'freed dar mines' on matters under debate, he sprang up in a greatly excited state, and addressed the audience:

'Feller citizens! Ef I'd 'spose as de ladies would be permitted to take part in dis yere discussion—(sensation)—ef I'd none dat de ladies cud jine in this yere debate—(all eyes turned on the speaker)—ef I'd be lebe for one moment, feller citizens, 'at de female sect would dare raise thar voices in this yere meeting, I'd—feller citizens—'

'Wot—wot would you've did ef you'd a none it?' shouted two or three of the sisters, the white of their eyes flashing on the speaker.

'I—(scratching his wool)—I'd a brung my wife along wid me.'

Here the discomfited speaker dropped into his seat completely exhausted.

A WISE REMARK.—'Having in my youth,' says a celebrated writer, 'notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, whilst deeply engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone awake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to awake to remark the faults of thy brethren."'

A SEVERE TRIAL.—'Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?' 'Yes, Sim.' 'Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities.' 'Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an old judge, and he showed up all my very worst qualities.' 'Ah! that alters the case.'

A CHILD'S QUESTION.—'Ma, has aunts got bees in her mouth?' 'No, my child; why do you ask such a question?'

'Cos that leetle man with a heap o' hair on his face, cotch'd hold of her and said he was going to take the honey from her lips, and she said, "well, make haste!"'

A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzle:—'Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?'

A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology: 'The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth.'

A man is circumscribed in all his ways by God's providence just as he is in a ship; for though he may walk freely upon the decks, he must go whither the ship bears him.

A paper can publish the appointments after the coming in of a new administration, but what paper in the world is large enough to publish half the disappointments.

'Why did you come back?' asked a sleek, well-fed citizen of a poor, half-sick federal soldier just returned from McClellan's army. 'Why don't you go?' replied the soldier.

Advertisements.



PRINTING
IN
EVERY VARIETY,
Neatly and Promptly
EXECUTED
—AT—
The Wizard Office,
SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE,
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.
POSTERS,
(LARGE AND SMALL.)
WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT
—IN THIS—
VICINITY.

BALE CIRCULARS,
TICKETS,
—AND—
Orders of Duces.

BUSINESS CARDS,
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Printed in the neatest manner,
And on the finest stock.

BILL-HEADS
For Manufacturing and Mercantile Houses.

BLANK RECEIPTS,
And all kinds of BLANKS of every description
Printed to suit.

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—OR—
JOB PRINTING

Done in the best manner, and at the
LOWEST PRICES.

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WARRANTED

To please or no pay, at the
WIZARD OFFICE,

Allen's Building,
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

COTTONS.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal St
We have a full stock, of all the different
grades of Brown and Bleached Cottons
Sheetings of every width.

Prints. Prints.
At the Lowest Cash Prices; Cambrics; Se-
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patrons.
may 21

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF TIME

LYNN & BOSTON

BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

On and after THURSDAY, June 10th, 1862,
W. F. BURNHAM'S
Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and
Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building,
South Danvers, passing down Main street,
through Washington street to Lynn, daily.
Leave South Danvers at 7.00 A. M., and
12.50 and 4.50 P. M.
Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2.12 and
6.12 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Scollay's Building, Court
street, Boston, at 8.15 A. M., 1.15 and 6.15 P.
M., will meet the Omnibus at Lynn, at the
above named hours, to take passengers to South
Danvers.

Sunday Arrangements.
Leave S. Danvers at 7.00 a.m., and 4.50 p.m.
Leave Lynn at 9.30 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.
On leave Scollay's Building, Boston, to meet
the Omnibuses in Lynn for South Danvers, at
8.15 a.m. and 5.15 p.m.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be
had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Tickets to Lynn, - 15 cents.
Through to Boston, - 30 cents.

Passengers called for at reasonable charges if
notice is given at the Office.

EXPRESS BUSINESS

Between South Danvers and Lynn promptly
attended to, on reasonable terms.
Extra Coaches furnished at short notice, at
moderate rates.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Salem and Lynn Omnibus.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, an Omnibus
will leave Stage Office in Central St.,
Salem, for Lynn.

At 8.30 a.m. and 1.30 and 4.30 p.m.:
connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston
Horse Railroad for Boston.

Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of
Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem,
at 9.50 a.m. and 2.50 and 5.50 p.m.:
or, on arrival of 8.14 a.m. and 1.14, 4.14
p.m. cars from Boston.

Farther between Lynn and Salem, 15 cts.
or the tickets for \$1. Through tickets from
Salem to Boston, 20 cts. For sale by the
Driver, and the Conductor in the cars.

ON SUNDAYS.

The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 a.m., and
4.30 p.m.: Returning, will leave Lynn at 10
50 a.m. and 5.50 p.m.—or on arrival of the
9.15 a.m. and 4.15 p.m. cars from Boston.
Express business between Salem and Lynn
promptly attended to.

Moses A. SHACKLEY.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing un-
der the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL
is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
MOSES A. SHACKLEY,
HENRY M. MERRILL

South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

Flour and Pork.

RECEIVED this day, by rail:
50 bbls. Mass. Pork
150 bbls. Keweenaw Mills Flour;
100 bbls. Patin's " "
For sale by GAYLE & CO.,
Phillips' Wharf.

NATIONAL TAX BOOK.

COMPLETE edition, only 10 cents, with a
large type, for sale by
aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

CHEAP READING.

SUBSCRIPTION circulating Library—into
which all the new books are put as soon
as soon as published.
aug 6 G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH.

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FOR SOLDIERS—of all kinds—complete fol-
ios and roll up cases—pocket inkstands,
etc., etc., at
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
100 Essex Street, Salem.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

OF THE SEAT OF WAR, near Richmond—
with positions of the armies during the re-
cent engagements—just published.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
aug 6 100 Essex st., sign of Five Golden Books

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Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,
Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent
use of Pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the
improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, En-
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land.

MESSRS. CLARK & GIDDINGS,
Wallis Street, South Danvers,
Are Agents for
GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S
PATENT EAVE TROUGHS,
CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND
PIPE FOR DRAINS.
South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,
(Successors to M. Black)
DANVERS-PORT.
DEALERS IN
WOOD AND COAL

Of the various kinds usually kept in a retail
yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Ledge,
Leucost Mountain, Black Ash,
Red and White Oak.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low
prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.
Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and
post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,
J. Q. A. BACHELDER,
C. T. BATCHELDER. July 19—tf

Important to the Afflicted

DR. DOW continues to be consulted at his office,
No. 7 and 9 Endicott street, Boston, on all dis-
eases of a

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience
of the limited extent Dr. D. has now the gratification
of presenting the most complete and reliable treat-
ment ever devised for the cure of the most distressing
and most alarming cases of

GONORRHEA AND SYPHILIS.

Beneath his treatment, all the horrors of venereal
and impure blood, Erysipelas, Scrophulous,
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South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

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MASS., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1862.

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d Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nail
of the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
ill satisfy the most incredulous.

Selected Poetry.

PROPER TO KISS POETS.

[The earliest French writer of any conse-
quence in the fifteenth century, was ALAIN
CHARTIER, who did much to purify his native
language. He was secretary of the household
to Charles VI and Charles VII. He wrote some
historical works; but his natural tendencies
were toward poetry and imaginative writing,
and he was celebrated for a chaste and elegant
style of discourse. Margaret of Scotland, first
wife to the Eleventh Louis, seeing Alain asleep
on a chair one day, as she traversed the halls of
the palace, went up and kissed him, before all
her attendants. When surprise was expressed
by them that she should thus salute a man re-
markable for the plainness of his looks, "I do
not kiss the man," replied she, "but the mouth
which has given utterance to so many charming
things."

"Twas in a proud and lofty palace hall,
Long the abiding-place of queens and kings,
That a faded minstrel sat in drowsy thrall,
With sense closed against all outward things,
Whilst far abroad, on fancy's truant wings,
His thoughts were wandering in dreamy play,
Gathering the images of beauteous things,
Which passed before his mind in bright array,
Swift as the fleecy clouds by wind breeze
swept away.

He gazed no more upon a kingly pile,
No more he thought of splendor and of state,
No more he strove to solve each courtly riddle,
The royal heck no longer did he wait,
Chilled with a frown or with a smile alike;
He mixed with page and carpet knight no
more,

Changed was his dress and altered was his
fate,
And in his hand a shepherd's crook he bore—
Green were the fertile plains—'twas an Ar-
cadian shore.

A river gilded by, each silvery wave
Murmuring as though, with sweet and siren
tongue,

He called upon him in the depths to lave,
Whilst roamed his flocks the emerald banks
along;

And ever and anon a maiden's song
Was borne upon the pure and scented air,
Full of the joy which floweth from the young,
Ere their glad hearts have felt the touch of
care,
Or they have borne to grief which riper years
must bear.

He breathed into his pipe with simple skill,
And music's notes awoke beneath his sway;
He paused, and all was for a moment still,
And then his strain was answered by a lay,
So sweet, so dear, his soul dissolved away
In an enchanted trance of deep delight.
And, blushing like the dawn of budding May,
A gentle creature charmed his ravished sight,
Pure as a cloudless sky, and as an angel
bright.

Now let us leave the poet's visioned land,
And turn again unto that palace fair,
Where still he sleeps, cheek pillowed on his
hand,
Spellbound reclining in an antique chair:
With stately tread and jewel-sprinkled hair,
And eyes whose rays the owners' gems eclipse,
A lady comes, whose lovely features wear
A sunny smile, as onward now she trips,
Showing the pearl that hides within her ruby
lips.

Like stars that cluster round the queen of
night,
Maidens high-born her graceful steps attend
And as she gazes on the dreaming sight,
Their wondering eyes all upon her bend;
They see her proud and royal head descend,
They mark her kiss that homely thought-worn
face,
And with each other whispering words they
blend,
While she rebukes them with a mien of grace,
And thus their curious wonderment seeks sile
to efface:

"Hold me not lightly, gentle dames of
France,
That yon unconscious lips I've deigned to
press,
Nor on me bend your fixed and wondering
glance—

"The poet, not the man, did I caress;
Think not his features I reverse the less
Because no beauty in their shape you see;
Those lips have uttered words that burn and
bless—
The mind is ever beautiful to me,
And they whose thoughts are pure can ne'er
unlovely be."

Meantime the poet, in his happy dream,
Discours'd of love by the lone river's brink,
And joyed to bask in the bewitching beam
Of the dear eyes whose light 'twas heaven to
drink;
They talked till stars above began to wink,
And day sank down in ebon night's abyss—
Oh, human joy, how soon is snatched thy link!
One last embrace, one tender parting kiss—
The minstrel woke and mused—it was a
dream of bliss.

There is force in the remark of an
old gentleman, that young men who ne-
glect to serve their country in this hour
of its peril, either in the army or navy,
will bitterly regret hereafter that they
cannot share in the honors and glory
which await the country's defenders.

Mrs. Partington says she may be
old now, but she has seen the day when
she was as young as ever she was.

Fortune may favor fools; but
that's a poor reason why you should
make a fool of yourself.

Selected.

The Bashful Lover.

Julia Watson was not only a beauti-
ful girl, with dark brown hair that
would curl in spite of comb and brush,
and dark, bright, flashing eyes, that
had concealed in their depths a world
of mischief, and plump, cherry lips
that seemed made for temptation, but
she was the only child of a wealthy
farmer—a combination of charms that
are seldom found, even in this coun-
try. She was the toast of the gallants
far and near, many of whom had made
desperate efforts to secure the prize,
but so far in vain. Strange to say of
one in her situation—it is different
from our usual observation—she was
neither haughty nor coquettish. She
wore no shield of cold disdain to re-
pel approach, nor did she invite the
attention of suitors only to triumph in
their rejection. She was fond of fun
and frolic, full of such innocent mis-
chiefs as are merely provocative of
good-humored gaiety—but never trifled
with honest affection. Her un-
successful admirers, with a single ex-
ception, were ever warmest in her
praise, a tribute to her character worth
volumes of panegyric. The exception
was a dandyish fortune hunter, who
was willing to take the charming girl
as an incumbrance on her father's
broad acres, and who fancied that the
wordy cloud of incense that he pour-
ed forth at her feet, would hide his
selfish design. His discomfiture when
he saw the thin disguise penetrated,
vented itself in a volley of abuse which
served only to make its author more
ridiculous.

Julia was two years beyond her
teens, and still bloomed—an unpluck-
ed flower in her father's dwelling.—
In answer to all railery on the sub-
ject, she declared her intention of
clinging to that respectable sisterhood,
yeilded old maids; and the assertion
was, of course, always received with a
smile of incredulity.

There lived in the neighborhood a
young farmer, whose parents were both
dead, and who kept open the paternal
mansion through the assistance of an
antiquated colored domestic, an heir-
loom in the family. After receiving
in his boyhood all the polish that could
be bestowed on a rising genius in the
village school, he had gone to study
nature in the field; in other words,
his active youth had been passed in
the cultivation of the soil, and he at-
tained a sturdy manhood, a noble spec-
imen of what industry, self-reliance,
and honesty toward God, can produce
out of our fallen humanity. His face
embrowned by many a harvest sun,
still wore that genial smile, so attract-
ive to children which no hypocrisy
can imitate. His hand was hard, but
it was ever open to the poor and des-
olate stranger, and the afflicted neigh-
bor who sought its grasp, loved its
very roughness, and it was such a
strong hand to cling to.

William Farrington had reached his
twenty-fifth year, and was still unmar-
ried. Many an aspiring dandy had
"set her cap," for he refused to be
caught. At last, by common consent
of all the gossips in the place, he had
been selected as a suitable bridegroom
for our heroine. Had his kind friends
who had thus voted him a bride,
known how ardently he loved the ob-
ject of their choice, they would have
wondered still more at his prolonged
bachelorship. The truth was, Will-
iam could not summon sufficient cou-
rage to declare his love. Although
he had no skill in the polished, small
talk of the drawing-room, he could
still appear in society to very good
advantage, save in company with the
girl he loved. Then his presence of
mind always forsook him; his striking-
ly handsome figure became, by his
carriage, rude and clumsy; his hands,
too, seemed one too many, and his
tongue lost the power of utterance.

Julia was not insensible to the at-
tachment she had inspired, nor to the
diffidence which stood in the way of
its declaration. Through all the gran-
ite, she had the good sense to discov-

er the heart of gold; but a certain
maidenly modesty prevented her mak-
ing any advances to remove the diffi-
culty. Besides, there was plenty of
time, and she had still faith in her
father's oft-quoted maxim, "where
there's a will there's a way."

William, on his part, made many
desperate resolves, but they failed up-
on trial. He essayed writing but he
could not get the secret of his heart
even upon paper, and never got be-
yond a few broken sentences. Often,
after the labors of the day were over,
had he gone to seek an interview, but
his courage always failed him at the
last moment, and he would hastily re-
trace his steps, or, if discovered by
the family feign some other errand.—
At length, he resolved to test his cou-
rage by daylight; and accordingly,
towards the close of a fine afternoon,
he found himself at the door. He
lifted the knocker (his heart mean-
while pounding a series of double
knock against his waistcoat), and left
it to fall lightly upon the brazen ball.
It was a modest appeal for admission,
but to him seemed louder than the
church bell, and he would have run
away had he not heard the sound of
approaching footsteps. Julia herself
came to maid him, and the slight
blush upon her cheek as she encoun-
tered the unexpected visitor, rendered
her doubly charming in his eyes.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Farrington,"
said she in the usual style of a New
England greeting for this hour of the
day, "will you walk in?"

"Very well, thank you," he re-
plied, in answer, to an imaginary
question (for in his confusion he had
not understood a word she had ut-
tered), and followed her into the
house.

He took a seat upon the settee, and
attempted some preliminary conversa-
tion, but the words elung to his heart
like a hook in the mouth of a fish,
and he delivered them gaspingly.

"Miss Jul—hem—Miss Watson—
my a—is your father at home?"

He knew that this was an inglorious
conclusion for such a spasmodic effort,
but he seized upon it as a drowning
man would catch a straw.

"No," he said, with a startled en-
ergy—then, frightened at his impetu-
osity, added, "that is, I hope he is
well."

It was evident that he was not
"getting on," and here he came to a
dead halt. She saw that he had some
communication of importance to make,
and in her heart whispered the secret
in advance. Instead, therefore, of
coming to his relief by turning the
conversation into a smoother channel,
she left him to flounder among the
breakers. He tried to think of one
of the many speeches he had coined
for the occasion, but they were all
mixed up in his memory, a mass of
tangled words, and he could not catch
the end of the skein. His color came
and went, varying almost with every
breath, and the moment of silence
which ensued seemed to him an age
of suffering. Growing desperate, he
began again:

"Miss Watson, I—have called—to
say—to ask—to de—clare—in short,
tell you how much I love you." The
effort was too much; and the strong
man, who would have set under the
surgeon's knife without blanching,
fainted out-right, and sank down upon
the cushions!

Julia had watched his changing
hues, but had not anticipated this sud-
den catastrophe. With admirable
presence of mind she ran to the man-
tle, where, upon a narrow shelf, had
stood, from time immemorial, a bottle
of camphor spirits, the universal
remedy for syncope.

Now, it happened that farmer Wat-
son, like many other hard-working
men, whose sinews had been over-
strained, was troubled with a rheu-
matic shoulder, and had procured a
bottle of liniment to be used as a mol-
lifying embrocation. This bottle had,
for the moment, usurped the place of
the aromatic solution, and was mis-
taken for it on the occasion. With

her eyes fixed on the palid face of her
lover, the frightened girl hastily drew
the cork from the bottle, and pouring
some of the liquid into her hand,
spread it upon his forehead.

Whether it was the fragrant com-
pound or the thrilling touch of the
tremulous hand which brought the
young man to consciousness, I cannot
tell, but he immediately revived.

The world may laugh, as it will, at
such timidity, and rail at my hero as
a country clown; but I am sure the
sensible girl, now many years a happy
wife, would not have exchanged the
purity and freshness of that heart,
thus struggling to lay itself at her
feet, for all the ease of a hackneyed
lover, who can discourse eloquently
of a passion, with the fluency of one
who has nothing at stake.

"Do tell me," said a city visitor to
her on one occasion, "if the report
was true that your husband fainted
away when making his declaration?"

"Yes," she replied, with a quiet
smile, "I believe I must confirm the
story; and I have a fancy," she ad-
ded thoughtfully, "that timidity in a
lover is generally a sign of innocence;
and I cannot help thinking that when
a man is fluent in love-making, either
his heart is not in it, or he has too
much experience in the art!"

Greed of Gold.

When Napoleon, about 1811 desired
to build a palace for the King of
Rome, near the barrier de Passy, the
shop of the poor cobbler, named Si-
mon, stood in the way. Simon having
learned what was going on, demanded
twenty thousand francs for his tene-
ment. The administrator hesitated a
few days, and then decided to give it;
but Simon, goaded by the god of gain,
now asked forty thousand francs. This
sum was more than two hundred times
its value, and the demand was scout-
ed. An attempt was made to change
the frontage, but being found impos-
sible, they went again to the cobbler,
who had raised his price to sixty thou-
sand francs. He was offered fifty thou-
sand but refused. The Emperor would
not give a franc more, and preferred
to change his plans. The speculating
son of St. Crispin then saw his mis-
take, and offered his property for fifty
thousand, forty thousand, thirty thou-
sand, coming down at last to ten thou-
sand. The disasters of 1814 happen-
ed, and all thoughts of a palace for
the King of Rome were abandoned.
Some months after, Simon sold his
shop for one hundred and fifty francs,
and in a few days after the sale was
removed to an insane asylum; disap-
pointed avarice had driven him crazy.

Many years since, a seafaring man
called at a village inn on the coast of
Normanda, and asked for supper and
a bed. The landlord and landlady
were elderly people, and apparently
poor. He entered into conversation
with them, invited them to partake of
his cheer—asked them many ques-
tions about themselves and their fam-
ily, and particularly of a son who had
gone to sea when a boy, and whom
they had long given over as dead.—
The landlady showed him to his room,
and when she quitted him, he put a
purse of gold into her hand, and de-
sired her to take care of it till the
morning—pressed her hand affection-
ately by his hand, and bade her good
night. She returned to her husband,
and showed him the gold. For its
sake they agreed to murder the trav-
eler in his sleep, which they accom-
plished, and buried the body. In the
morning early, came two or three rela-
tions and asked in a joyful tone for
the traveler who had arrived there the
night before. The old people seemed
greatly confused, but said that he had
risen very early and gone away.—
"Impossible!" said the relations.—
"It is your own son, who is lately re-
turned to France, and is come to make
happy the evening of your days, and
he resolved to lodge with you one
night as a stranger, that he might see
you unknown, and judge of your con-
duct toward way-faring mariners."—
Language would be incompetent to

describe the horror of the murderers,
when they found that they had dyed
their hands in the blood of their long
lost child. They confessed their crime,
and the body was found, and the
wretched murderers expiated their of-
fense by being broken alive upon the
wheel.

William Bowyer.

WILLIAM BOWYER is now chiefly
remembered in connection with one
particular copy of the Bible. Macklin
ventured on the most costly edition of
the Bible ever issued from the press;
and Bowyer, possessing one copy of
this work, devoted the leisure of
nearly thirty years to illustrating it.
He procured from every part of Eu-
rope engravings, etchings, and origi-
nal drawings, relating to Biblical sub-
jects; and these, to the number of
seven thousand, he interleaved with his
Bible. From Michael Angelo and
Raffaello to Reynolds and West, every
artist whose Scripture subjects had
been engraved was brought into re-
quisition. Bowyer having only his
own taste to please gave a very wide
scope to the meaning of the words
"scriptural" and "biblical," inso-
much that he included plates of nat-
ural history that *might* possibly il-
lustrate the cosmogony of the Bible.
The collection included the best Scrip-
ture atlases. Its most original fea-
tures were two hundred drawings by
Lantherbourg. Thus he went on,
step by step, until his Bible expanded
to forty-five folio volumes, including
examples from nearly 600 different
engravers.

This extraordinary work seems to
have occupied Mr. Bowyer from about
1768 to 1824. The work, with cost-
ly binding, and an oak cabinet to con-
tain all the forty-five volumes, is said
to have cost him *four thousand guineas*.
He insured it in the Albion Fire
office for £3000. After his death a
lottery was got up for the benefit of
his daughter, Mrs. Parkes, with this
Bible as the sole prize. One Mr.
Saxon, a Somersetshire farmer, won
the prize. It is just possible that, as
in the famous case of the family pic-
ture of the Vicar of Wakefield, the
dimensions were not found compatible
with domestic convenience; for the
work has changed hands several times.
At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's a
few years ago, it became the property
of Mr. Moreland of Manchester;
after which it passed into the hands of
Mr. Albinson of Bolton. In the early
part of March, 1856, there was a
seven days' sale of the extensive
library of the last-named gentleman;
and among the lots the chief was the
celebrated Bowyer Bible. The bid-
dings began at £400, and the lot was
ultimately knocked down at £550 to
Mr. Robert Heywood of Bolton.
Ponderous as such a work must be for
any private library, it would never-
theless be a pity that so unique a
collection should ever be broken up
and scattered.—*The Book of Days.*

JAMES CURRY, a native of Ireland,
presented himself before Lieutenant
Dissoy, of the Fifth Artillery, now
recruiting in the Park, on Saturday,
and entered his name as a volunteer,
refusing the \$79 bounty to which he
was entitled. He said he had come
here with his family to find a home,
and he was ready to fight for it with-
out any reward. This is true patriot-
ism, and we pray that James Curry
may pass through all the glories of a
successful campaign and return sear-
less to the family whose home he has
gone to fight for.

How to CURE A FELON.—When
one of these painful torments appears
on the hand, apply a piece of rennet
soaked in milk to the affected part, and
renew the application at brief inter-
vals until relief is found. The rennet
may be obtained of any butcher.
This article was first recommended by
a skilful physician, now deceased.—
It has been tried in many cases, and
has never failed to afford a relief.

How NAVAL DIGNITY IS TO GO
OUT.—On the quarter-deck of the
Minnesota, an elderly flag officer was
pacing to and fro, with a self-conscious
dignity to which a touch of the gout
or rheumatism perhaps contributed a
little additional stiffness. He seemed
to be a gallant gentleman, but of the
old, slow, and pompous school of
naval worthies, who have grown up
amid rules, forms, and etiquette which
were adopted full-blown from the
British navy into ours, and somewhat
too cumbersome for the quick spirit of
to-day. This order of nautical heroes
will probably go down, along, with
the ships in which they fought valor-
ously and strutted most intolably.
How can an admiral condescend to go
to sea in an iron pot? What space
and elbow-room can be found for
quarter-deck dignity in the cramped
lookout of the Monitor, or even in
the twenty feet diameter of her cheese-
box? All the pomp and splendor of
naval warfare are gone by. Hence-
forth there must come up a race of
enginemen and smoke-blackened can-
noneers, who will hammer away at
their enemies under the direction of a
single pair of eyes; and even hero-
ism—so deadly a gripe is Science lay-
ing on our noble possibilities—will
become a quality of very minor im-
portance, when its possessor cannot
break through the iron crust of his
own armament and give the world a
glimpse of it.—*Hawthorne in July
Atlantic.*

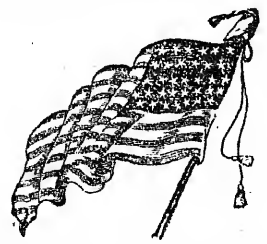
NOVEL CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—A
gentleman of high standing, on whose
veracity we can depend, relates an
extraordinary instance of a valuable
mare of his recovered from confirmed
tetanus, by having recourse to means
we never heard of being adopted be-
fore. The mare had been docked. A
few days after the operation was per-
formed, symptoms of lockjaw present-
ed themselves. The best advice was
immediately obtained, every remedy
used proved unavailing, and death
proved inevitable. An idea suggested
itself to the lady of the house (who is
famed for the kind and skillful way
in which she dispenses medicines,
especially to the poor of the surround-
ing neighborhood) that a sudden se-
vere shock might produce the effect of
relaxing the nerves and muscles, now
strung to the highest pitch in the poor
suffering brute. A gun was loaded;
the groom walked quietly to the
mare's head, and discharged it close
to her ear. The mare reared up sud-
denly, broke her halter, and fell back-
ward; got up, shook herself, at once
commenced eating, perfectly recover-
ed, and is now alive, and has bred
two or three fine foals since.—*Ex-
change.*

THE DICTATOR—CAPT. ERICSSON'S
NEW SHIP. The Dictator is the name
chosen by Capt. Ericsson for his mon-
ster iron clad vessel, to which he is
about to devote all his skill and ener-
gy. She will be of immense size and
strength, longer than the Persia or
the Niagara, and bearing heavier and
thicker armor than almost two ordina-
ry iron clads. The side armor will be
of the extraordinary dimensions of ten
and a half feet thick; the wooden ar-
mor or "lining," being four by six
feet thick up and down. The ball
that can penetrate nearly fifteen feet
of solid matter, of which ten and a
half will be iron, can hardly be mo-
delled in the South. It would require
all the bells in rebellion to make it.

In carving a partridge, I splash-
ed Miss Markham with gravy, from
head to foot; and though I saw three
distinct brown rills of animal
juice trickling down her cheek, she
had the complaisance to declare that
not a drop had reached her! Such
circumstances are the "triumphs of
civilized life."—*Sidney Smith.*

When a horse's age is in ques-
tion, he is generally judged out of
his own mouth.

To ascertain the weight of a
horse, put your toe under the animal's
feet.



Representative Nomination.

We think the Convention acted wisely in the re-nomination of Mr. ALLEY for Congress. It is always wise to retain an able, experienced and faithful public servant, rather than to take up a new man, equally as able, but not having the experience derived from long service in national legislation. Mr. Alley has had this experience, and has shown a degree of ability and business capacity, highly creditable to him as a legislator. Although he has been charged with radicalism, we have always found in his speeches and public acts as much conservatism as is consistent with progressive ideas of government. In his course in those troublous times, he has sustained, and that with signal ability, the Executive of the nation in all his acts for the suppression of the rebellion. His nomination was singularly unanimous, and we have no doubt of his triumphant election by the people.

The Black Flag.

The most encouraging effect of the President's Proclamation of Emancipation, is found in the action of the Rebel Congress, whereby they threaten to raise the black flag of extermination. It serves to show that those who claim that the measure of emancipation will be inoperative, are utterly mistaken in their views. It shows such desperation on the part of the rebels that they believe it will be operative and effect the object contemplated by it. If the war was conducted on loyal soil, there might be some chance that they would attempt to carry out their threats by action. As it is, they know that it is a horrid game, which two can play at, and that it would be suicidal to them. They have already suffered too much by the ravages of hostile armies on their territory to provoke a war of extermination among their own homes. They know very well, by means of our fleets, how easily we could lay prostrate almost all their chief cities and towns. Already we are in possession of so many of their populous places, that their first act in such a tragedy would provoke fearful retribution. Although we have little to fear that the war will be accompanied by such barbarities, yet it is possible that, in desperation and inconsiderate haste, the rebel Congress may resolve to do it, but we have no idea that they would follow up their resolve by action. Their threats will none the less expose their fears and convictions that their cause is now well nigh hopeless. The heaven is working.

OCCUPY THE MIND.—We are glad to hear of the formation of a literary association in our Company in the 5th Regiment, because there are times in camp when time hangs heavily on the soldier. We all know what the proverb says of the idle man's brain, and it is always better to have it employed. There is enough of the right kind of material in the company. When one of the early Arctic expeditions was ice-bound in the north, the officers and men got up dramatic entertainments, and thus agreeably passed away their spare time. In the English regiments are Masonic Lodges, and to some extent in our own camps. At a meeting the other evening of Jordan Lodge, five commissioned officers were present in full uniform. When the 19th, 23d and 24th were at Camp Schouler last year, it was common for numbers of military visitors to meet on the level and part on the square.

GEORGE A. OSBORNE, Jr., recently appointed to a Professorship at the Naval Academy at Newport, R. I., has been ordered to his post, and left home for Newport on Saturday last. It is very rare that a civilian is appointed to such a position, but such has been the demand for educated naval officers for active service, that in this case it became necessary, and we feel assured that the young naval Cadets will find in Prof. OSBORNE a competent and faithful instructor.

GRAPES.—That heavy bunch of Black Hamburgs, of just about a pound weight, were the juiciest and richest flavor. Mr. Taylor plucked several other clusters from the same vine, weighing two and a half pounds each. What whoppers! The greatest wonder of all is, that the parent vine is only a year and a half old.

Lieut. Wm. L. THOMPSON made a call at the Peabody High School, which was formerly under his instruction, and took the opportunity to address the scholars in a neat and appropriate farewell speech. It was an occasion of much interest to both parties.

Agricultural Address.

The second, which is always the principal day of the Agricultural Fair, was this year unpropitious on account of the rain storm. The attendance of spectators as well as the number of entries of animals and agricultural products, was less than usual on this account, but the show, under the circumstances, was said to be respectable and creditable to the farmers of Essex County. We hear that the address, which was delivered by Geo. J. L. COLBY, Esq., the able editor of the Newburyport Herald, was the grand feature of the occasion and was warmly admired. Not being able to be present, we have had the pleasure of reading it in print, and we find it, not only a readable, but a very able production. Its subject was "The Relations of Agriculture to Man." These he treated as fully and exhaustively as could well be done within the limits assigned to him in such an address, considering them separately as applying to man's state, his progress in civilization, forms of government, nationalities, to mind, to science; and lastly, to the moral and religious character of our race. In conclusion, he offers some excellent counsel to farmers and the sons of farmers, to be content with their employment and mode of life, warning them not to exchange their healthful and pleasant homes for the excitements, hurry, bustle, and, too often, ruin, which endanger life in cities.

This admirable oration is not to be treated at all as an ephemeral production, but like almost all that falls from the pen of its truly independent author, it contains solid meat to be digested. It is not a mere echo of other men's thoughts, but the fruits of a thinking mind, and it will bear to be read, and should be read again and again, and then be laid aside for future reading. We have read much before of the dignity and importance of the farmer's vocation, but we never felt quite so enamored of the delights, comforts and independence of the tiller of the soil, as after a careful reading of this address. We hope to be pardoned for the confession that we feel a little proud that it comes from the pen of one of the editorial fraternity.

Essex Agricultural Society.

It is currently reported that Hon. ALLEN W. DODGE has determined to retire from the Presidency of this Society. We sincerely hope there is no foundation for this rumor, or if he does contemplate such a purpose, that he will be prevailed upon to reconsider it. Mr. Dodge has, for so many years, been connected with this society, and has conducted its affairs with such rare ability and faithfulness, that his labors would be sadly missed. Let us hope, for the interest of our County Society, that it will longer retain his services, but if he has come to such a determination, and it is unchangeable, we can think of no one more worthy to succeed him than Dr. GEORGE B. LORING, who is prominently known, not only in this county, but in all the New England States, as an accomplished and enterprising practical agriculturist.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—We notice in the last Scientific American pictorial illustrations of Prof. Jewett's great improvements in cripple locomotion. We are glad to see this publicity given to an invention which will prove a great blessing to many of our poor soldiers who have suffered amputation. They will, by its adoption, not only be able to walk without the assistance of crutch or cane, but by their natural movement almost conceal their infirmities. A few days since a young man in the suburbs of the city, who wears one of these locomotives, apologized to the Professor for being late at an appointment to meet him, saying that he had been chasing his horse, who would not be caught, and he was consequently obliged to walk.

Capt. CHARLES E. BRADFORD has paid a short visit to his friends and pupils here. He is looking finely, and his splendid uniform is quite becoming to him. While here, his pupils presented him with an elegant dressing case, well supplied with all things requisite for camp toilette. The presentation took place last Wednesday evening at Mr. N. P. C. Patterson's residence on Main street. Capt. Bradford responded to the presentation with some well-timed remarks, which were well received by his young audience.

The 39th Regiment, to which Capt. Nelson's company belongs, is now posted on the north bank of the Potomac to guard the river from any possible incursion of the rebels into Maryland. Late accounts say that there are no signs of the enemy on the opposite bank. The picket duty of the Regiment extends from Edward's Ferry nearly to Harper's, where we have a strong force. In another place will be found a racy letter from our correspondent in that regiment, giving a good sketch of picket service.

The names of the **REPUBLICAN TOWN COMMITTEE** for the ensuing year are as follows:

Francis Baker, Stephen Blaney, John Pinder, Charles D. Howard, and Isaac Hardy.

Visit to Camp Lander.

It was our privilege, week before last, to make a visit to this camp in one of Mr. Burnham's lightning line of Omnibuses. The ride was fine, and the visit to the camp was very agreeable. We saw Lieut. THOMPSON drill our company, who executed their movements in fine style. We visited the barracks, which were tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, and before we came away, saw the dress parade with music by the band.

We regretted the absence of Captain DANIELS, who had gone to Salem on some business connected with the service, but we afterwards saw him in line at the dress parade. Lieut. BARNES was at the Officers' Quarters, slightly indisposed, for which reason he did not take part in the drill of the company. We saw and conversed with many of the men, all of whom were in good spirits and appeared to be pleased with their camp life. We found our young friend, Mr. Geo. A. Upton, on guard at the hospital tent, in which were three or four patients laid up with slight ails, and all improving. At the dress parade we were surprised to find that more than half the Regiment had already supplied themselves with uniforms. The 5th is a fine looking Regiment, and Company C compares favorably with any other in its ranks.

We made many agreeable acquaintances (in camp, and in one of the companies, (the Lawrence Cadets,) we found three Editors, to one of whom we were indebted for many attentions on the field. We trust that company is a type of the 48th Regiment, as its drill was admirable. It has with it an editorial dog, who was particularly attentive to us while witnessing the parade.

COMPANY C, 5TH REGIMENT.—On Sunday last, Capt. Daniels' company was addressed by Rev. Mr. Barber of the South Church, the services, which were very impressive, being attended by a large audience, partly from other companies in camp, and many citizens. The company will probably be uniformed, armed and equipped, ready for duty, this week and possibly for departure from camp on its voyage to Newbern. They will be attended by the best wishes of all our citizens for a pleasant campaign and a happy return to their homes.

We have been much troubled of late to determine which we like best,—those Black Hamburg grapes raised by our friend, Mr. Jefferson Taylor, or the Clam Chowder raised by Mr. William Southwick. After many fruitless attempts to come to a decision, sometimes leaning towards fish and then to fruit, we finally left the matter in the hands of the able committee who tested the quality of the nondescript raised by Mr. Andrew Porter. We shall await their report with anxiety.

The 5th Regiment at Camp Lander, which includes the company of Capt. DANIELS, are under marching orders, expecting to go to Newbern, N. C. They go in a good time, as the season is now over for the prevalence of chills and fever, by which our troops have suffered so much the past summer. The Regiment is full, having ten companies, and they have been furnished with their uniforms, arms and equipments.

MASONRY.—Col. George H. Pierson, of the 5th Regiment, was last evening presented with a Past Master's Jewel by his brethren of Essex Lodge, with Masonic ceremonies. The Grand Lodge was represented on the occasion. This token of respect was bestowed in acknowledgment of his services for several years past as Master of the Lodge and as a farewell gift on the eve of his departure with his regiment to active service in North Carolina.

SHILLABER, of the Boston Evening Gazette, says of the Steward of the ill-fated Golden Gate, that he died rich. "He picked up all the gold he could find lying around loose, put it in two bags and with one in each hand jumped overboard. As he didn't come up it was supposed he died quite well off." A great many other rich men have about the same success in trying to take their money with them to the other world.

TEMPERANCE UNION.—A meeting of the Temperance Union, embracing the friends of Temperance in this and the other towns in the southern part of Essex County, will be held to-morrow at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Old South Church. Temperance speakers of eminence will be present, and we anticipate a large gathering of strangers and citizens.

Our readers, when they visit Salem, should not fail to notice the splendid show of Dahlias in the window of 217 Essex street. They are from the garden of A. F. Bosson.

The Boston Transcript says:—"We regret to learn, from a source entitled to credit, that the telegraphic report that 'General Hooker had so far recovered as to be in readiness to take the field again,' is inaccurate."

Essex County Cattle Show.

The Essex County Agricultural Society held their Annual Exhibition on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, at Georgetown—a place which, according to the Salem Gazette, "supports one hotel, if not two." The same paper also thinks "that it might be a place that had seen much horse trading, but can't speak positively on this point." About the first thing the Society did was to choose a President for one year, and ten Trustees for three years; and the following gentlemen were elected:

President—Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton. **Trustees**—Joseph How, Methuen; Francis Dodge, Danvers; Lambert Maynard, Bradford; Isaac Wood, Boxford; Jonathan Berry, Middleton; John Keely, Haverhill; Thomas P. Gentile, Manchester; Joseph Kittredge, North Andover; J. L. Newhall, Newburyport; and Samuel A. Merrill, Salem.

At the Cattle Pens the show of animals was not so large as usual, owing, undoubtedly, to the Rebellion. There was a fine collection of bulls, however—an imported Ayrshire, owned by Dr. Loring, attracting much attention as a superior animal. The Poultry Show was unusually small. We annex some of the gratuities and premiums awarded:

Ben S. Poor, South Danvers, Ayrshire Heifer, 3d prem., Flint's Book on the Dairy. 1. John Perkins, 1st premium, Farm and Draft Horses, \$8.00.

Byron Goodell, for Boars, 2d prem., 3.00.

Byron Goodell, weaned pigs, 1st prem., 3.00.

Robert Buxton, Brahma Poultry, 3.00.

Robert Buxton, Coop of Spanish Fowls, 3.00.

Pears—A. L. Pierson, Flemish Beauty, 1.00;

Stephen Blaney, Buffin, Vicer of Winkfield, 1.00;

Andrews, Louise bonne de Jersey, Beurre Die, 1.00;

Doyenne Bousquet, Beurre de Anjou, 7.00;

Samuel Southwick, Fulton, 1.00.

Apples—Stephen Blaney, Minister, Ben or Bastie, 2.00.

Poultry Articles—Samuel Southwick, walking stool for children, 1.50; Mary E. Stanley, embroidery, 1.00; Miss Bateman, feather work, 1.00; Miss S. P. Baker, worsted work, 1.00; S. S. Baker, embroidery work, 50 cts.

Capt. Samuel Brown.

The many friends of the late lamented Capt. Brown will be gratified to know that he was highly appreciated abroad as well as at home. The following notice of him we find in the Hartford Courant of the 30th ult.:

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BROWN, of Co. D, 16th Reg. Conn. Volunteers, who was killed on the 17th inst. in the battle near Sharpsburg, Md., was a native of South Danvers, Massachusetts. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1858, after which he was engaged in teaching in Mr. Hall's School in Ellington, this State, and other places. Upon the breaking out of the present war, being anxious to serve his country, he earnestly engaged in raising a company in his native town, but for special reasons failed to go with it into the army. Early in the Summer of the present year he came to Enfield, where he has friends residing, and soon after obtained recruiting orders, and finally succeeded in raising a company of volunteers, of which he was unanimously chosen Captain, and with which he reached the army of McClellan hardly in time to take part in the terrible battle in which he was killed. Just before entering the fatal cornfield, where so many brave men were cut down, he was heard cautioning his men to "keep down," thus showing his anxiety for their safety. The last words he was heard to speak were, "Now, boys, load and fire."

The acquaintance of the writer with him was brief, but sufficient to discover that he was highly educated, very active and energetic, gentlemanly and correct in his deportment. He never failed to gain the confidence and good will of those with whom he became associated. Though with his company but a short time, he won their confidence and respect, and the day of battle found it not to have been misplaced, but found him to be a true, brave Patriot. His age was about 26 years.

FRUITS.—Every one has noticed that fruit, especially pears, are this year not only very plentiful and fair to look upon, but very large. We saw yesterday in the garden of Mr. Francis Baker some individual specimens of pears which measured some 12 and some 13 inches in circumference (and still growing). There were four pears, the product of one bud, which would average the size of the above.—We saw other trees laden with fruit so that the limbs touched the ground. They will be likely to discount quite freely on short time, and their flavor requires no endorsement.

DANVERS BANK.—At a meeting of the stockholders, Monday, Oct. 6th, the following were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

Eben Sutton
Warren M. Jacobs
E. T. Osborn
Joseph Osgood
Jonathan King
A. A. Abbott
J. B. Elliot

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Eben Sutton was re-elected President.

SOUTH DANVERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.—Directors chosen Monday, Oct. 6.

Henry Cook
Robt. S. Daniels
George Osborne
Henry Poor
Joseph Osgood
Benjamin Wheeler
John Whitney
N. P. C. Patterson
John Safford of Beverly,
Henry Cook was re-elected President.

WARREN BANK.—The stockholders have chosen the following Directors for the ensuing year:

Lewis Allen, (President.)
Bijah W. Upton.
Sylvester Osborne,
Benjamin Wheeler,
Levi Preston.
Franklin Osborn.
George Osborn.
Henry A. Hardy.
G. Warren Osborn.

For the benefit of whom it may concern, we would say that Boynton has found his Dorg.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND,
ON THE POTOMAC, ON PICKET,
THURSDAY, SEPT. 25th, 1862.

FRIEND POOLE.—Since my former letter to you, our Regiment has gone through some hard scenes; long marches, hot days, cold nights, hard tack, and sore feet, taken together, are not calculated to make men perfectly happy and contented; and although we sometimes sigh for the quiet days and short nights, the downy feather-beds, and gay frolic that some of us enjoyed when at home in So. Danvers, we still think of the magnitude of the cause which we are defending, and in the words of the poet, "We gird on our armor, and are marching along."

Our Regiment is attached to Briggs' Brigade of Gen. Heintzelman's Division. The Brigade consists of the 37th and 39th Mass., 10th Vermont, and the 1st Penn. Battery. We are posted along the Potomac for about 20 miles. Our Regt. begins at Edwards' Ferry, and continues up the river towards Harper's. The boys all like picket duty first rate. It is an amusing sight to take a stroll along the different posts. Each man cooks his own food, and some make a sorry mess of it. A man who has been in the habit of coming home from work at noon, finding a good dinner prepared for him, by his loving wife, sizzling perhaps if the meat is a little burnt, or because the pudding-sauce has too much cinnamon in it, soon learns in this country to get on his hands and knees, and use his mouth for bellows, and swallow his pork rasher, and lignum-vitae crackers, with his eyes humid with tears (from smoke) and upturned in thankfulness that his teeth are sound, and his digestion good. We have but five companies on picket duty at a time. The other five remain in camp, and attend to the regular duties of a soldier's life. Last Sunday we received the first mail since we left Arlington Heights, and the man who got a letter or paper from home was considered a most fortunate individual. Three copies of your valuable paper were received, and the contents were eagerly devoured. My copy was spoken for by 15 different persons, so that my own turn will come about next Sunday. I read with much interest of the attentions shown your new company by the citizens, of the imposing escort to the depot, and of the number of "ancients and hounables" who took this occasion to revive their old warlike propensities, and marched to Salem to the stirring music of the fife and drum. I trust the Company will soon be enabled to emulate the example of the "heroes of the Monument," and will add fresh laurels to the town's already honored wreath. As a general thing, men that enlist do not and of course can not know what going to war means. Presentations are made, escorts volunteered, speeches made, clothing and lint is prepared by the ladies, and every thing is lovely; but when we get into the business fairly, everything seems to have changed. Here our only escort is a very large Colonel, mounted on a very fast walking horse, and the only speeches are made by the Captain, and are generally short, and to the point; the lint and underclothing we learned to dispense with, long ago, and if a soldier is not up to his duty, a presentation is made of Special Order No. 297, fining him one shilling, and placing him on the head of a very high barrel for three hours.

These things, of course, are only learned by experience, and I hope that your new recruits may not find the pill too bitter to swallow. Some of the men, while on picket, see any quantity of rebels, gumbats, and masked batteries, but which in the morning, turn out to be stamps, their own feet hanging over the river bank, and a quiet hog-pen on the Virginia side of the river. Private Flint seems to be taken this way quite often, and the laugh comes on him about every morning. The enemy sometimes consists of a raceon in the corn, or a flock of quails; and a muskrat diving in the river, he is morally certain is the plashing of oars. The morning star as it slowly rises in the east, is a lantern on a pole, giving the rebels notice of our position; but the sunniest of all was when he called an old white cow, a rebel ghost, as if any decent ghost would take up quarters in a ten-mile camp with no fence around it.

We have heard to-day that Sumter has been retaken by our forces, and Charleston burned, and that our Regiment is to help garrison the fort, but I never believe anything until marching orders are given, and then we are pretty sure that something is to be done, and this too at a rattling gait.

Adjutant Washburne has been appointed on Gen. Devens' Staff, and Lieut. Moulton of Co. A. has been appointed in his place, thus leaving a vacancy in our Company. This gives our officers double duty to perform, but South Danvers boys never flinch when duty calls, and it is much easier to govern when all are willing to obey. We are all well and hearty, and manage to swallow all our government rations, beside some little outside arrangements that the neighbor boys send in. How long we shall stop here, nobody knows, but we are situated very pleasantly and it would not be very disagreeable to stop here until cold weather. Please send me the Wizard regularly and consider me as a subscriber for three years, or during the war.

G. W. H.

HEADQUARTERS 21st REGT., IOWA INFANTRY, "PORT ROSEA," MARYLAND, September 25th, 1862.

We arrived in Saint Louis on Saturday morning last and immediately marched to "Benton Barracks," where we expected to remain at least a week or two; but there is no rest for the wicked, and in our case it proved true. On Sunday morning we were reviewed and inspected by Brig. Gen. Davidson, and immediately after we were dismissed, orders for us to be prepared to move at a minute's notice were received, and nothing remained but for us to be prepared to execute the order, which was very soon done. We were all ready for the field excepting our transportation, and unless something extraordinary should happen, we did not think they would start us off until that was provided; but at 4 o'clock P. M. orders for us to report at the Pacific Railroad Depot without delay, were read, and at five we had formed our battalion, and five minutes later, we were on the move. The distance to the depot was about five miles; and our march through the city was the most complete ovation I ever witnessed. Our boys were in fine spirits at the prospects of seeing immediate service, and they cheered until they were hoarse when from sheer necessity they were obliged to desist. We arrived at the depot at 7 o'clock, when, after a delay of some two hours, "all aboard" was sounded and we were fairly off for Dixie. Our Quarter-Master, with a squad of twenty-five men, was left behind to procure and forward our transportation; and to-night, we have received a dispatch say-

ing that he left St. Louis at one o'clock this P. M., with 80 men and 16 wagons, 3 ambulances, &c., and we are expecting him here in about an hour. Our command arrived here early Monday morning and immediately went into camp about a mile from the town, where, for the present, we will remain. Our encampment consists of 235 tents, and presents a fine appearance.

Since our arrival, I have learned the cause of our sudden movement from St. Louis, viz.: On Sunday afternoon a dispatch from the command of this post to Gen. Davidson was received, stating that the rebels, reported 9000 strong, under Gens. McBride and Parsons, were at Houston, forty-five miles from here, and marching upon the place with a view to capturing the position and thereby cut off reinforcements to Gen. Scofield, stationed at Springfield. Our small force at Salem, a small town 25 miles from here, was attacked by a party of rebels on Sunday, supposed to be the column of McBride, in which we rather elated them out. Last night the 33d Missouri, and this morning the 22d Iowa, arrived, and we think our force sufficient to whip them if they commence an attack. The force here consists of about 4000 infantry, 600 cavalry and one battery of Missouri artillery; and if they do not attack us soon, I am of the opinion that we will go forth to meet and fight them on their own ground,—although a scout, who has just come in, says that the enemy have turned off in a westerly direction and are headed towards Springfield, perhaps to unite with Hindman, Rains, and Coffee, and make a demonstration upon that city; but we have some 20,000 or 25,000 troops in that vicinity, and we have no fear of the result, should the opposing armies meet. Gen. Herron, with his brigade, consisting of two Iowa, two Illinois and two Missouri regiments, left here about a week since to join Gen. Scofield at Springfield, at which place he has probably arrived ere this.

Rumors of all kinds are flying about camp as usual, but I have been here before and believe just as many of them as I have a mind to. We have taken every precaution to guard against surprise, and, with Fort Hymen, mounting four heavy guns, can make this a warm place for the rebels, should they insist upon visiting us; but they will probably consider "discretion the better part of valor," and keep their distance. Guerrilla parties are, no doubt, hovering around us, and this afternoon a squad of 160 cavalry, with three days' rations, were sent out to Salem to disperse them in that section.

Political John Gilpin.

MR. EDITOR.—It is said that Cooper, whose nervous system, it is well known, was so shattered as to subject him for a long series of years to the deepest melancholy, gave way for once to an uncontrollable fit of laughter, after having the story of John Gilpin related to him for the first time, by Lady Austen—which story he afterwards wove into song.

We have had a similar burst of merriment over the call recently issued by Joel Parker and others, for a Convention to be held at Worcester the 7th of this month;—and for a similar reason. There is a marked resemblance between the two cases.

It was Gilpin's intention to celebrate the anniversary of his wedding at Edmonton, but the unruly animal which he rode, regarding neither bit nor bridle, plunged into a headlong gallop and carried him to Ware, ten miles beyond the place of his destination; then doubling back upon his track, brought him in safety to the place he started from, minus his hat, wig, wine bottles, &c.

It appears to have been the original design of the leading signers of this call, to *oust* Gen. Andrew, Chas. Sumner, Henry Wilson & Co., from the public positions which they now occupy.

But it would not answer to say this in so many words, for this would be the sure way of defeating their object. The people of Massachusetts have too strong an affection for, and too much confidence in these public officers, not to repel any direct attack made upon them. And so the call is issued for the ostensible purpose of *sustaining the President*, feeling fully persuaded that he had no sympathy with the radical notions of these gentlemen on the subject of Slavery.

But lo, and behold! Three weeks before the Convention assembles, the President comes out with a Proclamation, containing the most radical sentiments upon the obnoxious theme that either of these ultras ever put forth before the public, in pamphlet or speech! What now is to be done?

In mounting the Presidential horse, their purpose was to stop at Edmonton and have a most jovial time. But their high mettled charger has caught the bits between his bridle-teeth, and is now rushing on post-haste to Ware. In his flight, every incumbrance is thrown off, and the wine bottles of office smashed, spilling the precious contents, which the signers expected to quaff with so much gusto, upon the ground. Spectators are looking on with amusement, exclaiming—"Stop, stop, John Gilpin, here's the house,"—but clinging to the steed's mane, the riders have no power to arrest his speed, and are borne on to a goal, which of all others is the one they most dread and abhor.

Whether they will be able to reach in safety, on their return, the place from which they started, remains to be seen. One thing however is pretty certain, they will be obliged to procure some new coverings for their political craniums, or come back bald-headed.

PHOON.

CORRECTION.—Our "imp" made a mistake in last week's paper, in the article "Party Matters." He made the sentence in the first paragraph, "evil-disposed men will, with their party discipline, entirely control the government," read "well disposed men," &c. We think the sympathies of our "imp" must be with the new Constitutional Union Party.

The sentence should read as follows: "Men, whose aims are for the highest good of the people, must unite in party to carry their measures, or evil-disposed men will, with their party discipline, entirely control the government."

ACCIDENT FROM KEROSENE. On Tuesday evening, Sept. 30, Ella Trask, aged about ten years, daughter of Mr. Albert Trask of Danvers, while holding a light, was severely burned from the explosion of a kerosene lamp, which her mother was filling, which had been standing, unused, for some time, partly filled. Her face, neck, shoulders and arms were burned to a blister. Her recovery was at first doubtful, but she is now improving, though still a very great sufferer.

ARBITRATION BY THE SWORD.—The

must be movements, and immediately, the navy and in the army. We must give up all confidence in the success of our arms, under the blessing of the G of battles. We must fight and fight, and to the end, bitter as it may be, a cost what it may in blood and treasure till it be reached. We are driven to The last note from Richmond dissipates the secret thought we may have entertained a few days since, of forthcom peace, when it was announced that Confederacy was ready to treat, and reasonable terms. No, that was but expression of the hope lingering in bosom of some one whose aspirations his country's welfare transcended or duly influenced his better judgment. There will be no peace till we conquer, and consequently, there should be hope in aught save blows heavy enough to bring the Confederacy into the dust. And what do its supporters say? They say, "the best way to see peace is by vigorous fighting—until enemy (the Union) is forced to sue for overtures." Shall we not then profit their counsels? "Overtures" of peace from rebels against the government. Never! The sword then is the only biter, and it must not be sheathed, it drink the blood of hundreds of thousands, more, until it has pierced the vital the rebellion.—*Newburyport Herald.*

As Mrs. Partington came in after her absence it seemed as if sunshine had entered with her, though there was anxiety upon brow and a bundle in her hand. It was for "Salutary committee," she said. "Accord to the last century," said she, "how many there to be grafted in Boston?" looking at with great earnestness as she spoke. It was one question that we couldn't answer, not in the census at hand. Finding herself in this she continued—"Well, can you tell if a man is exempted from being grafted has hellish veins?" We assured her that thought not—that the more we had with be come veins the better; whereas she was all we complimented her on what she was doing for the soldiers. "Yes," said she, "everybody should do something for the cause, however unemised their means." She took a pine snuff, as she spoke, and looked down meekly the bundle tied up in the old Constitution Guerriere cotton handkerchief. I was out taking care of a boy who was threatening tear down the recruiting handbills on our ner.

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Stolen from stable of the subscriber, in Topsfield, on Monday night, Sept. 29th, one Black Horse about years old, long tail, with mane falling on side, and weighing about 1000 lbs; also a covered Wagon, painted an invisible dark green with dasher and boot. Also one new self mounted Harness, one brass-mounted Horn one Hay Cart; one Horse Blanket; one riage Blanket.

Twenty-five dollars of the above reward be paid for the recovery of the above described property, and twenty-five dollars for the arrest of the thief or thieves.

CHAS. HERRIC

Topsfield, Oct. 2, 1862.

MOORING GOODS.—Ladies who are called wear mourning should remember that J. P. PEABODY always has a nice stock of C and Lace Veils, Collars, Sleeves, Cuffs, Ed Gloves, &c., for mourning, in all the new choice styles. He has also a full line of mourning Woven Goods, Clouds, Sonnets &c., and colors of Worsteds needed to knit anything mourning.

His stock of Black Kid Gloves in plain stitched backs is full and of superior quality. For more particulars read his advertisement another column.

THE NEW PARTY.—At a meeting of the Constitutional Union Party, at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening—at which James W. Osborn, president, and H. O. Wiley was Secretary,—following gentlemen were chosen delegates to attend the State Convention at Faneuil Hall in Boston: Henry Poor, R. S. Daniels, Osborne, William Sutton, Aaron F. C. Francis Baker, John A. Lord, Rufus H. Brown, James W. Osborn.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE at Salem (the building of which was commenced August of last year, was formally livered over for the purpose for which was erected, on Friday afternoon, interesting ceremonies, in presence of large number of the members of Bar of Essex County and citizens Salem.

Geo. H. TUCKER.—A letter from Lieut F Brown, of Co. C, 2d Reg. says:—"Capt. Cogswell has had a letter from H. Tucker of South Danvers, who was taken prisoner at Winchester, and who has just released and is now at Annapolis, in which tells us that all our prisoners are there and soon join us. Of Sergeant Larrabee we nothing."

THE KIRBY SMITH PLATFORM.—A son of Roy Kirby, of this county, who was in the 1st Regiment, relates that on being paroled traitor Gen. Kirby Smith said to him:

"Now, boys, go home and vote down the 'Abolitionists'!"—Wayne County (Ind.): *Republican.*

TO PATRONS.—Those of our patrons who I prostrate, administrators' notices, &c., to p and desiring to have them published in this per, have only to signify their wish to their register who

Worsted—Our stock of worsteds is full—best quality—new colors and full weight.
J. P. PEABODY.
Notice JAMES F. ALMY'S advertisement.
83—JOHN P. PEABODY has a very good fitted back Kid Glove for 83 cts. per pair, the same goods that are sold about town for 95 cts. and \$1.00.
Mourning Veils, Collars, Gloves, &c.,—at PEABODY'S.
Notice JAMES F. ALMY'S advertisement.

DEATH TO CANCER WORMS.—The subscriber fears to the public his Great Remedy for destroying the Grub that ascends the Trees in the all. It has been used for the past six years with great success, throughout the New England States, and in no case has it failed. Many of the best known Horticulturists in Essex county have used this remedy, and give it their ill approval, with permission to refer to them for recommendations.
All orders left at Newman & Symonds will be promptly attended to. The terms are very reasonable, making the remedy cheaper than any other, as well as more effective.
B. L. ALLEY.
Visit OSORNO'S Store, and look at the usual variety of new styles in Hats and caps, 191 Essex street, Salem.

South Danvers Fish Market.
P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge. ap30
To Let.
A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a urrier or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of S. D. Symonds, 64 Main Street.
South Danvers, July 26, 1862.

\$100 REWARD!
The Subscriber will pay the above reward to y person who will detect and bring to ju the villain or villains who unwereed the ts from the wheels of his omnibuses, thus ex ing the passengers to danger of life and th.
E. F. BURNHAM.
South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Marriages.
In this town, Oct. 1, by N. H. Poor, Esq., Mr. ley Galencia to Miss Mary E. Brown, all of th Danvers.
In Salem, Oct. 2, Mr. Lewis B. Moody to Miss E. daughter of Mr. Francis Cox, 6th, Chas. F. Burnham to Miss Lucina C. Beckett, th, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Major Seth S xton, 14th Mass (Heavy Artillery) Reg't, to Susan M. daughter of Mr. John Gardner. n Lynn, Aug. 18, by Rev. Mr. Barrows of So. vers, Mr. John N. Tufts of L. to Miss S. E ng, of Pittsfield, N. H.

Deaths.
n this town, Sept. 30, Warren, son of Sam'l y and Mary M. King, 1 year 9 1-2 mos.
Oct. 3d, Carrie Augusta, eldest daughter of rge F. and Rebecca P. Osborne, 4 yrs 2 mos days.
th, Margaret, daughter of Jeremiah and herine Breshean, 1 year; 11 months Maria, ghter of John and Honora Fitzpatrick, 11 ths.
Salem, Sept. 29th, Mr. David Hurley, 55; y Ellen Corcoran, 14 yrs; 30th, Mrs. J. idin widow of the late Mr. Thomas Merrill, 68; 2d, Capt John Willis, 63; 3d, Mr. Eben S dwin, 46; 1st, Walter Shreve, son of Jas and Elizabeth S. Stone, 4 yrs 8 mos; 4th, r Francis Oliver Pitman, 36 yrs 6 mos.
Beverly, 2d, Mr. Benjamin Crosskey, 66.
Boston, Sept. 26, Mrs. Helen E. wife of Mr y I Deland, and daughter of Mr. B. P. mberlain.
n Kowley, Sept. 27, Mrs. Elizabeth B. wife of Daniel Pingree, 83 yrs 1 month 9 days.

EDWARD HAMMOND
hereby gives notice to the people of South vers, that he still continues to offer his ser ices, when needed, as an
UNDERTAKER,
Furnisher of such articles as are used in solemnization of funerals. His residence is Hammond's Corner, Wallis street, near the Railroad Station.
South Danvers, April 16, 1862.

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.
Take HERRICK'S PILLS
Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never more caress;
There is a cure for such distress,
In HERRICK'S PILLS
Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be cross'd,
Take the sure balm (of little cost),
HERRICK'S PILLS
Should sudden illness hint of grief,
Should cruel landladies turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout,
Is HERRICK'S PILLS
See remarkable Pills startle while communities air wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth, ood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, h and German directions. Elegantly coated sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family s for 25 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.
DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.
o combination of ingredients in these Pills he result of a long and extensive practice, are mild in their operation, and certain in eting all irregularities, Painful Menstrua on, removing all obstructions, whether from r otherwise, headache, pain in the side, ation of the heart, whites, all nervous af on, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and s, &c., disturbed sleep, which arise from ruption of nature.
DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
the commencement of a new era in the ent of these irregularities and obstruc ion, which have consigned so many to a ruse GRAVE. No female can enjoy good unless she is regular, and whenever an unction takes place the general health be o decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
he most effectual remedy ever known for complaints peculiar to Females. To all s they are invaluable, inducing, with cer y, periodical regularity. They are known onds, who have used them at different s throughout the country, having the ion of some of the most eminent Physi ician directions, stating when they should e used, with each Box—the Price One r per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills. s sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to r. Sold by Druggists generally.
R. B. HUTCHINGS, Proprietor,
20 Cedar St., New York.
P. GROSVENOR agent for So. Danvers.
C. Goodwin, Boston. ap16-17

Doctor Osborne,
A S authorized, will be prepared to examine A enrolled militia men claiming exemption from draft at his office daily, No. 19, Main st. South Danvers.

Advertisements.
WORSTEDS!
THE BEST GERMAN WORSTEDS,
—IN—
DOUBLE AND SINGLE
ZEPHYR,
And all kinds of Hand Knit
WORSTED GOODS.
SONTAGS, NUBIAS, CLOUDS,
MITTENS, GAITERS, HOSIERY,
GLOVES, SKIRTS, CORSETS,
RIBBONS & FLOWERS,
—AT—
220 ESSEX ST.,
JOHN P. PEABODY.

Administrator's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of THOMAS C. BAKER, late of South Danvers, in the county of Essex, cord vainer, deceased, and has taken upon him self that trust, by giving bonds, as the law directs: All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to JEFFERSON PUTNAM, adm'r.
South Danvers, Oct. 8, 1862.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.
Claims against the Government for Bounty, Back Pay, and Pensions, promptly attended to.

6000 Male or Female Agents
TO SELL
LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE COUNTY COLORED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND N. B. MICHIGAN.
From recent surveys, completed Aug. 10, 1861; cost \$3.00 to engrave it, and one year's time. Superior to any \$10 map ever made by Colton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of 50 cents; 270, 000 names are engraved on this map.
It is not only a County Map, but it is also a COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP of the United States and Canada, embracing in one giving EVERY RAILROAD STATION and distances between them.
Guarantee any woman or man \$3 to \$5 per day, and will take back all money that cannot be sold and refund the money.
Send for \$1 worth to try.
Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.
Wholesale-Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, California, Canada, England, France and Cuba. A fortune may be made with a few hundred dollars capital.
J. T. LLOYD, No. 164 Broadway, N. York.
The War Department uses our Map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, cost \$100,000, on which is marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Bluecher's, Antietam's Ford, and all other places on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia or Pennsylvania, or money refunded.
LLOYD'S
TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF KENTUCKY, OHIO, INDIANA AND ILLINOIS,
is the only authority for Gen. Buell and the War Department. Money refunded to any one finding an error in it. Price 50 cents.
From the Tribune, Aug. 2.
"LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, and PENNSYLVANIA—This Map is very large; it cost us but 25 cents, and it is the best which can be purchased."
LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—From Actual Surveys by Capt. Bart and Wm. Brown, Mississippi River Pilot, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1,200 miles—every sand bar, island, town, landing, and all places 30 miles from the river—colored in counties and States. Price \$1 in sheets, \$2, pocket form, and \$2.50 on linen, with rollers. Ready Sept. 30.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Washington, Sept. 17, 1862.
J. T. LLOYD—Sir: Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as are required for the use of that squadron.
GIBSON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

SOUTH DANVERS POST OFFICE.
GENERAL MAIL ARRANGEMENT.
MAILS CLOSE
At 10 3-4 A. M., and 4 3-4 P. M.
MAILS DUE
At 9 1-2 A. M., and 3 P. M.
Post Office open (Sundays excepted) from 7 o'clock, A. M., till 8 P. M. Saturdays open till 8 1-2 P. M.
F. POOLE, P. M.
South Danvers, Oct. 1, 1862.

Salem and Danvers Aqueduct Co'y.
ALL persons using the water of the Salem and Danvers Aqueduct, and hereby notified that the water rents, for the six months ending Nov. 1, 1862, are now due, and that they are required to pay the same, at the office of the Company, No. 2 Sewall street, on the 1st day of Oct. next. Should the bills remain unpaid for thirty days, the water will be stopped, in conformity to the regulations of the Company.
Office hours, from 9 to 1 o'clock, and from 2 to 5.
WM. JELLY, Collector.
Salem, Oct. 1, 1862. 3m

NEW BOOKS.
A T G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH'S, 190 Essex st., Salem:
The Prigdal Son, by Dutton Cook;
Hand Book of Artillery, by Capt. Joseph Roberts;
The Queen of the Danube, by the author of Piccola;
The Continental Monthly for October;
Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army, being a Narrative of Personal Adventures, in the Infantry, Ordnance, Cavalry, Courier, and Hospital services—By an Impressed New Yorker;
Anatomy of the Artistic Human Body, &c., &c., by Dr. J. H. Power—authorized and adopted by U. S. Surgeon General, for use in field and General Hospitals;
The Hospital Steward's Manual;
Trial of George C. Hersey. Reported by Jas M W Yerrington.
oct 8 190 Essex street.

SOLDIERS' CASES.
ALL the different styles of the Roll-up Cases, A 60c, 75c, \$1.00, and \$1.50—by G M WHIPPLE & A SMITH,
July 30 190 Essex st.
FEATHER DUSTERS.
ALL sizes Feather Dusters—at S C & E SIMONDS' oct 8 32 Front Street, Salem.
STONE WARE.
PICKLE, Preserve, Butter and Cake Pots of all sizes, for sale at S C & E SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

Browning & Long.
NEW
FALL GOODS,
—AT—
BROWNING & LONG'S,
Downing Block,
177 Essex Street.
Opposite Essex House.

Having finished opening our NEW GOODS, we are now prepared to show them to our customers, and are confident that we have, without exception, one of the largest and best selected stocks ever offered in this city.
Finding that "LOW PRICES" are appreciated, we shall adhere to our rule of selling
FIRST CLASS GOODS
—AT THE—
LOWEST PRICES,
and with our Small Profits, we can insure but a slight advance on last Fall's prices.

IN OUR
Embroidery Dep't.
MAY BE FOUND
NEW STYLES AND PATTERNS OF CAMBRIC AND MUSLIN COLLARS, POINT, MALTESE, AND THREAD LACE COLLARS, CAMBRIC SETTS, AND A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF ENGLISH GRATE MOURNING GOODS. ALSO, A RICH AND BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF CAMBRIC EDGINGS AND INSERTS.
INGRS.

Lace Department.
New Valenciennes and Thread Edgings and Insertings;
Gimpure and Smyrna Edgings and Insertings;
Wave Liven and Lisle Edgings and Insertings and Brussels, Malta and Thread Edgings;
Illusion Laces for Sleeves,
a very large variety,
IN PLAIN AND FIGURED.
Also, very HANDSOME PATTERNS
IN BLACK AND WHITE.
In SILK LACES, a full assortment in plain and figured.

OUR
Hosiery, Glove,
—AND—
Under Garment
DEPARTMENT
Contains a full assortment for
LADIES,
GENTS,
MISSSES,
AND BOYS.
IT BRING OUR INTENTION TO MAKE THIS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF OUR BUSINESS, WE HAVE SPARED NO PAINS IN MAKING OUR SELECTIONS, AND HAVE OBTAINED THE
BEST MAKES, AND STYLES
IN THE MARKET

OUR KID CLOVES
NEED BUT A TRIAL.
By the large quantities sold, and the satisfaction given, we feel perfectly safe in warranting them.

Trimming Department.
The Latest Styles being exclusively VELVETS with COLORED EDGES, we have obtained a large assortment in all colors and widths.
Also—ALPACA BINDINGS and WORSTED EMBROIDERY BRAID, In very choice Shades.
In BELTINGS, we have a full assortment.

French Corsets and Bodices
IN ALL SIZES.
Every Pair sold warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or to be returned.

N. Y. Belle Skirts.
GUR USUAL LARGE VARIETY.
Extra Lengths and New Shapes.
A FULL STOCK OF
SMALL WARES.

BROWNING & LONG,
SUCCESSORS TO
J. MAYER,
No. 177 Essex Street, SALEM, MASS.
We shall give due notice of the opening of our
GERMAN ZEPHYR WORSTEDS.
Salem, Oct. 6, 1862.

George S. Walker.
Soldiers, "Attention!"
READ this list of articles for the Soldier's use, which can be found at
GEORGE S. WALKER'S
GENT'S FURNISHING STORE,
No. 228 Essex Street,
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, Blue and White, Plain and Rib'd;
WOOL OVER-SHIRTS, all sizes, in good length, with and without collars;
WOOL HOSB—Medium and Heavy;
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS—Silk and Cotton.
SUSPENDERS—A good variety of the most desirable kinds.
Military Gloves, Paper Collars, Dressing Gowns, Pocket Mirrors, Mirror, Brush and Comb, Water Filters, Hair Brushes, Combs, Razors, &c., &c., &c.
ALL AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.
sept 10

WORSTEDS!
THE BEST GERMAN WORSTEDS,
—IN—
DOUBLE AND SINGLE
ZEPHYR,
And all kinds of Hand Knit
WORSTED GOODS.
SONTAGS, NUBIAS, CLOUDS,
MITTENS, GAITERS, HOSIERY,
GLOVES, SKIRTS, CORSETS,
RIBBONS & FLOWERS,
—AT—
220 ESSEX ST.,
JOHN P. PEABODY.

PRESERVE YOUR FRUIT.
GLASS JARS & GLASS COVERS
For Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, &c.,
IN A PERFECTLY FRESH STATE.
They require no Wax, Solder or Cement. seal instantly, and are more easily sealed and opened than any other article for the purpose ever invented. All kinds of Wax and Cement are equally disagreeable and uncertain in sealing.
In presenting these articles to the public, the inventor challenges the World in an unfeigned, Simple, Easy, and Rapid process of Hermetical Sealing.
All scientific and practical men who have examined them say they are without a fault, and are the only ones that have stood the chemical test.
The sealing is on an entirely original plan. This principle has stood the test for several years, and the best certificate of their value is, that those who have tried these articles will use no other.
They are warranted as represented.
Reliable directions for putting up all kinds of Fruits, Vegetables, &c., will accompany the Jars.

PRICE LIST.
Pints,.....per doz. \$2 25
Quarts,....." 3 00
3 Pints,....." 3 50
Half Gallon, " 4 00
NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
AGENTS,
South Danvers, Mass.

NOTICE.
THIS subscriber being about to leave town for a few months, would take this opportunity to inform his customers and friends that his shop on Pleasant Street will be kept open during his absence by Mr. JOHN P. FRIEDMAN, who will faithfully attend to any orders.
JAMES PERKINS.
South Danvers, Sept. 8, 1862.

W. E. P. SMYTH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Proctor in Admiralty, and Commissioner of Deeds for the several States.
Frazier's Building, over the Post Office, LYNN, MASS.

Having peculiar means for procuring, with accuracy and dispatch, all claims against Government, especially those for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, I have made this a specialty. Several months' residence in Washington enabled me to become thoroughly conversant with the routine of business in all the Departments, through which claims of whatever nature are passed, and also familiar with the practice in the U. S. Court of Claims; in addition to which I have a partner there resident, and a former partner in the Treasury Department, which advantages give me unequalled facilities for the successful prosecution of business in any way connected with Government.

Important to Soldiers, Marines and their Heirs.
Persons enlisted in the U. S. Service, Land or Naval, since March 1, 1861, if disabled in the service, are entitled to Pension. Relatives of Persons deceased in the service are entitled to Bounty and Pension; in the following order:
1st. The Widow. 4th. The Mother.
2d. The Children. 5th. The Brothers and Sisters.
3d. The Father.
LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION need not be taken in ordinary cases, to enable heirs of persons deceased in the service to obtain Pensions and Bounty. When a discharge is granted for disability, in no case should the Oath of Identity on the back of the Discharge be filled up. The safest course is, to carry all papers at once, to an Attorney, without tampering with them. All those who have claims, should present them without delay, as soon as the pressure will be so great upon the Auditor's Office, by reason of numerous applications, that applicants will be subjected to tedious delay in getting their claims audited.
NO CHARGE MADE UNTIL CLAIMS ARE PAID.
Claims left at the Post Office, South Danvers, will be promptly forwarded.
Lynn, Aug. 27, 1862—Jy

FRAMES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.
NEW and pretty designs—with and without glasses—very cheap.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,

A. J. Archer & Co
September 17, 1862.
NEW FALL GOODS.

We ask attention to our large and attractive stock of
NEW GOODS,
which will be offered at
LOW PRICES.
sep 17 A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex st.

BLACK SILKS. BLACK SILKS.
We offer a large stock of
RICH BLACK SILKS,
bought before the recent advance in prices, at LOW RATES.
—ALSO—
BLACK PARAMETTER, in 4-4 and 5-4 width;
BLACK FRENCH BONZAERES;
BLACK 3-4 and 6-4 MOUSLINE D'LAINES;
BLACK ALPACAS;
BLACK ENGLISH CRAPES;
BLACK THINER SHAWLS, long and square;
Ribbon bound THINER SHAWLS, at low prices.

AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER & CO.
aug 6 181 ESSEX ST.
Black Doeskins.
LOW PRICED BLACK DOESKINS AND BLACK CASSIMERES;
BROAD CLOTHS, GERMAN CLOTHS, in Black, Blue and Brown.
OVERCOATINGS—Meltons, Silk Mixtures, Repellents—for Spring Overcoats.
FANCY CASSIMERES AND DOESKINS. A large variety of FANCY CLOTHS, for Coats and for Boys' wear.
BLACK SILK VESTINGS.
For Sale at Low Prices.
aug 6 A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex St.

WORSTEDS!
THE BEST GERMAN WORSTEDS,
—IN—
DOUBLE AND SINGLE
ZEPHYR,
And all kinds of Hand Knit
WORSTED GOODS.
SONTAGS, NUBIAS, CLOUDS,
MITTENS, GAITERS, HOSIERY,
GLOVES, SKIRTS, CORSETS,
RIBBONS & FLOWERS,
—AT—
220 ESSEX ST.,
JOHN P. PEABODY.

NOTICE.
CLOSING OUT STOCK AT
10 FRONT STREET, 10
ALL the STOCK will be closed out for the purpose of some alterations.
All the Crockery and Glass Ware;
All the Wooden Ware, Carriages, &c.;
All the Clothing, Caps, Pants and Vests;
All the Under Shirts & Drawers; Dry Goods, &c.
All the Cutlery, Knives and Forks, Carvers and Forks, Razors, Scissors, &c.
All the Silver Plated Ware; Spoons, Forks, Cups, Butter Knives, &c.
All the Hats and Caps;
Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Patent Shoe Brushes,
All the Boots and Shoes; 300 doz. Hosiery; Fancy Goods, &c.; one Shop Coat Stove;
About 20 feet good Fuel; one Collum Stove; Painted Floor Carpeting and Rugs;
600 Rolls (gold gilt) House Paper, at 25 cents per roll;
100 Looking Glasses, all sizes;
500 Window Shades, Fixtures, Cord and Tassels, Picture Cord, &c.
All to be sold to make room for other Goods.

Remember No. 10 Front Street,
B. COLMAN,
Salem, Oct. 30, 1862. 3w
Johnson's Far-Famed Transparent HONEY SOAP.
THE elegant, tasteful, and fastidious, cluster around it as bees in the hive, to do homage to their illustrious Queen.
Its extreme low price places it within the reach of all lovers of taste and elegance.
Sold only by
Oct. 1 3w No 10 Front street.

Choice Fall Pigs for Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of Mackie and Princes Albert and Chester County breeds, which the Mackie took the First Premium at the late Cattle Show. Prices reasonable.
BYRON GOODALE,
Near Taylor's Brook.
South Danvers, Sept. 17, 1862. 1f

WILLIAM J. WALTON,
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,
HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at safe and reasonable prices.
Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.
WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main st.
South Danvers, Jan. 1, 1862. 1f

BUTTER, EGGS AND BEANS,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES, by
P. D. PERKINS,
ON LOWELL ST., SO. DANVERS.
South Danvers, June 18, 1862. 1f

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' WASH SPRING SKIRTS, entirely new patterns; Black Velvet and Fancy Trimmings; Black Buttons. ANN R. BRAY, June 4 No. 76 Federal street.

James F. Almy.
September 17, 1862.
NEW FALL GOODS.

WE OFFER TO-DAY
A SPECIAL BARGAIN in Rich "POUR D' CHEVRES," Wool M. DE LAINES, and BAL-MORAL SKIRTS.
We have a full stock of German, French and American
LADIES' CLOTHES.
Purchasers of all kinds of
LADIES' DRY GOODS
will find our Stock worthy their attention.

JAMES F. ALMY,
188 Essex, opposite Central st., Salem.
Ribbons.
OUR stock of Ribbons is full, and we are selling them at last year's prices.
Ruches.
Bonnet Ruches in all grades from 12 1-2 cts. to 60 cts—in hand and Machine makes.
Flowers.
French Flowers in every desirable variety.
Laces.
Bonnet Laces—Edgings—Linings—Pins, &c.
Worsted.
Single and Double Zephyr Worsted—all colors.
Yarns.
Army and common Knitting Yarns—a full stock.
Knit Goods.
Hoods—Sontags—Sleeves—Nubias—Clouds, &c., &c.
Hosiery.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's—all colors and sizes.
Gloves.
Kid—Silk—Lisle and Cotton Gloves—of all colors.
Trimnings.
Ribbons—Velvets—Buttons—Bindings, &c.
Handkerchiefs.
Ladies' and Gents' Linen—Lawn—Hem'd—Tucked—Colored—Bor'd—Mourning, &c., &c.

JOHN P. PEABODY,
220 Essex Street, Salem.
Salem, Oct. 1, 1862.
T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist & Apothecary,
37 Main St., So. Danvers,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Foreign Lectures, Shakars,
Herbs, Dry Snuffs, Gums,
Acids, Spices, Shells,
Brasses, Trusses,
and Genuine Patent Medicines.
Also, Imported Cigars of choice brands, Perfumery Toilet Articles and Stationery.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared by experienced persons.

List of Letters
REMAINING in the Post Office at South Danvers, Sep. 30, 1862. [Persons calling for these letters will please say they are advertised.]
GENTLEMEN'S LIST
Arbuckle Sam'l Price Dan'l Jr
Crockett Wm Frederick John
Fuller John B Regan M (Southwick
Giles Geo M Street.)
Gordon Charles Richardson Capt John
Hill W H Tucker Andrew H
Jarvis Wm J Tift J
Kimball Ben J T L E
Kearney Edward Taylor John
Kelley E Sanborn Green
Moody Joseph Smith Charles A
Millett Francis L West Wm S
Moses Luther T Wilson James
LADIES' LIST
Adams Jones Mrs Hall E G Mrs
Carlton Elizabeth L Keefe Mary O
Cutter Rachael L Kegan M Catharine
Conolly Mary Ann Lord Anna
Dennis Susan Parker Sarah N
Dwinnell Sophronia Price Abby I
Fletcher Susan Ring John
Green Mary Roach Julia
Hackett M Miss Sullivan Mary E
Hamilton Susan H Westcott Mehitabel
N. B. These letters are subject to an additional postage of one cent each.
FITCH POOLE, P. M.

To Consumptives.
THE Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure CURS for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Persons wishing the prescription will please address
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.
Sept 24—3m

Hard Ware.
THE Subscribers would inform the public that they have now on hand an assortment of
Hard Ware. House Trimmings, Nails, &c.,
which they offer for sale at reasonable prices.
NEWMAN & SYMONDS.
South Danvers, Sept. 17.

REMOVAL!
JOHN J. ASHBY,
WOULD inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the store
No. 145 Essex Street,
formerly occupied by JOHN BARLOW, where he has opened a good assortment of
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
and will MANUFACTURE to order, all kinds of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Also, Snow Boots, at the lowest Cash Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done on the most reasonable terms.
Successor to John Barlow.
Salem, September 17, 1862.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.
FRESH addition to our stock of many desirable patterns—just received.
G. M. WHIPPLE & A. A. SMITH,
Salem, September 17, 1862.

400 BBS. FLOUR, "Catawba" and "Peelers" brands, made expressly for Baker's use, re-sold this day and for sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

If you want to SAVE MONEY, in purchasing Goods, go to COLMAN'S, No. 10 Front street, Salem. ap30-2m

Auction Sales.
WILLIAM ARCHER, Jr.,
Auctioneer, Real Estate and Stock Broker,
34 Front Street.
Real Estate, Bank, Railroad and Manufacturing Stock bought and sold on Commission.

OLD FRIENDS
IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills.
THE BEST FAMILY CA-
THARTIC in the world, used twenty years by five millions of persons annually; always gives satisfaction; contains nothing injurious; patronized by the principal Physicians and Surgeons in the Union; elegantly coated with sugar.
Large boxes 25 cents; five boxes for one dollar. Full directions with each box.
FALLHASSEE, LEON, Florida, July 17, 1860.
"To Dr. HERRICK, Albany, N. Y.—My Dear Doctor: I write this to inform you of the wonderful effect of your Sugar Coated Pills on my elder daughter. For three years she has been afflicted with a bilious derangement of the system, sadly impairing her health, which was steadily failing during the period. When in New York in April last, a friend advised me to test your Pills. Having the fullest confidence in the judgment of my friend, I obtained a supply of Messrs. Barnes & Park, Druggists, Park Row, New York. On returning home we ceased all other treatment, and administered your Pills, one each night. The improvement in her feelings, complexion, digestion, etc., surprised us all. A rapid and permanent restoration to health has been the result. We used less than five boxes, and consider her entirely well. I consider the above a rare tribute to you as a Physician, and trust it will be the means of inducing many to adopt your Pills as their family medicine.
I remain, dear sir, with many thanks,
S. G. MORRISON.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plasters
Cures, in five hours, pains and weakness of the breast with a pack, and Rheumatic complaints in the equal, by short period of time. Spread on beautiful white lamb skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 183 cents.
Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills and Kid Plasters are sold by Druggists and Merchants in all parts of the United States, Canada, and South America, and may be obtained by calling for them by their full name.
DR. L. E. HERRICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

White Lead and Lined Oil.
A GOOD supply constantly on hand, and for sale by
A. W. WARREN.
Danversport, April 16, 1862. 6m*

CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
Furnishing Goods, &c.
A new and fashionable stock of Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, etc., kept constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices for CASH, at
No. 54 Main st., Trask's Building,
R. S. D. Symonds & Co.,
So. Danvers, May 28. Agents.

Notice to South Danvers Recruits.
ALL PERSONS who have enlisted, either in person or by proxy, in the 1st and 2nd Reg'ts of South Danvers, and who intend to apply for the bounty offered by the town, are hereby notified to cause their names, together with the number of the regiment in which they are enlisted, to be reported to the Selectmen forthwith; and all persons who may hereafter enlist, or be enlisted, in any town or town out of town, are also notified to report to the Selectmen immediately after their enlistment; as notice is hereby given that, in case the quota is more than filled, only the first seventy-five men thus reported and mustered into the United States service will receive the bounty.
JOHN G. BURBICK, } Selectmen of
NATHAN H. POOR, }
South Danvers, July 29, 1862.

Top Buggy for Sale,
NEARLY NEW, and in good condition.—Inquire at this office, or at 47 Holden St. South Danvers, June 26, 1862.

D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, and Popular Proprietary Medicines.
Personal attention to Physicians' Prescriptions.
South Danvers, May 29, 1861. 1y

Heckscher Coal!
\$7.25 per Ton on Wharf.
A FULL supply of this Superior Coal, Both Red and White Ash, Of the various sizes, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
W. P. PHILLIPS,
Phillips' Wharf, Salem.
July 9

HUSSEY PLOWS.
A FULL supply of these celebrated Plows constantly on hand and for sale at manufacturer's prices, by
A. W. WARREN.
Danversport, April, 1862. 6m*

GEO. H. MEACOM,
Dealer in
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Fancy & Toilet Articles, &c.,
126 MAIN ST. 126
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

Flour.
BBS. FLOUR, "Catawba" and "Peelers" brands, made expressly for Baker's use, re-sold this day and for sale by GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1862.

NO. 41

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FITCH POOLE, Editor.
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61 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings, for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business and advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Cards.

WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
Salem, August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Mr Upham will attend to the collection of Pension and Bounty Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

Claims against the Government for Bounty,
Back Pay, and Pensions, promptly attended to.

A. S. CRAWFORD
Dentist,
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.
Jan 11—ly

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
South Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
SAM'L NEWMAN. RUTH'L SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Crockery, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.

No. 32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
Feb'13 SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
Jan'14

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
West India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.
June 26

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aueroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER
keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
Rooms 108 Essex street, Salem. may'16

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER
Grainer, Glazier and Paper Hanger.
164 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
WINDOWS and BLINDS cheap for cash.
mob'6-17

WALKING MADE EASY.
DR. P. KENISON,
CHIROPODIST,
215 Washington St., Boston,
Cures Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nails
penetrating the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Selected Poetry.

[From Gude's Lady's Book for October.]

THE LILY'S STORY.

A LEGEND OF BREECH'S POND, LYNN.

BY AUGUSTA H. WORTHEN.

Linger not within the shadow
Of the lonely forest pines;
See—on yonder hill and meadow
Bright October sunlight shines!
Come, for bright must fall its radiance
On the pond where lilies grew,
Still, perchance, some breath of fragrance
Flowers o'er its waters blue.
O'er the rocks the wild vines creep,
Flushed with Autumn's crimson glow,
Wondering, see the clouds lie sleeping
In the mirror depths below.
We, with such sweet fancies haunted,
Seek the spot last year so fair,
Painfully are disenchanted,
For no pretty pond is there.
Course and rank the weeds are growing
O'er its dark and oozy bed,
But no murmuring brook is flowing
'Neath the alder-berries red.
Yet, in yon lone quagmire gleaming,
Something pure and white I see!
But, I'm only fondly dreaming,
Can the flower a Lily be?
Yes, all fragrant, fresh and smiling
In October's mellow light,
Me of all sad thoughts beguiling,
'Twas a Lily met my sight.
None can tell my heart's deep pleasure,
Half the foolish things I said,
As I saw the precious treasure,
Bent me o'er its beauteous head.
Had my loving admiration
Waked some sweet responsive thrill?
Saw I not a faint pulsation
All its slender stemmen fill?
Why did slender petals tremble
'Neath my warm admiring gaze?
Might it not its joy dissemble
At my words of earnest praise?
Had it, like a human spirit,
Longed for recognition too?
Strong desire did it inherit
For appreciation true?
Wilt thou credit this sweet marvel,
That, within my spirit's ear,
Words of hopeful, earnest counsel
From the Lily I should hear?
Sweet the tale of joy and sorrow
Which the Lily told to me;
Would I might its accents borrow
While I tell it unto thee.

Spring was young—thus ran the story—
When the tiny bud had birth;
Came and went the Summer's glory
Ere she bloomed in beauty forth.
Never, on the clear white billow,
Lifted from her lowly bed,
Fever on a wavelet pillow
Rested her gentle head.
Still, the torturing, upward-yearning
Instincts of her dainty race,
Bade her, from the dull earth turning,
Rise in purity and grace.
'Mockery every aspiration,
Pride and helpless here I lie!"
This, in hours of dark temptation,
Was her spirit's anguish cry.
'Vain the hopes, the longings endless,
For a freer, brighter life,
Making me more lone and friendless,
Wearing me with useless strife.
Let my better nature perish;
Never more will I aspire,
Nevermore will seek to cherish
Higher instinct, pure desire;
On these weeds will gaze admiring,
Nodding in this earth-born breeze;
Coarse, contented, un aspiring,
Would I were like one of these."

But the sunbeams on her falling,
Roused from that despairing chill,
And the voice within her calling,
Bade her be a Lily still.
Wind-borne, from some purer region,
Came this testimony free:
'Fear not, for their name is Legion,
Who have hoped and toiled like thee.
Slowly, painfully, thou learnest
What thy destiny must be;
All thine inner promptings earnest
Are but glorious prophecy.
Faithful to thy highest duty,
Hope, yet work with heart and will;
Thou shalt yet arise in beauty,
Thou shalt be a Lily still."

Then, as to some touch mysterious,
Every inmost heart-string thrilled,
While her spirit, thoughtful, serious,
With a wondrous joy was filled.
Blessed hours of exaltation!
Memories of such rapture rare,
Saved her from her dark temptation,
Strengthened her against despair.
Though no partial friends beholding
Cheered her with delicious praise,
All unmarked her slow unfolding
Through the long, long summer days;
Through half doubtful of her mission,
Dreading lest her power might fail,
Musing on that dream Elysian,
Hopeful grew the Lily pale.

All its meaning scarce divining,
Still, new efforts put she forth;
For the vital moisture pining,
Deeper struck her roots in earth;
Gratefully, her thirst allaying,
Every dew-drop gathered up;
Choice perfumes from zephyrs straying,
Held in her pearly cup.
Once, to let the sunbeams enter,
Dared to open that chalice white:
Instantly her heart's deep centre
Caught their golden radiance bright.
So she kept her pure corolla
Free from earthly soil or stain,
Till the autumn winds blew hollow—

Tell the welcome autumn rain.
Then a little pool collected—
Raised her on her slender stem,
Then a Lily was perfected,
Fairer than the fairest gem.

Toler, thinker, dreaming poet,
Doubtful of your highest powers,
Work in hope, for, ere you know it,
Help shall come like autumn showers.

Selected.

JENNIE WOOD,

THE
CHILD HEROINE OF KENTUCKY.

BY CHARLES LAWTON LOVELL.

One of the earliest settlers of Kentucky was Daniel Wood. Leaving a comfortable home in one of the Eastern States, he, with his family, consisting of his wife and little daughter, about eight years of age, sought a home on the far western borders of Kentucky. Here he soon built himself a log cabin; and, assisted by a lame but faithful negro servant, who had accompanied him from the East, he soon had quite a patch cleared, and began anew the life of a farmer, combined with that of a hunter.

Prosperity smiled upon his efforts, and six months passed without anything occurring to mar the even tenor of his day. It was a bright, beautiful morning in June. Old Sol had just turned out from his Eastern couch, and peeping over the hills, was bathing the horizon in crimson with his smiles; when armed with his trusty rifle, and a pack of skins strapped upon his back, Daniel Wood issued from his cabin door. He was bound on a visit to a neighboring station, some miles distant, to sell his skins and purchase a new supply of ammunition and other little necessities and luxuries that were needed at the cabin. Pausing upon the threshold of home, he took a long and anxious look around.

"Keep a good look-out, Molly," he said, turning to his wife, who was just behind him, and who came to the door to bid her husband God-speed on his journey. "Keep a good look-out although the redskins haven't shown themselves yet, but I'm no knowing when to expect the varmints, and they might pop out on you fore you knowed anything about it."

"Never fear, Daniel," returned his wife, "there is no danger. The Indians have never been seen round here; besides we have done nothing to anger them, and I don't think they will interfere with us. But look to yourself Daniel; the trail through the forest to the station is a long one, and you know not what danger may surround you."

"Never fear for me, Molly," said the frontiersman, "while I have faithful Sally, here"—and he lovingly patted the stock of his rifle, "I would be dangerous work for any redskin to come within shooting distance of me; so never fear, but keep up a good heart—I shall be back before dark."

And he pressed a kiss upon the lips of the buxom dame.

Just at this moment the burly form of Lame Jake, the negro, made its appearance round the corner of the cabin, returning to his breakfast from early labors in the fields. For a moment he gazed upon the pleasant scene, his eyes glistening with delight and mirth; then he broke out,

"I golly massa. Arn't you gwine to kiss ole nig, too, fore you goes? Yah, yah, guess you'd better, guess you'd better."

And Old Jake shook with suppressed mirth at his humorous conceit.

"Go long, you black varmint," answered his master, laughing. "Git your grub, and then stay around the house till I come back, and take good care of your mistress and my little darling here."

And he patted the golden tresses of his daughter.

"Needn't tell me dat, massa, needn't tell me dat. Old Jake look out for dem as long as he's got a bref of life in him ugly ole careens, dat he will. Lor bress you massa, if one of dem ar red debblis cum round anywhar near Ole Jake, dey gits fide, now I tell you. If dis ole nig gits one dese yar claws on him, Ingin gone sure." And Jake held up one of his mammoth hands. "Good-by, massa; nebber fear Ingin, long as Ole Jake's round."

And with those words Old Jake disappeared into the house, whilst the pioneer also turned to depart, waving a last adieu as his manly form disappeared in the depth of the forest.

The sun had reached the meridian; Jake, true to his master's orders, had remained in the cottage, and was now

helping to prepare the noonday meal. Jennie, the golden-haired daughter of the pioneer, was setting the dishes upon the table, while the matron herself went forth to the little spring, some hundred yards distant from the cottage, to bring the pure, cold water that was to be their beverage. Slowly she approached the spring, her eyes cast around to spy any suspicious motion of a leaf or bending of a twig; for once or twice during morning hours, she thought, or imagined, that she saw a suspicious movement of the under-growth in the forest. She had reached the spring at last. Suddenly she stops. What is that in yonder clump of bushes? It flutters in the air like the gaudy plumage of some forest bird. It is a bird's plumage, but it rests upon the head of some painted savage. You would hardly have noticed it; but the eyes of the matron are sharp—for not only her own life, but that of her darling child, depend upon her. Now for presence of mind. She must not let them know she has discovered them, and perhaps she may yet regain the house.

Calmly she fills her pail with water and turns to retrace her steps. Already has she passed over one quarter of the distance between the spring and the house. "Will she reach there safely?" her heart throbs audibly. When—oh horror!—a savage and appalling yell strikes upon her ear; too well she knows its import; the savages have started in pursuit! She must reach the house before they do, or all is lost. She drops her bucket and starts on the race for life. Terror adds wings to her flight, and she will distance her enemies. No; one burly savage gains upon her—another moment he has gained her side; but harms her not, but swiftly continues on toward the house. What means he by that manœuvre? Alas! her heart tells her too well—the house once in the possession of the Indians, all are at the mercy of the savage foe.

Loudly she orders Jake to close the door; but the negro stands with the handle of the open door in his hand, fierce determination depicted on his swarthy visage. The matron and the Indian gain the house together, and both cross the threshold at the same moment, the faithful fellow calls to her,

"Bar the door missus!" And with one spring he is upon the savage.

Jennie slam too the heavy oaken door as the rest of the Indians dash up to it. One of them, more speedy than the rest, gets his red visage caught between the door and post, and thus prevents Mrs. Wood from getting the door securely closed; but the matron has, as quick as thought, slipped the bar into its loop in one side of the door, and using it as lever, presses the oaken barriade tightly against the body of the savage, and holds him there a prisoner whilst his body protects the door against the assaults of his companions outside.

But how goes on the fight inside? We left Old Jake grappling with the Indian. For once the negro had found his match; and each, clasped in the embrace of the other, had fallen to the floor. Now they rolled over and over from one side of the room to the other, and at last it seemed as if the Indian would be the victor. He had succeeded in getting the negro beneath him, and had drawn his knife to finish his enemy when, with one great effort of strength, "ake, as the knife of the Indian sought his heart, partially relieved himself, and seizing the savage by both arms, held him motionless—the knife suspended in the air.

"Ole nig got you now, you red euss!" puffed Jake. "No use yer tryin', yer can't git away. Ole Jake ain't much on his pins, dats de truf; but jist luf him git dese yar arms onto any'ting, and they hol' tighter nor def to a dead nig—shure."

And Jake spoke the truth; for though lame and feeble in his legs, his arms were strong enough to lift a ton. But Jake was in a bad fix; for although he held the Indian immovable, he was himself a prisoner, and for some time he cogitated what to do. Mrs. Wood could not help him, for she had as much as she could do to keep the door closed against the Indians outside. If he had only seized the savage by the wrists, he might have broken them, and so made him powerless; but unluckily, he caught him about the middle of the fore-arm, and with the savage writhing above him, it was impossible for him now to shift his hold with safety. What could he do? A happy thought strikes him. There is a sharp axe under the bed; could he but get that. But then, how could he use it? That was the question, and he took a tighter hold upon the Indian, that made

him, stoic though he was, writhe with pain.

"I golly, you'll twist worse nor dat, you debbil," muttered Jake, as another idea worked its way through his wool. The calling to Jennie:

"Come here, Miss Jennie, please. Doesn't git scart, child, he can't git way."

"I'm not afraid of him, Jake," answered the courageous child, as she stepped forward, her eyes flashing hate and anger on the savage foe. "What can I do to help you, Jake? Oh, I wish I could kill him!" And she shook her little fist at the Indian.

"Ugh! Me kill, sculp you, byme-by, may-be!" growled the savage, as he made another desperate attempt to free himself.

"Maybe you won't neither," answered the brave girl. "But what shall I do, Jake? what shall I do?"

"I tell you, Missie Jennie," answered Jake, hope beaming on his dusky countenance. "Dar's an axe under de bed—mighty sharp one, too. Yah, yah, ole nig sharpen him up yesterday. Didn't know what for do—guess Ingin find out, pooty soon. Well, Missie Jennie, you git de axe, cum up behind Ingin, and gib him one good lick in de head and kill him. Dat's what you do."

For a moment, Jennie shrank in horror from the deed. She was not afraid; but the idea of shedding blood had something horrible in it to the child, even if it was the blood of an enemy. She looked at her mother inquiringly.

"Shall I do it, mother?" she asked.

"It is our only hope of safety, Jennie," replied the matron after a moment's hesitation. "Do it if you can, daughter; it is the only way to save our lives."

"I can do it, mother, and I will!" answered the brave girl; and she sprang to get the axe.

The Indian had listened attentively to the short conversation. Little as he understood, he knew they were contriving some plan, but what it was he could not make out. The appearance of the axe soon enlightened him on this point; and as he saw the young girl approach him with the uplifted weapon, his struggles to get away became almost superhuman; and he had nearly succeeded in his object as the axe descended upon his head. A sudden movement of the Indian rendered the blow partially ineffective, and the axe glanced off, merely inflicting a slight wound. But again the young heroine raised weapon, and again it descended, this time with fatal effect. Dropping her axe, Jennie turned in horror from the sickening spectacle. Old Jake sprang to his feet, with a whoop that was audible to the Indians outside, and seized upon the axe.

"I golly, missus," he shout, "dat's de way to sarve 'em out." Then pointing to the savage, who, a prisoner in the door, had been a powerless witness to the fate of his comrade, Jake continued: "Jes' let in dat udder red cuss dar, and we'll sarve him off in de same manner. I golly, I tink I'll hab a cut at him, anyhow."

And he hobbled toward the door; but the Indian saw him coming, and knowing his fate if he stayed there, he gave a yell, and making one great struggle for liberty and life, he succeeded in releasing himself, but not without leaving a portion of gaudy dress and considerable painted cuticle behind as the door closed; and Mrs. Wood joyfully fixed the stout oaken bar, that had done such good service, in its place. Yell upon yell arose from the savages around the house; but suddenly they were drowned by the sharp crack of a dozen rifles, and the hope of rescue sprang up in the hearts of the besieged. Flying to a loop-hole in the wall of the cabin, Mrs. Wood looked out. A joyful picture met her sight. A dozen Indians lay dead on the ground, while the survivors were flying in all directions. And issuing from the forest were some eighteen or twenty of the hardy frontiersmen, headed by Daniel Wood himself, who sprang across the open space, and was welcomed with open arms by his over-joyed wife at the threshold.

The cabin was soon filled by the woodsmen, while Jennie—dear, brave little Jennie, was lauded to the highest pitch for her courage. Nor was "Old Jake forgotten. The opportune arrival of Daniel and his friends was then explained. It seems that one of the neighbors, while hunting in the woods, had, unperceived himself, discovered the Indians, and watching them, had seen them make toward Mr. Wood's. The man hurried to the station to obtain help, and there found Mr. Wood. A party was

soon raised and on the march. Our readers know the rest. But Old Jake ever after asseverated:

"Dat if missus had only luf dem red cusses in, one at a time, Missie Jennie and dis ole nig would have killed 'em all off—shure's yer born."

Mining under the Sea.

In complete mining equipment, with candles stuck by lumps of clay to their felt hats, the travellers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders and along dripping wet passages, fathoms down into pitchy darkness; the miner who guides them calls a halt.

We are now four hundred yards out under the bottom of the sea, and a hundred and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet below us men are at work; and there are galleries deeper yet, even below that!—The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface, at Bottallie is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land, but under the sea!

"Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with a flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs—he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes!

After listening a few moments, a distant and uncertainly becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes, that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance—from some far invisible height—a sound unlike anything that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the very first.

At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor—all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; drading, though no catastrophe has ever yet happened, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the cavern below.

Hearing this we get up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, we can see the bright pure copper streaking through the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural net work of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible errancies in the rock. On stormy days it spurts out furiously in thin, continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.

Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but always remains untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is a part and a great part of the rock which is their only protection against the sea; and which had been so far worked away here, that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pickaxe on any part of it."

The fat of the land—Coal oil.

Hair Washes.

There are only two which are always safe, and always efficient, cold water and soap-suds; the cold water once a day, the soap suds once a week.

About two years ago, it was established in a court of justice in New York that one of the best, as well as one of the most popular hair washes, was simply soap-suds colored and scented; and one ingredient could be left out, except the soap-suds.

The most universally applicable treatment of the hair of boys, girls, and men is as follows:

Make half a pint soap-suds with pure white soap and warm water, on rising any morning; but before applying brush the whole scalp well while the hair is perfectly dry, with the very best Russia bristle brush, scrub back and forth with a will, let not any portion of the scalp escape. When brushing the top of the head, lean forward, that the particles may fall. After this operation is finished, strike the ends of the bristles on the hearth or on a board, next pass the comb part of the comb through the bristles, next, brush or flap the hair forth with the hand, until no dust is seen to fall, then with the balls of the fingers dip in the soap-suds, rub the fluid into the scalp and about the roots of the hair; this patiently and thoroughly; finally rinse with clear water, and absorb much of the water from the hair as possible with a dry cloth, then after allowing the hair to dry a little more by evaporation, but not to dry entirely, dress it as usual, always, under all circumstances, passing the comb through the hair slowly and gently, so as not to break a comb off, or tear out any one by the roots. By this operation, the alkali of the soap unites with the natural oil of the hair and leaves it perfectly clean and beautifully silken, and with cold water washings of the whole head, and neck, and ears, every morning, it will soon be found that the hair will 'dress as handsome as if 'oiled to perfection,' with the great advantage of conscious cleanliness, grooming, too, the general appearance of greater profusion of hair than when it is plastered flat on the scalp, with variously scented hog's fat, as is the common custom.

There is a general saying, that cold water 'rots the hair.' The statement of itself absurd. The hair is rotted by the filth which is allowed to cake upon the scalp by virtue of the grease, natural and artificial, gathering dust of every description, and making a composition, the very thought of which is nauseating.

Every mother who would pride herself in having her daughter possess a beautiful head of hair, luxurious, long, and silken, at sweet nineteen, should forbear any application to the hair, except pure water as above, keeping it short, and allowing it to lie naturally on the forehead.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

ELEVEN REBELLIONS.—Since the organization of the federal government eleven attempts have been made to resist its authority. The first was in 1782—a conspiracy of some of the officers of the federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme power on Washington. The second, 1787, Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts. The third in 1794, called whiskey insurrection of Pennsylvania. The fourth in 1814, by the Hartford Convention.—The fifth in 1820, on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union.—The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the federal government, in regard to the lands given to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1830, with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullification ordinance of South Carolina, 1832. The ninth was in 1842, in Rhode Island, between the Suffrage association and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1856 on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the federal authorities. The eleventh is the present attempt at secession.

Col. Ward, the American who has undertaken the task of drilling the native imperialist troops in China, now has fifteen hundred men under his command and has appointed European and American officers over them.

The triumph of woman lies, not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows her most values.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1862.

Captain Samuel Brown.
FUNERAL OBSEQUES.

Mr. Lewis Brown, the brother of the late Capt. Brown, who went on his solemn pilgrimage to find the body and return it to his friends, succeeded in his mission, and brought the remains to the paternal homestead on Friday last. It was the intention of the family to have a private funeral, but they gave way to the general wish on the part of our citizens, to have the burial from the church where the deceased was accustomed to attend public worship. It was not until the afternoon of Saturday that this course was determined upon, and the time of the funeral was fixed at 2 o'clock on Sunday.

At that hour, without any public notice, except the flags drooping at half mast, a great crowd had assembled at the Old South Church, and every part of that spacious edifice was filled, many being unable to find seats. The remains, the coffin being covered with the U. S. flag, were borne into the church and placed in front of the pulpit on the very spot where a few months since his friend and companion, the lamented WARNER, was laid. While the remains were borne up the aisle, a dirge was performed by the choir. The exercises of the occasion were conducted by Rev. Mr. Barber, who read the funeral hymn—

"When blooming youth is snatched away."

The singing was followed by reading of the Scriptures, a prayer, fervent and impressive, and a funeral discourse exceedingly well adapted to the occasion. When we consider the very few hours which could have been devoted to its preparation, it was remarkable for its excellence. It was eloquent in language and delivery, and, without being eulogistic, did full justice to the patriotism and other soldierly qualities of the young officer. It was full of tender sympathy for the friends of the deceased, and the deep emotion of the speaker was shared by all his hearers. After the discourse, the choir sang, with fine effect, Montgomery's beautiful hymn, beginning,

"There is a calm for those who weep."

We have full notes of Mr. Barber's discourse, which we shall publish entire in our next week's issue, for the benefit alike of those who were not permitted to be present, and those who, being present at its delivery, will be glad to see it in print.

We have had a short interview with Mr. Lewis Brown since his return from the Antietam battle-field, who informs us that his brother was shot in at least two parts of his body, and that there were also marks of a third wound. A bullet pierced his neck and another struck his hip. A third mark was also found on his head. His surviving brother officers speak of his remarkable coolness and bravery in the attack, and the last words he was heard to utter were those of command to his men to press vigorously on to the enemy.

Thus honorably, proudly, in the hour of victory, and doing an important service to procure that victory, has our brave, young and educated townsman gone to a patriot soldier's grave.

Weep o'er the heroes as they fall,
Who die in glory's prime;
Who give their nation's earnest call
A life and death sublime.
We call them dead, and yet their hearts
Throb on in Memory's shrine:
For them the patriot's noblest part
In Freedom's cause divine.

Funeral Hymn.

The following original lines were sung at the funeral of the late Lieut. RICHARD DERRY, at Medford, on the 3d inst. He fell, like Capt. Brown, at the battle of Antietam, at the head of his company.

Though written by the impulse of friendship for another, the circumstances of his death were so similar to that of the lamented Capt. Brown, that it seems eminently fitting that they should be published in connection with the account of the funeral obsequies of the latter:—

We lay this offering on thine altar,
God of Freedom, God of Right,
This young heart was not born to falter
In humanity's great fight.
We may not sorrow for him stricken,
Liberty's great price is life;
And seeds like this shall, dying, quicken
Many a hero for the strife.

Our solemn sacrifice is wending
Like sweet perfume to the sky;
Patriot spirits, now descending,
Bid us dare, like him, to die.

Die, to seal a life of glory;
Die, to gain a holy fame;
Die, to crush foul treason's foray;
Die, when still to live were shame.

Long life consists not in the number
Of our years of pilgrimage;
Length of days may life encumber;
"Youth untaught is old age."

THE FIFTH REGIMENT.—The report now is that this Regiment is to quit Camp Lander tomorrow and another says Friday. We set the time at a later day—perhaps the first of next week. It is now quite difficult to obtain full reports and these are short. This indicates a short tarry in camp. There is a great desire on the part of the troops to be engaged in more active duty.

Political Parties.

Our readers ought, by this time, to be pretty well aware that we have no profound respect, in this crisis, for party lines. Especially at this time should they be obliterated entirely, if possible; and if that is impossible, they should be allowed to have but little sway with the honest voter. Let all, of every party, be ready to wipe out all minor issues in the one great, absorbing endeavor to have a short war by crushing out the rebellion. In these times, as we have said before, there are in reality only two parties, that of Patriotism and that of Treason. He who is not heartily pledged to the first, is a member in full standing of the last. Now is the time to bend every thought and act to the service of the Government. We want bullets, not ballots. It matters precious little who is Governor of Massachusetts, if we have union on the conduct of the war. Another man may do well enough in the Senate, if Charles Sumner is left at home, although, in our opinion, he ought to be re-elected, but this is no reason for making a party test of it. When the time comes to choose our Representative to the General Court, we trust there will be no party meeting, but let all legal voters come together and select the best man who will consent to go. If tests are wanted, let them be applied there. We have no fears that South Danvers will send a man who is not true and sound in his opinions on the great question at issue, and who will not stand up square and firm in sustaining all the measures of the President. If one of another kind should be nominated, it will not be by our vote.

The Salem Cadets.

This fine company has been relieved from service at Fort Warren and been allowed to retire to their homes. The company came to Salem on Saturday afternoon and was handsomely received by the citizens. Dr. B. F. Browne, a past Captain of the corps, being the spokesman. The discipline of the company has been very strict at the Fort, and they have performed the duty and lived on the fare of regulars. We congratulate them on their return, and although they have not been exposed to danger on the battle-field, they have done good service to the country. The service they have performed has been of the most monotonous and irksome kind. We suppose not a man of the company, or of the present garrison of the Fort, but would have preferred to have spent the same time in the excitement and dangers of duty in Secession. In after life, it will be pleasant for them to look back on their soldier's life in the old Fort, remembering only the brightest side of the picture it presents.

John B. Gough.

This eloquent advocate of Temperance, after an interim of about twenty years, is again to appear before a South Danvers audience next week, choosing a different subject, but there is no doubt he will be heard with as much pleasure and profit as on former occasions, when he was wont to command the attention and applause of all who listened to him. There is, in our opinion, no other speaker who approaches him in carrying away his audience by the power of eloquence. No lecturer we ever heard holds his hearers spell-bound from beginning to end as does John B. Gough. It is an independent lecture for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society, under the auspices of the Lecture Committee of the Institute, and on their individual responsibility. Let all who would hear him obtain their tickets early, as no more will be issued than will suffice to fill the seats of the house. We expect to see the Old South filled to overflowing with an audience next Wednesday evening, who will not fail to be delighted, as well as instructed, by listening to his burning words.

SAFE.—A large burglar-proof safe, manufactured by Edwards & Kershaw, and weighing near 4000 lbs., has been placed in the Library Room of the Peabody Institute. This has long been a want of the Institution, which is now well supplied, by which the records and other choice papers may be safely secured from the risk of fire and burglars. It will also afford a safe place for the custody of the Gold Box, with its valuable contents, which was presented to Mr. Peabody by the Corporation of the City of London in acknowledgment of his munificent gift of \$750,000 to that city for its deserving poor. We are authorized to say that the Box will, before many days, be on exhibition at the Library Room.

LUSCIOUS PEARS.—We received, last week, from a gentleman who is a good cultivator of land and raiser of fruit, a generous basket of as fine looking and tasting pears as we ever saw. They are the kind called Louis Bon de Jersey, and their flavor was as fine as their looks, and they were beauties to look at. Our gratitude is due to him, his Ayres and assigns, forever.

It is estimated that the army of the United States consumes daily more than six hundred tons of provisions.

County Officers.

Among the County Officers to be chosen at the next election, are a District Attorney, Sheriff, and one County Commissioner. The office of County Attorney is now filled, and well filled, by Hon. A. A. Abbott, who is so well known as a capable and faithful officer, and is, without, so universally popular with the people, that there is no other doubt of his re-election than his own willingness to serve another term. As we have no intimation that he proposes to withdraw his name, we look upon him as virtually elected.

JAMES CARRY, Esq., the present Sheriff of the County, is a good officer, active, prompt and faithful in the performance of all his duties; of gentlemanly manners, and familiar with the whole routine and practice of his office. We hear of no effort to displace him, and we are convinced that any such effort would be futile.

The retiring member of the Board of County Commissioners, for this year, as provided by law, is ANDREW D. WAITT, of Ipswich. Mr. Waitt is well known for his good judgment and active business habits and for the industry with which he applies himself to his public duties. The Board, as now constituted, has performed its very responsible duties much more to the public acceptance, than any preceding one for a long course of years, and we trust there will be no attempt to make any change.

Hon. D. W. Gough.

We are glad to see that this gentleman has been nominated as a candidate for re-election to Congress from the 6th District. That District is now considerably enlarged, embracing a wider territory and greater population than under the former apportionment. Mr. Gough has left a good record in his statesmanlike speeches and laborious work for the interests of the public at large and his own constituents, such as entitle him to a high place among our public men. The same apportionment which adds to the 7th District takes South Danvers and several other Essex towns from it, whose inhabitants will ever feel a lively interest in the future career of their late Representative.

How to spell South Danvers.

We have the authority of a great many letter-writers for deciding that the above orthography of the name of our good town is not correct. There appears to be great diversity of opinion about the true spelling of the name. Among the variations, we mention the following, as the name appeared, plainly written, on letters sent to persons here:—

South Danvers.	South Danvers.
So. Danvers.	South Danvers.
South Danvise.	South Danvers.
South Danvise.	South Danvers.
South Danvers.	South Danvers.
So. Danvers.	South Danvers.
South Danvers.	South Danvers.
South Danvise.	South Danvers.
South Danvers.	South Danvers.

Here are eighteen ways of spelling the name, all different from each other and from the legal record. We have excluded from this list all that might be considered doubtful, owing to the bad writing of correspondents, and inserted only those which undoubtedly expressed the intention of the writers.

More letters than people are aware of, are sent, by mistake, to South Danvers, but the attentive Post Master of that place returns all legible ones promptly to our office. It is often difficult to determine, from the directions on the letters, to which place they were intended to be sent. South Danvers, in pretty good writing, might easily be mistaken for South Danvers.

MR. BURTON.—We have all read of General Fremont's western contrivances. Whether this extract refers to his contrivances or not, will be left for the public to decide. I clipped it from a reliable Medical journal. SUICIDE.

"Eight Children at a Birth.—On the 2d of August, Mrs. Timothy Bradley, of Trumbull, Ohio, gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living, and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. Bradley was married six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed two hundred and seventy-three pounds on the day of her marriage. She has given birth to two pairs of twins and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. Mrs. Bradley was a triplet, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pairs of twins.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*"

THE FIFTH REGIMENT.—The following is a list of the field and staff officers who have entered upon duty:—

Celestial—George H. Pierson.
Lieut. Col.—John T. Boyd.
Major—W. E. C. Worcester.
Adjutant—Wm. T. Eustis, 3d.
Quartermaster—George A. Norton.
Surgeon—Wm. Ingalls.
Sergeant Major—James M. Shute, Jr.
Quartermaster Sergeant—Wm. H. Burbank.
Commissary Sergeant—Enoch J. Clark.
Hospital Steward—John M. Foster.
William F. Snow, a corporal in Co. B, of Somerville, has been nominated for Chaplain. He left his studies at Andover Theological Seminary to enter the ranks.

A PATRIARCH GONE.—In the record of deaths in our paper of to-day appears the name of Mr. BENJAMIN TWISS, who died at South Danvers, on Monday, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. Mr. Twiss was born and has always lived in the house in which he died. He lived in the married state sixty years, and had seven children, all of whom are now living—the youngest forty-one and the oldest sixty-two years of age. He also leaves twenty-eight grand-children and seven great grand-children.—*Lynn Reporter.*

The Boston Transcript says the reason why trout are so sharp sighted, is that they all wear spectacles.

Party Matters.

MR. BURTON.—In a former communication, I endeavored to expose the character of the new Party, called the People's Party, and to caution the public against being deceived by them.—Since that time their convention has been held; the veil has been slightly raised, and we can more easily penetrate the atrocious designs of their leaders. Their disguise of "no party," was hastily thrown aside, and they have come forth a full fledged party, with a State Central Committee, and District Committees, with their candidates for office, and with a double set of Resolutions. Not the most zealous lover of organized action would complain, but that all the necessary steps were taken by them to unite together to carry out their measures. And this is a Party; and they have studied themselves by denying their first claim to public notice.—Now that this Party is fully established, let us see if we can discern its objects and designs.—The strongest proposition which they put forth is, that they will support the President unconditionally. If they mean here what they say, the Republican Party will make no issue with them; but this is all a deception. They do not mean to support the President unconditionally, and there was not a speech made, nor a resolution passed, at that convention, which did not give the lie to their pretensions. A more glaring attempt to deceive the people was never made than shown in the resolutions themselves. In one, they say, in relation to the President, "We make, therefore, no captious criticism of his acts and declarations; we burden him with no party or partisan policy; we offer no conditions for our patriotism." This is high-sounding, and put forward for popular effect; but in the same resolution occurs the following: "We jealously watch the exercise of the vast powers we have delegated to him;" and in another resolution they say—"Now, more than in any other time, the President ought jealously to guard himself, lest in the assumption of war powers as the commander of vast armies, he transcends the limits and bounds set by the fathers to guard the liberties of the people." While they mean to cheat the weak-minded Republicans, who have joined them, into the belief that they will sustain the President, they say to their pro-slavery friends North, and the rebels South, that they will not sustain the President in his Emancipation Proclamation, because, in their judgment, it is not Constitutional. They do not precisely say this, but this is plainly to be inferred from all their speeches and resolutions. And this view of their position is fully confirmed by the statement of Oliver Stevens, one of the leading men in the People's Convention, from which he hastened, with willing steps, to inform his Democratic brethren at Worcester that the People's Party had passed resolutions in opposition to the President's Proclamation.

There is another way in which they would have us understand that they would support him. This is in the removal of Charles Sumner. This is the great card, and against him and Gov. Andrew are all their venom and malignity turned. Does any sensible man believe that the President will gain support by the substitution of a pro-slavery Democrat in the United States Senate in place of Charles Sumner? Does Massachusetts desire a Yollandigham to represent her in the Senate? They say they desire a vigorous prosecution of the war, but if they mean it, it is sensible to try to remove a Governor who has shown himself more vigorous in the prosecution of the war than any other man in the country, and substitute therefor a gentleman not unknown to fame, but untired in the grave and responsible duties of a Governor's station, and who, if he accepts a nomination at their hands, will degrade himself in the eyes of the whole world?

This party cannot succeed. It is based on deception and fraud. It attempts to rise into power while we are in the midst of a tremendous war, and its whole action is in opposition to the constituted authorities of Government. It is a party raised by sharp Democratic politicians who have lost the support of their friends South, and who desire its aid to keep themselves in office and power; and they have engraved their old doctrines upon it. It was said by Gen. Whitney at Worcester that "the resurrection of the Democratic Party has begun," and he is right, if this movement is to be successful. After the disgrace and suffering which the Democratic Party has inflicted on our cherished land, it is deplorable that any man, with the smallest grain of self-respect, is willing to ally himself with any organization which will aid to bring it again into power or to give renewed vitality to its mischievous doctrines. IRONBOUND.

How IT IS OBTAINED.—It is ascertained that large supplies of cotton for different parts of Europe are obtained on the Rio Grande. Mexican vessels are engaged in supplying foreign ships. It is suspected that Texas planters convey their cotton to Brownsville, Texas, whence it is clandestinely carried to the Mexican border. On the 8th of September there were twenty vessels waiting cargoes, including an English steamer, which had £60,000 sterling, with which to purchase cotton.

JOHN P. PEABODY.—Our readers will not fail to look carefully over Mr. Peabody's double barrelled advertisement. Everybody and his wife and children are interested in it. It will make not a little excitement in Camp Crinoline, especially about the time of dress parade.

GERMAN ZEPHYRUS. Messrs. Browning & Long have at last opened those German Zephyrs for which the ladies have been so long and impatiently waiting. People who desire these articles cannot apply too soon, as every week they wait they will have to pay higher prices.

SHOOTING AND GLASS WARE.—Our readers will perceive, by the advertisement of Messrs. NEWMAN & SYMONDS, that they have added a Crockery and Glass Ware department to their store.

A superior iron-clad gunboat was launched in South Boston on Tuesday. She bears the name "Nahant." Her length is 200 feet; draft of water 10 ft.; and she will be one of the fastest gunboats afloat. She will carry a Monitor turret with two guns.

The Rutland Herald mentions a company of Vermont sharpshooters just recruited for Berdan's regiment, and says there is not a man in the crowd that would not hold up a shingle for his next friend to shoot at, 200 yards.

Six new companies have recently been sworn into the loyal North Carolina regiments, and Union War meetings are being held in the sea-board counties.

Gen. McClellan.

MR. BURTON.—The first best thing after committing a fault, is to acknowledge the same, and as far as possible, make reparation. This we conceive the Government has done in the case of Gen. McClellan. The fault was, in withdrawing confidence from him, and depriving him of a part of his command, without good and sufficient reasons. Gen. McClellan has been blamed, in our opinion, very unjustly. For example—he was found fault with for not attacking the rebel army at Centerville last winter. But the presumption was then, that McClellan knew as well as any other man, whether that would be a wise, or a rash step for him to take; he deemed it too hazardous for him to risk, and time has confirmed his judgment in the matter. Chaplain Quint, a clergyman very well known in this vicinity, says in a recent letter, "that a close examination of the place has strengthened his old conviction, that it would have been perfect madness for Gen. McClellan to have made the attempt."

Again, he has been blamed for not taking the Confederate Capital, during the months that his army was besieging it. But did he not telegraph to Secretary Stanton, soon after the rebel army evacuated Yorktown, that then "the force of the rebels was vastly superior to his own, but he should do the best he could?"

And was not his army growing weaker every month after this, being reduced both by sickness, and also by the victories that he obtained over the rebels in the several battles that were fought before Richmond, while the rebels were continually augmenting theirs by the conscription act that was put in force about that time?

And could it be reasonably expected of him, that with his diminished numbers, he should overcome and conquer an enemy, probably three times the strength of his own forces, located in a position of his own selection, and which he had been months in fortifying?

But because he did not accomplish this physical impossibility, what torrents of abuse and obloquy have been poured out upon his head! He has been treated almost as bad as was the "Savior of his Country" at two different periods of his military career—and for similar reasons.

Washington was censured by the Pennsylvania Legislature for retreating to Valley Forge in the dead of winter. Congress wavered in its confidence, and in appointing a new head of war, gave a prominent place to Gates, Conway, Millin and others, known to be hostile to the commander!

Again, he was censured for attempting to hold Fort Washington, as well as for not meeting the enemy in the field. He was called a coward, a traitor, and even threatened with assassination! Without knowing the disadvantages under which he labored, many condemned his successive retreats, which alone insured the safety of his army, and the ultimate establishment of American Liberty. But he bore these unjust complaints with patience, knowing that time would place things in their true light.

Even so, with Gen. McClellan. Under all the avalanche of insults that has been heaped upon him, who has heard a murmur escape his lips? He has borne all with the patience and fortitude of a martyr—"hiding his time." Government has at last seen its mistake, and hastened to make amends, by reinstating him in his former position, to the great joy of all the army, even the wounded.

And the result of the late battles in Maryland has shown the wisdom of this course. The army has been lifted from its state of demoralization, into which it had been plunged by the reverses under Pope, and Victory again perches on its banners. Stonewall Jackson's prestige is gone—his stone wall legions have become a rickety raft fence, which has been swept away by the victorious troops of McClellan. The whole rebel army has been driven, with fearfully decimated ranks, across the Potomac, and what their next movement will be, must be left for the future to decide.

They are in a desert, far away from their supplies at Stanton and Gordonsville, and are liable to be cut off from Richmond by a flanking army from Washington. They cannot retreat down the valley of Virginia, as it would expose them to an overwhelming attack from our whole force at Washington, added to the Shenandoah Valley, it may prove equally fatal on account of the detour they would be compelled to make to reach Richmond; while our army could cut them off by the shorter route, via Warrenton or Fredericksburg. It does not seem probable that they will remain at Winchester to recruit, and again offer battle. They are not in a condition to fight immediately, and if they wait, McClellan can bring two regiments into the field to their one.

Give Gen. McClellan what he needs, and leave him untrammelled by politicians, to carry out his own plans, and he will cut the throat of the Southern Confederacy from Richmond to Mobile in three months. PRATON.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The "Southern Essex Temperance Union" held its quarterly session at the First Congregational Church in South Danvers on Thursday last, the President, Hon. Peter M. Neal, Mayor of Lynn, in the chair. In the absence of the Secretary, Rev. Mr. Eastman of Saugus, Hon. W. F. Johnson of Lynn was elected in his place. The representation from most of the towns was good, and the attendance was large.

After prayer by Rev. Mr. Rich of Beverly, the usual committees were appointed, and the forenoon meeting was taken up with short addresses by Hon. I. W. Andrews of Danvers, Hon. J. W. Proctor of South Danvers, Rev. Mr. Thompson of Walpole, and Rev. Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Ramsdell of Lynn.

The afternoon meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Beaman of Salem. The following were introduced by the committee on resolutions: Resolved, That the indiscriminate advertisement in the public journals, of all varieties of intoxicating liquors, pure and compounded, stands directly in the way of the progress of the temperance reform; that while such advertisements are admitted and freely circulated, the direct tendency must be to make the community familiar with drinking usages and customs, and to lessen the sense of the evil and the sin of such customs and of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.

Resolved, That the facts and arguments in favor of temperance collected and published by the late Dr. Justin Edwards, under the auspices of the American Temperance Society, remain unaltered and are unanswerable; and that no new discoveries in science or medical

practice have occurred to justify and make safe the introduction of whiskey, wine, or other intoxicating liquors, into general use; and the friends of temperance should therefore re-affirm the testimony and principles of those publications.

Resolved, That in view of the temptations attendant on military life, every means should be used for the spread of the principles of temperance in the army and navy, so that our soldiers may content intelligently for the great interests at stake; that they may be returned to their homes free from intemperate habits, and honored with victory over temptation in addition to their triumphs over the enemies of their country.

Resolved, That one of the most formidable obstacles to the progress of temperance is the want of competent officers to enforce the laws; therefore, resolved, that it is the duty of the friends of temperance, without distinction of party, to use their influence to secure the election and appointment of such men only as have the good of the cause at heart.

Quite an interesting and animated discussion took place upon the resolutions, participated in by Rev. Messrs. Barber and Dwight of South Danvers, Rich of Beverly, Beaman of Salem, and McCurdy of Lynn, and Messrs. Bartlett, of Marlborough, Andrews of Danvers, Gwinn and Walton of Salem, Ramsdell, Johnson, Neal, and Thompson of Lynn, and others; after which the resolutions were adopted.

Remarks upon the general subject of temperance were made by several gentlemen, and the Union adjourned to meet at Salem on the second Thursday in January, 1863.—*Reg.*

Brookdale Village in South Danvers.

The village of Brookdale, in South Danvers, as we had occasion to observe while passing through it a few days since, presents quite a neat and flourishing appearance. Why this locality is ever called the "Devil's Dishful" is more than our imagination could fathom while surveying its peaceful, quiet, pretty, and anything but satanic look. The village has the advantage of railroad accommodation—the Danvers and Georgetown road, connecting Boston and Newburyport, passing through it, and the Salem and Lowell road doing the same. The station, known as "West Danvers Junction," where the trains on these roads stop, is but a few minutes' walk from the woolen mill; and the depot, since we visited it last, seems to have been removed a few rods from its former location, and the surrounding hills and woods have been levelled to some extent, leaving a cleared place about the station which robs it of a portion of the wild appearance it once possessed.

The village at the woolen mill seems tidily kept. Elm trees grow there in good abundance, and the villages no doubt cultivate their good appearance with commendable pride. The houses which formerly looked more seedy than at present, are nearly all neatly painted, and the fences whitewashed. While this general locality is a farming region, the village draws its main vitality from the woolen mill located there, which is now owned by Mr. N. M. Horton, who has it some five or six years. This is an old mill—more than half a century, we think, having elapsed since it was established. It was formerly used for the manufacture of cottons; but it is now devoted to woolsens, such as doeskins, fancy cassimeres, robes, and army goods. And we were much surprised to find, on examination, that these goods were of much better quality than we had supposed were made so near home. The fancy goods were well made and the specimen of army cloth exhibited to us was fine, substantial and well finished. Both water and steam are used in carrying this mill—the water flowing from Sunting Lake, or Humphrey's Pond, near the camp ground at South Lynnfield. This mill employs on an average, not far from sixty hands, who live in the boarding houses near the factory.

The village has a grocery-store, which is next to the mill. The hall over the store, called "Brookdale Hall," was formerly used, at frequent intervals during the winter season, for dancing. It now serves in the capacity of a meeting-house, and religious services have been held there regularly for about three years.—Connected with the society is a sabbath-school, which numbers, on an average, not far from fifty scholars. This village is very near the bounds of Lynnfield. A winding road, two or three miles long, connects it with the village of Lynnfield Centre, and another road leads to South Danvers, passing through the thrifty farms and neat looking and well kept premises of the numerous families of Kings. In another direction, an old country road winds through the farms a mile or more, striking the Newburyport Turnpike in Lynnfield, more than a mile from the hotel. A road of later construction passes by the Saltonstall country-seat and meets the Turnpike near the military camp-ground; while still a third road, built since the establishment of the railroad junction at West Danvers, passes near the station and meets the Turnpike not a great way from the school-house and common road crossing at West Danvers.—So Brookdale seems to be quite a centre for the public highways of that region. Plenty of ways to get into it, and plenty to get out.—Continued prosperity to "the Dishful!"—*Salem Gazette.*

By a recent order of the rebel Gen. Kirby Smith, all the stores in Lexington have been seized and carried to the frontiers, where they are cast into shot and shell. The order caused great complaint among the citizens, both Secesh and Union.

A dispatch to the widow of the late Gen. Kearney, at Newark, N. J., gives information that the rebel Gen. Lee has caused her husband's horse and accoutrements to be sent with in our lines. They will be at once forwarded to her.

REBELLION—ITS COST TO THE REBELS.—By an official return of the Surgeon-General at Richmond, it appears that up to the present time one hundred thousand sick and wounded soldiers have been received in the hospitals of that city alone.

Daniel Pratt, Jr., the "Great American Traveller," says the Worcester Spy, has challenged Geo. Francis Train, to discuss with him before some audience, "the combined originality of ideas."

The Original Buckley Serenaders are now at Alton Hall, Boston. They have just returned from a successful tour on the Continent.

The Annual Muster of the Newburyport Fire Department takes place to-morrow. The prize is the City Trumpet, now held by Agile Co., No. 6.

THE FORTITUDE OF OUR WOUNDED.—The superintendent of a company of Massachusetts army nurses, who has just returned fromington, gives a pleasant account of the of brave soldiers under their suffering friends and wounds. At the hospitals near battle-field, where the worst cases were, he saw nothing but cheerful resignation and indomitable fortitude. Our soldiers are incidents of wounds, fevers and lack of sanitary conveniences as inevitable occurrences and lose neither their patience nor the

One poor fellow, who had received through his body, requested the surgeon tend first to the wants of a comrade, who had been shattered by a cannon ball. "him first," said he; "he is more badly hurt." Yet this brave man who forgot sufferings in compassion for those of others afterward found to be dangerously hurt now very ill in Washington.

Another soldier getting out of an ambulance without assistance, walked into the tent with a firm step, but expired within an hour. The ball which hit him benumbed his arm and he had no idea that his injury was

One touching incident was related to young Michigan soldier was brought to Centerville field, terribly wounded by a ball, which had entered the right side neck and emerged under the left ear, e away part of his tongue and lacerated windpipe. Unable to speak or eat, the helpless for a day or two, receiving no aid because he could swallow nothing indicating his wishes by signs. Open hand signified "yes," closing it "no," third night after his arrival at the hospital sudden attack of hemorrhage ended his life. To the last his eyes were fixed upon the traits of his wife and child, which he used to be hung upon the wall by his bed.

Another soldier, wounded in the leg, himself by carving rings from peach producing creditable work and distribut specimens among the nurses who attend. They are preserved as keepsakes. This dexterous with the knife, was a Yankee had nothing else to do than to entertain self with the pastime of "whittling."

In the severest surgical operations on other no groans, make no complaints, but up under the treatment with wonderful success. In cases of amputation, chloroform administered, but the operations of prob dressing are necessarily conducted with aid of anæsthetics, and the pain is often ble. The men joke over it and laugh of troubles. They are a brave company who go forth to fight our battles.—*N. Y. E. Post.*

The "John Brown Guards" is the of a military company now organizing in Orleans.

Warren Five Cents Savings Bank. The annual meeting of the Corporation Warren Five Cents Savings Bank, will be at the Warren Bank Rooms on Wednesday, Nov. 5th at 7 o'clock P. M. for the election of Officers for the ensuing year, and for the action of any other business that shall come before them.

Per order
FRANCIS BAKER, Secretary
South Danvers Oct. 15th, 1862.

Visit OSBORNE'S Store, and look a unusual variety of new styles in HATS, CAPS, 191 Essex street, Salem.

South Danvers Fish Market
P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge.

To Let.
A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a Carriage or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire R. S. D. Symonds, 64 Main Street.
South Danvers, July 25, 1862.

\$100 REWARD!
The Subeditor will pay the above reward any person who will detect and bring to notice the villain or villains who unscrewed nuts from the wheels of his omnibuses, thus posing the passengers to danger of life limb.
E. F. BURMAN
South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Port of Danvers.
At 5th, sells R. G. Porter, Smith, Phillips & Co., Boxer, Rankin, N. York; 10th, Herbert, Crowell, do; 11th, Brook Diam Young, Philadelphia.

Marriages.

In Salem, Oct. 4th, Mr. Daniel A. Bertram Miss Anna B. Colville; Mr. Charles F. Burnell to Miss Lucina C. daughter of Mr. Danie Beckett; 7th, Mr. Isaac Dayton to Miss M. Rowley; 8th, Mr. Everett W. Gray to Miss F. Dwyer.
In Salem, 6th, by Rev. Mr. D. W. D. and Miss Susan S. daughter of Mr. E. Regis, to Miss Susan S. daughter of Mr. E. Regis, to Miss Susan S. daughter of Mr. E. Reg

A Knotty Text.—There was once an itinerant preacher in West Tennessee, who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to speak it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On one occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text, but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity of showing "his learning," when a chap back by the door announced he had a Bible matter of great "concern," which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animated, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement. "What I want to know," said the outsider, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?" The expounder looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner eaped the climax by exclaiming, in a loud voice, "I fetched him down on the first question!" From that time forward the practice of asking for difficult passages was abandoned.

"I Love to Steal."—An amusing incident occurred in one of our "Down East" churches a few years ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn: "I love to steal a while away, From every numbering card, And spend the hour of setting day In humble, grateful prayer." The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon the good Deacon M., who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice to a still higher pitch, he sang, "I love to steal," and, as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring that he had not got his "pitch tuned," he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, whilst the faces of the "young ones" were all in broad grin. At length after a desperate struggle, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal." This effort was too much. Every one but the goodly and eccentric parson was laughing. He arose, and with the utmost coolness said, "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray." It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.

Scene in a Sanctum.—Enter a very large, strong man, with a cowhide in his hand. "Is the editor in?" "He is." "He is?" "Yes." "I have come to settle with you." "Well, (editor draws a revolver,) go ahead." "I have taken your paper now about a year." "Well, (capping his pistol.)" "An article in your last issue (editor cocks his pistol) has convinced me, sir, that you need it." "I deny your right to give it—be cautious, sir." "Give you what?" "A thrashing." "Why, no, my dear sir, I came in to pay in advance for another year." The editor wilted.

An Irishman's Wish.—Patrick McQuinn is a baggage master on one of our railroads, and attentive to his business. A few evenings since, while at his post, he was accosted by an excited passenger, who in a rude and boisterous manner demanded to know the whereabouts of his trunk. Pat, after several times replying to the interrogatory, lost patience, and thus put an end to the stranger's troublesome questioning: "Och, mister, I wish to me soul ye were the elephant instead of the jackass, for thin ye'd have yer trunk always under yer eye." The passenger didn't ask for his trunk any more.

"Well, what next?" said Mrs. Partington, as she interrupted him, who was reading the war news—"the pickets were driven in five miles." "Bless my poor soul, that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had been driven in deep to keep the Sossionaders from digging out under them."

Not long ago, a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catechised concerning the power of nature, replied: "Now, I think there's one thing nature can't do." "What's it, my child?" "She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

Two men by the name of Beans were hung in the North of England. A countryman passing near and seeing the crowd, inquired what they were doing. "Only stringing a few Beans," was the reply.

A minister putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, said: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe he has, too," was the reply.

The principle role of many of our statesmen—Rigma-rolé.

Wanted for our short proof vessels, a few "men of iron frame."

\$22 MONITOR. \$22

A NEW IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINE

For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Combining all the latest improvements that the best mechanical skill can invent. The proprietors, practical Sewing Machine inventors, having had many years experience in the business, and having devoted the past year to the perfection of the Monitor, are now confident that for simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship and durability, beauty of design and finish, the Monitor must supersede all others as the best practical Family Sewing Machine yet offered to the public. Every variety of sewing that can be done on any machine can be done on the Monitor. It uses a straight needle, and will sew any fabric from the most flimsy muslin to the coarsest broadcloth and leather. All kinds of thread used direct from the spools without the trouble of rewinding, from the finest cotton and sewing silk to the coarsest linen.

THE MONITOR

uses two threads, making the double lock stitch. There is no spool on the under part, like all other sewing machines; both are on the upper part, where any child can adjust them.

Confident that a first class Family Sewing Machine at a moderate price, has long been needed to meet the wants of all—the poor as well as the rich—and believing that such a machine must command the liberal patronage of the people and find a rapid sale, the proprietors offer the Monitor at the extremely low price of \$22. The Monitor is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and will be kept in perfect order five years without charge.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and the Canada to whom the most liberal inducements are offered. All communications must be addressed to the undersigned, at the Eureka Sewing Machine Office and Patent Exchange.

260 Washington St. Boston.

THOS. DERMOT, SOLE AGENT.

June 4—6m

WM. C. HENDERSON,

MANUFACTURER OF

PLAIN AND FANCY

PAPER BOXES.

No. 235 ESSEX STREET,

Sign of "Nest of Boxes,"

July 23 SALEM.

COLBY & LOCKE,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Black Walnut and Chestnut

Dining, Centre, Extension and Toilet Tables,

—AND—

Every Variety of Whatnots,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

All kinds of Furniture made to order.

No. 11 Haverhill St., opp. Boston & Maine Depot

J. H. COLBY. BOSTON. H. S. LOCKE.

July 30

GAYLE & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

Flour, Grain and Produce,

Manufacturers' Agents for the sale of

Concentrated Lemons, Soda and Pearlash Sal-

ads, and Bi Carb. Soda.

PHILLIPS WHARF, Salem.

NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street,

Will open this morning, a fine assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods.

Friends and the public are invited to call.

sept 10 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St.

For Soldiers' Wear.

ALL-WOOL, blue-mixed twilled and plain

Cotton and Wool Flannels;

Army Yarns—a full stock; Socks; Yarns;

Stout Brown Cottons; Bleached do;

Canton Flannels. Every article at low

prices.

sept 10 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St.

PATTERSON'S

LEATHER HANDLING MACHINE

THE undersigned are agents for the above

machine. It can be seen in operation at

Finder & Brown's Tannery.

may 7—3m

CLARK & GIDDINGS.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE undersigned are agents for the above

machine. It can be seen in operation at

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF TIME

LYNN & BOSTON

BY OMNIBUS AND HORSE CAR

On and after THURSDAY, June 19th, 1862,

W. F. BURNHAM'S

Line of Omnibuses will leave the Lynn and

Boston Omnibus Office, No. 6 Allen's Building,

South Danvers, passing down Main street,

through Washington street to Lynn, daily.

Leave South Danvers at 7.00 A. M., and

12.00 and 4.00 P. M.

Leave Lynn at 10 A. M., and 2.12 and

6.12 P. M.

Horse Cars leaving Southly's Building, Court

street, Boston, at 8.16 A. M., 1.16 and 6.16 P.

M., will meet the Omnibuses at Lynn, at the

above named hours, to take passengers to South

Danvers.

Sunday Arrangements.

Leave S. Danvers at 7.00 a.m., and 4.00 p.m.

Leave Lynn at 8.00 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Cars leave Southly's Building, Boston, to meet

the Omnibuses in Lynn for South Danvers, at

8.15 a.m. and 6.15 p.m.

Through Tickets to and from Boston may be

had of the Drivers and Conductors.

Tickets to Lynn, - 15 cents.

Through to Boston, - 30 cents.

Passengers called for at reasonable charges if

notice is given at the Office.

EXPRESS BUSINESS

Between South Danvers and Lynn promptly

attended to, on reasonable terms.

Extra Coaches furnished at short notice, at

moderate rates.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Salem and Lynn Omnibuses.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Wednesday, May 7, an Omni-

buses will leave Stage Office in Central St.,

Salem, for Lynn.

At 8.30 a. m. and 1.30 and 4.30 p. m.,

connecting at Lynn with the Lynn and Boston

Horse Railroad for Boston.

Leave Horse Railroad Station, corner of

Broad and Spring streets, Lynn, for Salem,

at 9.00 a. m. and 2.00 and 5.00 p. m.;

or, on arrival of 8.14 a. m. and 1.44, 4.14

p. m. cars from Boston.

Fare—Between Lynn and Salem, 15 cts., or

eight tickets for \$1. Through tickets from

Salem to Boston, 30 cents. For sale by the

Driver, and the Conductor in the cars.

ON SUNDAYS.

The Coach will leave Salem at 8.30 a. m., and

4.30 p. m. Returning, will leave Lynn at 10

30 a. m., and 5.00 p. m., or on arrival of the

9.15 a. m., and 4.16 p. m. cars from Boston.

Express business between Salem and Lynn

promptly attended to.

MOSES A. SHACKLEY.

Discontinuance of Partnership.

THE Partnership heretofore existing un-

der the firm of SHACKLEY & MERRILL

is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

MOSES A. SHACKLEY,

LYNN. HENRY M. MERRILL,

South Danvers, Nov. 1, 1861.

The subscriber will continue to run the line

of omnibuses as heretofore, and hopes by strict

attention to the wants of the public to merit

and receive their patronage.

The undersigned is authorized to collect all

bills and to settle all accounts against the late

firm, and all persons interested are requested to

set accordingly.

H. M. MERRILL.

South Danvers, Nov. 20, 1861.

E. R. PERKINS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,

Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes and patent

colored pictures, and various others, taken with all the

improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, En-

gravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when

solicited.

Messrs. CLARK & GIDDINGS,

Wallis Street, South Danvers,

Are Agents for

GEORGE W. FISKE & CO'S

PATENT EAVE TROUCHS,

CUTTERS, CONDUCTORS AND

PIPE FOR DRAINS.

South Danvers, May 22, 1861.

Potter, Bachelder & Co.,

(Successors to M. Black)

DANVERS - PORT,

DEALERS IN

WOOD AND COAL

OF the various kinds usually kept in a retail

yard. Constantly on hand

Franklin, Old Company's Ledge,

Locust Mountain, Black Heath,

Red and White Ash.

Of all sizes, of the best quality, and at as low

prices as can be bought elsewhere.

OFFICE—No. 6 Allen's Building.

Order Box at post office, South Danvers, and

post office, Danvers.

G. W. POTTER,

J. Q. A. BACHELDER,

C. T. BACHELDER.

July 19—1f

Important to the Afflicted.

DR. DOW continues to be consulted at his office,

No. 7 and 8 Endicot street, Boston, on all dis-

eases of a

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience

of an unimpaired Dr. D. has now the gratification

of presenting to the public a new and valuable

method of curing all the various diseases of the

urinary system, which have heretofore been

considered incurable, and which have caused so

much suffering and expense.

By the use of his new method, he has cured

many cases of Gonorrhea, Stricture, Hemorrhoids,

and all the various diseases of the urinary

system, which have heretofore been considered

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system, which have heretofore been considered

incurable, and which have caused so much

suffering and expense.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

Central street, South Danvers,

Having provided himself with a

new

NEW HEARSE,

Is prepared to attend to all orders in or out of

town, with one or a pair of horses.

He furnishes at his Warerooms

Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained

Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

of all sizes and prices.

METALLIC Caskets and Cases furnished.

PLATES—Silver and Plated.

SHROUDS—Thibet, Cashmere, Muslin and

Cambric. He will also attend to laying out, &c.

ALL THOSE PREPARING FOR PRESERVING.

Boxes to inclose bodies for transportation, etc.

All of which will be furnished as low as at

any other establishment.

All orders from neighboring towns will

be promptly attended to.

aug 7

Are you insured?

THE subscriber would respectfully call your atten-

tion to the fact that he is fully prepared to effect

INSURANCE AT A LOW RATE, in any amount, at current

rates, on

Dwelling Houses, Barns and their contents,

Stores, Stocks of Goods, Furniture, &c., &c.,

and on buildings in process of erection.

And that he is the authorized Agent for the following

Responsible Stock and Mutual Companies, viz:

Thames Insurance Co., (Stock) Norwich, Conn.

Capital—\$500,000.

Amos W. Prentiss, Pres. Oliver P. Rice, Sec'y

South Danvers Wizard.

NO. 42.

III.

SOUTH DANVERS.

MASS., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1862

Funeral Discourse.

We present below the admirable funeral discourse of Rev. Mr. Barber, delivered at his church on the occasion of the burial of the late lamented Capt. Samuel Brown. The impressions made by it on the hearer will be deepened and intensified by a careful reading of it in print. To the afflicted family and friends of the gallant deceased it will be a valued memorial of his brief but honorable military career.

Out of Zebulun came they that handle the pen of the writer. Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeopardized their lives on the death in the high places of the field. Judges v., 14, 18.

The song of Deborah and Barak, from which these words are selected, was sung on the victory of the children of Israel over Jabin, the king of Canaan, and Sisera, his general.

The tribes had displayed more or less readiness to volunteer for the conflict. Reuben was divided: Dan stayed among the ships; Gilead did not cross the Jordan; Asher lingered in the creeks. But the better class in Israel volunteered. Ephraim and Benjamin, small but important, and highly favored communities, were first in the field. Zebulun and Naphtali, commercial and literary communities, forsook both wealth and learning when the trumpet was heard ringing in their beautiful woodlands which stretched to the base of Lebanon.

The Great Ruler seems to have noted their bravery. The Holy Spirit has placed it on the immortal record for our learning.

Met as we are, to follow to the grave the remains of one who forsook a learned profession, and who, hazarded his life to the death on a high part of the field, we cannot spend a few moments more appropriately than by considering the patriotism of the educated as an honorable contribution to a country's history.

One way in which such devotion honors a nation is seen in the rebuke which it gives to the cavils of ignorant onlookers.

Doubtless Jabin had friends in Syria who thought that he did right in opposing Israel. Many sage opinions had been delivered on the conduct of the war by the Judges of Israel, but see how they are rebuked by the fleet hosts of Naphtali and its neighboring tribe laying down the pen and buckling on the sword at the prophet's call.

Knowledge is power, and this devotion on their part was a mighty force in itself, considered.

And in our own land, the most effective rebuke to those who cavil at the present war for the Union, is the general sentiment of the educated—the universal devotion to the Union of those who know what government is and what is at stake among us.

From the graves of Winthrop, Shurtleff, Webster, Dwight, and the scores of those who, like our friend, have gone from professional life, arises the witness of intellect, and history will insist that this witness be heard.

Another way in which the patriotism of the educated is an honorable contribution to a nation's history, is in the weight of character which it gives to that nation's conflicts. Brute force may quell, but cannot settle questions between nations. Naturally men look to cultured mind for counsel. When the combined intellect of a country decides to act, the greatest importance is attached to the deed. Hence the first effective missile against the South was shot from the mail bag. From the news of the unanimity among our statesmen, she has not yet rallied. Our best thinkers, our poets, historians, jurists, theologians and philosophers have had, but one opinion on the course before the nation. He must be "plunged to the hilt and rusted into" a love of ignorance who does not attach some importance to this fact. We can sustain and dare anything as one; we need only tremble at division in the camp.

The presence of this sorrowing multitude in God's house gives token to the weight attached to the devotion of those whose minds are trained to think. We have called for proof, that the men who handle the pen can handle the sword, and from the dust of Antietam is raised the form of a youthful Captain who fell on the bloodiest spot of that bloody field—fell as the national cannon boomed out that the nation still lived and conquered. The import of the strife deepens around such an offering as this.

And this leads us to hasten on by observing that we pay the highest price for

principle when our educated men become the sacrifices for the country.

We expect to return from war poorer in coin, and more prodigal in manners; but when we return without our men of culture, we are poorer still. Every ball that rends a scholar's heart, puts a missile through our nation's shield. The archers wound us sorely then. At a great cost we obtain a crown that no man takes nor can take.

Yet how different (from the issue between us) is our mourning from that of the infatuated foe! At this price, dear though it be, does not every pulse in a free man's heart beat in high and stately measure? Every bird that cleaves the air, every wind that blows, every leaf that wanes, every bee that hums, every wave that dashes on the shore, sings—

"Freedom is sweet—buy it, man, at any cost—God has made us free. Can he have made His redeemed image to prosper if enchained?"

But with them, where everything pure from the divine hand suggests that God loves liberty, how doleful the funeral knell? The very oriole in the pine grove, the very primrose on their graves, place vetoes on the cause for which their dead men fall.

Before us, in that narrow bed, lies a specimen of our sacrifices. The young soldier is not, for God has taken him; he did not fall by chance. Nor did the Great Ruler think twice upon his fall. The swift messenger whispered the decree—

"Life—give it, the country calls—give it, God's time has come—give it, one life for the life of many," and he gave it up; but growing pale with the effort, he has lain him down to rest.

One more national advantage accruing from the patriotism of men of intellectual culture will be mentioned: the fact that one of the main ends of their education is met in such consecration.

The country loses not the pains spent on them. Mental culture is bestowed that men may lead. In this country great dependence is placed, and should be placed, on professional men. Older nations have orders of nobility who are supposed to lead in thought, refinement, and generalship. They fulfil the ends of their order when they advise and marshal their nations to victory. But we are dependent on nature for our noblemen. They are not raised by patents, but by patience.

A sudden trial has come upon us, and we have to fall back on men of mind. Some have blundered, but, with all their mistakes, the nation has been the better of their aid.

Let no one think that our departed friend's education was misspent. Had his college sent him forth for no other purpose than to lead a hundred to that fatal bridge—to re-echo but once the commands of the gallant Burnside—it did not waste its care. His was a training to go forward, and he went forward till he died. Did Wallace or Washington do more?

The discourse must close with a thought or two of a general nature.

One is a thought of sympathy with his weeping parents. They had hoped to have their first-born spared to "rock the cradle of their reposing age," but God, who gave him, claimed him. We, who cannot help, will say we cannot help, and pray with and for them in their sorrow.

Another thought is one of gratitude. As a town we are honored by our gallant citizen. Our children to-day wonder at what they weep; but they will yet say to their children when the monuments of those who thus fall are asked for—pointing to the happy country they will say: "Look around."

The closing thought is one of warning. From that lonely bier there comes something more powerful than the living preacher's tones: "Lord, what is man!" and again, "There is but a step between me and death;" and yet again, "Prepare to meet thy God."

"You saw that fat, tall priest, with the large brown beard, who sprinkled the holy water on the bairns. Well, he is the head Pope of this church, and lives beside it; in fact, there is a covered passage leading from the church to his house direct. One evening, before a saint's day, I was on a visit to Mr. Pins, who lives in that wooded house beside your cotton mill in the hollow, and we were enjoying ourselves as we best could, when a message came from the priest asking us all to supper. He had a few friends with him and would be glad to see us. As nothing of this kind is to be refused, we went—I and Pins, and his wife and daughter. The priest's friends were two beards like himself, who were to assist next day in church; his wife, also, of course, was there. Supper over, cards were introduced, and down sat Pins and the three holy men to the game, while I was left to entertain the ladies as well as I could. The four gamblers gradually forgot everything else in the room, the head priest being the most intent of the four. The game went on. Now Pins swept the table of roubles, and anon one or other of the priests—the head man evidently losing fast, and Pins winning.

Temper got lost, and scarcely civil words were exchanged among the party. I could see Pins' red face, glowing like an August sunset, under the flush of excitement and brandy. As we had supper late, Sunday morning was on us before I was aware. Two o'clock struck, and Mrs. Pins and I jumped to our feet. Two o'clock on a Sunday morning, in a minister's house, playing cards, and the gamblers priests of the Holy Greek Church! It was against the conscience of a Scot to assist at such on-goings—not that I am straight-laced to an hour or two, considering the difference of clocks. I therefore, energetically backed Mrs. Pins, who was urging her husband to go home. Pins arose, reluctantly, as it seemed to me, and was about to accompany us. The priest had, no mind to let him go off so easily. He and his partner had won two hundred roubles, and it was clearly against all rules to run away so soon. The others must have their revenge—it was only two o'clock. So he sat down again, saying:

"Go, my dear, with Mr. Sanderson—I'll play the old fellows till daylight, if they like. It shall never be said that an Englishman shirked off because his pocket was full of people's money."

As our host politely showed us to the door, he said:

"Do you attend the church at eight?"

"Yes it is my intention; but I don't think you will be there in a fit state, if you play much longer. It is a shame."

"No fear," he said; "but your friend has won much money, and I must have my turn. It is nothing."

At seven o'clock I was awake by a servant with information that his master had not yet returned, and that madame desired me to walk to the priest's house, and see how matters stood. I dressed hastily, and went to the parsonage, rectory, or what shall I call it? As I passed the church I saw that it was in course of preparation for the morning's performances. But my business was not just the church, it was with the priests. Just as I reached the door, a clerk (dechock) was entering. He was a dirty, yellow, sickly fellow, with a flavoring of stale tobacco.

"Where is the Pope, Vassila?" I said. "Yonder," pointing to the room I had so lately left.

"Playing still?"

"To be sure."

"It's too bad!"

"It's nothing. I've known master to play two days and nights at a stretch. But I must tell him it is time for service."

I pushed past him into the room. It was Sunday morning, half an hour before service, and the men who were to officiate sat around a table with, flushed faces, eager looks, dishevelled hair, and ruffled attire. Candles were burnt low in their sockets, daylight streamed in through the shutterless windows. The brandy and wine bottles were empty. A great jug of "ghuas" was on a side table, old cards littered the painted floor, and the atmosphere was reeking with the fumes of the "papeross," for smoking was still going on. I saw at a glance that the tide of luck had left the Englishman. The priest was buoyant; he was flat.

"They are winning it back," he said to me as I entered; "I have had three hundred, now I have but fifty."

"Ay," said the tall priest, "and this game will get that back also; it is for fifty—is it not?"

Then the clerk entered, and advanced

with as little show of concern as if the exhibition was a fit and usual preparation to the church rites, and after reverently crossing himself intimated to the priest in chief that in half an hour it would be his time to commence the services.

"Very good, Vassila, my son. Don't disturb me now, listen: come back exactly three minutes before eight."

"I hear, and will obey," said Vassila, and he vanished.

I cannot say these men were drunk; on the contrary, they seemed more sober than they had been when I left them at two o'clock; but the demon of play held them in his grip; they were as fresh for it and as absorbed as if they had only played two or three hours. My remonstrances and expostulations were thrown away, and in indignant curiosity I sat down to watch the end of their play.

The priest and his partner lost. Pins and his partner won another fifty. The next game was to be double or quits, the deal made with a fresh pack! and, as I sat in full view of the priest, I could see his face brighten up, and a look of intelligence passed between him and his partner. At this moment the dechock entered again, with the same unconcern as before, and said:

"Three minutes to eight."

"All but the tall priest threw their cards on the table and rose, saying: 'A fresh deal after service.'"

"No, no," he said; "keep your hand, partner; I shall keep mine; it's a good one, and we shall play the game after our return. Here, Vassila, give me a towel, wet—that will do. Now my robes—there—that comb, and now go every one to your posts! I shall be there presently."

Thus saying, he proceeded with a firm step to the church by the private entrance already mentioned. As he left the room I saw him place his good hand of cards within his sacred robes, under the inside fastening. He was evidently determined not to lose sight of his trumps, and carried them off on his person into the church. I ran round to the front entrance, and was just in time to witness the commencement of the service. It is a wonder judgment did not fall on the chief priest. And it did in a way. At one part of the service, just as he was stepping on the platform he put his hand inside his robe to pull out his handkerchief, and, as he drew it out, the cards came also, and fell scattered over the altar floor. This would have paralyzed any ordinary man; but that priest never winced for a moment. He looked coolly at the cards then steadily at the people, as much as to say:

"You shall see that; take notice of it. I shall tell you about that by-and-by."

He then continued the services. At the close, he pointed to the cards—then beckoning a little peasant boy, with a shock head of white flaxen hair, dressed in a shirt of coarse linen and trousers to match, not very clean, who had been crossing and bending beside a poor peasant woman, his mother:

"Come here, boy,"

The boy went.

Turning to the congregation, the priest then said:

"I shall give you a lesson you will not forget for a short time. You see these cards lying on the floor. Do you think I put them there for nothing? We shall see! What is your name, my boy?"

"Peter Petrovitch."

"Well Peter Petrovitch, go and pick up one of those cards you see on the floor and bring it to me. There, that will do. Now tell me, Peter Petrovitch, what card is this?"

"The ace of spades!" said the boy, with ready knowledge.

"Very good, Peter Petrovitch—bring me another—that's a good boy. Now what card is that?"

"The queen of spades."

"How well you know them, Peter Petrovitch. Bring another."

The boy obeyed.

"And what may that one be?" asked the priest.

"The ten of hearts."

"That will do, Peter, the son of Peter. Now turn round and look at this picture. Can you tell me what saint it represents?"

"The boy scratched his head, then shrugged his little shoulders, lifting them up to his ears, and then said: 'I don't know.'"

"Now look at this one. Who is this?"

"Do you know now for what purpose I put these cards on the floor? Do you not think shame of yourselves, tell me? Say, is it not scandalous and disgraceful, that that nice, white-haired boy can tell me in a moment every card in the pack, and yet he does not know the name of one of the blessed saints? Oh, shame! shame on ye, so to bring up the young, after all the good teaching I have given ye! Go away and learn the lesson I have given you this blessed day. Don't forget it, and don't force me to bring cards into this holy place again. Vassila, pick the other cards up and keep them for me."

"So, with a solemn step, he left the church to play out his interrupted game for a hundred roubles."

The Bishop and Brigands.

CARVETTE broke into the cathedral and stripped the sacristy. His robberies desolated the country. The gens-d'armes were put upon his trail, but in vain. He always escaped; sometimes by forcible resistance. He was a bold wretch. In the midst of all this terror the bishop arrived. He was making his visit to Chasteir. The mayor came to see him and urged him to turn back. Carvette held the mountains as far as Arche, and beyond; it would be dangerous, even with an escort. It would expose three or four gens-d'armes to useless danger.

"And so," said the bishop, "I intend to go without an escort."

"Do not think of such a thing!" exclaimed the mayor.

"I think so much of it that I absolutely refuse the gens-d'armes, and I am going to start in an hour."

"To start?"

"To start."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Monseigneur, you will not do it!"

"There is on the mountain," replied the bishop, "a humble little commune, that I have not seen for three years; and they are good friends of mine—kind and honest peasants. They own one goat out of thirty that they pasture. They make pretty woolen thread of various colors, and they play their mountain airs upon small, six-holed flutes. They need some one occasionally to tell them of the goodness of God. What would they say of a bishop who was afraid? What would they say if I should not go there?"

"But, monseigneur, the brigands!"

"True," said the bishop, "I am thinking of them. You are right. I may meet them. They, too, must need some one to tell them of the goodness of God."

"Monseigneur, but it is a band—a pack of wolves!"

"Monsieur Mayor, perhaps Jesus has made me the keeper of that very flock. Who knows the ways of Providence?"

"Monseigneur, they will rob you."

"I have nothing."

"They will kill you."

"A simple old priest who passes along muttering his prayers? No, no; what good would it do them?"

"O, my good sir, suppose you should meet them?"

"I should ask them for alms for my poor."

"Monseigneur, do not go. In the name of Heaven! you are exposing your life."

"Monsieur Mayor," said the bishop, "that is just it. I am not in the world to care for my life, but for souls."

He would not be dissuaded. He set out, accompanied only by a child, who offered to go as his guide. His obstinacy was the talk of the country, and all dreaded the result.

He crossed the mountain on a mule, met no one, and arrived safe and sound among his good friends the shepherds. He remained there a fortnight, preaching, administering the holy rites, teaching and exhorting. When he was about to leave, he resolved to chant a *Te Deum* with pontifical ceremonies. He talked with the cure about it. But what could be done? There was no episcopal furniture. They could only place at his disposition a paltry village sacristy with a few old robes of worn out damask, trimmed with imitation galleon.

"No matter," said the bishop, "Monsieur le Cure, at the sermon announce our *Te Deum*. That will take care of itself."

All the neighboring churches were ransacked, but the assembled magnificence of the humble parishes could not have suitably clothed a single cathedral singer.

While they were in this embarrassment, a large chest was brought to the parish.

My Courtship.

There was many affection ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ours; their cows and ourn quench their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their foreheads; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same period; our patients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meet-house, and the nabers used to observe—"How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they couldn't sit 'em, affectionately Bilin soap together and aboosin the nabers.

"Altho' I hankered intensely after the object of my affections, I darren't tell her of the fires that was 'rajin' in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwhollop up agin the roof of my mouth & stick ther, like deth to decessat' Afrikan or a country postmaster to his office, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like an old fashioned Flage agin a barn door."

"Twas a carn' still nite in Joon. All natur was husin', and nary zeffer disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fence of her father's paster. We'd bin rompin' threw the woods, kullin' flours & drivin the wood-chuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fence, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville scool house when it was fust painted, and lookin verry simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was okeaped in ballunsin myself on the fence, while my rite was woundid lovindly round her waste.

I cleared my throat & tremblyly sed—

"Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was purty fine. I waited to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her for she up and sed—

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I—

"Betsy, I think verry muchly of you."

"I don't b'leve a word you say—so there, now cum!" with much obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my sole!" sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here."

"I, striking my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn bell and turnips in the nabershood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans."

"Ar, could you know the sleepless nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form, and these ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continered on in this strane probly for sum time, but untortunately I lost my ballunse, and fell over into the paster ker smash, tearing my close, and severely damagin myself gineraly.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full bite, she sed—

"I wont listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in."

I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded imjeitly to the parson's, and was made one that verry nite.

The happy husband of Miss Adah Isaacs Menkens is "Orpheus C. Kerr," of the New York Mercury. The Portland (Me.) Press says he will probably soon wish himself one of the "killed and wounded" of the "Mackerel Brigade."

NVRS WIZARD is published weekly, at Allen's Building, South OLE, Editor. or and a half a year, in advance. OF ADVERTISING. 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year. \$1.00 \$3.50 \$6.00. All types are equal to a square. We will be charged for notices of death, civic, or religious purposes, cards of acknowledgments, &c. Annual Advertisers are limited to ten lines, and all advertisements over persons, as well as legal advertisements of real estate, or any other, must be paid for at the

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Mr. Southwick (of Southwick's Evening) is an authorized agent for The Wizard. His receipts will be binding at this office.

Mr. John B. Gough's Lecture.

This celebrated speaker appeared before a South Danvers audience on Wednesday evening last at the Old South Church. There was a full, but not crowded assembly, and the result of the lecture, peculiarly, was to add fifty dollars to the funds of the Ladies' Society Aid Society.

The Lecture was a new one, this being the third time it has been delivered. The subject was "Eloquence," and the kinds were illustrated with all Mr. Gough's inimitable humor, while the illustration of the true, was the rare itself. We have before spoken of complete command which Mr. Gough exercises over his audience, a kind of magical power which carries them with whether they will or no. This lecture exhibited more of study and research on the subject of oratory and rhetoric, than we expected from one whose time is so constantly occupied as Mr. Gough's. It was a decided and complete success, and we hope it will be called for by Lyceum Commissions. The close of the lecture was a ringing appeal of patriotism, such as is seldom heard from any orator, and drew enthusiastic plaudits from the hearers.

Representative to Congress.

We see that the People's Party have nominated Mr. Benjamin Poole as its candidate for Congress from this District. In what we hear of the candidate, we do not think their choice a judicious one, promising much success to the new organization. Mr. Poole is understood to be a very clever one-horse man, who once set up a law shop in Georgetown and afterwards was President of the Newburyport Board of Trade and the Metropolitan in Boston. In these situations he showed fair ability, but he has not the caliber which is, in opinion, requisite for a Massachusetts Representative in Congress. We may tolerate mediocre ability in our Legislature, but little men should be sent to our national halls of legislation. State pride, if nothing else, should prompt the people to put forward men who would honor, not shame, their constituency. We look upon Mr. Poole as vastly inferior in ability to Mr. ALLEY, who has proved himself one of the strongest members of the Legislature, and the signs are, that he will walk into his seat in the next Congress almost without an effort.

Nomination of Senator.

The Republican Convention for the Second District met in Salem Monday and nominated ISRAEL W. WARREN of Danvers, to be supported by the Republicans for Senator at the coming election. Mr. Warren is a man well known in this vicinity as one of good natural abilities, improved by culture, and is moreover a ready speaker. He has had experience in legislation, having represented his town in the General Court for several years. He is now holding the office of Trial Justice. He used to be regarded as an impartial advanced towards his standard. As he has been somewhat prominent in the ranks of the day and is a zealous temperance man. We think, on the whole, the Convention could have done a better thing than to nominate Judge Warren.

Mr. Henry Poor.

It is announced that this gentleman has declined acceptance of the nomination for Senator tendered by the people's party. Mr. Poor is a strong candidate for any nomination that he would accept, and if he had any sympathy with the so-called Republican party, (which we have not,) we regret his withdrawal.

It is also noticed that Col. Hinks has drawn his name from the nomination for Congress. His declining was contained in a very patriotic sensible letter.

OWN REPRESENTATIVE.

We learn from Mr. D. Webster King, our present Representative to the General Court, has declined to be a candidate for re-election. We regret this, as we believe in him as a firm and consistent, but independent politician. May his mantle fall upon a worthy successor.

An Amazon on West, in describing her and, says: "Daniel may be known by a nose, where I scratched him."

Governor Andrew.

It is in no partisan spirit that we speak of the propriety of retaining Gov. Andrew in the position he now holds as the Executive of the Commonwealth. He was not our first choice at the time he was nominated and we have not been able to approve of all his acts since. He has made mistakes, some trivial and some, we are compelled to say, somewhat grave. In saying this, we say but little more than what attaches to all human kind. It is enough to say that his general course has been such as we have approved and admired. He has shown an executive ability and a promptness and energy in these times of trouble in the nation, which far outweigh all that we have seen of mistake or deficiency. Farther than this, his past experience is to him a great advantage in the future administration of the State government. No untied man can hope to take up the affairs of State where he shall leave them and carry on the details as well. No serious charge has been brought against him by his opponents, which has not been refuted on investigation, except, perhaps, his unfortunate reply to Secretary Stanton's dispatch, and his course since then has been such as to prove that he is unconditionally on the side of the national administration. We think his enemies are using means so unfair to traduce him that they will injure to his advancement in popularity with the people. The meanness with which he has been attacked for his participation in the meeting of the Governors of loyal States, must strike all right-minded men as shameful in the extreme. Such acts as these will surely return to plague the inventors.

Agricultural.

A correspondent of the Salem Gazette takes us to task on account of some recent remarks of ours in relation to the Cattle Show at Georgetown. We think the junior editor could not have seen this communication before it was printed, as he would have discovered that our remarks about Georgetown were copied mainly from his excellent report. The true object of this article, (which we assume slipped into the paper without the knowledge of the junior editor,) was to rap our knuckles for the announcement that Mr. Dodge had declined serving another year as President of the Society and at the same time intimating our preference for another gentleman as his successor. We agree with the Gazette's correspondent that the county can furnish more than one man fit for the Presidency, but as only one is needed at a time, we took the liberty to name the one we considered, among others, best qualified. We did not regard political opinions at all in our preference, yet we supposed there would be some small-potatoes who would raise a cry on that account. We think too well of the liberality and good sense of the editors of the Gazette to suspect them of drawing party lines in Agricultural Societies. Whatever their correspondent may think, the editors know better. They never would think of any necessary connection between politics and parsnips, or Dr. Loring's Ayershire bull with Bull Run. Carrots are constitutional everywhere. Turnips are not turncoats, and a Flemish Beauty would never remind one of honest Old Abe.

The Gazette's correspondent asks us to nominate other candidates from which to make a selection. This we cheerfully do, and we hereby nominate him, and we most sincerely hope he may be defeated.

How was it?

Our call last week, to know how it was that Salem came out with a surplus in a manner so sudden, has not been answered. Perhaps it was regarded as an impertinent question and not worthy of response. We cannot so regard it. It is a fair enquiry to make, inasmuch as the standing of our towns and cities in the scale of patriotic effort is a matter of just pride to their citizens. There should be no attempt to shine in borrowed plumes. Notwithstanding we have obtained no answer to our first enquiry, we will ask another and plainer question. Did Salem have credit, as three years' men, for the Cadets and Mechanic Light Infantry who served a few months at Fort Warren? It is well known that a large part of these companies are not Salem men, but belong to neighboring towns. There is a good sprinkling of South Danvers men in these companies, for which we have no credit. If Salem claims all those who depart from her borders, why may not Lynnfield, Wenham and Boxford do the same? Each of these towns has sent its thousands to the field, yet they do not count in their quota. Why not, if Salem can claim the Fort Warren troops? Will our Salem friends inform us if we are wrong in our surmises?

PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINATIONS.—At the People's Party Convention, held lately, the following nominations were made:—
For Representative from the fifth Congressional District—Benjamin Poole, of Topsfield.
For Representative—Stephen B. Ives, of Salem.
For Representative—A. A. Abbott.
For Sheriff—Moses Tenney, of Georgetown.
For County Commissioner—Levi Patch, of Gloucester.

The South Danvers Troops.

The past week has witnessed the departure of nearly one hundred of our brave young soldiers who have left their homes, their families, and all the delightful and endearing associations of New England society, to do their part in quelling this great rebellion. They have gone forth, as have more than four hundred others of our citizens, for the rescue and preservation of those beneficent institutions of republican liberty which were won by their ancestors on the bloody fields of the Revolution.

As these, our sons, brothers, husbands and fathers go forth to encounter the sickness, hardships and dangers of the camp, the hopes and fears as well as the benedictions of their friends at home, attend them. When we consider that more than a million of men, such as have gone from our own neighborhood, have already marched onward to the bloody fields, encountering fatigues, enduring privations and meeting death in all its worst and most varied forms, this voluntary outpouring is indeed sublime. When we further consider that all these sacrifices are encountered that we, who stay at home, may enjoy with them the possession of the goodly heritage left us by our fathers, how great should be our gratitude to these national defenders!

Republican Senatorial Caucus.

The Caucus last Saturday evening for the choice of delegates to the Senatorial Convention was very well attended. Cyrus D. Howard was chosen Chairman, and John O. Poor Secretary. The time of the meeting was mostly taken up in discussing how the delegates should be chosen. By a vote of the meeting, a committee of five were selected by the chairman, viz:—Eben S. Poor, Isaac Hardy, Andrew Porter, Ames Merrill, Hiram Plumer, to retire and nominate a list of delegates to represent the town in the convention, and they finally presented the following names:—

Alonzo P. Phillips, Stephen Fernald, Isaac Hardy, John O. Poor, John S. Torr, Hiram Plumer.

While submitting this list for acceptance or rejection by the meeting, Mr. S. C. Bancroft arose and objected to this manner of choosing delegates, as not giving a fair expression of the meeting, and made a motion to lay the list on the table, which resulted in a tie vote (18 to 18). The chair declining to decide the point by the casting vote, Mr. James P. Kiro made a motion that seven names be added to the list as reported, and that the meeting mark against six of them, and those six having the largest number of marks be declared delegates. This was agreed to and seven more names were added, and the marking commenced—Joel W. Bancroft, Esq., leading off, by a vote of the meeting. The result was in the choice of the list reported by the committee by a decided majority, as follows:—

A. P. Phillips, 31	John S. Torr, 26
John S. Torr, 26	Stephen Fernald, 25
Stephen Fernald, 25	Hiram Plumer, 27
Hiram Plumer, 27	John O. Poor, 26
John O. Poor, 26	Thomas M. Stimpson, 11
Thomas M. Stimpson, 11	James P. King, 12
James P. King, 12	Isaac Hardy, 12
Isaac Hardy, 12	A. A. White, 11
A. A. White, 11	Nathan H. Poor, 11
Nathan H. Poor, 11	John V. Stevens, 11
John V. Stevens, 11	J. S. Needham, 11

After the vote was declared, Mr. Bancroft, in compliance to a request of Mr. Hardy, gave his opinion of "Ben Poole," the candidate of the People's Party for Congress. Mr. Ames Merrill read a letter from Col. Hinks, declining the "Bolter's" nomination for Congress, and then the meeting dissolved.

Republican Senatorial Convention.

The Republican Senatorial Convention for the 2d District, which is composed of the city of Salem, and of towns of Wenham, Hamilton, Middleton, South Danvers, Danvers and Topsfield, was held at Creamer Hall on Monday forenoon at half past nine o'clock. The Convention was called to order by W. P. Phillips, who read the published call. James D. Black of Danvers was chosen Chairman pro tempore; the District Committee were invited to take seats in, and act with, the Convention, and a Committee of three—consisting of Messrs. Phillips of Salem, Hale of Danvers, and Kimball of Topsfield—was appointed to receive the credentials of members. They reported 6 towns represented by 40 delegates.

On motion of Mr. Rantoul of Salem a committee of 5 was appointed to report a permanent organization. The committee consisted of Messrs. Rantoul of Salem, Phillips of S. Danvers, Frothingham of Salem, Perkins of Wenham, and Knight of Danvers; and they reported, as the permanent organization, the name of W. G. Choate of Salem as President, and J. O. Poor of South Danvers, Secretary. Mr. Choate accepted the position with a few pertinent remarks.

On motion of Mr. Hale of Danvers, the Convention went into an informal ballot—E. W. Kimball, of Salem, E. P. Putnam of Danvers, and J. S. Torr, acting as the Committee to receive and count the votes. The ballot was as follows:—

Whole number of votes, 39. I. W. Andrews of Danvers, 15. E. S. Poor, S. Danvers, 11. C. W. Upham, Salem, 5. A. H. Johnson, Middleton, 4. D. E. Safford, Hamilton, 2. J. E. Safford, Hamilton, 1. B. C. Perkins, S. Danvers, 1.

A formal ballot was then taken with the following result:—
Whole number of votes, 41. Necessary to a choice, 21. I. W. Andrews, Danvers, 20. E. S. Poor, 11. C. W. Upham, 3. A. H. Johnson, 4. D. E. Safford, 1. B. C. Perkins, 1.—Israel Andrews, 1.

Mr. Kimball of Topsfield stated that he cast the vote for Israel Andrews, intending if Israel W. Andrews. The Convention then went into a second formal ballot, with the following result:—

Whole number of votes, 41. Necessary to a choice, 21. I. W. Andrews of Danvers, 29. E. S. Poor, 11. C. W. Upham, 3. A. H. Johnson, 4. D. E. Safford, 1. B. C. Perkins, 1.—Israel Andrews, 1.

On motion of Mr. Osgood of Salem, the nomination was made unanimous.
On motion of Mr. Beckford of Salem, a committee of one from each town was appointed to report a District Committee for the ensuing year.

The committee consisted of John A. Putnam of Danvers; R. S. Rantoul, Salem; J. N. Merriam, Middleton; J. D. Black, Danvers; A. P. Phillips, S. Danvers.
They reported the following District Committee, which was adopted:—
Wm. G. Choate of Salem; John O. Poor, S. Danvers; Moses H. Hale, Danvers; Amos H. Johnson, Middleton; Henry Hobbs, Wenham; John Whitridge, Hamilton; Dudley Bradford, Topfield.—Salem Gaz.

ACROSTIC.

Great Nature bounds within her broad domain,
Ere glorious wonders like a G. F. Train;
Of such productions, having kindly view
Regarding man, th' Almighty made but few;
Giveth thanks unceasing! Nature dath restrain
Excess of humbug, such as G. F. Train.
Force, taste, wit, wisdom, far beyond his reach,
I rain gives us nothing but the shallow speech;
Rants, roars, repeats, reviles, disclaims, defers;
A bounding fall in insult—shameless in lies.
Indeed, kind reader, one word will explain,
N othing he is more than an empty train!
S. Danvers, Oct. 26, '62. C. N.

Our Government.

Mr. Editor, Nature's laws are sure and reliable; whatever we sow, that shall we reap in harvest. So are the laws that govern mankind in their relations to each other. Get angry with your neighbor and strike him; if he does not return the blow, you have at least opened a wide gulf between you. Slander or try to injure his character by misrepresentations and insinuations, do you not incur his hatred? Let a Minister of the Gospel and the members of one religious society be continually declaiming against the belief and the members of another society, how surely do you create dissension and strife.

So in our government, the people of one State, or of many States, cannot expect to force their opinions and laws upon the people of another State, neither have they any right to. Each State has the right to make such laws as they see fit provided they do not conflict with the Federal Government, and of course the law of the land. "The written fundamental law of the land," is a reality, all the theories and schemes of party men cannot alter a single line, or take from the people one single right under it; to it we are indebted for all we are as a nation, and the maintenance of which depends our life or death as a Republic, Government.

Our Republican friends told us, two years ago, that there was no danger; that this nation had made such rapid advance in Christianity and civilization that we never could become engaged in civil war. Yet, after eighteen months of the most destructive civil war that ever befell a nation, we stand to-day trembling on the very brink of ruin.

What is to be done? Rally round the Old Flag, and with men and cannon balls, drive the last rebel in arms under the protection of its ample folds.

Let the people say to their party leaders, with their theories and schemes, that they are not the men for the times. But seek for good, conservative, patriotic men for office, who would give their all, and their life if it need be, to restore peace to this once happy land.

Union.

The Douglas Democrats.
Mr. Bailey, editor of the Herald and late possessed generalissimo of the "Douglas Democrats" of Massachusetts, who made speeches in the Old South recruiting stand, and Tremont Temple, in favor of laying aside party and uniting to support the government, is now trying to rally the Douglas men to abandon their democratic ideas and join their old conservative opponents in the most exclusively partisan movement ever known in this country. The Douglas Democrats are called upon to come in and play second fiddle to the Post faction, which assisted the southern traitor in stabbing Douglas in the Charleston Convention, that they might make more sure the dissolution of the Union. To join this faction in doing a work which, if successful, would cause J. F. Davis and all Rebeldom to howl with delight! Democrats are called upon to abandon even the name of Democracy, which is offensive to Mr. Bailey's new associates.

Democrats! what would Douglas now say to this attempt to sell you out for the encouragement of the traitors who were his political assassins? You may learn what he would say if he were alive, from what he did say a short time before his death. These were his words concerning this controversy:—

"The conspiracy to break up this Union is a fact known to all. Armies are being raised, and war leveled to accomplish it. There can be but two sides to the controversy. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war. There can be no patriots and traitors."

Again he said:—
"There are now but two parties in the country—the friends and the enemies of the Government. Every man who does not stand up for ALL MEASURES that may be adopted for the maintenance of the honor of the country, at whatever cost of blood or treasure, that may be necessary, is a traitor at heart."
There can be but two sides! Will you follow Douglas or Bailey?

On John Brown.—Says the Harper's Ferry correspondent of the N. Y. Times, "at least, in future years, among the memorials of Harper's Ferry will stand the relics of old John Brown; the engine house that he made his castle, the spot where he was wounded, and the house where he resided for weeks, and received his arms. 'I shall probably die in the attempt,' said Brown, 'but I struggle for the cause of Freedom.' He hurled his body in gate of battle, war arose, and slavery is now in its dying gasp. The old postmaster at Sandy Hook, near by, has his own ideas about matters. He insists that John Brown was in the pay of Secessionists, and projected his raid to inflame the South against the North. He is confident that a stuffed figure was hung and coiled in his stead, and asserts that John Brown is now in the Seecesh army. Whether he sends Philadelphia letters to Minnesota, I do not know."

REBEL ADVISE.—Gen. Simon Buckner after being released from Fort Warren, was put in command of a rebel force, and upon paroling some federal prisoners told them to "go home and vote the democratic ticket."

Buckley's Opera Troupe at Allston Hall, Boston, continue to draw crowded houses. An entire change of programme this week. They are acknowledged to be the best troupe ever in the city.

Hon. Charles Sumner.

Mr. Editor:—We endorse most heartily your remark in a late issue of the WIZARD respecting the above named Senator, viz: "that he ought to be re-elected." We think so, because, in the first place, he is abundantly qualified, in every respect, to fill that office.

His personal character is unblemished—not a freckle, freak or stain rests upon it. The man is yet to be found who has ever known him to be guilty of an immoral or a mean action. He is not a professor of religion, but his high toned morality, integrity, and strict adherence to truth, would be a safe example for some of his opponents, who have a standing in the church, to copy.

Of his intellectual qualifications it is superfluous to speak. He is a man of rare scholarly attainments—possessed of a rich, vigorous, vivid imagination, a solidity of judgment, breadth of thought, comprehensiveness of understanding, and clearness of perception that are seldom found in the same person. More than this, he is a thorough statesman, being perfectly conversant with all the principles of national and international law. There is a sublime correspondence, we have sometimes imagined, between the great doctrines of the Constitution of the United States, and the gigantic powers of his own mind. His fame as a scholar and a statesman has leaped the Atlantic Ocean, and thousands of eyes in the Old World are now watching him, as the rising star of this great Republic.

Still further—he has served the country as faithfully as any man that ever sat in Congress; and for the conscientious discharge of his duties he has suffered weeks and months of wearisome pain. His most herculean efforts have been put forth for the removal of that accursed system which is the lone cause of the present rebellion; with all its expenditure of treasure, and blood, and life. Had his counsels been heeded, all this might have been spared us.

What, now, is the objection to his re-election?

The only one yet offered is contained in some of the speeches made a few days ago at the People's Convention, in Faneuil Hall. But it is a painful task to criticize this—not on account of its damaging effects to Mr. Sumner's prospects for re-election; for we are greatly mistaken if his sky is not now clearer of clouds than it was previous to the holding of the People's Convention. A man may shoot his shaft with exact perpendicularity over his head; in that case it cleaves the impavide air, and does no harm to that; but the missile descending, according to the law of gravitation, with the exact force with which it has been projected, it smites full sore the unhappy archer himself.

The remarks of the Hon. Linus Child must be, to every intelligent candid reader of Mr. Sumner's speech, perfectly astounding!

The main position of Mr. Sumner, clearly stated in the first part of his argument, is contained in the following extracts. Speaking of the President's Proclamation of Emancipation, he said:—"It was simply a military necessity that I (a year previous) urged this measure; it is a military necessity that I now support it, and insist upon its complete and most generous execution, so that it shall have the largest scope and efficiency. Not as an Abolitionist, not as an anti-slavery man, not even as a philanthropist do I now speak. I forget for the moment all the unutterable wrongs of slavery, and all the transcendent blessings of freedom; for they do not belong to this argument. I think only of my countrymen by rebellion, and how it may be saved."

"And now what is the object of this war? Not to abolish slavery, or to establish slavery, but simply to put down this rebellion. But the question occurs, how can this be best accomplished? He then goes on to show, and at the close of his argument gives utterance to the following sentence:—'There were many generals already in the field—upwards of thirty Major Generals, and two hundred Brigadiers, but meritorious and brave as they may be, there is a general better than all, whom the President promises to commission—I mean General Emancipation!'"

Mr. Child, after quoting these words, entirely reverse the order of thought, and in the very face of Mr. Sumner's printed declaration to the contrary, makes him assert that the war ought to be carried on for the purposes of general emancipation! There could not be a more palpable misrepresentation of another's thoughts.

The only possible way to clear Mr. Child from the charge of wilful falsehood, is to suppose that he misunderstood Mr. Sumner's argument, i. e., to relieve his heart at the expense of his brains. But we pity the dolt whose mental optics are so obtuse as not to be able to comprehend, at a glance, so lucid a chain of reasoning as that contained in the Senator's speech. Mr. Sumner's position on emancipation is identical with Mr. Lincoln's, as put forth in his proclamation. Let him then, we say, be re-elected to the United States Senate; and we trust, that South Danvers will send no man this year, to the Legislature who does not openly declare his intention of voting for Charles Sumner.

Proctor.

GEN. WM. STARK ROSECRANS, who has been appointed to the command of the Western Army, in place of General Buell, was born in Ohio on the 6th of December, 1819. He graduated at West Point in 1842. Before the present war began, he filled various positions under the Government, displaying much ability in the discharge of the duties of his respective stations. His campaign in Western Virginia—the victory of Rich Mountain, the defeat of Floyd at Carnifex Ferry, which resulted in driving the rebels out of that department—was of the most brilliant character. His recent successes at luka and Corinth are fresh in the public mind. Gen. R., we may add, is a Roman Catholic in religion and was a democrat in politics.

FIRE.—On Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, the gas and steam fixture store of Mr. Wm. F. Small, No. 273 Essex street, in the building owned by John Jewett, Esq., was discovered to be on fire in the back part. The fire worked up beneath the ceiling and out through the roof, and proved very troublesome, but was finally extinguished after an immense quantity of water had been poured into the premises. The building was considerably damaged, and Mr. Small's stock, and the stock of the adjoining stores, occupied by Geo. H. Wise, confectioner, and Mrs. Wadleigh, dress-maker, was injured by water. Loss not ascertained, but not very large.—Salem Reg.

Miss Kate Fisher is the leading star at the old National Theatre, Boston, and Manager English is constantly producing novelties.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWBURYPORT, N. O., October 9th, 1862.
SAMUEL MOORES, Sir:—A communication was received from you informing the citizens of Danvers, who are members of the 17th Mass. Vols., of a present, contributed by individuals in Danvers, consisting of 14 barrels of potatoes and 2 of onions—and two days following we received the articles in good order, minus the onions, which, from some cause unknown, failed to reach their destination. The potatoes were delivered according to the directions as far as practicable, circumstances preventing a strict compliance. The arrangement carried out was satisfactory to all concerned.

The gift is one not to be reckoned by dollars and cents,—the practical benefits of which are even now apparent in the decrease of the number of sick, especially in Company C. A meeting of the members from Danvers was called, and it was

Voted, That the sincere thanks of those present be tendered to those who so generously contributed toward the gift, and bid them remember that words can but feebly express the feelings of the heart, assuring them that we shall remember with gratitude this unmistakable sign of their remembrance of those far from the comforts and conveniences of home, where we so much need the sustaining influences of the breast of the weary and wayworn soldier, battling for the homes and firesides of those near and dear to all sons of freedom.

Also, with the above was a report containing the doings of a meeting of the citizens of Danvers called in regard to the payment of bounties to all Danvers volunteers who have enlisted during the Rebellion. It is gratifying to know that the patriotic sentiments that induced Danvers to respond so nobly to the first call for volunteers, is not dead, but now most generously gives to the soldier substantial proofs of its increase. We are proud of Danvers and her generous-hearted people, who know no limit to their devotion to their country, or to the welfare of her soldiers. While she gives her men, she hesitates not to give her wealth to increase the comforts of those who leave home and friends to sacrifice life for their glorious Union. The spirit of '76 fills the minds of all; Putnam, from his Heavenly home, smiles approvingly; generous deeds elicit praise from all patriots; and the day is now come when we, with pleasure and pride of a Roman, can boast of belonging to Old Danvers.

It was also

Voted, That the Committee's reply, and the names of those contributing be published in the SOUTH-DANVERS WIZARD and the Essex County Mercury.

M. SILLMAN, Co. C, Committee.
G. H. TURNER, Co. E, Committee.
G. H. MOULTON, Co. G.

Gen. Burnside, when he left us, sent word to us that he should always remember the 17th, and if any of us got into trouble to call upon him at home. Says he, "Boys, you have saved the Union. Mind you look out for No. 1 and you will be successful in life. I wish I could take you with me, but I have such unbounded confidence in you that I shall leave you behind." Come down to my office and take a drink." We all threw sand at him, while he disappeared amidst flying boots, mess pans, and all kinds of striking demonstrations of devotion.

DANVERS, Sept. 6th, 1862.

We, the subscribers, have learned that our brothers in the 17th Mass. Vols. are suffering from diseases incidental to the sickly season and a sparse vegetable diet, they not having any potatoes for three months past; therefore we give the sums or substances as below for the purpose of relieving their sufferings as soon as possible.

Zephania Pope, 1 barrel potatoes, \$1 in cash; A. Bartlett, A. Swinerton, W. R. Jones, A. Pratt, E. Pope, Josiah Mudge, J. Kimball, John Roberts, 1 barrel potatoes and 60 cents each; James Crawford, G. M. Hyde and Orin Putnam, 2 barrels potatoes; D. R. Bodwell, 1 barrel potatoes; D. P. Pope, W. Goodale, H. P. English, D. J. Tapley, 1 barrel of onions. Thomas Hinds, James Wilkins, Samuel Moore, Philomen Putnam, G. B. Martin, Moses Wells, \$1 each; James Munroe, E. A. Wilkins, John Smith, E. P. Davis, G. P. Thomas, G. R. Howe, P. D. Nelson, J. A. Blake, L. P. Demsey, John Welch, Sarah Putnam, Mrs. I. Adams, 55 cents each.

GENERAL DEVENS.—This gentleman, who now stands so prominent as the People's candidate for Governor, has scarcely been heard of before out of his own country. We understand that he had a respectable parentage at Charles town, in the County of Middlesex, and entered upon the practice of law at Greenfield, and removed thence to Worcester, where he stands in the first rank, as a lawyer. But are these sufficient reasons why he should be preferred to one who has proved himself a good man and true, under all circumstances, and particularly as the friend and supporter of the soldier, to whom we now look for the support of our rights?

Our readers will please bear in mind when they visit the "City of Nations," that John C. Brooks & Co., at 191 Washington street, have the best stock of Family Goods, Perfumery, &c., to be found, and that they will sell them at unwarped of low prices.

They are agents for the best Family Sewing Machines, and everything pertaining to them, at war prices. Also, agents for Nelson's Patent Improved Skirt Supporter—a grand article. Do not fail to call, and see the gentlemanly proprietor, even if you don't purchase, as it is no trouble for him to show his goods.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The November number of Atlantic is full of interest. The publishers seem "endeavoring each month to improve on their previous efforts, and the number before us deserves appreciation. This magazine is the repository of some of the best thoughts of the day, and the general reader can find in its pages both amusement and profit.

JOHN P. PRABODY is still constantly receiving and selling at very low prices large quantities of the best Kid Gloves, Lisle Gloves, Hosiery, Mourning Goods, Veils, Wrought Setts, Ribbons, Ruches, and Worsted, Ladies, look at his double-column advertisement, and see for yourselves.

Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson remarked on Friday: "The rebellion has three elements on which it relies. One is foreign intervention and their own military prowess; one is yellow fever at the South; and the other is this spurious Democratic party at the North."

Navies.

Before secession we were scarcely a naval power. True, in every war we had won great victories on the sea, and had the best and most daring sailors on the ocean, but our navy was literally nothing. We had in all but 89 vessels—37 steamers and 52 sailing vessels—of which 77 now remain. We had not one iron-clad vessel; not one of such strength that a full broadside from first class British or French ship would not have blown her out of or under the water. Now our fleet numbers nearly 300 vessels, of all classes and descriptions. Some of them are strong and fast enough to compete with anything that can be brought against them; others upon the ocean are inferior; and others still are only adapted to our rivers and lakes. The most rapid growth of any navy of the world has been that of the United States in the twelve months past; and in a year more we shall be ready to compare with the first naval powers; and should the iron clads find nothing to shake their rate we shall be fully up with any. Now two nations are before us. Great Britain has a total of 700 ships—large, heavy, substantial, of which nearly 600 are steamers, and 26 of these are iron clad. She stands first, and in a war to-day would be a terrible power against a nation with an extended sea coast. Fitted as these ships are, we have not a city upon all our shores that she could not reduce to ashes in a few hours. France stands next to England, and must have more than 600 ships that could be afloat in a few weeks. She is rapidly augmenting her naval force, and Louis Napoleon has determined that his empire shall be first on the seas, so far as it is arms on land. He may make it so, should he live twenty-five years in power, so far as the number of vessels and weight of guns are concerned, though French seamen are decidedly inferior to British or American.

These are the three great naval powers of the world—England, France, and the United States, and they are vying for superiority, with England far in advance.—Newburyport Herald.

Gen. George Baneroff declines to be a candidate in the 8th Congressional district of New York. In his letter he says:—"For one, I will not give a vote for any man whose election would be an encouragement to the rebellion to hold out. I, for one, will not consent to send our sons and brothers to the battle-field and then betray them at the polls."

GEN. DAVIS, who shot Gen. Nelson at Louisville, has been released from arrest and ordered to report for duty at Cincinnati. This act of the Government seems to indicate the probability that there were other and weightier reasons than those made known which influenced Gen. Davis in his attack on Nelson.

GEN. DEVENS has accepted the nomination of the People's party for Governor of this State. In this we are not a little disappointed. It was believed that the General, like Gen. Sickles and Corcoran, would decide to serve his country where he could serve her best.—Es.

SEMMES—the Capt. of the pirate Sumpter has turned up again, and is making fearful havoc among our commerce, being in command of a bark rigged steamer called the Alabama, alias the "290." She has already made many captures of Federal vessels, and it is reported that the prisoners are rather severely treated.

The Alabama, at last accounts, was reported to be in the track of many vessels bound to and from Europe, being a position chosen wherein the greatest amount of destruction could be performed upon our merchantmen. Whenever he captures a vessel, after taking from her all that he wants, he sets her on fire. The light may be seen for

South Danvers Wizard.

III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1862

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LES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
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THE DEMAND OF THE HOUR UPON

THOSE WHO REMAIN AT HOME.

A Sermon Preached in South Danvers, Mass.,
on Wednesday, August 21, 1862.

BY REV. C. H. WHEELER.

In the wish to say something, this morning, which shall have a bearing upon our duties—our immediate duties in these dark, and trying times—I will not urge upon you the importance of volunteering for active service in the field—the subject now uppermost in the public mind—for the sufficient reason that this patriotic town, has already done its part so nobly. It has not only answered promptly every demand made upon it, but it has exceeded its fair proportion by a hundred men. And it will be sure to do whatever more is necessary. I abstain from that topic, and ask you to consider some of the obligations resting upon those who remain at home.

There must, of course, be many who will not, in any event, go to the war. Beside those who are excluded by age, or bodily infirmity, or occupations directly conducive to the public good, there are many who will be hindered by special causes, from taking up arms. Add to these an entire sex—half the population—and we shall have a large class of the excluded. Now, are we to say that these persons, because they are legally or morally exempt from military service, are therefore absolved from all responsibility? Have they no duties in the case? Can they contentedly sit down as spectators of events, while others do the work? I hold that those who remain at home have a duty to discharge only second in importance to that of those who go. Much may be done by them, in various ways, to promote the common object, the salvation of the country. Let us consider some of the services which these have in their power to render.

I. Obviously, the first duty of every citizen is to uphold the Government. Let him do this, then, by voice and by vote, by example and by persuasion, by cheerful contributions and by prompt payment of dues, in every way, and to whatever extent he possibly can. I call this a first and paramount obligation. It matters not whether we agree in all respects with the policy of the Government, whether we approve all its methods, whether we think hopefully of its designs—it matters not what our private opinion on these points may be—it is the duty of every man and every woman, in such perilous times as these, to sustain and strengthen the Government. Not to do so is to play into the hands of faction and sedition, and to inaugurate anarchy. For whether the Government be better or worse, whether it act always wisely, or sometimes make mistakes, it is the only anchor which can hold fast the ship in such a storm. That gone or loosened, we drift helplessly to ruin. Besides, whatever we may be tempted to allege under the effect of momentary disappointments, I believe history will record that, upon the whole, no government was ever more honestly administered—none with a more pure and single aim to the good of the country. In saying this, I do not mean to imply, in the least, that we ought to withhold our honest opinion, or abstain from condemning what we may consider wrong and injurious in the public policy. The Government needs to be enlightened. It wants instruction from the people. At this moment, it wants nothing so much. It is not, and it will not be averse to any candid judgment upon its doings. But let not criticism and protest degenerate into abuse. Let not the affections of the people be alienated from what is, next to God, our main reliance, through a difference of opinion in regard to ways of action, which, whether they help or hinder, cannot frustrate the beneficent result every hour drawing nearer, but which must work itself out through the agency of a firm and central authority having its basis in the popular heart.

II. A second way in which those who remain at home may do much to hasten the hour of victory and of peace is by diffusing abroad in the community correct ideas of the nature of the present struggle, and of the principles which

underlie it. In other words, cannot we all be, to some extent, teachers? Cannot we aid in the formation of that united public sentiment in favor of speedy emancipation, which is the very thing the President is waiting for, and without which he cannot safely act? Every man or woman who wins over a new convert to this opinion is doing a positive good, and is bringing us nearer, by one pendulum-beat, to the hour of deliverance and safety. We are impatient at what we consider the slowness of the Executive—his reluctance to use the one weapon which will finish the war. We complain that he temporizes and procrastinates, and so augments the danger and the cost. But we ought to be just. We ought to consider that one who stands at the centre is better qualified to see and judge than one who stands at the circumference. All parts of the country are not equally enlightened. The opinion of Massachusetts is not to-day the opinion of Indiana or of New Jersey. And before there can be wise and safe action, there must be concert. The education of a great people to right views and principles of action is, at best, a long process, and when retarded by such malignant influences as we have lived under for the last half century, it is not surprising that the heaven of reform works slowly. Never was the fact more conspicuous than now, that education must precede every safe attempt to organize new social relations. That education may come quietly, or it may come, as now, by shocks. But it is indispensable, and it can never be anticipated without extreme danger. There is a benevolent necessity in these delays and clogs of official action. Conservatism is wiser than it knows, or than it can explain to itself. It is the guardian of principles in their minority. It educates the power which is destined to subvert it. It puts clamps and fetters upon volatile, elastic truth, and by the very repression, nurses the explosive force which in time will rend all barriers.

Some ideas are fixed. Some truths have so lodged themselves in the general mind as to be impregnable. They are lessons which humanity has learned once and forever. These may be trusted in any contingency short of a loss of memory, and relapse into barbarism. The theory of popular self-government is, with us, a truth of that nature. Eighty years of successful experiment have given it a place among the certainties of science. Hence the fear is entirely groundless, which so many seem to entertain, that our republican institutions are in danger. It has been feared that the rapid centralization of power, the almost dictatorial authority with which the Executive has been clothed, and the existence of so large a military force may cause us to drift insensibly into monarchical habits. The guards and monuments of civil liberty we have, indeed, already overturned, to a considerable extent. We have overthrown the *habeas corpus*, we have imprisoned citizens without a form of trial, we have imposed a censorship upon the press. But there is not the slightest danger in all this, whatever alarmists may say. It has all been done wisely, justifiably, and as a matter of dire necessity. The people consent to waive some of their rights and privileges, upon good occasion. They do not, therefore, abjure them. As soon as this deplorable war shall be over, we shall find that, to the wonder and admiration of the world, things will slip quietly back into their accustomed channels. The vast force in the field will gladly disband, and will strike no blow at the liberties of the people; for every soldier is also a citizen. The authority of the Chief Magistrate will restrict itself within narrower limits. Freedom of speech and of the press will be restored. Every man's right to fair trial by jury will be guaranteed anew. These results will happen, because the principle of republican liberty is too deeply implanted in the mind of the nation ever to be uprooted; because the education of the people has made it impossible to take any step backward; because the blessings of free government are no longer a question open to discussion, but an accepted and proven fact.

There are, however, other truths no less sacred, no less vital to our prosperity, which have not yet found a secure lodgment in the national mind. They are lessons which we have only partially learned. Our culture has not yet availed to bring them within the province of accepted facts. The doctrine of the equal and inalienable rights of man—the postulate of liberty—has been held by us in times past as a very fair theory, a pleas-

ant fancy, a good-sounding formula to head a bill of grievances, or an assertion of independence. It has never yet been received by the nation at large as a scientific and indisputable fact. Providence is now demonstrating that proposition to us in blood-red characters; and when we shall have learned the lesson faithfully—so thoroughly that there is no danger of our ever forgetting it—then, and not before, we shall have peace. Pity, indeed, that we should need so hard a schooling to teach so plain a truth. But it is the way with nations, and, too often, with individuals. We are paying a fearful price, but the lesson will not need to be repeated. In full view of all sinister omens, I still confide in the President's wish and intention to seize the happy opportunity the moment it arrives, and to utter the word which alone will save the nation. The law which goes into effect within a month, will silently inaugurate the measure for which we are looking. And if it be desirable that this act should be accompanied by a *manifesto* proclaiming to the world its existence and operation, I have faith to believe that that also will be forthcoming so soon as the abatement of public prejudice will enable the country to hear with complacency what is being done in this direction. We cannot, indeed, but lament the dilatoriness of both people and rulers. It seems cruel that we must go on spending money and blood to no purpose, all because the nation is not wise enough to see and do the right thing. Yet I know not how we can do otherwise than accept the sorrowful fact as a part of the retribution due us for our sin.

Meanwhile, we have a duty to perform. We are to help to educate the country. Those who stay at home, and who cherish right views upon this subject, can certainly do something towards converting others to the same belief. They can, by argument, reach those who are open to conviction. They can persuade others of the truth, which is now beginning to dawn upon the minds of the duller, that there is no peace or safety for us while we tolerate the existence of an enslaved race upon this continent. They can, at least, let their voice be heard unqualifiedly upon the side of freedom. They can help swell that deep ocean-chorus which is now rising all over the land, demanding that the right be done. No individual influence can have, of course, half the effect which events are having. People are converted faster by what they see going on before their eyes, than by any words. Yet we must not abstain from doing what we can. If we withhold our sentiments, if we do nothing to enlighten and reform public opinion, we postpone the day of rejoicing, and involve ourselves in the guilt of this terrible strife. No matter how many victories we may gain, we do not approach the solution of our difficulties by so much as a single step, till the nation has spoken out its mind upon this subject. Let it first have a mind. Let there be unanimity—that is to say, such an overpowering public sentiment in favor of a speedy emancipation as will terrify into silence those who would purchase peace at the cost of liberty, and save the Union by fastening new fetters on the slave.

One thing is certain. In this matter, the people are to be self-educated, or educated by experience. No great prophet has yet appeared among us to lead the way. I doubt that any will be sent. The genius of the people is the prophetic spring out of which shall flow gifts of guidance and of mastery. Is there not, rightly considered, something sublime, and purely accordant with the spirit of our institutions, in the very fact here intimated, and which has been made a ground of complaint—namely, that the head of this nation is not a leader, who with tyrannous intellect is able to mould the people to his will, and force them to their duty; but that, upon the contrary, he is a man of estimable though nowise extraordinary endowments, possessing the qualities, rare in official station, of simplicity, straightforwardness, and perfect integrity—in a word, a man of the people, sagacious to discern, and apt to obey their behests, but not competent to inspire or lead them? In saying this, we intend no treason to the royalty of intellect. Ideas are still sovereign. The world must have its leaders. No democracy can annul the prerogative of kingly men. Still must the mountain-peaks reflect their morning-glow into the valleys. Yet is it not peculiarly fitting that, at a time like this, when the power of the people is called upon to vindicate itself, not only against faction and armed hostility, but also against the fatal, if true allegation,

persistently urged upon us from abroad, that the instincts of the masses are unworthy, and require to be held in check—is it not a happy circumstance that, at such a time, the nation should have at its head a man who may well enough be an interpreter, but cannot be a dictator of its fortunes? There is a pride in observing how the popular will, which here, at least, must always arbitrate events, derives its inspirations now, not from the sovereignty of a single mind, nor from the dictation of a class reared to rule, but from its own buoyant faith and hope—from the general fund of cultivated and liberal thought—yes, even from the slow, harsh, ignoble teaching of events; and that, being thus instructed and inspired, it asks simply honest lips as the medium of its glad announcements, or, failing that, will wrench those lips into an obedient organ of its celestial rage.

III. I mention a third way in which those who remain at home may make themselves useful, and that is by cultivating a cheerful habit of mind, and by encouraging others to take hopeful views of our situation and prospects. Nothing is more paralyzing to the national energies than a general feeling of despondency and distrust. One of the few English journals, which have all along taken our part, in its late issue, expresses a fear lest the North may become discouraged in view of its recent reverses, and declares that nothing is impossible to us provided we do not lose heart. That there is no real cause for this apprehension, must be evident to any one who has witnessed the hearty and generous enthusiasm of the last few weeks. The determination is settling itself deeper into the mind of the people, that we will succeed. The more reverses we have, the more fierce the determination to retrieve them. Notwithstanding this, there are some who, perhaps without intending it, do a great deal of mischief by speaking despondingly of our affairs, always anticipating misfortune, and so inviting the latent treason among us to come out. There is really no cause for discouragement; our gains are even now greater than our losses. And the moment we rise to any broad view of the matter, and look upon the present conflict in the light of its causes and principles, our faith will become firm as a rock. That the end of our troubles is near at hand, we dare not predict. It may be very distant. How near or how remote, is left, in a good measure, for the people to say. It is probable that we shall move to victory through as fierce battles as any which we have yet waged. Better so. Better that a million lives should be sacrificed, than that the whole nation should perish, and the crafty despots of Europe should enjoy their sneer over the failure of democratic institutions.

We ought always to look beyond the immediate present—to feel that we are living and working for a great future. It is no empty rhetoric—it is sober truth to say that the destiny of all coming generations hangs upon our behavior at this moment. Shall we lose heart? Or shall we grow more and more earnest in our resolution that we will do our whole duty now—that we will so finish this work which has been given us to do, that it shall never require to be done over again? Let us feel that nothing is too great or precious of the gifts of God to be sacrificed to this cause. Religion itself has no interest more precious than the welfare of this nation; and the preservation of those principles which it lives to embody. Some of us have already yielded up precious lives which we know not whether we shall see returned to us again. But if we are truly earnest and devoted, we shall not stop short with that. We shall feel that we also have a work to do at home. We shall endeavor to see that those lives are not squandered in a fruitless strife. We shall endeavor so to shape the policy of this nation, that the blood shed upon the field of battle shall become the seal of baptism into a new covenant of liberty. You who send your sons away upon their glorious, but dangerous errand, think, while now you sit in suspense, and fear of what tidings next may come—think for what an end, for what an immeasurable gain, for what far-reaching consequences of blessing to all posterity, you have made that costly sacrifice. And let that thought bring you fortitude, and arm you with its tranquility. And we who go not—or have not yet gone—let us see to it that we are not wanting in an equal measure of fidelity to that cause to die for which is gain, to do nothing for which would be to every honorable mind worse than death.

Uphold the Government, while at the

same time you give it the benefit of your advice, so that, feeling sure of your support, it may move on to bolder, juster measures. Let the rebuke of your presence and faith be such that the treason which now stalks abroad among us like the pestilence, shall slink back covering and ashamed into its pit. Lift up your voices, and proclaim upon the house-tops, and at the corners of the streets: "Let justice be done! Let the oppressed go free!" And that ringing sound shall go on gathering to itself volume and speed, till it becomes an avalanche, whose liberating course no magistrate will dare block, and which shall prove itself almighty to save.

Finally, rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him, knowing that no man, and no conspiracy of men can do anything against the truth, but for the truth. The Spirit who ever lives and moves, shining in saintly lives, is not less present, because unseen in every great principle of human rights which goes forth to battle, and fights to gain an establishment in the world. That spirit will go on conquering and to conquer, until he shall have subdued all enemies, and shall have made the whole earth his footstool.

A Saffor's Story of a Pig.

A curious animal is a pig, gentlemen! Very cunning too—a great deal more sensible than people give him credit for. I had a pig aboard my ship that was too knowing by half. All hands were fond of him, and there was not one aboard that would have seen him injured. There was a dog on board too, and the pig and he were capital friends; they ate out of the same plate, walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side under the bulwarks in the sun. The only thing they ever quarrelled about was lodging. The dog, you see, sir, had got a kennel for himself; the pig had nothing of the sort. We did not think he needed one; but he had his own notions upon that matter. Why should Toby be better housed of a night than he? Well, sir, he had somehow got into his head that possession is nine parts of the law; and though Toby tried to show him the rights of the question, he was so pig-headed that he either would not or could not understand.

So every night it came to be "catch as catch can." If the dog got in first, he would show his teeth, and the other had to lie under the boat, or to find the softest plank where he could; if the pig was found in possession the dog could not turn him out, but looked out for his revenge next time. One evening, gentlemen, it had been blowing hard all day, and I had just ordered close-reefed topsails, for the gale was increasing, and there was a good deal of sea running, and it was coming on to be wet; in short, I said to myself, as I called down the companion-ladder for the boy to bring up my peajacket. "We are going to have a dirty night." The pig was slipping and tumbling about the decks, for the ship lay over so much with the breeze, being close lashed, that he could not keep his hoofs.

At last, he thought he would go and secure his berth for the night, though it wanted a good bit to dusk. But, lo and behold! Toby had been of the same mind; and there he was safely housed. "Umph, umph!" says piggy, as he turned and looked up at the black sky to windward; but Toby did not offer to move. At last, the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn or two, as if he was making up his mind which was the warmest corner. Presently, he trudges off to the lee scuppers, where the tin plate was lying that they ate their cold 'tatoes off. Pig takes up the plate in his mouth, and carries it off to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel; then, turning his tail towards the dog, he begins to act as if he was eating out of the plate, making it rattle, and munching with his mouth pretty loud.

"What!" thinks Toby, "Has piggy got victuals there?" and he pricked up his ears and looked out towards the place, making a little whining. "Champ, champ!" goes the pig, taking not the least notice of the dog; and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby couldn't stand that any longer; victuals and he not there! Out he runs, and comes up in front of the pig, with his mouth watering, and pushes his cold nose into the empty plate. Like a shot, gentlemen, the pig turned tail, and was snug in the kennel before Toby well knew whether there was any meat or not in the plate. *Animal Traits and Characteristics, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*

THE DAY OF DEATH.—On the first of November, the *Jours de Morts*, it is said in accordance with the pious customs of the day, 20,000 people visited the three great cemeteries which receive the dead of Paris, and renewed the wreaths of *Immortelles* with which they annually decorate the graves of their friends and relatives. Those whose "loved ones lost" are buried (as two-thirds of those who die in Paris are) in the common graves, and whose bones are mingled promiscuously, not marked even by a headstone, deposit their offerings at the foot of a tall stone cross, near the entrance of the cemetery.

One of the most peculiar and solemn ceremonies of this day is the mass, which is said in a chapel in the Catacombs, where the bones of 3,000,000 of people, removed from the different burial grounds, wait the day of resurrection. Formerly, in France, it was believed that the portion of the night from midnight to daylight, preceding the *jours de morts*, was at a time when the dead were permitted to leave their graves and revisit the scenes of their earthly life, and the friends and relatives whom they have loved. Parents who have lost their children, and lovers whose loved ones had been crowned with the bridal wreath of death—all who have friends or relatives residing in the tomb, on this night sat by their firesides, leaving open a door or window, in which it was believed the shades of the departed entered and sat with them again at their hearths, in the places and the presence which they loved in life.

THE RAPPERS OUTDONE.—Some of the times in which flourished the credulous and wonder-loving Cotton Mather, show forth strange and queer accounts of the freaks of "ye unseen spirits." Here is one, copied some years ago, by the Boston Chronicle, from an old journal of a schoolmaster, who "whilom" resided in "ye ancient town of Ipswich." "Last night, as my wife and myself were going to bed, a dreadful noise was heard about ye house; an ye sound increased violently, and seemed to be in ye bedde-roome lykewise. Ye wyndows shooke like a dyce box; and a horrible stynke arose, smelling very much lyke untoe brymstone, almoste taking from us our breaths. Suddenly ye chairs and taybles did move hyther and thither by some unseen hand; anon all was silent. Soon ye beddes did rooke and shakke terribly, and ye bedde clothes didd move hyther and thither violently. Then ye plastering didd cracke and snappe lyke untoe ye report of a pistoll. Soon ye jordan began to move about, and it didd jump upon a chair, whirling around right merrye. I clutched by the handell, and ye pottle didd hoppe and skyppe around ye room, all toe our greute amusement."

SLEEPINESS IN CHURCH.—The art of balancing has become quite popular, and has been deemed worthy of explanation in the form of a lecture by the scientific Mr. Pepper, who is smart and learned at the same time. We must extract one of the little jokes with which he peppered his lecture, and made it most acceptable fare. He said the old monks' seats in Westminster Abbey, in Henry VII's Chapel, were placed on an axis, which passed through the centre. As long as they remained awake nothing happened, but directly when they went to sleep the seat upset, and they were tumbled out. This unclerical merriment was also provided for at the church of Bishop Stortford, where the seats were similarly constructed. *—London Court Journal.*

SUPERSTITIONS OF GREAT MEN.—Most great men have been superstitious. The courier bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Polidori, was announced, Lord Byron remarked: "I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me, last night, I expected that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out." Who can help being superstitious? Scott believed in second-sight; Rousseau tried whether he was to be damned or not, by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife striking the water, whether he was to succeed in some undertaking. Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing a trout he had hooked for out of the water.

A SLENDID LIGHT.—The new theatres in Paris are lighted by a new system. "Imagine," says a reporter for one of the journals, "for the ceiling of the hall an immense ground glass occupying the whole of the cupola, behind this place fifteen hundred gas burners, and above

South Danvers Wizard.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1862.

NO. 45.

Original Poetry.

We are Coming.

By C. F. HOWARD.

We are coming by the thousands,
As our brothers came before,
Who will redeem their manly pledge
On many a field of gore.

From the woodland and the city,
From the mountain and the glen;
We are coming, coming, coming—
Twice five hundred thousand men.

All our battle notes are ringing,
And the cry is still we come;
While from every hill and valley
Echoes Freedom's drum drum.

On the ocean, lake and river,
Flaunts the banner of the free;
We are coming, coming, coming,
The true sons of Liberty.

Lo, a million gallant spirits,
Arm'd in Freedom's holy cause;
To impale the heart of treason,
And sustain our Nation's laws.

To protect the World's Asylum,
In defence of all that's dear,
We are coming, coming, coming—
We are coming—we are here.

We are here to fight for Freedom,
And where'er our banners wave,
By the stars now floating o'er us,
We will know no man a slave.

We are coming; we will be coming;
We who never bent the knee,
Till Maine replies to Oregon,
All's well—our country's free.

Until all domestic traitors
Feel the sword they dared defy;
And foreign nations love, or fear,
This land of Liberty.

We are coming, coming, coming—
(We are coming—we are here);
Let the rebel traitors tremble,
When our earthquake tread is near.

We are coming, coming, coming,
And the flag that o'er us waves
Shall adorn the ark of Freedom,
Or enshroud us in our graves.

Selected.

Characteristics of Music.

The truest way to characterize the ruling tone of sentiment in any composer, is to note the state of mind in which his music leaves you. There is some music which is all glitter and effect, which you hear with astonishment, and go home weary and without capacity of emotion. An opera in Bellini bathes you in a delicious flood of tenderness; roselight everywhere, and tepid spring warmth; you are sad and full of passive sympathetic sensibility, softened, melted, but not roused. A surfeit comes, and you are glad to have a good wind sweep away the mild vague haziness from the world's face, and breathe a bracing atmosphere, feel your nerves invigorated, and see by the clear literal light of day, until the time for twilight visions comes again.

What could be more opposite to this than the effect of Handel? Repose, such as your spirit gains in looking up into the illimitable sky; a fullness of awakened energy, serene as sleep; a balanced universal activity, calm as the motion of Niagara, or of the planets; a healthy universal sympathy; a fellow feeling with all Humanity; a communion with the absolute, a sense of unity with the whole, which can indulge many moods, but is the victim of no one; life flowing from the centre, and no morbid irritation in any single faculty.

From Mozart you turn reluctantly, as from an Olympian festival, in whose enthusiastic pitch of liberty, and love and joy, you feel that your faculties and your emotions have all got out, and swim in a willing and congenial element of life. Sense and soul are one. The keenest sense of living, the perfected and full flower of sentiment, the exaltation of the soul to a certain divine consciousness; the rising of the floods of the heart to overflow all things and blend their harsh outlines into concord with itself; a tremulous recognition of the near presence of the spiritual world to this our everyday life; a sort of disembodied pure existence floating through all things without resistance, as if matter had given up its impenetrability,—this you feel, and as if the breath of one, whose love was your communion with the soul of all this, fell upon your cheek.

From Hayden you go as from the sweet quiet happiness of home, or from the mild restorative of woods and fields, with cheerful heart, clear head, and temperate desires, with the sunny domesticity of a good child or a wise father, and the buoyant self-possession of a well-ordered life. Childlike love of nature, and cheerful genial domesticity are his two dominant traits. The first is shown in that bird-like instinct by which he organized the

orchestral forces into so fit a nest for his creative, uneventful life; in his proneness to imitation of the sounds of nature, and in the prevailing character of his great works, the "Seasons" and the "Creation." The second displays itself in the cool temperaments of all his happy inspirations; in the clearness, regularity and order which were the style of his life as well as of his compositions; and in fact that he was most felicitous, most himself, most a model to all others, in that form called "Chamber Music," in the composition of Quartets for stringed instruments, in which the various members of the violin family hold fine discourse, both argumentative, pathetic, grave and frolicsome. This is eminently domestic music. The Quartet is the best form in which art expresses and idealizes that moral music of our lives, which wells up from the fountains of the sacred sphere of home.

All of these great composers were great in all the forms of composition; but Handel was most Handel in the fugued chorus; Mozart's life welled forth clearest, fullest in the Opera; Beethoven is the despair of all ambitions in his Symphonies; and Hayden best enforced the lesson of his life in his Quartets.

After Mozart a new fount of music was opened in a man. One has written, from whose thrill the earth is not soon likely to recover; from whose music we carry away something that we should not have dreamed of in any effect the others could produce upon us. This music leaves us with roused souls, restless, urged by mighty aspirations, which never will be quieted, a lasting influence like a new Prometheus spark dropped into the breast from heaven. The music of this day all owns its influence, although resisting it. The sentiment and tone of thought and feeling of this age is deeply affected by it. Whoever has heard this music has grown deeper, or learned how deep he was, how deep and infinite the work of life. It wakes no passing mood; but takes possession of the hearer's soul, and becomes a singing ocean under him, which lifts him till he seems to touch the sky, then suddenly sinks down to night, yet only to climb higher with the next full wave. It is pregnant with a mighty future, and like a providential utterance of the great heaving, struggling breast of this prophetic era of Humanity. Of course we mean Beethoven.

Beethoven expresses the interior and divine side of the restlessness of this age—that restlessness which in its more superficial workings begets all this music of effect, these wonderful feats of skill, these strivings after the impossible in mere performance, miracles which come too often, which excite for a time and leave only the memory of excitement, which drive the blood to the head and stir up strange sensations, but never unseat those interior fountains in us which bathe every sense and faculty with calm invigoration. There is an intimate connexion and sympathy between the vital organs and the skin. It would seem that what is profound interior moving of the waters in Humanity's great sons, her artist-prophets, like Beethoven, were only irritation of the skin with the mass of men; the best response which they can give to that which genius owns so deeply; (since some response they must give, inasmuch as Humanity is one, and there are none of its members unaffected by the thrill of whatsoever movements first announce themselves in its deepest hearts.)

Listen to any Symphony of his—that in C minor especially—there is no mistaking his leading characteristics. The most remarkable is the wild, pleading earnestness of his music—his impetuosity and fire—the glorious frenzy of a giant or a god—yet not ungovernable, and never weak. There is in him the strength, the conscious inspiration, the truth, the well-balanced energy, which can afford to abandon itself to its bold impulse, disdaining mere conventional restraint. Beethoven's music travels on like a rushing flame. And yet oftener it is the sullen surging of the restless, boundless ocean; something of gloom, to be sure, yet exalting the spirit to that pitch, that it becomes prophecy and glorious hope. Such unutterable yearning, such irrepressible constant aspiration, such intense striving, such heroic energy of expression; such gathering of massive clouds, which only measure, not conceal the illimitable depths of clear sky and stars beyond, gleaming all the more sweetly through the rifts and chasms; such sadness deepening such faith, is found in scarcely any other music, and could have found expression in no other

day of the world but this. The heart of Humanity, the whole bosom of society is just now heaving with the presentment which prompted and which can understand this music. The music of Beethoven was reputed strange at first. No wonder; since his soul, like a deep sounding gallery, was among the first to catch the echoes of the approaching fall of the Future. Beethoven is to be interpreted by the glorious changes which are about commencing in society, and are destined to bring forth Order out of Chaos. I hear the prophetic murmur of the hearts of down-trodden millions, newborn to consciousness of their own grand destiny, in his music. I feel the murky gloom and sadness of the Past vainly stifling the true grandeur of the universal heart of man, now for the first time feeling all its strength, in those dark chords resolving themselves into serene splendors. I see the smoky coverlet that has hung for ages over some old wicked city, lifted off by the swift scouring tempest of his mighty Rhythm. I am more than ever a tender, loving, patient, believing child when his great thoughts gather strength like a whirlwind, and go roaring on and shake the world. Their sound is like the wild winds before day-break, which bring with them a certain exhilarating taste of coming day. And his music is most tender in its strength, most hopeful in its billowy fullness, most believing in its startling loud protests.

More or less in all Symphonies, in all his music, although he has more perhaps than any composer of the many-sidedness of Shakespeare—you feel one constant theme, as great and inexhaustible and never wearisome, as it is essentially subjective: to wit, the aspiration and the struggle of the soul with destiny; the ever renewed conflict of Good and Evil; the hopes, the obstacles, the onward movement of Humanity; the struggle and the victory, reaching at last, in the Ninth Symphony, the crowning word of Joy and the embrace of all the myriads of beings! Accordingly a characteristic of his style, particularly in his quick movements, is the nervous accent, the reiterated emphasis, the bold attacking manner, and the irresistible crescendo, as if to carry a stronghold by storm. The harmonies go pulsing, surging, dashing and urging their way onward, like a mighty freshet. Master as he is of means, of instruments, broad in harmonies and rich in coloring, the strength resides intrinsically in the thought always. These thoughts demand the full expansion of an orchestra; that becomes his native element, in which he is most himself, Jove throned upon Olympus; even his Sonatas are full of orchestral suggestion; the thoughts are large enough, and worthy of such treatment. Yet so intrinsic is the greatness of his thought, that even on the piano-forte his music is exceedingly effective and expressive, losing nothing of its characteristic, and suggesting, at least, its full force of meaning through such slender outline. But then it is such strong and manly music! Its very tenderness is manly; and it takes the strength of many hands, nerves strong as they are sensitive, as well as manly will and imaginative intellect, to denote him truly; no mere sentimental enthusiasm, no superficial glittering virtuosity is competent to play Beethoven. But this is by no means all!—Dwight's Journal of Music.

Why I Never Married.

I am a doctor, and am sitting in my office. The daily calls have been made. The weather is unpropitious for sickness. I may put on my slippers, light a cigar, loll in my easy chair, and day dream with little fear of disturbance.

I have often thought how queer a thing it is, that a young M. D., with a horse and gig, and a good practice, has never married. My friends have thought so, too. They often remind me that time is passing, and that grey hairs are beginning to show themselves in my moustache and whiskers. My errand boy (impudent scamp) suggested the other day that I should brush my hair in a different manner, in order to cover the bald spot. True, I am getting old, and not getting a wife. I know the reason that I am yet a bachelor, and I don't know but that it would do my soul good to live over the past, and tell these walls how a friend of mine got a wife, and how I didn't.

Eight or ten years ago, two jolly young fellows from college were sent to spend a vacation in a large village in P—. One was Alexander Woodbridge, the other Edward St. John. We—for I was the latter named—hardly relished being sent

away from our customary good time in N—, our home. We submitted, however, with as good grace as we could. Aleck even got jolly on his prospective, and having by some means found out that we were going to a valley in which two rivers met, would frequently quote, to stop my loud whisperings of discontent, "In the wide world, there's no valley so sweet, As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

As soon as the last examination was passed, we were on the rail for N—. Aleck was in excellent spirits, forming grand plans of flirtations and the other enterprises which make up vacation life.

We did not stop in N—. The E— railroad took us to the terminus of the road, when a long stage ride was before us.

The days of adventures in stage-coaches had even then passed. We had none. Once in the village for which we had set out, Aleck and I, after getting a room at the hotel, walked up to the quaint old parsonage. We presented some letters, wherein we were committed to the care of the reverend gentleman on Sundays, that he might see that we attended church. He asked us to take tea with him. We thought of blooming daughters and accepted. No fair hands administered to us that mournful tea. The parson was a bachelor. A bidy was the mistress of the mansion. It was a solemn affair, and we hurried off as soon as we decently could.

The parson "hoped we might enjoy and improve our vacation. The quiet village would be favorable for any studying we might wish. His library was at our disposal." Not a word of gunning, not a word of fishing; worse still, not a word of society. Aleck and I condescended with each other on our gloomy prospect for the summer, as we walked down to the hotel. We were in good spirits—very.

A week—two weeks had gone. We had fished in every stream within a day's ride. We had scoured the forests. We had attempted to get into society and failed. The young men saw in us, so our vanity thought; dangerous rivals. The ladies were too retiring to allow us to become acquainted by other than the orthodox ways. We followed them; they never looked back. We waved our handkerchiefs; they never saw them. We serenaded them; our music fell on unlistening ears. Two weeks of the same kind of life were before us. One evening we were sitting on the piazza, when the following conversation occurred:

"Ed, the villagers have a picnic to-morrow. I heard it to-day in the barber's shop."

"Well, what of it?"

"I'm going to that picnic."

"You have no invitation?"

"I know it, but I fancy my face has enough bellmetal in it to face all these lads and lasses, and bear all their reflections, too. Moreover, I mean to know a young lady before to-morrow's sun has set. I shall do it, if I have to cause a fearful accident to happen, that I may save her from death, and carry her to the arms of her distracted parent."

"Spoken worthily of the heir of all the Woodbridges. I'll go with thee."

The next day, after seeing goodby numbers of "fair women and brave men" passing through the main street, on their way to the grove, we started. They had chosen a pretty opening in the forest, and were there, some hundred young people, in the hey-day of delight. "Aleck, this sight would stir a fever in the blood of age, and make an infant's sinews strong as steel."

We were among them, but not of them. They were as punctilious regarding a formal introduction as the haughtiest ones of our own G—. We staid about the grounds until many had gone.

"Ed, do you see those two ladies walking about the grounds unattended? No one has been with them during this whole afternoon. They have not spoken to any one. The icecream and the cake came not to them, even as it came not to us. Misery loves company; we will join them."

"They are from town, Aleck; I know it by the way the little one holds up her dress, to show us the fairy foot she's got. That's not a country-learned thing."

"You're right. I have it all now. See, they are looking at us. Jim, the stable-boy, told me that a family from N—, with two or three young ladies, had bought an old place near here called 'The Willows.' These are the said young ladies."

By this time we had nearly reached them. Occasionally a coquetish glance

would be turned towards us, but as yet no exense had been devised by which to begin a conversation. We were near enough to look at them closely. They were beautiful. My memory pictures them as vividly to day as it did the hour after we saw them—ten years ago. The smaller one, Nelly—for so her name proved to be—was a brunette, with a flashing black eye and luxuriant brown hair, which she wore behind the most exquisitely chiselled ears, and beautifully its wavy masses contrasted with her Leghorn flat. Her arms were half covered by her mantle. Now and then she related her parson, when one would be revealed in all its roundness, gently tapering to a hand worthy of Venus.

The other was a blonde; her blue eyes peeped out from a cottage-bonnet regally. Her form was slight. I remember she wore a bright Marseilles basque, and how jointly it fitted her waist. Every one but we four had left the grove. The young ladies were evidently getting uneasy. Miss Mary, the larger one, would now and then pull her watch from her belt, and look anxiously out to the road. At last she stopped, turned round, and came towards us.

"Will you be good enough to tell us what time it is? My watch has stopped. We fear that our carriage, which should have been here some time since, has met with some accident."

The offer to escort them to the village, and then look after the carriage, was promptly made, and, with some blushing and tapping of the little foot on the mossy bank, accepted. We relieved the embarrassment by presenting our cards. Our suspicions were true; they were from "The Willows." Just as we had entered on a pleasant chat, the carriage came. We handed the ladies in. No invitation had as yet been given us to call. The ladies bowed and the carriage drove off. Soon it was stopped; waiting until we had come up, they said:

"Miss Laurens and Miss Hamilton would be glad to see Messrs. Woodbridge and St. John at 'The Willows' at any time."

"Now, sure, Miss Laurens rules," said Aleck. "None of your Bohn's Horae at such a time as this. We are in luck, but I am in misery. 'Love' at first sight, no longer a phantom, now a reality."

We went back to the hotel, and on the long-shaded piazza, with smoke wreaths floating around us, we talked of the day. Aleck fancied Miss Laurens: I was in love with Miss Hamilton. Happy it is that our love went not out to the same one, for had it, Aleck, I should now sit in my office as much a bachelor, and without the sunshine of your friendship lighting up the dreary recesses of memory, and a housewife of the past.

The next day we called at "The Willows." The ladies were very glad to see us. Mutual acquaintances were found in town. Then Mary—I must call her Mary, though I may not use the prettiest alliteration in the world and call her "Mary mine"—Mary sang and played for us. She sang among other things, "I have something sweet to tell you." How sweet it was, and how I hoped she might tell it to me some day, and not be talking in her sleep.

As we started to go, two little children came running up to Mary, and shouted what I thought was "Mamma." I told Aleck so, but he laughed at me, and told me it was a pet name for Mary, which I had mistaken for the maternal appellation. "How could it be possible," said he, "that she, a young unmarried lady, could be called mamma?"

The two weeks remaining passed as swiftly away as the others slowly. We rode, and walked, and talked together; we quoted poetry, we marked passages in books, we looked deep into each other's eyes, wonderingly, hopefully, doubtfully. We did all the things that those who hope to be lovers do. We, that is, Mary and I, did this; Aleck and Miss Nelly—his Nelly—we suppose did the same.

"To love a star, and think to wed it, were one, thou art so far above me." I quoted this to Mary one evening, when we were gazing at the stars.

"Am I, then, so far above you?" she asked; and I thought I saw her eyes glisten with tears. I should have told her then how I loved her, but I could not. We left with a sad parting. They agreed to spend a few more weeks in the country; we would meet them in town. Aleck had scoured Nelly as a correspondent; Mary would not write to me—and why should she? I had not said a word of love, though I had acted volumes.

She might have thought I loved her; she did not know it.

Women take nothing for granted. "Oh, bashful man that I am," thought I, as we lumbered over the hills in a stage coach; "but I will tell her the story of my heart in town," where I got leave to spend a few days during the next term.

With rather singular sensations I went to W— street, where I was to see Mary. I rang the bell. While waiting for the servant, I did what many an impudent man had done before me—looked into the hall through the window. There were playing the same two children, who called Mary by that funny pet name in the country.

"Is Miss Hamilton in?"

"Yes, sir, she beaze a playin' in the hall. Mollie, darlint, come here. The gindeman is axin' for ye."

"Ah! but I mean an elder Miss Hamilton—a young lady."

"Shure and there isent any Miss Hamilton here, but Miss Mollie, the little crature. Ye must mane the mistress, who's as young and purty lookin' as if she'd be a young lady herself. I'll go call her."

"No, you need not, there is a mistake." And there was a grievous one. "My Mary" was another; I have been terribly fooled; Aleck was in the joke. He quizzed me, a little when I came back; but soon forbore, when he saw how serious a thing it had been. Since then we are both working in our professions—Aleck, a pastor in the city. I spent an evening with him a short time since; he and his Nelly are happy. I sing, "I loved one;" I smoke my cigar in any room in my house. I think I am happy, except when I remember "my Mary."

Now you know why the doctor was never married.

Incident of the Revolution—Honor of Patrick Henry.

Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distress of the American Army, consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis, in 1781, an army commissary had taken two of Hook's oxen for the use of the troops.

The act was not strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, by the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring action of trespass against the commissary.

Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deposed himself in this case to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the case, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook, and vengeance was visible in every countenance; again when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

He painted the distress of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigors of a winter sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet:

"Where is the man," he said, "who has an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to receive with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? There he stands— but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge."

He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains about Yorktown, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing colors of his eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river.

"But hark! what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamation of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'"

The whole audience were convulsed. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum, rushed out of the court house and threw himself on the

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She has suffered terribly by the ion. She is grieved. Union county aid to have furnished the rebel iron seventeen thousand hogs, twelve jacks, one hundred thousand dollars' beef, for Jeff Davis's scrip. Within a State has been robbed of at least thirty thousand horses.

grass in the most violent paroxysm of laughter.

Here he was rolling, when Hook also, with very different feelings, came out, for relief, into the yard. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the deuce ails ye, man?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he couldn't help it. "Never mind," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the law."

Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible remark. The jury retired for some time, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the audacity of such a suit that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of beef; it was the cry of tar and feathers—from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.—*Wit.*

The Wizard

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1862.

SOMMER Southwick (of Southwick's Express) is an authorized agent for "The Wizard," and his receipts will be binding at this office.

The Result.
The result of the State Election is so entirely on one side that it is hardly necessary to make any record of it, except as a matter of reference. It was a surprise as much to the successful party as to the other. Very few thought that Gov. Andrew would have a majority something like 25,000, and that the House and Senate would be so overwhelmingly Republican. We do not feel at all disposed to exultation, as we very well know that many who opposed us at the polls, and of the candidates they voted for, are as sound on the great question of the day as we could desire. They placed themselves, or were placed by circumstances, in a false position. It was hardly possible to vote for their candidates without seeming to countenance disloyalty to the country, or, at least, reproof to the President and his administration.

Our readers will bear us witness that it was not our desire to draw party lines in the election of public officers, nor is it now. The issue was forced upon us. Keenly as we have felt that mistakes have been made by Republican managers and officials, the time at last came when it was impossible for the party to do otherwise than as it did. Its members could not possibly consent to act and sympathize with the disloyal sentiments uttered so shamelessly by some of the opposition candidates in their speeches and public letters. These utterances were doubtless often only the ebullitions of spleen, engendered in the heat of political strife, but still they were repulsive to every loyal heart, and not to be endorsed by a solemn vote at the ballot box.

The result of the voting in this town was as follows:

FOR GOVERNOR.
John A. Andrew, (Rep.) 359
Charles Devens, Jr., (Peop.) 156

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.
Joel Hayden, (Rep.) 362
Thomas P. Plunkett, (Peop.) 164

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.
John B. Alley, (Rep.) 362
Benjamin Poole, (Peop.) 147

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
Alfred A. Abbott, 495

FOR STATE SENATOR.
Israel W. Andrews, (Rep.) 332
Lewis Allen, (Peop.) 177

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO GEN'L COURT.
Wm. H. Little, (Rep.) 332
Henry Poor, (Peop.) 180
Samuel Quiner White, (Ind.) 1

Peabody Lyceum.
The regular course of Lectures for the present season, will be opened on Tuesday next by Rt. Rev. Bishop CLARK, of Providence, R. I. Lecturers of established reputation are engaged to continue the series through the winter.

During the past summer the northern end of the hall has been frescoed, and the stage extended across the hall and carpeted. The new portrait of Edward Everett, by Ames, has arrived, and will be hung in its place as a companion to that of Mr. Choate.

We hear that, at no distant period, the hall is to be further embellished by a portrait of Mr. Peabody's old friend, the late Abbott Lawrence. It is to be a gift from the Lawrence family.

The following persons are elected to the Senate from Essex County, and are all Republicans:

Dist. No. 1.—Wm. F. Johnson, of Lynn.
" 2.—Israel W. Andrews, of Danvers.
" 3.—Thomas Wright, of Lawrence.
" 4.—Henry Carter, of Bradford.
" 5.—John I. Baker, of Beverly.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.—The juror from this town is John B. Clement; from Danvers, Francis P. Putnam; Wenhams, John Gentile.

Removal of Gen. McClellan.

The removal of Gen. McClellan from his command, seems to have struck the country with surprise and regret. Nothing but military necessity, the most urgent, could have prompted such an act on the part of the Government. He is undoubtedly an able and accomplished officer in all that pertains to military art, and he has the love of his men as a commander. Yet he has deficiencies which are too plainly seen even by an unmilitary observer. Any civilian can see that he has very little of that quickness and vigor of movement so essential to military success. In this respect, compare his campaigns with those of Sigel, Rosecrans, Lyon, Mitchell and Burnside, and this deficiency will plainly appear. He has been entrusted by the Government with the choicest troops and in the greatest numbers of any other commander, but has always been reluctant to move. This hesitancy has been fatal to our success.

The Government have urged and pressed him to move, and it has only been under such pressure that he has moved, and always reluctantly. Such a commander is not the man for a crisis like this. As Gen. Scott was obliged to give way for the best interests of the country, so must McClellan. Both will have their names recorded in history as pure lovers of their country, and a due estimate of their several characters will be formed.

It will not do now, when we have a million of men in the field, whose time of service is fast running out, and while foreign nations are looking on with a view to find a proper moment for intervention, to let our cause suffer out of tenderness to any man's military reputation.

The Dinner at Parker's.

The entertainment given to his friends by our respected Representative elect, at Parker's, is said, by those who were present last Saturday, to have been a grand affair. Although Gov. Andrew was not present, and Henry Wilson was absent, and Charles Sumner could not attend, every thing went off to the entire satisfaction of the company. As our invitation came too late to attend, we are not able to give a full report of Mr. Little's speech, and we have to rely wholly upon information from others. The public will be glad to learn that our representative will prove himself to be a man of progress, and favor all reforms conducive to the public good. Among the long existing abuses which require reformation, are the Speaker's snuff-box and the removal of the Commonwealth's Cod Fish from his airy position to his more congenial element. The snuff-box is clearly unconstitutional, Judge Parker having discovered that it is not even mentioned in that time-honored instrument. The absurdity of suspending the fish in mid air is sufficiently obvious, Agassiz and all other naturalists of eminence having declared that water is its proper element. Another necessary reform, is the abolishment of the pen-knives annually given to the Honorable Councilors. The origin of this custom was doubtless at a time when goose-quills were in common use, but any man would now be esteemed a goose who wanted a knife to mend a steel pen. Mr. Little will be esteemed a public benefactor if he succeeds in the construction of his machine for cutting off long speeches and so ventilating the State House as to let off all superfluous gas. Mr. Little's inventive faculty will be well employed also on his Legislative Steam Engine for the more rapid transaction of the public business. If he succeeds with this machine, we may look for a short session and a better filled public chest.

After the entertainment, having learned that Mrs. President Lincoln was in the city, Mr. Little called to pay his respects to her, and invite her to South Danvers, but her engagements would not permit her to accept the invitation. This is to be regretted, as she could not fail to be pleased with a visit to our Hide Park, the tanneries, Wallis' mill pond and Eliza Wharton's grave stone, as well as other notable objects in the place.

RISE IN THE PRICE OF PAPER.—The Bridgewater Gazette says, "We were told last week by our paper dealers that paper had suddenly advanced in price five cents per pound. This is sorry news for newspaper publishers, adding greatly, as it must, to the expenses of their business, and curtailing their already, in most cases, small profits. Subscribers to the Gazette cannot but see from this, that our ability to send the paper to those who are remiss in their payments, is much lessened; we hope, however, they will not force us to the disagreeable necessity of discontinuing it for this reason, but will square their accounts, and decide for the future to read their own paper."

EXEMPTS.—Dr. George Osborne has been appointed examining physician for those in town claiming exemption, and the Selectmen have issued a notice requesting all who think themselves exempt, to call upon the doctor at once, and get the necessary papers.

Soldiers' Aid Society.

Now is the time, if ever, that this Society should have ready support in its benevolent undertaking. A new field is now open in North Carolina, where our young men have just arrived, and supplies for their comfort should be at once forwarded. Let the ladies sustain their own organization by attending its meetings and doing its work, and let the gentlemen see that they do not lack for the proper materials to work upon. We learn that the Fifty Dollars derived from Mr. Gough's Lecture, has been all applied to the objects of the Society, and that it is short of funds.

Read the following, and see what is called for. We can add nothing to such an appeal:

SANITARY COMMISSION.—New England Women's Sanitary Association, 22 Summer Street. The Washington commissioners in recent letters ask this association to become responsible for furnishing all needed hospital supplies to the large number of troops—say from 20,000 to 50,000—about to be posted in and near Newbern, N. C. We cannot withhold an assent to their request, believing that the benevolence of New England would justly be offended, should we doubt, for a moment, its ability and its readiness to do all that is desired. But our stock in hand is utterly insufficient to meet the first demand which has to-day been made. The agents ask for 1000 sheets; we have not 100 in store. For quilts, bed-sacks and blankets in proportion; we have scarcely any. For 500 pairs of slippers; we have scarce eighty. Of handkerchiefs, towels, and dressing-gowns, we look in vain for a supply; a small amount of wines, whiskey, and brandy is asked for; we have not a dozen bottles of them all. And yet we are bound to be ready with an answer to the call, when the transports just sailed shall return for their next freight. The time is short, but willing hands will find it sufficiently long, if every hour is employed. Who can tell how soon the boys, who have just left our own firesides, may be in need of some of these very comforts and necessities for hospital life. Or if not for them, is it not our duty as well as our privilege to be good Samaritans to others, farther from their homes, but not less our brethren and our protectors too?

The Washington letter closes with the significant words: "We have to-day given our last quilt!"

For the Executive Committee,
ABDY W. MAY,
Boston, Oct. 23, 1862. Chairman.

Letter Superscription.

At the village of Brookdale, in the old State of Mass.

There's a smart young lad as e'er courted a lass—
Though his name may be Cross, his nature's far better,
So to Mr. Nat. Cross you may please hand my letter.

A letter, with the above direction, passed through our Post Office this week, being postmarked at Nashua, N. H. Although no town is named, it found its way promptly to its destination. This is almost parallel to the instance which happened many years ago, when a foreign letter, directed to "Dishful, America," came by regular mail to our Post Office, and thence to the village of Devil's Dish-fall.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—For the next Congress the Republicans have so far elected 68, the Opposition 77, doubtful, 5. This does not include Missouri, which held its election last Tuesday. If Missouri has gone in favor of emancipation, it will add 7 more to the Republican strength, making it 75. Vermont (3.) New Hampshire (3.) Rhode Island (2.) and Connecticut (4.) have yet to vote for Members of Congress; and we think the chances are in favor of a Republican majority in that branch.

There will be, but few changes in the Senate, but not enough to affect its present political character.

OUR SALEM ADVERTISEMENTS should at this time specially attract purchasers from the region round the towns where the WIZARD goes into almost every substantial family. It will be seen that nearly all the principal establishments in Salem make their business known through our columns; and we venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that in no paper do they obtain more, if equal, solid custom, than in this. Having all our advertisements printed in the best manner, and placed under conspicuous headings, it is next to impossible that they should escape the eye of the reader, at any time.

PEOPLE'S MEETING.—The "People's Party" held their meeting preparatory to election, at the Town Hall, on Monday evening of last week. Franklin Upton, Esq., presided, and John B. Peabody, Esq., was Secretary. The meeting was oddly constituted, illustrating the old proverb of "strange bedfellows," but it was large and enthusiastic. We heard some of the speeches, which were given by Messrs. Franklin Upton, H. O. Wiley, John B. Peabody, Dr. Osborne, Rufus H. Brown, T. L. Proctor, and others. Mr. Wiley took occasion to compliment the WIZARD, for which he has our thanks. Hon. Henry Poor was nominated for Representative, from our District, by this meeting.

TOWN REPRESENTATIVE.—It seems a little strange, that among all those who are abundantly qualified to represent the town in the Legislature, only Poor, Little, White men were selected as candidates worthy to be successors to a King.

THE DEPARTED.

BY R. A. PRATT.

She's gone,—the loved and beautiful,
And peaceful be her rest.
In that bright world of joy and love,
Where dwell the ever blest,
Though with our youthful, joyous band,
We faint would have her dwell,
We will not murmur nor complain—
"God doeth all things well."

'Tis hard for weak and erring ones
With faith to look above,
To bow beneath the chastening rod,
And feel 'tis sent in love:
But will we know our Father just,
And merciful and kind,
Dut never willingly admit,
Nor grieve the humble mind.

Oh sad, indeed, it was to see
That fair and lovely girl,
With laughing eye, and sunny locks
That hung in many a curl,
Thus stricken down by fell disease
In girlhood's early bloom,
And torn from those she fondly loved,
To dwell within the tomb.

And when the "messenger of death,"
With rapid, tireless wing,
Came down to bear her spirit home,
With sainted ones to sing:
We prayed that to our Master's will
Our own might be resigned,
And yielded up our cherished one
A heavenly home to find.

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT NO. 5 includes some 4 or 5 towns more than belonged to the old district No. 6, and those towns—Danvers, South Danvers, Topsfield and Middleton—are not expected to give a large majority for either side, so that in making an estimate for the election of member of Congress, we can leave them out altogether.

The above is from the Newburyport Herald, and we look upon it as quite cool, even for November. The actual result of the vote shows that these four towns gave an Administration vote of 963 against 386 Opposition, a great deal more than two to one. We think it will not do in future, when making an estimate for the elections, to leave out these towns altogether.

The Pirate Alabama.

The Gloucester American has a letter from the United States Gunboat Kearsarge, dated Fyall, Western Island, Oct. 6th, from which we take the following:

"We arrived here this morning, but the Tuscarora has not yet reached here, and is, in all probability, still in pursuit of the enemy. The captain of one of the ships that was burnt, was on board of our vessel to-day. He says most of the vessels burnt by the pirate were whalers. One of them had been on nearly three years, and had a full cargo of oil. There were upwards of twelve ships burnt; one of them showed fight, and they blew her all to pieces; not a soul was saved."

Such wholesale piracy on the high seas is enough to make one's blood chill in their veins. Our boys are highly indignant; we long to get our clutches on her, and if we do pity them, for we shall not spare them. We are bound to find her, and I can assure you we shall give no quarter. I overheard one of the captain's say that the crew on board of her were much dissatisfied, and it would not take much to make them mutiny.

Last night we cruised in along shore to see if she was into any of the harbors, but we failed to discover her whereabouts. We shall keep a sharp look out for her, and I hope in my next letter I shall be able to announce, that she has been captured."

SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—Our readers will see by the Notice in another place, that there is to be an Exhibition at the Methodist Church this evening, consisting of music and exercises by the children of the Sabbath School.

This, we doubt not, will prove a very interesting occasion, and no more pleasing way could be devised to pass a pleasant evening. Let the house be well filled.

FREE LABOR COTTON.—We have in our possession a luxuriant pod of Sea Island Cotton, raised on the plantation of our friend Mr. Jefferson Taylor. It has burst open, leaving a splendid ball of snow white cotton of the size of a hen's egg. It was raised from seed brought from Roanoke Island in North Carolina.

NOVEMBER STRAWBERRIES.—Mr. J. W. Perry has shown us a vine, with strawberries, taken from the ground since the month came in, some of them large and fully ripe, and others in all conditions, from the ripe fruit to the blossom. It is not every year that strawberries, grown in the open air, are plucked in November.

POOR RICHARD'S EYE WATER.—This medicine is well recommended. If it will do one-half what it purports to do, it must truly be a great relief to the suffering. It is put up in a neat style, in bottles of different sizes, and may be obtained of Mencom. See advertisement.

THE REGIMENTS NOW IN CAMP.—The 4th, 8th, 42d, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d and 55th are now in camp, and will be sent off as soon as equipments are provided. Besides these 11 regiments, there are the 12th and 13th batteries, which will be ready for service speedily.

PERSONAL.—Private John S. Upton, (little Jack), returned from Beaufort last night, where he has been employed at the Hammond Hospital since last September.—*Newbern, N. C., Correspondence of Gloucester American.*

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

BIG MURDER CRIME, Oct. 30, 1862.
FERNANDO POOL.—Since my last, our regiment has had several small scares, but luckily no blood has been spilled as yet. A fortnight ago last Sunday, while we were on picket at Conrad's Ferry, heavy firing was heard a short distance above us on the river, and we were all drawn up in line of battle on the canal, in expectation of an attack. The rebel cavalry were reported as having crossed at Nolan's Ford, seven hundred strong, and were coming down the bed of the canal on a smart gallop to annihilate the brave 39th. Pretty soon Benson and Simonds, who had been up river about a mile on a straw and hay excursion, came running in, breathless and exhausted, saying that the enemy were close behind, and that they just escaped several shots, which came in fearful proximity to their persons. Directly the Colonel and his staff were seen approaching us from the direction of the camp, and we thought then that we should soon have a chance to flesh our maiden swords (those who had them), and drive the discomfited horsemen into the Potomac; but after waiting two long hours, in a drizzling rain, we took pattern by larger armies, when in dangerous positions, and made a masterly advance on Edward's Ferry. We were joined that night by Burney's Brigade, which encamped on our left, having made a forced march from Falls Church. We took one prisoner, which, I believe, was all that was made out of the brush. His name is Charles, and this, as far as we know, is the only good thing about him. He is of a dark complexion, with thick lips, and very long heels. All that he knows besides his name is that John Brown was hung, "one ho was dar." But then we can't help respecting him, for he is one of the "items" that we are fighting for, and a representative of that down-trodden race, for whom we gladly catch loud complaints and fever and ague. We turned out the next morning yet and lame, but still fervid with patriotism, and ready to do or die, as usual. The facts of this rebel raid proved it to be a rebel skedaddle, and the cavalry, instead of attacking us, wanted to go home, and I believe got there safe and sound.

The next day we marched for Seneca Landing, where we stopped long enough to get a good clearing made, cut down all the trees in sight, dug up the stumps, found a house with a piano in it, and settled ourselves down comfortably for a winter's job but we stayed here only one short week, when marching orders came once more, and we came to this place. Our camping ground would make an excellent place for an observatory, or a wind-mill; and it would not be a bad idea to start a brick-kiln here.

You think that smart breeches sometimes blow across the old square in South Danvers, but it is different when it takes ten strong men to hold your house down, and you have to hold your cracker well up to the wind to get it to your mouth. How long we shall stop, of course we can't tell, but I hope not long. The fever and ague has made its appearance among us, and quite a number of our company are sick with it. Bancroft is in Washington, and is much better than when he was here. Simonds is sick in the hospital here; his knapsack proved too much for him on our march to Seneca, and he is pretty well used up. I think, however, with good care, he will soon be about among us. I was up to see him this morning, and being unable to write himself, he requested me to acknowledge the receipt of a package of clothing, and a small can of preserved fruit, which came by mail, making good time, and arriving in good condition. The fruit was well packed, and most of it came out whole; and while discussing it, the absent donors were not forgotten.

By my letters from home, I see that the new company has started on its mission, and that they started without overcoats. I think the men will find that they have made a great mistake, as this article of clothing is needed by a soldier as much, and even more than a blanket; and I don't think that the Government should be blamed for the quality of the coats with which it supplied them.

A dollar-and-a-half overcoat will certainly last nine months, with proper usage; and in the same proportion, a six dollar, one will last three years—and this is the kind worn by the 39th.

I also notice that some of the men neglected to have their watches regulated, and consequently just missed the train for Newbern. This should have been attended to, as Abe needs every man just now, and more especially those who work on short time.

We are at last I hope, permanently brigaded under Brig. Gen. Grover, with the 10th Vermont, 14th New Hampshire, and 23d Maine. Our Captain rode over to see the Maine regiment last Sunday, and found Capt. Bradford with his company in the woods, having a good time in a pouring rain, with nothing but shelter tents for coverings. The schoolmaster was serene as usual, but couldn't see how he was aiding in putting down this unholy rebellion by burrowing in a swampy, and staying away from church on Sundays.

Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Wiley are both well, and full of youthful fire, and can't be beat as officers when on duty with the company, nor as good fellows when a good time comes off. Our company is doing bravely, and I am satisfied that when called into action, it will be no discredit to the good old town of South Danvers, whose name we bear, and will bring no dishonor on the 39th regiment, whose colors we carry.

Yours truly,
C. W. H.

THE ELECTION IN THIS STATE.—The returns of the election in this State from 326 cities and towns, give Andrew for Governor 79,008 votes; Devens, 53,721. Majority for Andrew 25,287. There are two or three towns to be heard from. The Senate stands 6 People, 35 Republican. The last footing make the Representatives elected as follows: Republicans 107, Opposition 39, 4 to be heard from. The Republicans elect all of the members of Congress except in the third district, where Mr. Sleeper is elected over Mr. Rice, the present member, by a plurality of 42 votes. The Republican County tickets throughout the State are undoubtedly elected, with the exception of Suffolk county. The Democrats have elected one Councillor, Mr. Homer, in the Suffolk District; the six others are Republicans.

DANIEL F. LEAVITT, of this town, is Assistant Surgeon in the Mass. 41st Regiment, Col. Chickering.

In Alabama the people are making tea of blackberry leaves.

SPEECH OF FERNANDO WOOD.—This notorious democratic politician made a speech at a ratification meeting of his speech at a ratification meeting of his nomination for Congress in the Fifth New York District on Friday evening. His remarks were full of unblushing treason, as the following extracts show:

Mr. Wood said, after returning his thanks for the spontaneous presentation of his name for one of the highest offices in the gift of the people; that his political career since 1840 had been open to public inspection; and that by that he must be judged; and that he had no pledges to offer. The men in power had criminally erred in the discharge of the great trust which had been imposed upon, and in carrying on the Government in the legislative branch, he should not ask what Horace Greeley or Abraham Lincoln thought. "Three groans for Horace Greeley." Upon the next Congress rested the hope of the country. After all military successes there must still small voice of reason, and legislation suited to the new condition of the Republic, questions applying to the interests of the Western, the Eastern, the Middle, and the Border States. The dreadful moral and political results of this fratricidal war would not be lost for many generations.

The cause of the war was that a puritanical, fanatical, proscription, intolerant, and bigoted idolatry, emanating from and originating in New England, which must either rule or destroy and ruin everything that it touched. Her people, who could be credited with energy, but whose moral and political vision was so narrow, so selfish, so arrogant, and destructive that its touch was death, be it in morals, religion, or politics, (cheers) these puritans created the abolition dogma, not because in their hearts they deemed slavery an offense against morality, not because they did not know that under the Constitution, slavery was a question to be settled by the States themselves, not because they did not know that every State except one held slaves when the American Constitution was made. We in New York abolished slavery not by any act of an Abolition Congress or Emancipation Proclamation of a President; we abolished it ourselves; we abolished it when New England abolished it, and she abolished it when she could not make any more money out of slave labor.

Mr. Wood, after finishing his portrait of Yankeeedom, noticed the cry of danger to the capital upon which the whole people of the North rushed to the rescue, and the manner in which the Administration had required this unanimity, continued: In the army and navy, as well as in the civil list and judiciary, honest Democrats are proscribed, and Republicans put in their places. In spite of all this, Democrats have freely given their lives, and even their liberty to the Government, by incarceration in Fort Lafayette and Fort Warren. I say if the Administration with all this at their disposal, with three hundreds of thousands of men given to them by the loyal hearts of the country, and these hundreds of millions poured into the Treasury, I say that, had it not been imbecile, venal and corrupt, it would have put down the rebellion long ago. [Applause.] And I say to the voters of the 5th District that, if they expect me to go to Congress to support an Administration so weak and so corrupt as this they had better select some other man, for I shall not do it. (Cheers.) They have shown their want either of power or of disposition. They have either shown their determination to continue the war for their own purposes, or else they have not the heart nor the brains to succeed. I care not which horn of the dilemma they take.

Be they weak, or be they wicked, they cannot succeed. They have shown their incapacity. They are split up into three parties—one of fanaticism, that pursues the war for a damnable political purpose—that of extinguishing the institution of slavery; one for the purpose, of procuring contracts; and a third element, that of the President himself, which, though honest, is incapable of sustaining itself, standing as it does between knavery and fanaticism. I am going to Washington, and when I reach there I will go to the President of the United States, in my sovereign capacity as your representative, and I will make him the speech I make to you to-night; I will tell him of the dangers of this country. I will tell him that without we have a change of measures, that so help me God I will have a change of men. (Loud applause. "Three cheers for Fernando Wood.") "That's the talk." I will tell him, without he casts off those foes to their country in the North, more dangerous than the foes that threaten it in the South; without he discards these evil rulers that hang around him, and around the departments, for their own purposes; without he rises upon his majesty as the Chief Magistrate of this great people; without he responds to the voice which has been sent from Ohio and Pennsylvania, and Indiana, and from glorious New York (great applause), without he hears, and heads, and acts upon the potential voice of the people, thus expressed in thunder tones, that as Washington was the first President, Abraham Lincoln is the last.

Fernando was elected by a large majority.

SOUTH DANVERS.—*Tanning Improvements.*—The old "Southwick Tannery," in South Danvers, now owned and carried on by James M. Callier, Esq., and Pindar & Brown, not being large enough for the increasing business of its proprietors, is to be enlarged to twice its former capacity, when about three hundred pits will have been laid down in the yard. We are glad to notice these signs of improvement in the tanning community, which show "that there is nothing like leather," especially in war times. The firm above alluded to were fortunate enough to have when the rise in stock took place, more hide and leather than all the rest of the tanners and curriers in South Danvers. —*Shoe & Leather Reporter.*

COMMONWEALTH VANDERBILT is a good sort of a man to have around. He is reputed to be worth about twenty millions of dollars. He has taken a million and a quarter of Government bonds since the rebellion broke out and presented the Government the steamship Vanderbilt, worth \$800,000. He has built a Moravian church on Staten Island, and supports the ministry there. And now we hear of his erecting a large academic institution adjoining the church, to be endowed by him, for the free education of worthy young men and women. Such a man must take comfort handling money.—*Hartford Post.*

A Richmond paper estimates that the South has lost 60,000 slaves in consequence of the war, estimated worth \$24,000,000.

ESSEX COUNTY gave 10,388 for Devens, and 70,82 for Devens. And carried every town with the exception four, viz: Ipswich, Marblehead, Nahant and Newburyport.

DANVERS gave 426 for Andrew, 150 for Devens. Rev. J. W. Put was elected Representative.

NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.—New York elect entire Democratic State ticket, headed by ratio Seymour for Governor, by from 10, 15,000 majority. Of the 31 members of gross, the Democrats elect 18 certain. I present Congress, the Democrats have 10 bers and the Republicans 23. The Legial will have a Democratic majority on joint t thus electing a U. S. Senator, in place of Preston King.

In New Jersey, the Democracy carried entire State ticket by probably 15,000, elected four of the five members of Con and have a large majority in both branches the Legislature. A U. S. Senator is also chosen in this State.

In Illinois, also, the Democrats have c the State by 15,000 or 20,000, and ele members of Congress to the Republican They also have two-thirds of the House c representatives and a majority of one o t the Senate.

In Delaware, the official returns show Cannon, the Union candidate is elected G nor by 111 majority; and Temple Democ elected to Congress by 23 majority.

Wisconsin gives a large gain for the I crats as far as heard from. Of the six gressmen elected, two are Democrats, tw publicans, and two are not heard from. The result in Minnesota is not ascert the returns so far indicating a Democrati tory.

Michigan has probably gone Republi 3,000 or 5,000 majority and the Repub have elected all the members of Congress The result in Missouri is in doubt, b indications are that the Emancipation tie elected.

A SINGULAR COMBAT.—We have be formed of a singular combat that took pl Polham, N. H., a few days since, betw hawk and a black snake. Mr. Tristram F mer, while walking in a field near Pe came upon a hawk and a black snake in and death struggle. From appearances hawk made a descent upon the snake wit expectation of making an easy prey of it the result was fatal to both. The snake firmly held in the talons of the hawk, y had managed to get a coil around one win one leg in such manner as to prevent the from disengaging itself, but the snake's head had been picked and torn by the hawk's head and neck were at liberty. Appar the hawk stood the best chance of winnin fight, as the snake appeared to be pretty n used up; but the struggle would have p fatal to both, had not the gentleman p end to it by dispatching the combatants. snake was three feet and ten inches long, unusually heavy for its length. The l from tip to tip of the wings, measured pr ly the same. The struggle must have bee ing on some time when Mr. Palmer came the scene, which is said to have been n interesting than remarkable. No case kind ever before came to our knowledge.—*ell Courier.*

THE DEATH OF GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL announced; also the death of Gen. Irs Richardson. They were two brave and ent officers, and their death is a severe l country. Gen. Mitchell died at Bea S. C., on the 30th ult., of yellow fever. Gen. Richardson died at Sharpsburg, Md., wounds received at the battle of Antietam

RAIL ROAD CHANGES.—The Fall and W Arrangement on the Eastern Road comm the 10th inst. The trains leave Salem for ton at 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9, 10, 11 A. M., 1, 4.40, 6.45 P. M.

From Boston for Salem, at 7.30, 8.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 4.5, 6, 6.45, 9.30 P.

SPECIE CAPTURED.—The Scotia, the I rebel steamer which was captured by the que Restless, on Friday, was loaded with field rifles and ammunition, valued at \$ 000. She had also \$250,000 in specie on b

THERE ARE NOW over 100,000 sick wounded soldiers in the several hospitals i country. In New York and neighborhood number is 20,000.

OSBORN E. DODGE'S CONCERT.—For the time, last Monday evening, we heard the cal and inimitable "Dodge." To say the were well pleased, would not begin to ex it. He was assisted by Mr. Hayward, eminent ballad singer, a pupil and associi Dodge. We have heard a great many singers in our day, but we must say, Mr. ward excels them all. His singing gave greatest satisfaction, and we trust that it not be long before our citizens have the p ure of again listening to his clear and meo ous voice.

WARREN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS B

The following named persons were cl officers of the Bank, at the Annual Mee November 5th, 1862:

President—George Osborne.

Vice Presidents—Kendall Osborn, H Cook, Henry A. King, Henry Poor, Lewi len, E. W. Upton.

Trustees—Franklin Osborn, John B. body, Rufus H. Brown, Wm. H. Little, Al P. Phillips, Aaron W. Warren, John I. B. Francis Dane, John A. Lord, Amos Me Nathan H. Poor, Stephen Blaney, Willia Lord, Benj. S. Wheeler.

F. BAKER, Secretary

Exhibition.

The Methodist Sabbath School will giv EXHIBITION in the MERRIMACK (AT SOUTH DANVERS, on WEDNESDAY (T EVENING, Nov. 12, to commence at 7 o'clock. The Exercises will consist of Popular Interesting DIALOGUES, interspersed with D mations, Recitations, and Singing by the C dren, accompanied with Music on a new O Harmonium.

Admission fee 15 cents. Children u 14, 10 cents.

Should the weather be inelement, the hibition will be on THURSDAY, or the pleasant evening.

Tickets obtained at the door. South Danvers, Nov. 12, 1862.

Advertisements.

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Give ear, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.
Take **HERICK'S PILLS**
Should fortune grow cold, or love oppress,
Should friends never more be met,
There is a cure for such distress.
Take **HERICK'S PILLS**
Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure balm of little cost.
Take **HERICK'S PILLS**
Should sudden illness visit of grief,
Should cruel handmaids turn on thee,
Your help—your refuge, you can see.
Take **HERICK'S PILLS**
These remarkable Pills startle whole communities
by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth,
manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish,
French and German directions. Elegantly coated
with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family
boxes for 45 cents. See advertisement on 3d page.

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.
DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.
The combination of ingredients in these Pills
are the result of a long and extensive practice.
They are mild in their operation, and certain in
correcting all irregularities. Painful Menstrua-
tions, removing all obstructions, whether from
cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side,
palpitation of the heart, whites, all nervous af-
fections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and
limbs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arise from
interuption of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.
was the commencement of a new era in the
treatment of these irregularities and obstruc-
tions which have consigned so many to a PRE-
MATURE GRAVE. No female can enjoy good
health unless she is regular, and whenever an
obstruction takes place the general health be-
gins to decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.
are the most effectual remedy ever known for
all "complaints peculiar to Females." To all
classes they are invaluable, inducing, with cer-
tainty, periodical regularity. They are known
to thousands, who have used them at different
periods throughout the country, having the
satisfaction of some of the most eminent Physi-
cians in America.
Explicit directions, stating when they should
not be used, with each Box, the Price One
Dollar per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills.
Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to
the Proprietor. Sold by Druggists generally.
R. B. HUTCHINGS, Proprietor,
20 Cedar St., New York.
D. P. GROSVENOR, agent for So. Danvers
and G. C. Goodwin, Boston.

W. E. P. SMYTH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Proctor in Admiralty, and Commissioner of
Deeds for the several States.
Frazier's Building, over the Post Office,
LYNN, MASS.

Having peculiar means for prosecuting, with ac-
curacy and dispatch, all claims against Govern-
ment, especially those for Bounty, Back Pay, Pen-
sion, &c., I have under this special title, several months
since, in Washington, endeavored to become thor-
oughly conversant with the routine of business in all
the Departments, through which claims of whatever
nature are presented, and familiar with the proce-
dure in the U. S. Court of Claims in addition to
which I have a partner there, resident at, and a former
partner in the Treasury Department, which ad-
vantages give me unexcelled facilities for the successful
presentation of business in any way connected with
Government.

Important to Soldiers, Marines and their Friends.
Persons entitled to the U. S. Service, Land or Na-
val, since March 1, 1861, if deceased in the service, or
entitled to Pension, or Relatives of Persons deceased in
the service are entitled to Bounty and Pensions in
the following order:
1st. The Widow. 2d. The Mother. 3d. The Father.
4th. The Children. 5th. The Brothers and Sisters.
6th. The Father-in-law. 7th. The Mother-in-law.
8th. The Sister-in-law. 9th. The Brother-in-law.
10th. The Sister-in-law. 11th. The Brother-in-law.
12th. The Sister-in-law. 13th. The Brother-in-law.
14th. The Sister-in-law. 15th. The Brother-in-law.
16th. The Sister-in-law. 17th. The Brother-in-law.
18th. The Sister-in-law. 19th. The Brother-in-law.
20th. The Sister-in-law. 21st. The Brother-in-law.
22nd. The Sister-in-law. 23rd. The Brother-in-law.
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South Danvers Wizard.

OL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 19, 1862.

NO. 461

SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Friday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers, by CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor, FITCH POOLE, Editor.

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Cards.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Opposite the Village Bank.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,

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194 Essex Street, Salem.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

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formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,

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JESSE SMITH,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Allen's Building (up stairs).

RS. R. C. FLETCHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Selected Poetry.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Written by O. P. WIGGIN, as he was about starting for the war.

Farewell to the home of my childhood,

Farewell to the old Granite State,

Farewell to the mountains of Tamworth,

Farewell to the cottage and gate.

The mountains are high and majestic,

While striving to reach the bright skies;

And the maidens who're living below them

Have the brightest and purest of eyes.

How dear to this heart is New Hampshire,

The State of my childhood and birth;

I've treasured her fondly and always,

Wherever I've wandered on earth;

And now I can never forget her,

And three weary years have passed by.

Since I stood near the mountains of Tamworth,

And gazed deep in my dear mother's eye.

Farewell to the home of my childhood,

To the Carraway river farwell!

This heart of mine while it's beating

Its grandeur and glory can tell.

The river flows onward in beauty,

The valleys and the mountains are fair.

Oh, how I do wish at this moment

That I was surveying them there!

That I was with brothers and sisters,

With father and mother and friend.

To spend but a sweet hour at parting,

For I went forth the land to defend.

For I am a soldier of the Union,

And now a Bay State volunteer.

And now a Bay State volunteer,

And now a Bay State volunteer.

Her name I shall ever revere.

And often I'll think of my parents,

When I am in Dixie away,

And peace shall e'er bless the nation,

This true heart will welcome the day.

But now I will battle for freedom,

And the foes of the Union abhor.

And peace brings her blessings unnumbered,

And hope can be cherished in war.

Farewell to that rough old brown school house,

Where my brothers and sisters did play,

Not a palace or castle could make me

Forget it while I am away.

And can the rude camp of the soldier

Or rude tent of canvas e'er win

This heart from home's sweet memories?

No! I still feel 'twill be treasured within.

You'll not forget, my brothers or sisters,

Amid all life's sorrows or woes,

The cherished brown school-house where often

Hand in hand we together would go.

You'll see it when through Tamworth roving,

You'll see it on many a day.

And then you will think of your brother,

Though he's to the war far away.

The church of the village remembered

Shall ever, my dear kindred, be

Oh, how I would love at this moment

All my treasures in Tamworth to see.

Original.

Sermons from Stones.

BY TIMOTHY OLDBROY.

No. 7.

We are lunatics, all of us. You are a

lunatic, and I am a lunatic. None of us

are perfectly sane. There are none to

whose minds the things pertaining to this

universe present themselves exactly as

they are. Owing to some inward bias,

we see them in warped and distorted

shapes. The most independent and de-

tached fact presents itself to you in one

aspect, and to me in quite another. All

things are fixed and certain of them-

selves—have weight, measure, color and

shape of their own, the fashion whereof

passeth not away; but the moment they

enter the mind of any man, they take a

new shape and a new dress—a color

which comes from all the man has seen

or felt. To each of us, in real earnest,

things are not what they seem.

It is about this seeming, more than the

reality, that men quarrel. It is from

this, more than anything else, that offence

cometh. My neighbor, whose experi-

ence has been different from mine, ob-

stinately refuses to see things in the light

that I see them, whereupon, with great

good reason, I get angry and call him hard

names. Men labor to force themselves

upon one another, even when they know

themselves to be ugly and deformed.

They rejoice over one convert, though

they make him tenfold more a child of

the Devil than he was before.

One-half the world desires nothing so

much as to convince the other half. This

is the work of every pulpit and every

press, of men in the shops and men in

the streets. Lo here and lo there, to

this creed, or to that party. Only this

road leads to prosperity. Only through

that very narrow gate, is salvation.

"Open your mouth and shut up your

eyes, and I'll give you something to make

you wise." So says every man to his

neighbor. So it goes; so let it go. 'Tis

a good old world, for all that, there is so

much argument in it, and "high debate."

I am a heretic; yet I believe in the

truth—I believe it to be a very good

truth—when taken in sufficient quantities.

I don't believe in your truth, my friend,

and I don't want you to believe in mine.

I don't think it would be good for you.

It may be one of my heresies, but I am

clearly of opinion that our duty towards

one another is rather to please than to

convince. He who has made himself a

pleasant, companionable man, has done

much towards making himself a Christian.

I am thinking, my dear sir, that this

Selected.

Honesty is the Best Policy.

A STORY OF THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

Before the castle of Grunigen, upon

the Rode, one clear summer evening,

Bishop Henry of Halberstadt was seated

with a foreign prelate who had been his

guest for a month. The posset drink

stood before them in two mighty flagons.

They had been discoursing from ten

o'clock in the morning, when they sat

down to dinner, about a huge wine tun

which a bishop on the Rhine had just

constructed, and were agreed in their

opinion that it became very ecclesiastical

prince who could confer a becoming

splendor on his court, to possess a sim-

ilar tun. The affair was quite settled by

both of them, except as to its execution,

and their conversation began now to be

interrupted by yawns, and to flag on in

monosyllables.

It chanced, as good fortune would have

it, that the shepherd Conrad passed by,

driving his well washed flock across the

castle yard, where bishop Henry used to

review them every evening. "I salute

you, my lord bishop!" "Good evening,

Conrad, but where is Harm?" Conrad

whistled, and a beautiful large ram bound-

ed first up to the shepherd and then to

the bishop, who caressed the animal and

fed him with some crumbs which he had

kept for him. The bishop exchanged a

few words with the shepherd, and inquir-

ed if his wedding day was at hand.

Conrad shrugged his shoulders and pass-

ed on with his flock.

Bishop Henry now extolled the beauti-

ful ram, which he declared he would not

part with for anything in the world, and

then he turned his eulogium on the good

Conrad, who he said, was honesty itself.

The foreign bishop laughed aloud, for

he had heard that it was impossible to find a

thoroughly honest servant, and least of

all at the court of a bishop. They were

all, he said, combined to cheat their mas-

ters, and all more or less rogues. Bish-

op Henry eagerly disputed the assertion,

and extolled the virtues of the good peo-

ple over whom he swayed the crozier,

and above all his shepherd Conrad, who,

as he said, had never told a lie or deceiv-

ed any person in his whole life-time.

Selected.

Honesty is the Best Policy.

A STORY OF THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

Elizabeth walked quickly on to the

town, and Conrad gazed wistfully after

her. The pleasure he felt at being her

accepted lover was not a little dampened

by the interrogations he must undergo

from his kind master, in whose service

he had hitherto been so comfortable, and

who was so very fond of the ram.

He now stood alone in the field where

Elizabeth had been cutting grass, with

his eyes fixed on the ground. At last he

stuck his crook into the earth, placed his

hat upon it, and his cap above it, and

began a dialogue—which Harm occasion-

ally interrupted by his movements—with

the figure thus constructed, which he

meant should represent the bishop.

"Good evening, my lord bishop!"

"Thank you, Conrad, where is Harm?"

"Harm, my lord bishop, why, he is lost;

indeed, he has wandered somewhere."

At this moment, while Conrad was thus

speaking, Harm passed through between

his legs to examine the figure to which

he saw his master making so many pro-

found reverences. "Conrad," Conrad

continued the shepherd, "in his fanciful

interlocutorship, 'Harm knows his home!'

'Harm could not lose himself!' That will

not do," said Conrad.

Another conversation, in which Conrad

tried to represent the ram as stolen, Harm

interrupted by a violent blow which he

meant to answer the bows he saw his

master making. "He is not so easily

caught!" exclaimed Conrad. "That will

not do, either," said Harm.

Thus he talked to himself for about

half an hour, but his imaginary dialogues

always terminated with a "shake of the

head, and these words—'and away off!'

"Conrad, that will not do!" And yet,

added he, "I must before noon give up

the ram, for I have promised it," and if

Elizabeth does not deliver it as she has

already said it, she would be called a liar,

and could not become my wife."

South Danvers Wizard.

III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1862.

NO. 47.

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LESLIE D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
H. POOLE, Editor.
\$1.00 a week, and a half a year, in advance.

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Counselor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
June 6, 1862.

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Counselor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank,
will attend to the collection of Pension Claims.

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MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove
VS and BLINDS cheap for cash.

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DR. P. KENISON,
CROPODIST,
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and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nails
and the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

It is very wrong to swear as you
do you do it?
use," replied the prisoner, "I
nd that a man may swear out of
fifty days, and I want to see if
be done in fifteen. I am going
all night and do my worst."

Selected Poetry.

[From the N. O. Dells.]
THE IRISH PICKET.

BY MICHAEL MALLARDON, OF THE 9TH CONNECTICUT.

I'm sthding in the mud, Biddy,
With not a speck of pear,
And silence, speechless as the grave,
Is all the sound I hear.
Me goon is at a showler arms,
I'm wetted to the bone,
And when I'm after spakin' out,
I find meself alone.
This Southern climate's quare, Biddy,
A quare and bustly thing,
With winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Ye mind the hot place down below?
And may ye siver fear
I'd draw comparisons—but then
It's awful warren here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one small star ashore,
And that's the fornt the viry cloud
It was behind before;
The watch-fire glame along the hill
That's swellin' to the South,
And when the sentry passes them
I see his ogly mouth.

It's dead for shlope I am, Biddy,
And dramein shwate I'd be,
If them ould rebels over there
Would only lave me free;
But when I lave against a shump,
And strive to get repose,
A musket ball be's comin' shtraight
To hit me spaciuous nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
A shparokin' here wid me,
And then, avourneen, hear ye say,
"Achushla—Pat—machree!"
"Och, Biddy, darlint," then says I,
Says you, "get out of that;"
Says I, "me arran mates your waist,"
Says you, "Be dacent, Pat."

And how's the pigs and ducks, Biddy?
It's them I think of, sure,
That looked so innocent and shwate
Upon the parlor flure;
I'm sure ye're aisy with the pig
That's fat as he can be,
And fide him wid the best, because
I'm towid he looks like me.

When I come home again, Biddy,
A sargeant tried and thrue,
It's soot a dacent house I'll build,
And rint it chape to you.
We'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall,
A duck pond natly done,
With kitchen, pig pen, praty patch,
And garret—all in one.

But further! there's a buste, Biddy,
That's cravin' round a tree,
And well I know the creature's there
To have a shot at me.
Now, Mr. Rebel, say yere pray'rs
And howid yer dirty paw,
Here goes!—be jabber, Biddy dear,
I've broke his ogly jaw!

Original.

Sermons from Stones.

BY TIMOTHY OLDROY.

No. 8.

I am fond of old books, such as you sometimes find in a secluded corner of a public library, or the dusty attic of a country farm house, where they have been for years enshrined—sacred to seclusion and cobwebs. There is always something about an old book that is attractive to a quiet and speculative mind. There is no hurry, no bustle about it. The crowd cares nothing for it; and you feel, as you take it up, that you can carefully and leisurely enjoy it. Nor is your pleasure less, that, with it, the stranger intermeddles not. There is no glaring sunshine about it, but around it is that half grey light that contemplation loves. It is of the olden time, and there is something of mystery and veneration about it,—something of the ruin and the ivy,—and you peruse it as amid the shadows of things that were. There are the leaves worn by fingers long since cold beneath the influence of the long sleep, and pencil marks, by those over whom the grass of many years has grown.

Even those who only read, leave in books some memorial of what they thought and how they felt. The leaf is turned down at the page they loved best, and passages are marked which contain thoughts most like their own.

There are certain people, among whom book learning is of very small account—who seem to think much reading unfit for men for the practical affairs of life. The so-called "men of the world" make many mistakes, but few, certainly, more grave than this. There is very little knowledge, worth having, that is not to be found in books. True it is that life only can give experience, and years bring much that nothing else can give. But other men than ourselves, other generations than this, have lived upon the earth—have attained victories and suffered defeats. They came—they saw—they strug-

gled—if they did not conquer—and the record of their experience, such as it was, is to be found only in books. These are the charts of those who have sailed over the same seas and have buffeted the same storms as ourselves. They point out the reefs and shoals we should shun, and gives us some hints, at least, as to the direction we should sail for the "fortunate isles" which we vain would reach.

Those who know most can judge best; and nothing—better shows the value of books, even in an utilitarian point of view, than the utter worthlessness, in many of the affairs of life, of the judgments of those who depend entirely upon their own experience and observation. Ignorance, as well as knowledge, reveals itself in everything. A man cannot talk five minutes of the present war without disclosing his knowledge or ignorance of former wars. A man who knows nothing of others; knows nothing of himself; and he who is unacquainted with the past, is equally ignorant of the present. That which is, is the natural fruit of that which was. In all ages, it is the same mind of man, surrounded by the same objects, working with the same helps, and opposed by the same obstacles. It is only the things of the world that change. The substance remains. The fashion, only, passes away.

Those who are ignorant, are ever hopeful of change—are believers in form, which, more than others, they denounce. They greatly exaggerate the present, and expect marvellous results from outward revolutions going on around them. With them everything is in the superlative degree. Never did men endure such wrongs. Never were statesmen so corrupt. Never was cause so holy. Never were issues so great as those which are now to be decided.

In most instances your ignoramus is a reformer—an avowed philanthropist—a mender of the worn out world; which said world, according to his notion, is very much worn indeed—greatly in need of repairs; very sick are all the people, and he, the sole possessor of the only balm that can bring healing to the nations. The fruit growing upon his tree, is the true apple of life,—High, eminent, blooming, ambrosial fruit, of vegetable gold.

These men do not consider what myriads of human beings have lived in the world—have no idea of the magnitude of human affairs—how closely allied is one thing to another—the present to the past—the good to the bad, or what, to our weak vision, seems as bad. They cannot conceive of the extent and variety of human character, and the various motives by which men are governed. They expect, for all things, a reason that would satisfy them, and do not dream what trivial events govern the great matters of this world, or with what mad zeal men run after nothings. Thus, being narrow as well as shallow, they are puffed up with vain conceit, and full of all uncharitableness.

A man who has read much, as well as thought much, in his judgments of human affairs, takes into account the changes wrought by fortune, by climate, by creed and position—the weakness, as well as the strength, of human nature—the divers gifts of the one spirit—till he becomes large minded and tolerant,—charitable in his judgments, even of those who grope most blindly, knowing that not alone upon this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, would God be worshipped.

From the endless variety of life, the student of history comes to look for men's motives in other objects than those which move him. He sees how they pass by the substance, and how much they are governed by words. He catches the current of men's thoughts,—the ebb and the flow in the tide of affairs and ideas, and traces the germ of changes and revolutions, which the casual observer thinks accidental, far back into the womb of time, till at length he does more than guess and speculate—he knows. He knows that old deformity does not die; that new beauty does not spring up in a day. He knows that nothing comes by chance—that the fury of the crowd, however sudden its manifestations, is of slow growth,—is the fruit of many seeds and of much training. When the storm comes, he hears the rising of the wind afar off. He is the true prophet, and sees the cloud, freighted with plenty, when no bigger than a man's hand.

But, after all, let no man think that, by much reading, he may become wise. Knowledge is only a part of wisdom. The facts he learns from books must

blend with much experience of life,—they must be melted together by the heat of his own mind. The end of the thread which unravels the tangled skein of human mysteries, is within. By some it is never found—by none without much yearning and painful watching. To wisdom there is no royal road,—it is neither bought nor sold. It is not yours to give, it is not mine to sell. Only by faithful and continuous labor can we gain enough to make us humble in the knowledge of how very little it is that we know.

Selected.

A Story of Art.

In one of the art-galleries of Vienna hangs a picture of Venetian life, by the painter Francesco Mayez, which excites peculiar interest in the visitor. It is an interior, an apartment in the ducal palace, where three aged senators, evidently the famous Council of Three, are holding one of their secret sessions. One of them, a tall, proud figure, with the finely-chiseled, intellectual, dark face, familiar to us in old Venetian portraits, has arisen in excitement, and, with a stern gesture, is addressing a young and beautiful woman, who sinks fainting on the stone floor. They are supported by an official who seems to depreciate the harsh demeanor of the senator. A notary, behind the table in the rear of the group, is making a record of the proceedings.

The story on which this picture is founded is contained in a French romance of the seventeenth century, and though no authentication of it has been discovered in the Venetian archives, it probably rests on a tradition then current. If not, it is no less a true reflection of the character of the time in Venice, when, amidst the gay pageant of its flourishing and gorgeous life, rose that dark, mysterious tribunal—irresponsible, remorseless, irresistible as Fate, which held in its unseen hand the whole power of the republic. The story runs thus:

Valenzia was the daughter of the Senator Gradenigo; by birth, therefore, one of the first ladies of Venice. She had all the rich beauty of her countrywomen, with this remarkable distinction, admired in proportion to its rareness, that her hair was of the loveliest blonde color, changing in the sun to gold, and was so abundant that it fell in heavy shining waves below her knees.

A beautiful Italian woman of nineteen could not be without a lover, and Valenzia had already yielded the first bloom of her heart to the young patrician Leonardo. Whether from necessity or the mere caprice of the youthful fancy, the attachment was kept a secret from their respective families, and the young pair met only in the palace of Leonardo's bosom friend, Antonio Foscarini. Even he was not intrusted with the name of the lady who stole, closely veiled, into his house, nor had he even been favored with a glimpse of her face. But the glowing eulogies of her charms, to which he was obliged to listen—especially the description of her wonderful hair, excited his imagination all the more, and the idea fastened itself in his mind that in those golden threads lay some magic power which had enthralled his friend, for heretofore Leonardo had been insensible to female attractions.

For a time the course of true love ran smooth. Then, suddenly, as if the earth had opened to swallow him up, Leonardo disappeared, and a few days after his dead body was found in one of the canals which vein this city of the sea. A deep wound in the breast showed that he had been the victim of assassination. Valenzia's grief had all the stormy violence of a first great sorrow. But far more profound was the affliction of the friend, who fully believed that the fatal stab had been given by a jealous rival.

"Leonardo! Leonardo!" he exclaimed, as he gazed on the bloody corpse, "the accursed blonde locks are answerable for this deed!"

From this hour an unconquerable aversion to blonde hair took possession of him, which grew into a monomania. It was the fashion of that day in Venice for the ladies to bleach their dark hair by the use of chemical preparations, and so strong and undisguised was his contempt for the practice as to obtain for him the sobriquet of "Blonde Hair Hater."

Her relatives, anxious to divert his mind from these morbid fancies and recollections, urged him to marry. He was one of the handsomest of the young patricians of Venice—his figure noble, his face full of intelligence and feeling; and he had a further passport to the favor

of the ladies in his singular devotion in friendship, and his corresponding indifference to themselves. Admiration, sympathy, pique, conspired to render him an object of transcendent interest to the fair sex. His friends led him from one gay circle to another, in the hope that he might, unawares, find himself in the meshes of the little blind god. It was all in vain. At length his father settled the question by an arrangement with the Senator Gradenigo for a marriage between the two families, and Antonio found himself pledged to the connection entirely without his own knowledge or consent. But such marriages of domestic or state policy were the rule in Venice, and his heart having no tie elsewhere he submitted without remonstrance. Preparations were hastened on, and the wedding-day was appointed.

Valenzia had yielded with less reluctance; nay, even with a degree of mournful pleasure. She well knew Antonio, though herself wholly unknown to him. Their mutual attachment to the lost Leonardo was a tender bond. His insupportable grief for one dearest to her had given him a sacred place in her heart.—Her own lot, moreover, was full of discomfort and chagrin, her father being one of those stern and cruel men whose iron rule turns the palace into a detested prison. After the death of her lover she had wished to bury her sorrows in a convent, but the old senator, who regarded his daughter as an instrument of family aggrandizement, had peremptorily and harshly refused his consent. Life, with the honorable, gentle and true-hearted Antonio, seemed to her crushed spirit a blessed escape from this bondage; and thus it happened that she not only assented without objection to her father's plan, but became most anxious to win the affections of her bridegroom. Knowing too well his morbid prejudice against blonde hair, and the fatal cause of it, she dared not reveal to him at once the secret of her history, and accordingly stipulated that he should not see her face till the day of their marriage. Antonio, utterly indifferent to the whole affair, had nothing to say in opposition. But etiquette required that he should pay assiduous court to his veiled bride, and these interviews soon began to have an unexpected interest for him. Her character, softened by sorrow, harmonized with the tone of his own heart; her sweet anxiety for his regard, the grace of her shrouded figure, wove around him insensibly a tender spell which he wished not to break. As hope re-awoke in her bosom, she grew more charming, and more conscious of her power; the morning of a new life of happiness brightened before her, and she looked forward with increasing confidence to the approaching revelation.

Thus the wedding day arrived under the happiest auspices. A magnificent assembly was gathered in the Gradenigo Palace, and the handsome and joyous bridegroom awaited with impatience the moment which should disclose to him the features of his bride. But that moment changed all. The instant that Valenzia, throwing off her veil, revealed that glory of golden hair floating and glittering about her person, the frenzy returned upon him with double violence.

"She has deceived me!" he cried, in a wild burst of anger, and breaking his way madly through the astonished company, rushed forth without a word of explanation to Gradenigo, or casting so much as a look on the deserted bride.

That from this hour a deadly feud, like that of the Montagues and Capulets, divided the house of Foscarini and Gradenigo, was a matter of course. Valenzia alone could not share this feeling.—She blamed her own fraud, so innocently meant, as the sole cause of her calamity, and mourned her second lover with a sorrow far more deep and lasting than she had given to the first. Her father gave himself no rest in his efforts to avenge the dishonor of his house. But for the present he was able only to obtain the expatriation of young Antonio, and this under the honorable form of an embassy to France. He bided his time.

After four years absence, Antonio returned to Venice. His welcome home was a summons, the fruit of Gradenigo's labors, to appear before the Council of Three to answer the charge of disobedience in certain points to the orders of the Council. His bold defence and the conclusive proofs he adduced of the skillful manner in which he had performed his mission, procured his honorable acquittal. But plots thickened around his path, enemies lurked for him on every hand, and time after time he barely es-

caped through the warnings of an unknown friend. That friend was no other than the true hearted Valenzia, who watched over him like a protecting angel, nor even relinquished her chosen office when he entered into a marriage engagement with a noble Spanish lady. But it was an opportunity long watched for by her father, who now accused him before the Council of a secret alliance with a foreign power, and procured his imprisonment. Valenzia had warned him in season, and had arranged his flight; but, too proud to succumb to injustice, he hesitated till it was too late. He was brought in chains to the ducal palace, where, according to the ancient usages of Venice, a speedy trial, to be followed by a speedier death, awaited him.

Valenzia did not despair even yet. By gold and tears she gained an entrance to the Doge's palace, and having won the overseer to her interests, she descended with him, at midnight, into those damp and gloomy depths beneath, whose dread secrets only the last day will fully reveal. At any other time, the scene would have frozen her blood with horror. The black passages into which the cheerful light of day had never shined, and slimy with the moisture of centuries, the heavy doors, bolted and barred, which the light of the guide dimly disclosed on either hand, the sepulchral silence broken only by the dull play of the water against the outside walls and the loud knocking of her own heart, were full of dark suggestions, of pitiless cruelty and unutterable woe. But that which would have deterred a weaker soul, but made her bold; for was she not bringing to the best beloved, deliverance from these horrors? And was there not exquisite joy in the thought that now at length he could not fail to understand and forgive her? The jailer unbars a door; she steps in, trembling with fear and hope. The next instant the door is shut behind her, is locked and barred with malignant haste, and the unhappy girl finds herself a prisoner! Her pretended helper was a true servant of the republic. He had betrayed her to her father. All was lost.

With the first gray of morning she was brought, wearing the man's habit in which she had disguised herself, before the Council of Three, of which her father was a member. The first glance told her there was no hope of pity from him. As she entered, he started passionately from his seat, and poured upon his wretched daughter, as she stood trembling before him, a torrent of the bitterest reproach, ending with a fearful curse. Exhausted by the terrors of the preceding night, and foreseeing her own and Antonio's doom, she yielded to this last stroke, and sunk into a deep swoon into the arms of the jailer. Even he, her betrayer, hardened as he was in crime, was shocked by the unnatural scene.

"Signor," he cried, "you are here as the servant of the state, and not as the avenger of your personal wrongs. You are the representative of justice, but you have no commission to curse your own child."

"This is the moment chosen by the artist for his picture."

Through what fortunes the hapless pair, with fates so strangely severed and yet so strangely united, passed to the repose of death, we are not informed. Only so much is known, that from this time the noble and brave Antonio, the flower of the patrician youth of Venice, and Valenzia, the fairest of her daughters, were seen and heard of no more among the living.

INFLUENCE OF FAMILY WORSHIP.—The daily, regular and solemn reading of God's holy word, by a parent before his children, is one of the most powerful agencies of a Christian life. We are prone to undervalue this cause. It is a constant dropping, but it wears its mark into the rock. A family thus trained cannot be ignorant of God's Word. The whole Scriptures come repeatedly before the mind. The most heedless child must observe and retain some portion of the sacred oracles; the most forgetful must treasure up some passages of life. No one part of juvenile education is more important. Between families thus instructed, and those where the Bible is not read, the contrast is striking. To deny such a source of influence to the youthful mind, is an injustice, at the thought of which a Christian may well tremble.

By a recent marriage, the mother became the sister and the grandmother and mother of the bride, and the sister the mother of the bridegroom. How did this happen?

Curiosities of Sleep.

In Turkey, if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows toward him, he becomes narcotized, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Dr. Appenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman thirty years of age, who, from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but, chiefly to the abuse of opium; until at last, unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his own, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A student at Edinburgh upon hearing suddenly of the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noonday, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death bed, fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. A woman at Hamadat slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once in four days. Dr. Macnischie mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliotson quotes a case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine of Hippo, prudently divided his hours into three parts—eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to meditation, eight to converse with the world. Maniaes are reported, particularly in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full moon, more especially when the deteriorating rays of its polarized light are permitted to fall into their apartment,—hence the name of Lunatic.—There certainly is greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state, for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma inevitably become infected with its noxious air; while travellers who go through without stopping, escape the miasma. Intense cold produces sleep and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till the sleep of death.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration:

"Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel,—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to the young hands: we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated, at the moving pictures and enjoyments and industry passing us; we are excited at some short lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, with waves so blue and clear, is there a good time coming, when hoops will disappear?—Some foreign rock-bound shore, some island far away, where these outrageous street balloons shall all be stowed away? The mighty deep was rippled by a squall, and answered none at all.

Daniel says that he thinks that boarders who are obliged to eat sausages three times a day, during dog days, are justified in growling at their fare.

Why are the rebels like fruit trees? First they blow, then they shoot, then they leave.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1862.

SUMNER SOUTHWICK (of Southwick's Express) is an authorized agent for The Wizard, and this receipt will be binding at this office.

Gustavus Larabee.

The death of this young man, who enlisted about a year ago in Captain Devereux's company of recruits for the 19th regiment, is one of those sad events which bring the evils of the war near to our homes. At the time of his enlistment, he was under seventeen years of age; and as the carrier of this paper, we had formed a pleasant acquaintance with him and knew something of his modest merit, his faithfulness and his pleasant and obliging disposition. At that time, he had a father and three brothers in the army, and young and immature as he was, he chose to follow them and endure the perils and hardships of a common soldier. These he experienced in small degree, performing faithfully all the duties of a full grown soldier on the lonely picket, the rapid march, in the trenches and in the battle-field. It was in the severe battle of Gaines' Mills that he stood up manfully in the ranks, doing a soldier's duty, when he was shot in his right eye, falling in the front of the enemy. He was taken a prisoner and carried to Richmond, there to pass five weeks in prison until exchanged. Suffering from his wound, weary and exhausted, he lay in the hospital under the care of his devoted mother, who hastened on to minister to his wants, and then he was discharged and brought home to die. He had been at home but little over a month when death terminated his sufferings.

In reading accounts of battles and marches, we are too apt to overlook the severe trials and duties of the common soldier, whose devotion to duty, whose labors and anxieties are often greater than those of his titled commander. It is only when individual cases are brought near to us, as now, that we can fully estimate the amount of the aggregate suffering. Perhaps if we could know all the history of our youthful friend Gustavus, in that desperate struggle, we might be led to exclaim—

"The noblest thing that perished there Was that young, faithful heart."

The funeral took place at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Friday last, Rev. Mr. Dwight conducting the exercises, which were solemn and impressive, consisting of reading the Scriptures, an address and a prayer full of patriotic fervor and eloquence. The body was enclosed in a handsome grained coffin placed within the altar, where all who pleased could look upon the wasted form of the young soldier as he lay clothed in the uniform of his regiment. The bier was draped with the flag of the Union, and the burial took place at the cemetery on Washington street.

British Opinions.

It is well known that Americans, in past years, have been unduly sensitive in regard to what is said of them by the foreign press, and particularly of that of Great Britain. It would not be too much to say that our own press has been greatly influenced by what it supposed would be the verdict on the other side of the water. Our books and periodicals have been shaped to gather compliments, or at least to escape censure, from the leading journals of England. We are likely, very soon, to be pretty radically cured of this folly. Had Englishmen been wise, they might long have retained a portion of the influence such a state of things is likely to foster. As it is, they have lost, or are in a fair way of losing, the benefit of this mode of controlling public opinion in America. The unfairness, the mendacity, the absolute meanness with which the British press has commented on our affairs, have opened the eyes of our people to the worthlessness of their opinions in relation to ourselves and our institutions. The London Times has been foremost in its misrepresentations and in its display of ill will. The more important of the other periodicals, the *Quarterly* and *Monthly*, have not been far behind it, although a little more guarded in their expression.

While, in respect to weaning our people from their absurd deference to foreign opinions we rejoice, we look upon the war of journalism upon our country as fraught with evil. It is calculated to lead to actual war between the two countries. It stirs up ill blood, and recrimination follows recrimination. War with Great Britain would undoubtedly be a serious thing for her, but it would also be a serious thing to us, and is not to be thought of for an instant while we have so much commerce afloat on the ocean. Other than material interests ought to influence both nations to avoid a war. Let, then, the opinions of English journals have no other effect here than to cause us to neglect and despise them. Little should we care what Mrs. Grundy says, or Britannia. What we want to show to the English people is, that we don't care a fig for her notions about us. Let us busy ourselves with a true dignity of deportment, and refuse to be annoyed by anything her journals may say, and they will soon learn to treat us with respect and consideration. Let us remember that we lose respect by being sensitive and testy, and gain it by an upright and self-reliant bearing. They have taught us that we can go without leading-strings, and no longer depend on such a step-mother.

Silver Plate.

Every body knows that silver plate is to be taxed, and our citizens may soon expect the U. S. Assessor to call upon them to ascertain how much is taxable. After examining our own, we feel tolerably easy about the visit, as all under forty-two ounces escapes taxation. These ounces are twelve to the pound, leaving three and a half pounds untaxed. Our two tablespoons and eleven teaspoons come far short of this weight—so we esteem ourselves a lucky weight. The set of plated forks and German silver teaspoons, are not reckoned, neither are the two iron spoons and the long one with the hole in the handle. The britania teapots and the tin copper pot, also escape the tax. The sugar tongs is silver, and would be reckoned with the forty two ounces, but it is a keep-sake, kept for show and not for use, and so it is exempted. We don't know what the Assessor will say to the salt spoons, which were also a gift, but they are in actual use on great occasions. We incline, therefore, to the opinion that they must be weighed. If they must be, it will not require the hay-seals. The old silver watch-key must be classed with the sugar tongs as an heir-loom. The only other articles of silver that we remember, are the thimble and a real silver dime. We think the latter ought to be exempted, as it is kept for show and not for use. We hardly know whether we ought to congratulate those who, like ourselves, escape the tax. At any rate, we feel a good share of self-gratulation at our lucky clearance from the tax collector.

The Salem Quota.

It appears, after all, that Salem falls short of her quota by almost a hundred men! We were lately congratulating her on having a surplus—and she supposed she had it—but we never could quite understand how she came by it. South Danvers is not deficient to-day, but nobody knows where she will be to-morrow. We think, however, that the number of men we have sent to the war, shows that we are ahead of most of our neighbor towns and cities. It was by this mode of estimating, that we were led to doubt the fact that Salem had a surplus, while South Danvers fell behind her requisite number. The boat is now on the other leg.

We regret this result so far as it concerns our neighbor city, as we have many good friends there whom we would be sorry to see drafted to serve in the army, and among them our gallant friend the junior editor of the Salem Gazette.

Southern Editors.

Southern editors, in their paroxysmal way, assure us it is impossible that North and South can ever hereafter come together as one people. We must live apart, say they. Blood has been too profusely shed in this strife to permit reunion. Now we cannot see this. Many nations have had the same sad experience, and have re-united more firmly than before. Scotland has forgotten or forgiven Glencoe and Culloden. La Vendee is not less loyal than any other department of France. The Spanish Christians and Carlists fraternize as though their civil war had never added unusual atrocities to the catalogue of human crimes. The insurgent cantons of Switzerland, brought back by force of arms again form integral and harmonious parts of the free confederacy, although a wide religious difference gave bitterness to the contest, and rendered submission unpalatable. Why then should there be in our case any separating barrier so high and strong as to overcome the powerful geographical considerations which render it imperative that the republic should never be discovered?—*Ed.*

Thanksgiving Day.

To-morrow is the day set apart by the Governor and Council for the assembling of the people of the State to express publicly their gratitude to the great Disposer of events for the multiplied blessings by which we are surrounded, as individuals and as a political community. We learn that religious exercises will be held in the Old South Church, and also at the Methodist Church. At the Old South, we understand that Rev. Mr. Barber will take "Volunteering" as the subject of his discourse.

TWO CENT STAMPS.—We find that persons depositing letters in the Post Office, sometimes put on the two cent stamps. These are Bank Check Stamps and are worthless to put upon letters. It is a dead loss to those who put them on and their letters must remain in the office. We make this statement to caution people who are ignorant of the proper use. They may pass from hand

to hand as currency, but they are not receivable at the Post Office as Letter Stamps.

The Horned Man.

We are credibly informed that the horned man, was about on Sunday night and was seen by more than one of our citizens. He was in his shirt sleeves, and was very angry and pugnacious, entirely willing to fight anybody and everybody. His horns were evidently taken very recently, and they had somehow got into his head and not upon it. He had many more undeveloped horns, which he kept in a small stone jug. By some good or ill luck, the vessel got broken, and the horned man lost all his extra horns! He was bewailing his loss bitterly when he was last seen and endeavoring to walk uprightly, but his horns were too heavy for him. The fragments of the earthen vessel, which contained his horns, were visible on the sidewalk, not far from our office, on Monday morning. On the whole, we conclude that it is folly to be afraid of the man of horns. They hurt him more than any one else.

VOLUNTEER PARTY.—The Volunteer Engine Company hold their first social gathering for the season, this evening, (Thanksgiving Eve) at ASHLAND HALL. They had sometime since engaged Sutton's Hall for this purpose, but out of regard for the feelings of the proprietor on account of his recent severe affliction, they very considerably gave it up, and hold the party at Ashland Hall.

It will be very strange if this spirited company do not give an entertainment worthy of its past fame in this respect. The Committee of Arrangements are—Gordon H. Wallis, Foreman; Thomas Carroll, 1st Assistant; C. F. Converse, 2d Assistant; C. L. Peirce, E. G. Pinkham and Joseph Forness.

POST OFFICE.—The Post Office will be open on Thanksgiving Day from half past 9 to 11 o'clock, and in the afternoon from 3 to half past 3 o'clock.

Railroad Accident.

On Friday morning a little before 7 o'clock, as the first train on the Boston and Maine Railroad, from South Reading, after making its customary stop on the bridge over Charles river, was approaching the draw the engineer discovered that it was open, and before the train could be stopped, the engine, tender, smoking and baggage car were precipitated into the water, the first two being entirely submerged.

The engineer, Simon Garland, and the fireman, Edward Christy, leaped from the locomotive, and thereby saved their lives. The brakeman and baggage master, Charles P. Richardson, remained at his post and was instantly killed, his body being crushed between the smoking and passenger cars, and was found beneath the latter car. He belonged in Reading. Mr. Merritt, the Superintendent of the road, used all possible expedition in raising the submerged car, and in the course of a few hours the following bodies were found:

Justin E. Holt, of Somerville, a silver and brass plater, of the firm of J. & H. E. Holt, 96 Union street. He was 45 years old and leaves a widow and six children.

R. H. Dyer, a mechanic in the safe manufactory of Denio & Roberts, Causeway street. He lived in Somerville, was about 30 years old, and leaves a widow and two children. His employers regarded him as an excellent man.

Harvey C. Taylor, a whittener, doing business in Boston, but residing in Somerville. He was about 30 years old, and leaves a widow and four children.

A hat and dinner pail belonging to John Rafferty were found late in the afternoon, and there appears to be no doubt but that he is a victim to this sad catastrophe. He also lived in Somerville, and worked in the Navy Yard.

Two others, Richard Hiett, a watchmaker, of Melrose, and William Fitzer, of Malden, brass-workers are also missing—making, it is supposed, seven victims in all.

Paper.

The cost of paper must soon greatly increase the cost of newspapers, books and all printed matter. Recently it has advanced some 80 per cent, and should our war continue it may go up a hundred per cent. We have fifty million dollars worth of paper manufactured in the United States annually. Printing paper is made from cotton and flax. Cotton in its raw and manufactured state—cotton waste or ags—is the chief article. We import two million dollars worth of rags yearly, and thousands of men collect rags about the country, while cotton waste from the factories comes in as a large supply of material. Now whatever diminishes the cotton or raises its value, diminishes paper or raises its value. At present there is little cotton waste and fewer cotton rags than formerly, and the price of rags in those countries whence we import them must go up since there is a scarcity of material for paper manufactured in Europe as well as here. If the price advances sufficiently there will be less printing, since books will not pay; the size of newspapers will be diminished and the price raised, or they will stop. Very many of the papers that were printed at small profits, and depended on single sales do not at the present cost of paper meet their expenses, and the larger their circulation the worse it is for the publishers. The cost of printing paper has not been so high before for many years, and this, with the prospect of its going much higher, the increased cost of ink and the national tax has for the present, "done up" newspaper publishing. Thousands of papers that have managed to live are now losing concerns.—*Newburyport Herald.*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The December number is out and it closes the Fourth Volume of this standard periodical. It has won a high and leading place in American Periodical literature, and while it will in future retain the same eminent talent as heretofore, it will also have the infusion of new blood into its veins. The next volume promises to excel all the preceding in excellence and now is the time to subscribe for it. Wilkinson takes subscriptions and sells it in numbers.

GOVERNOR YORK OF NEW YORK.—The official vote for Governor is as follows: Seymour, 307,003; Wadsworth, 298,491. Seymour's majority, 10,612.

NEW SHADES OF MAGENTA AND PURPLE WORSTEDS AT PEABODY'S.

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ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Trustees of this Society, held in Salem on Monday last week, Lewis Allen of South Danvers, Jeremiah Colman of Newburyport, David Choate of Essex, and R. A. Merrill of Topsfield, were chosen Vice Presidents; William Sutton of South Danvers, Treasurer; and Charles P. Preston of Danvers, Secretary. A Committee was appointed to secure a suitable room for the library. The report of the committee on the Treadwell Farm was adopted; and also the report of the committee appointed to erect a barn on the farm. Various other reports of examining committees were acted on; and the following awards of premiums were adopted:

For the best conducted and most improved Farm, George B. Loring of Salem, \$30.00.—For improving pasture and waste lands, 1st premium to Jonathan Berry of Middleton, \$15; 2d premium to Charles Nelson of Georgetown, \$10. For corn crop, B. P. Ware of Marblehead, \$10. For Ruta Bagas, Geo. B. Loring of Salem, \$8. For onions, Hanson Ordway of West Newbury, \$8. For cabbages, S. A. Merrill of Salem, \$8. For squashes, J. J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, \$8.

Dr. George B. Loring was re-elected delegate to the State Board of Agriculture.

It was voted to hold the next annual exhibition in Andover.

R. S. Fay, Esq., of Lynn, offered \$50, or a silver cup of this value, as a premium for the best flock of sheep, not less than twenty in number; an entry fee of \$5 to be paid by all those who make entries; and this amount, with the cup, to go to the successful competitor.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.—No. 4 of Volume 4 is issued and for sale at the bookstore of Whipple & Smith. It contains A Brief Review of the History of the Puritans and the Separatists, discussing the difference between the Separatists and Non-conformists, by A. C. Goodell. The first book of births in Rowley, with notes, by M. A. Stickney; Notices of Rowport, by Joseph B. Felt; Notice of Win. Balch, by J. W. Read; Abstracts from Wills, &c., by Mr. Patch; Sketch of the Philosophical Library, by Dr. Wheatland; Book of Grants of Salem, communicated by Perley Derby, with notes by B. F. Browne; Will of Anne Bradstreet, with notes and a representation of the old Governor's mansion.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.—At the Boston Theatre, Edwin Booth, the acknowledged Tragedian of the day, commenced an engagement on Monday night last, as Hamlet. He will appear in all of his principal characters. He is ably sustained by an excellent company.

At the cozy Howard, Miss Julia Bateman has drawn crowded houses in her favorite character of Rosa Gregorie, and will continue to do so as Geraldine. Manager Marshall is untiring in his efforts to please.

The lovers of good singing can enjoy themselves at Alston Hall, where the great American prima donna, Miss Julia Gould, in connection with Buckley's Ethiopian Opera Troupe, appear nightly to fashionable and crowded houses. Do not fail to hear them.

A NEW APPORTIONMENT OF THE QUOTAS.—It is stated that, according to the new enumeration of the number of nine months men required, the following places in this County are still deficient, viz:

Essex County—Andover 34, Bradford 12, Essex 28, Georgetown 4, Groveland 6, Ipswich 1, Lynnfield 4, Methuen 17, Nahant 3, Newbury 18, Newburyport 77, North Andover 28, Rockport 9, Rowley 10, Salem 95, Salisbury 41, Saugus 31, Swampscott 6, Topsfield 7, Wenham 14, West Newbury 18.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for December, is received from Wilkinson. It contains articles on The Union and on Gold, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; The Causes of the Rebellion, by Hon. F. P. Stanton; Mr. Kirk's Merchant's Story of Southern Life; A Letter to an Englishman by Horace Greeley; A Physician's Story; Cambridge (Eng.) and its Colleges; An Englishman in South Carolina; and many other articles of an interesting and timely character. The Continental is devoted to Literature and National Policy, and is very ably conducted.

PARSON BROWNLOW, in a late speech in Chicago, gave his views of confederation as follows:—"I hold that everything that a rebel has on the face of the green earth, a rebel South, or a rebel North, his land, his horses, his money, his hope, his property, including his negroes—all he has ought to be confiscated, and then his infernal neck ought to be beheaded. I deny that the rebel, North or South, against this rights government of ours, has any but two rights under the sun: the one is a right to be hanged, and the other the right to be damned."

FROM official sources, it is ascertained that Gen. McClellan, on his leaving Harrison's Landing, had but eighty-four thousand men, twenty thousand having been killed in battle, died from disease, or made prisoners by the enemy, (these being a large number of the latter,) and forty-four thousand being in the hospitals and on furlough.

BARBER'S OIL.—It is said the Barbers of Salem will raise their prices from 6 cents to 10 cents a shave. Heylberg will stick to his old prices, war or no war.

ESSEX RAILROAD COMPANY.—This railroad company will petition the next Legislature for authority to unite with the Eastern Railroad upon such terms as may be agreed upon between the two corporations.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—This popular monthly, after all, is the one which has the most attractions of art and literature for the great body of the people. Its variety is so great that every taste is gratified and every body must buy or borrow it. Buy it by all means as it is so cheap you cannot afford to do without it. Subscribe for it at the Periodical Store and start with the December number.

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Gen. Foster's Expedition.

The following are a few extracts from a private letter received in town:—

WASHINGTON, N. C., Nov. 1st, 1862. We left Newbern Thursday morning, the 30th ult., on a scouting party, as we supposed, and expecting to be gone but three or four days. But, being delayed here, I will try and write you an account of our doings. At four A. M., on Thursday morning, we turned out, had breakfast, and formed the regimental line at half past five. Eight companies of our regiment were to go. Three companies embarked at half past six on the Massasoit. We had fine accommodations, it being Gen. Stevens' boat. We saw many other regiments embarking. Of the old regiments, there were parts of the 25th, 27th, 24th Mass.; 10th Conn.; 5th R. I.; and the new regiments, 5th and 44th Mass. We got under way at about nine. There were five or six steamers in our fleet, each towing a schooner loaded with troops. There was a force, consisting of infantry, artillery and cavalry, going overland. The day was fine, and we enjoyed our sail much. Our progress was very slow, as the wind was not so the schooners could set their sails. At sunset we were in the Sound and witnessed a most beautiful sunset. The eve was very fine. At about eight o'clock we entered the Pamlico River, and about one hour after the schooner we had in tow got aground and detained us nearly two hours. I made my bed on the hurricane deck, and slept soundly until morning. When I awoke, I found the schooner had been left,—had been awake but a few moments when the adjutant came and told us to get ready to go ashore; but he had hardly left us when our boat got aground and stuck fast, all efforts to move her proving useless. We were but quarter of a mile from town, Sergeant Lake, seeing our predicament, soon came to our relief and took us off in flat boats. Our regiment bivouaced in an open field outside of the town; and other regiments came in soon after us, and soon there was a "right smart lot" of Yankees in Washington. The regiments are bivouaced around the town in different directions. Last night it was a sight worth seeing;—the camp fires of the different regiments shone brightly in all directions, and soldiers around them speculating of the past, present and future. We are in light marching order; we wear our blouses, and take our overcoats, woolen blankets and rubber sheets; but to-night an order came for us to leave our woolen blankets. I made my bed upon the ground, with rubber sheet under and over me; had a good night's rest; and coffee never tasted better than this morning. It was the calculation to start this morning, but the force which started overland (17th and 23d Mass., the artillery, cavalry, baggage train and pontoon train) not having arrived, we did not leave. I spent the morning looking about town. The streets of the town are blocked with a "chef de file," as they call it in military. It consists of a fence made of six inch saplings, in the shape of an X. The upper points are up and down the streets so the rebel cavalry cannot charge through the streets, as on the morning of Sept. 6.

2 P. M. The advance of the land forces have arrived. The rebels having burnt the bridges, they were delayed longer than was calculated. The rebel cavalry attacked the rear of our train, but they were scattered by our cavalry, and shelled by our artillery. A few prisoners were taken by us, and several horses. The casualties on our side was one man slightly wounded. My health is first-rate, and spirits tip-top.

WASHINGTON, N. C., Nov. 8th. For the first time, in seven days, I have an opportunity to write. After six days of constant marching, (four advancing, and two retreating), I have a chance to rest, liable any moment to fall in; but, as I am "right per," I will try, as far as my memory serves me, to continue an account of our grand march, and "brilliant retreat," which (if not out off by the rebels) I hope to send you. On the morning of the second, (Sunday,) reveille was sounded at four A. M.; coffee soon after; and we left with three days' rations, sixty rounds of cartridges, and our overcoats strapped upon our backs. Our brigade (the second, consisting of the 10th Conn., 5th R. I., 24th, 44th, Mass.) had the advance. We have a large cavalry and artillery force; of the artillery, some twenty-five pieces, and cavalry, five or six hundred, and the infantry is estimated at about five thousand. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and we started about six A. M. We left town on the Jamesville road; our advance (cavalry) came across the enemy's picket, (cavalry,) about two miles out of town, and had quite an exciting chase, the rebels escaping. We took several of their horses, and they wounded, slightly, two of our men. A few shells were thrown into the woods. Our halts were frequent, it being necessary to move slowly as the rebels were expected to be met in force. The country we passed through was poor, also the occupants, there being but very few of the large plantations that I have seen on other roads. There was but a small part of the land under cultivation, as most of the colored population had left long ago. We passed through many dense woods of Southern (pitch) pine, and I should judge that it was on the turpentine business the inhabitants subsisted.

At one P. M. we had one hour for rest and dinner. Hard bread and salt junk never tasted better. At two we started, and marched until about sunset, when we encountered the enemy. We had a stream of water to pass through, and the opposite side, on high ground, they opened with their infantry. Their force was small, and they were soon routed by our artillery. The 44th lost three or four men, and the Marines as many more. The 24th were in line of battle, but took no part. Skirmishing continued, we not knowing the position, and they having breastworks somewhere unknown to us, and necessarily we felt our way along slowly until ten P. M., when the 24th were ordered to the front. Our advance soon came to the breastworks of the rebels; they had been evacuated. About a quarter of a mile farther on was a bridge over the creek, which the rebels attempted to burn; and when we came up, they opened on us with three pieces of artillery and musketry. Our advance succeeded in quenching the fire, when we retired, and the artillery shelled around in the direction where the rebels were. It was the greatest artillery fire it has been my fortune to witness; there must have been from five to ten discharges a minute. It was perfectly terrific. We were directly in front of it, lying down in the road. Their position was on higher ground. The cannonade was kept up for half an hour, when we advanced rapidly across the bridge, the rebels retiring in haste. It was now two A. M. on the third, and preparations were made to bivouac. Pickets were thrown out just beyond the bridge, and we lay upon our arms on the field occupied by the artillery, and I slept soundly until sunrise. Our regiment loses one man killed, and two wounded.

MONDAY, Nov. 3d.—I dined with Co. U, 5th Regiment; had a grand, good dinner. The men are well and in good spirits, but rather foot sore.

We took up our march at seven A. M. The weather was beautiful and the road was fine. We saw the work of our artillery. A few buildings were somewhat shattered. There were three dead rebels left behind and a few knapsacks. Our march was through a much finer country than yesterday. The ground was higher, and more hard timber. There were but a few houses on the road, and those were of a better class, nearly all being large, fine plantations. Here I saw the first large cotton field. The first picking had been gathered, and the field did not look as white as before, all the cotton being upon the lower part of the plants, the top maturing and being gathered first. Five miles march brought us to Williamsburg, which had been evacuated by the inhabitants and soldiers. A guard was placed around the streets, as soon as possible, but not before many liquor stores were opened, and all who desired had their cantines filled with liquor. Many drank to excess, and houses and stores were broken into where there was no guard. Such a destruction of property! Every abandoned house, where it was possible, was ransacked, and clothing, bedding and furniture destroyed.

The town is very pleasantly located on the Roanoke River. Our gunboats were there before us. It is considerable of a trading town, there being many stores, and the river navigable to vessels drawing seven feet. Everything looked comfortable. It is a pity the infatuated people did not stay with their property. The regiments fell in at four P. M., marched out about five miles toward Hamilton, and there bivouaced in a large cornfield. The night was beautiful, and I had a good night's rest, and awoke Tuesday morn, the fourth, bright as ever, had our coffee at five, and finally started at seven—marched three miles, when our column divided, the first and third brigade going to the left, and the second going to the right. On our march to-day nearly all the plantations had been evacuated by the owners; and as we passed, houses were broken into and everything eatable was taken, poultry, honey, apples and liquors. Guards were stationed at the houses of those that remained. We took many horses, mules and carts. But few negroes remained, as the most part of them had been carried off by the secedes.

Five miles brought us to Rainbow Bluff, where the rebels had a fort to protect the town above; the rebels had left and taken everything with them. The fort was the strongest position that I ever saw; having complete command of the river, which made a bend about three hundred yards below the fort, and no ship's guns could be sufficiently elevated to reach it, it being about one hundred and fifty feet above the river. Nature could not have made a stronger position, and science had made it impregnable to an attack from the river. The fort was built for five guns. A bridge ahead delayed us about two hours. In the meantime the gunboats (three) went up the river. Two miles farther brought us to the outskirts of the town, where we encamped. Salt junk had given out, and we had fresh pork, which was plenty, and sweet potatoes, had a rest of six hours. In the meantime liquor had raised the devil with the men, houses were pillaged and in many cases burnt; in fact, I think our men did everything possible to strengthen secession in the minds of the Southerners. When we left town at ten P. M. it looked as though the whole town would be destroyed, and how it was saved I cannot conceive, as it was there must have been some ten or twenty houses burned. I do not think such things ought to be, until ordered by our generals.

Nov. 5th.—We broke camp at five A. M. and got off about six; the weather being fine, but cool; the country was beautiful, the corn and first picking of cotton had all been gathered, and carried off; as there was no cotton to be found, and hardly corn enough to feed our horses. The foliage upon the trees had assumed the autumnal tints of purple and yellow, and looked much the same as they do in Oct. in N. E. We passed many fine plantations but the occupants had left; the poultry, a few hogs, old negroes and the bee hives was all that was left, excepting occasionally a few mules and horses; honey was quite plenty. At one P. M. we halted fourteen miles from Tarboro, and two miles from where the enemy were entrenched; one hour was allowed for dinner and rest, and then we expected a battle, but "there is no miss" you know, and it proved true in this case, for when our time was up, the orders did not come for another hour, and then they were for a retrograde movement of about one mile, and an advance by another road. The reason of this was, that the rebels had so obstructed the road, by falling trees, that it was not practicable to attempt to advance that way. We marched on a narrow road with shaky bridges, until eleven P. M. and then encamped nine miles from Tarboro, in a large cornfield. The clouds had been gathering since sunset, and it soon commenced raining; water was scarce and we had to do without coffee. I was on picket guard and was relieved early on the morning of Nov. 6th. Coffee was duly appreciated, for a little water had been obtained. Soon after we were much surprised to see the head of our column marching back the same road we came, and the whole line followed, leaving Tarboro

opened with their infantry. Their force was small, and they were soon routed by our artillery. The 44th lost three or four men, and the Marines as many more. The 24th were in line of battle, but took no part. Skirmishing continued, we not knowing the position, and they having breastworks somewhere unknown to us, and necessarily we felt our way along slowly until ten P. M., when the 24th were ordered to the front. Our advance soon came to the breastworks of the rebels; they had been evacuated. About a quarter of a mile farther on was a bridge over the creek, which the rebels attempted to burn; and when we came up, they opened on us with three pieces of artillery and musketry. Our advance succeeded in quenching the fire, when we retired, and the artillery shelled around in the direction where the rebels were. It was the greatest artillery fire it has been my fortune to witness; there must have been from five to ten discharges a minute. It was perfectly terrific. We were directly in front of it, lying down in the road. Their position was on higher ground. The cannonade was kept up for half an hour, when we advanced rapidly across the bridge, the rebels retiring in haste. It was now two A. M. on the third, and preparations were made to bivouac. Pickets were thrown out just beyond the bridge, and we lay upon our arms on the field occupied by the artillery, and I slept soundly until sunrise. Our regiment loses one man killed, and two wounded.

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South Danvers Wizard.

U. III.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1862.

NO. 48.

THE DANVERS WIZARD is published every Sunday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers, by
JAMES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
JOHN POOLE, Editor.
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August 6, 1862.

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"Ovid was right," ejaculated Pop-
endeavoring vainly to take in the
compass of a mass of dress goods
g down the whole sidewalk, "right
ing;
his young lady is the least part of
it!"

Original.

Sermons from Stones.

BY TIMOTHY OLDBROY.

No. 9.

Being some account of the Brass Benders
of Dinant and what befel them.

A curious city was Dinant, situate in the northeast corner of France, in the midst of the seven great forests of the Ardennes—curious in every way. A French city surrounded by Germans! A city of peaceful labor, of artists and workmen, hemmed in by soldiers and camps! A city of civilization and change in the midst of unchanging barbarism! Its only means of communicating with the outer world was through the River Neuse. Around it were the great forests, peopled by the "dwellers of the green tent,"—outlaws, villains, vagabonds and poor debtors. Men who had fled from oppression, or the consequences of their crimes, had here taken up their abode as coal burners, and, unincumbered by wives or children, had taken an obligation never to sleep under the roof of a house.

Here, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, the city had maintained itself against all comers—had flourished and grown rich by its "good trade of brass and copper beating." The smoke of its thousand forges settled in hazy clouds along the hills; and the work of its free laborers was sent to every part of Europe. Casting was unknown, and articles, the most beautiful and useful, were wrought by the hammer. Here was formed the poor kettle in which was cooked the dinner of the peasant, and the beautiful font, which adorned the churches of the middle ages, and still, unsurpassed, has come down to us, a masterpiece of art.

Why the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, as he was called, should wish to destroy Dinant, I never could see; yet he did destroy it, from center to circumference,—left not one stone upon another. He passed a ploughshare over it, and sowed it with salt and iron, after the manner of the ancients.

It came about after this wise: Philip was at war with the King of France, Louis XI., whose vassal he was. At this time, all the nobles of France thought it their first duty to make war upon the King—finding their strength in his weakness. In these wars, the free cities, for very good reason, usually sided with the King against the Barons. At all events, such was the course Dinant pursued in the present instance, notwithstanding that she held her charter from, and in a certain sort, owed allegiance, to the House of Burgundy. To be sure, she sent to the King no men at arms, and not a dollar in money, though, in truth, the poor King was hard pressed for both; but her citizens had always indulged in great freedom of speech, and now they wagged their tongues most furiously against the Duke, against the Duke's wife, and the Duke's son—against his adherents and everything pertaining to the Duke—at the Duchess, a daughter of the great English House of Lancaster, they railed in words not often used by lips polite. The Count Charles, the Duke's son, then at the head of a victorious army in France, they derided as an imposter, a priest's son, a bishop's bastard. They made an effigy of Philip, dressed it in the dual robes, and placed it in a swamp full of frogs, (in mockery of the low country, with their muddy water, where Philip held his court,) and saluted it, with marked ceremony, as "great king frog." When these things were reported, the Duke swore, of course, as a Duke, unladylike manner; and the Count Charles swore like a fighting man, as he was. So they all made oaths, as suited them best, but the result of all their oaths was, that the city of Dinant should be razed to the ground, and its inhabitants, after eating their villainous words, should be put to the sword.

When Philip the Good was in earnest, he did nothing by halves; and most terribly in earnest he was in this matter of Dinant. He made it a matter of honor as well as religion. The ribald jests of journeymen and apprentices had stung the great Duke in a very tender place. Bastardy was the weak point in the House of Burgundy. The Count, with his army, was ordered to return from France. His vassals, far and near, he commanded to report in arms, at a given day, under pain of the halber.

The menace was effectual. Philip the Good was known to be a man of his word. They came—in tens and in hundreds—the Walloons, the Flemings, the militia and nobles of Picardy;—even the Barons of Liege, a country at peace and on friendly terms with Dinant, made their appearance. The order went forth in July, A. D. 1466, and on the 15th of August the Count was at Namur, at the head of thirty thousand men, well equipped and provided with trains of artillery. The Dukes of Burgundy knew how to raise and how to use armies. Very learned were they in the art of wholesale killing.

As this Army advanced, the "dwellers of the green tent," and the adjacent villages, fled to the doomed city, which was soon filled to overflowing with a riotous, disorganized, yet self-confident mob, ill-prepared themselves, but having great faith in walls, which had been seventeen times besieged by Kings and Emperors, yet never taken.

On Monday, August the 18th, the besieging army made its appearance before the city and demanded its surrender. The inhabitants replied only with mockeries. Even then they relied for succor upon the king and the city of Liege—succor which never came. The King was hopelessly weak; Liege was fatally slow.

The master of ordnance made his approaches in open day and battered down one-half the faubourgs. The inhabitants, taking it half in joke, that same night burnt down the other half. The cannon were next day fired point blank at the walls; and though the besieged fought with the greatest fury, on the twenty-third a breach was made sufficient to warrant an assault. A day for reflection was allowed, and on the 25th the city surrendered. The great city of Dinant, with its arts, its wealth, and its thousand homes, was in the hands of a conqueror who had sworn to lay it in ashes.

Would Philip the Good be as good, or bad, as his word? Was it in the heart of man to make of this beautiful and prosperous city a howling wilderness?—to sow it with salt and iron?

Philip was a slow man—a man of correct habits—who, like a good Christian as he was esteemed, wished to have everything done properly and in order. With him everything must be done according to rule—and military rule at that. Whatsoever was so done, was, of course, well done.

For two days everything was quiet. Those of the soldiers who were caught pillaging were severely punished. The poor people began to gain heart. All yet might be well. Was not Philip their Duke, surnamed the Good? Vain hope! On Wednesday each soldier, as he rose from dinner, laid hands on his host, whose meals he had shared for two days, demanded all his goods, which were at once removed; and some even took the children for the purpose of extorting a ransom, or hidden treasure, if any there was.

This was the arrangement: The private soldiers were allowed the ordinary plunder; the officers, the more precious articles, the jewels and public treasure. For himself, Philip took what he called his justice.

First, he hung the chief engineer of the town upon a lofty gallows, overlooking the whole city. Next, he caused eleven hundred of the principal citizens to be bound, two and two, and thrown into the River Neuse. Thus passed Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

At a little past twelve, on Friday night, several of the more combustible buildings were fired in different parts of the city. The flames spread rapidly—much more rapidly, indeed, than the captors had imagined. In a few short hours it reached the houses where the plunder had been secured. All attempts to save it were vain. The great church of Notre Dame, filled with captives, was burnt with the rest. In their eagerness for plunder, many of the Burgundians perished; and when the flames ceased, the whole city, north and south, east and west, towers and towers, was one blackened ruin.

The priests, women and children, had been suffered to leave the town before it became wholly a prey to the flames. They were led out on the road to Liege, to serve as a living testimony of the justice of the House of Burgundy. When they had reached a hill—some distance from the town, they turned, as of one accord, to cast a last look upon the spot where they had left their souls—where was buried all their hopes and all their earthly loves—and, as they gazed, gave utterance to one long, piteous wail;—over the noise of the moving multitude,

the crackling flames and falling walls, it was heard in the tents of the Burgundians, and, at the sound, the hearts of stout men were stricken with horror.

When the flames had sufficiently subsided, the walls were pulled down in search for treasure. The stones were crumbled, and fell in heaps of ashes at the stroke of a hammer. Large masses of metal were melted by the fierce heat; but untouched by the fire, amid the blackened ruins, were found many evidences that here had been happy homes; among the rest, household images, a lady's pin cushion, a pair of bride's gloves. So perished Dinant, that beautiful city, which those who visited hailed as the gem of the world. So perished its "good trade of brass beating," which, to-day, is one of the lost arts.

So went forth those sad widows and fatherless maidens, into all the earth, seeking rest and finding none. Houseless and homeless, they wandered from door to door, till, constrained by hunger and misery, they prostituted themselves for bread.

Did the good Duke and the good Duchess of Burgundy, when they prayed for, and wrought their vengeance upon, this rebel city, think it would sink so deeply into so many human hearts? And, as at nightfall, they looked from their palace windows and saw weak women wandering forth, in squalid guise, and with breaking hearts, to earn the wages of sin, was their justice satisfied.

It is a long text; but there are very important sermons, sometimes, in stones—certainly in stones of burned and buried cities—and I have told you this long story, my dear madam, that you might form an idea of what the destruction of a city costs. The Duke of Burgundy—those that went with him, and those who came after him, are all dead; but passion, prejudice and pride of opinion are not dead. In the goodly apparel of religion, of liberty and virtuous patriotism, they still wander up and down the earth, and now, as ever, their cry is, "In the name of justice, give us blood!"

You attended, doubtless, the opening lecture of the present course at the Peabody Institute, and listened, with pleasure or otherwise, to the profound and scholarly commonplaces of the Right Reverend Bishop Clark, (it is always well to write such a man's titles in full.)

The Right Reverend lecturer, as you remember, thought Gen. Burnside the proper man to lead the armies of this Christian Republic, because he had expressed a wish that, in the providence of God, he might be permitted to lay the City of Charleston in ashes. The General, doubtless, made this remark in the heat of passion. Bishop Clark gives it the approval of his sober judgment,—he writes it out, repeats it in village lectures, and is rewarded by the applause of grown up school boys. Matrons and mothers of children smile their assent; and maidens, who expect to become the wives of decent men, clasp their delicate hands in approval of the atrocious sentiment.

We have heard much such talk as this, my dear madam; we shall doubtless hear much more. Sentiments like these find frequent utterance in our lecture rooms. They desecrate even the temples of God. The Right Reverend Bishop Clark is only one of the many, in New England, of lesser note and fewer titles, who, more than for anything else, thirst for blood. So it has been; so it will continue to be, so long as men are weak or wicked. But, whatsoever the professions of those who utter words like these, let us endeavor so to govern our hearts and our lives that, without fear of severe chastisement, we may follow the precepts of Him who taught us always to pray, and when we prayed, to pray to our Father in Heaven, that He would forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us.

So doing—though the heathen rage, as the heathen will continue to do—yet shall we possess our souls in all patience; and in this regard, at least, shall meet the approval of Him to whom vengeance belongs, and who, knowing our short-sightedness, has commanded us that we judge not.

It may sound a little strange, at this day—but fighting, burning and killing; is not now, and never was, a Christian work. War is not one of the means God has chosen for the building up of His Kingdom of Peace upon the earth. It is all wrong; in it there is no good thing. It is of the Devil. It bath its roots in the Bottomless Pit. It flowers in evil passions and base appetites. Its fruit is Darkness, Desolation and Death.

Selected.

Marriage.

Marriage is the natural state of human kind. There never can be lasting good health without it; it is an impossibility, except combined with criminal practices. A person may live in good health to the age of twenty five, but if marriage is delayed beyond that, every month's delay is the eating out, more and more, the very essence of life, and the worm of certain disease and premature death burrows more deeply into the vitals. On the other hand, marriage not later than twenty five prolongs life. It was for this reason, noticed some three thousand years ago, that the ancients dedicated a temple to Hymen, the god of youth; that is 'to the deity' which prolongs youth.' Men and women get older more rapidly when they remain single, and die off more rapidly; the men from falling into dissipated habits and irregularities. The women, true to nature's instincts, and living in her purity, grows less and less vivacious, and by slow degrees settles down in inaction, in feebleness, and premature decline.

As long as a man is unmarried he feels himself unfixed, unsettled; and keen business men consider him insecure, because he can any day pack up his trunk and disappear. The most magnificent swindlers in Wall street, those for the very largest amount, were unmarried men.

There has always existed, from the very early ages, a general and almost instinctive prejudice against those who remain unmarried after thirty. Lyeurgus legislated against celibacy, and Cato outlawed female celibates at twenty five, and bachelors of thirty five. It was a creed of the earlier nations, that the souls of those who died unmarried were doomed to eternal wanderings.

In the present state of society, if the daughter should be encouraged to marry at twenty one, and the son at twenty five, vigorous health and moral purity would be promoted thereby. Pride and cowardice join in delaying marriage; but let the fearful statistics of the larger cities of the world tell the sad story of demoralization. In Milan there are thirty two illegitimates out of every one hundred children born; in Paris thirty three, in Brussels thirty five, in Munich forty eight, in Vienna fifty one.

Out of every one hundred suicides, sixty seven are single, thirty three married. Of the hapless insane, out of one hundred and seventy two, ninety eight were single, seventy four married.

Celibacy is a constant cause of premature death. Of one hundred and twenty who are forty eight years old, eighty will be married, only forty single. In one hundred single men, only twenty two will live to be sixty years old. Of one hundred married men, forty eight will live to that age. Of a dozen men of eighty years, nine will be married, three single. Not only marry young, but marry out of your family. The effects of marrying cousins, for example, even to the third degree, are fearful to contemplate. Of one hundred and fifty four cousin marriages, in Dublin, there were one hundred deaf and dumb children.—Dr. Buxton of Liverpool states that, in one hundred and nine such marriages, each family had one deaf and dumb child; thirty eight of them had two deaf mutes; in seventeen of them there were three; three had four; one had six; one had seven, and one had eight deaf mutes—that is, two hundred and sixty nine children born deaf and dumb to one hundred and nine cousin marriages. The consanguineous marriages in France are two per cent. of the whole population. Of their children twenty eight per cent are deaf mutes in Paris, twenty five at Lyons, thirty at Bordeaux; while as to the Jews, twenty seven per cent. of the offspring of such marriages are deaf mutes, one sixth per cent. of Christian parents, Jews oftener marrying blood relations.

In England, where Bible teachings more than in any other country prevail, and discountenance consanguineous marriages, as well as private profrigality, only six per cent of such children born are deaf mutes, instead of thirty, as when the English do marry relations, they are more distant, and only six per cent. of those born are illegitimates, instead of fifty one per cent. as the direct result of the teachings of that blessed book.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been called to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George.

The Process of Dying.

An army correspondent of the Christian Enquirer, in one of the hospitals—an exceedingly intelligent man, writes: "You learn something here of the character of death. Those whose ideas on the subject have been derived from the issues of the American Tract Society, are likely to have their views much modified. Dying is as natural as living, when we allow it to be so. I saw men die at the rate of two per day, and in all cases the dying was as natural as the living. It was a part of the great process of nature, full of mystery, calling largely upon our faith, but with no fear to a believer in a wise and good God." Such an experience will strike many readers, who think death is accompanied with much physical pain and mental anguish, as very singular; and we notice one religious newspaper comments very severely on this very letter; but we think the testimony of all observers will agree with this writer, that "dying is as natural as living, when it is allowed to be so." Lord Bacon expressed this conclusion thus: "It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps one is as painful as the other."

We get our impressions of the fact of dying more from clergymen than any other class of men, though it would be more reasonable to apply for information to physicians; and death-bed scenes have been so often depicted as frightful, by a certain class who would affect sensitive and ignorant persons, that we forget what nature teaches and adopt their unnatural descriptions. There are undoubtedly instances of such agony, as is set forth; excruciating pains and great suffering, to the end; but these cases form the exceptions to the general rule. Nature sinks to the repose of death as it does to sleep. It is preceded by freedom from pain of body and mind, and most frequently life closes with numbness and insensibility. Where the mind continues active, dying is most often a happy condition. Thousands of dying persons have so expressed themselves—virtuous and wicked, those hopeful for another life, and those without decided views in relation to the future. "If I had strength to hold a pen," said one, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorehy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought it was more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Saurez, the Spanish theologian.

Ever so many cases have there been, where those snatched from the very jaws of death, have witnessed that the apparent approach of the last moment was accompanied not only by a sense of ease, but a feeling of positive happiness.

Montaigne, who was knocked senseless and taken up for dead, says—"I thought my life only hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." Many cases of hanging, where life has been restored, have been the same; and so in drowning; and also in freezing, as well as in death by violence. Says one who was rescued from drowning, after he had become unconscious—"A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave." In freezing there is no suffering, but rather an enticing influence to induce the person to lie down and enjoy the fatal slumber. Said an Arctic voyager to one arousing him with the warning that he would die if he slept—"that is all that I desire." This was the case with thousands of soldiers in Napoleon's Russian campaign, who left their bodies lying the way from the German frontiers to Moscow. Even where men die of violence, as by shooting on the battle field, there is seldom any sense of suffering. Charles XII of Sweden, was shot through the brain, but the mind went on to the end as usual, and his first act was to grasp the sword. In very many instances in this war where men have fallen, they would simply remark—"I believe I am shot."—Newburyport Herald.

A NEW CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE TO GOD.—Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his address at the anniversary exercises of Mount Holyoke Seminary, said that a returned prisoner lately remarked that while at the South he could easily endure the taunts of the men, but that he had never before realized what and how terrible was the mad hate of women, so intense, bitter, and beyond all belief; and he had come back with one additional mercy for which to thank God—that the devil was not a woman.

THE CHECK REIN.—Who beside the British use the check rein, saving their general imitators, the Americans? The French do not use it, the Germans do not, the Indians and Spaniards of South America do not, nor do the Turks. The most observant and most natural people in the world are free from this error. It is strange to us, that the English and ourselves did not, years and years ago, reason upon the constantly witnessed fact that when a check rein was loosed on a tavern-stoop or in a stable, the poor horse always stretched out his neck and hung down his head. That was his language for saying that the strap hurt and wearied him, and that he was heartily glad to be relieved from it.

The genius that first proposed the mechanical feat of lifting himself up by the breeches, must have been the author of the theory that the check-rein held the horse up and kept him from falling. The mechanical action in the two cases must be precisely the same. If the reader will reflect for a moment, he will see that no suspending power can be derived, except from without the animal.

The check-rein should be abolished.—It wastes motive power. Its use is unhealthy, for it disturbs the otherwise naturally and equally distributed vital forces. It shortens the life of the horse. It diminishes his speed, and lessens the free and quick action so essential to the animal's safety and that of his driver.

Brethren of the press, let us emancipate the horse from the British check rein.—Buffalo Democrat.

AMERICAN BABIES.—I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed and kept in the back-ground, as children are kept with us; and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them as I have heard them squalling by the hour together in agonies of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be, I wonder, that children are happier when they are made to obey orders and are sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk is more favorable to laughter and soft childish ways than beefsteaks and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea which I should never dare to broach to an American mother; but I must confess that, after my travels on the western continent, my opinions have a tendency in that direction. Beefsteaks and pickles certainly produce smart little men and women. Let that be taken for granted. But rosy laughter and winning childish ways are, I fancy, the produce of bread and milk. [Anthony Trollope.

ANGELS IN WASHINGTON. A tall, slim, comely lady, with dark eyes and dressed in mourning, entered Army square hospital, yesterday morning, and before passing many patients she noticed a man about fifty years of age who seemed about bidding adieu to these troublous times. Without uttering a word, she removed her bonnet and took a seat beside his clean and narrow bed. As she fanned his feverish brow and placed the cooling liquid to his lips, and passed her delicate fingers through his thin hair, she seemed to catch his feeble whisper and return it with an affirmative nod. After thus ministering to him for the space of four hours, she sent for the chaplain, Rev. E. W. Jackson, who commended him to God. She then closed his eyes, kissed him, and clipping a lock of hair that hung over his brow, turned to the chaplain, and said: "Please send this to Sarah, his daughter, who he told me lives in Philadelphia. Say to her, a strange woman watched him in his dying moments, closed his eyes and kissed him for her." Though fiends maim and kill our best patriots, angels in woman-form guide their spirits from scenes of carnage to the haven of peace.—[Washington Republican.

HOW TO STOP SWEARING.—An intelligent lady whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child the horror of profanity, hit upon the plan of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of suds, produced the desired result. This practice should be universally adopted.

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said, when saving off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the Rheumatism!

SUMNER SOUTHWICK (of Southwick's Express) is an authorized agent for The Wizard, and his receipts will be binding at this office.

Congress.

Congress commenced its second regular session on Monday. We do not anticipate much of good from the assembling of this body. As the legislative part of the government of the nation, it ought to be respected, yet we look upon its assembling, at this time, with something of apprehension. As at its former sessions, we fear that it will interfere with the prompt action of the Executive branch of the government, doing quite much to embarrass the President as to assist him. We trust, however, that it will not attempt to project new plans of warring on the war. It is altogether too busy a machine to do this with any chance of a successful issue. It will do the best service to refraining from dictating military operations, and giving strength to the Executive portion of the government.

Mischief to the best interests of the nation is often done by the indiscreet speeches of Members of Congress. Every one has been struck with the rashness with which some of our Congressmen speak of persons as well as measures, and with what blustering self-sufficiency they speak of friendly foreign countries.

They hesitate not to let out State secrets, and, without intending it, do much to retard the national cause. We speak now of men of loyalty, who are well meaning, and not of those who are more devoted to party than to the country.

The worst of it is, that there are notoriously disloyal Members of Congress, who do all they can, sometimes covertly, sometimes openly, to embarrass legislation and give aid and comfort to the rebel cause. We are likely to hear more from this class of men, at this session, than ever before, and their speeches will be quoted in Europe as the public opinion of the Northern States. Some of the Members of this very Congress are now serving in the Rebel Army, and others remain, whose sympathies are as active for the rebels as if they held commissions in the same service. We shall hear from these members all kind of revivings of our best public men, and everything they say will be said to give encouragement to our enemies.

We have enumerated but few of the many evils which may result from the rashness and indiscretion of our Congressmen, but we shall be much mistaken if the people will not, before the session is half over, have a deep feeling of shame and disgust, and a feeling of relief when it is ended.

The Horse Rail Road.

We congratulate our readers upon the sure prospect of soon being able to ride to Salem in the Horse Railroad. By the following, which we take from the Salem Gazette, it will be seen that the enterprise has got into hands which will see it through without unnecessary delay. If the movement had been made a little earlier it might have been in running order before Christmas. Let us be thankful if we have it by the Annual Fast.

It is unnecessary for us to dilate on the advantages of easy and rapid communication between contiguous as well as distant places as all are aware that this is the life of business and sociability. The only thing we have to regret about the movement is, that its management and its sure and large income are to be in the hands of strangers. It has always been strange to us to witness the apathy of our people in regard to this enterprise, which promises a richer return for the capital invested than almost any other business. We do not envy the good fortune of those who have taken it in hand, so long as we are to enjoy its conveniences. We only wish that our own people had been wise enough to have carried it through without aid from abroad and thus reaped its profits.

An application is to be made to the next General Court for leave to extend the road to Beverly. This will pay well, and another to Danvers, and perhaps another to Lynn, will soon follow.

"We congratulate our readers on the prospect of being able to take a ride in the horse cars next spring.

The charter for this company was granted by the Legislature in 1861, with a capital of \$50,000, the road to be finished in one year, (March, 1862). Nothing was done that year, but last winter the Legislature extended the time two years further in which to build it. Last autumn the company was organized by the choice of the following directors, viz: Willard P. Phillips, George Osborn, Henry L. Williams, Wm. R. L. Ward, and Asa P. Robinson. Willard P. Phillips was chosen President, and Geo. D. Phippen, Clerk and Treasurer.

A contract has been made with a party in New York to construct and equip the road complete. The first instalment of the rails arrived here on Saturday last, in the schooner Abby Weld, and will be followed by others as rapidly as they can

be prepared. As soon as a sufficient number shall arrive the laying of the track will commence, and the contractor hopes to complete a large portion of it before the cold weather shall stop the work. It is expected the road will be in operation early in April next.

The rails are of an improved pattern, patented by an ingenious man in Williamsburg, L. I., and have been thoroughly and most satisfactorily tested in New York for three years, on a road where the heaviest cars pass every three minutes, and heavily loaded teams continually cross it. No stringers or ties are to be used in the construction of the road, and no wood in any shape. The track is to be but four feet wide, and the cars of iron, on a new and approved pattern, very light and commodious, to be run every fifteen minutes, and oftener when necessary. The track is to be a single one with turnouts."

Military and Naval Items.

Acting Master JOHN F. WINCHESTER, of this town, has arrived home. He has recently been promoted to the rank of Captain, and is to take command of the Monticello.

Lieut. Col. EUGENE P. TOWNSEND, who was badly wounded in his shoulder at the battle of Gaine's Mills, has returned home, having been discharged on account of his wound. He was for five weeks a prisoner in Richmond. His wound is doing better, and he has hopes of his entire recovery.

Mr. DAVID W. OSBORN, of the 1st Mass., has come home, discharged on account of illness contracted during the seven days engagements in front of Richmond and residence in the swamps of the Chickahominy.

Capt. DANIELS, of Co. C, 5th Regiment, has written to his friends here. He says that Gen. Foster speaks in high terms of the energy and endurance of the members of the 5th on the expedition from Newbern.

Surgeon DANA, of the 14th Regiment, has resigned, and been temporarily succeeded by Surgeon MASON. It will be recollected that Surgeon Dana was captured by the rebel cavalry at the time of the advance of the regiment to Fairfax Court House. He was afterwards paroled.

We have a letter from Mr. JOHN URTON, of the 23d Regiment, who speaks encouragingly of the condition and health of the regiment.

The many friends of Corporal JOHN L. WATERMAN will be glad to hear that he has entirely recovered from his long and severe illness and is now on active duty. We acknowledge the receipt, from him, of a blank regimental return of the rebel army, printed on miserable brown paper, showing that the rebels are worse off for this indispensable article than ourselves.

Mr. WM. H. HILDRETH, of Captain Daniels's Company, one of three invalids who were left behind when the regiment embarked, has gone to Newbern in company with those troops who recently sailed from Boston. Messrs. TOWNE and URTON are so far recovered that they expect to go by the next transports.

Mr. J. HENRY OSGOOD has been appointed Hospital Steward of the 5th Regiment.

Sergeant CHARLES W. HANSON, of Capt. Nelson's Company, who has been dangerously ill of fever, is fast recovering and has been able to write to his friends here.

Mr. HENRY P. CAVERTY, head teamster of the 19th Regiment, who has been home on a short furlough, has returned to his regiment.

Sergeant MOSES SHACKLEY is at home for a limited period on Recruiting Service for the 19th Regiment. This regiment has had severe service in many hard battles and marches, and its ranks are greatly reduced.

JOSEPH GRAY, late of Capt. Saunders' Sharpshooters, is at home on furlough, he having been wounded in his hand.

CHARLES A. GARDNER writes home that JOSEPH B. MAXFIELD, of the same Company of Sharpshooters, was at the battle of Antietam, and died in the hospital at Boliver Heights. He says that the body was decently interred. Mr. Gardner was detailed to see to the condition of the sick and disabled.

Sermons in Stones.

On our first page will be found one of this series, containing an interesting passage of history. It also contains some strictures on the late lecture of Bishop Clark, with which we cannot agree. The peace sentiments will not apply to the existing war, which is a defensive one, forced upon the nation, and which must be carried to a decisive end, which involves the very existence of the country. We would remind the Reverend author that the destruction of Charleston will only take place in the event of its inhabitants being in open hostility to the best interests of the whole country. As to burning the city, Providence has pretty effectually done that in the great conflagration of last year.

Army Shoes and Tanning.

The following are some extracts, on army shoes and North Carolina tanning, from a late letter received in town:—

Army shoes are about the greatest humbug that ever I saw. They charge us \$1.94 for them. One pair of DANE's kip brogans would actually be worth three pair of them. They are made of oak bottoms, very thin. The uppers are part of them made of hemlock-tanned leather of the poorest quality. Of what shoes I have had, not more than one-half had oak uppers to them. The quarters of all are of the coarsest kind. The stock must all be worked up clean, or they could not get out such poor quarters. The thread of the shoes often gives away in a few weeks. I drew my first pair for this year about the first of March; since then I have had three pair more, making four in the whole. I was obliged to draw the last pair on account of the ground being so wet. I have had my last two pair tapped when new. It costs 88 cents to have toe taps, of poor leather, pegged on; but, on our late march, it payed well. I hear that Government is accepting pegged brogans. I am glad. I wish DANE could furnish the Government; we then should have a prime shoe, which is a great comfort to the soldier.

One thing that interested me on our late march, was the leather I saw. I saw no large lots, and not a tannery on the whole march of 110 miles. On many of the plantations were large tubs, dug out of the solid sticks of timber, in which were a few hides, tanning with oak bark, pounded or crushed with some heavy instrument. The leather was all made from dry hides, poorly softened.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.—Prof. J. A. Cutting, so well and favorably known to the public, has opened a new and splendid Aquarial and Zoological Garden in the new Post Office Building, corner of Summer and Chauncy streets, Boston. He has two specimens of the Salamander, an animal supposed to be extinct; but it has been found in Japan, and the Professor has secured them for exhibition. He also has a splendid black ostrich, just from the desert of Sahara, and many other rare and curious animals, birds, fishes, &c.; also, the wonderful Esquimaux Indians from Davis' Straits.

Edwin Booth has appeared at the Boston Theatre, in several of his pieces, to crowded houses. He will be succeeded by Edwin Forrest, with the Niblo's Garden Company, under the direction of Mr. Wheatley.

SOLID MEN OF SALEM.—The Salem Observer publishes a list of the tax-payers in Salem who pay fifty dollars and upwards. The following are some of the "heavy" ones:—

George Peabody, \$2,977.50; Francis Peabody, 2,699.50; R. S. Rogers, 372.50; R. S. Rogers, (trustee and guardian), 1,810.00; Robert Upton, 747.00; Benj. Cox, 576.50; Joseph S. Cabot, 1,210.50; John C. Lee, 541.50; Estate David A. Neal, 679.00; John H. Nichols, 494.00; Wm. D. Pickman, 1,951.50; Estate of Nathaniel West, 1,260.00; John Bertram, 1,025.00; Robert Brookhouse, 1,281.50; Geo. B. Loring, 562.50; Estate of E. Johnson, 759.00; Sarah F. Orne, 570.00; Jacob Putnam, 627.50; Love Rollins Pickman, 704.00; Elizabeth G. Gardner, 668.00; Estate of Geo. West, 519.00. Non residents, Geo. Osborn, South Danvers, 118.00; E. S. Poor, South Danvers, 140.00; William Sutton, South Danvers, 70.00.

FOURTH MASS. BATTERY.—The Salem Gazette publishes a letter from G. W. T. (probably George W. Taylor of this town) of the above battery, in which he says:—

William J. White, of South Danvers, died at the Marine Hospital, Oct. 8th, of congestive fever.

George L. Cowee, of Salem, died at the Marine Hospital, Oct. 24th, of congestive fever.

Daniel A. Manning, of Salem, died at the St. James Hospital, Oct. 25th, chronic diarrhoea.

Moses F. Foot, of Salem, died at the Marine Hospital, Oct. 28th, of congestive fever.

John F. Boyce, of Salem, died at Fort Pike, Nov. 3d, of typhoid fever.

Daniel A. Manning was a brother of the Captain of the Battery (Charles A. Manning), and was well known by many of our citizens.

MONSTER GUN.—The new iron clad Nahant, built at South Boston, took on her big gun on Saturday last. It was cast in Pennsylvania, and is of the following dimensions:—Length, 13 feet 10 inches; diameter at the breech, 4 feet; at the muzzle, 2 feet 2 1/2 inches; bore, 15 inches; weight of solid shot, 460 pounds; weight of gun, 41,870 pounds. Thirty-six pounds of powder is a full charge. Somebody will get hurt if they try to stop one of these shot, and we hope it will be Jeff. Davis.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—We have received the December Number of this, the most popular of the Magazines. It is the First Number of Volume 26. The Magazine is to be had at Wilkinson's.

Letter from the 5th Regiment.

NEWBERN, N. C., Nov. 15th, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND,—We left Camp Lander, and sailed, as you probably well know, in the steamer Mississippi, for Beaufort. We had a good passage of 4 days without any remarkable incidents—came by rail on platform cars, 36 miles to this place through the most barren, sandy and Godforsaken region that I ever travelled, and encamped on a plain, just outside the town, where the rebel tents were left standing, when their owners fled at the battle with Burnside. We were preparing to live, when the order came at 10 P. M. to get ready to march at 4, the next morning to parts unknown. We received our guns, 40 rounds of ammunition, canteens, haversacks, and 3 days rations—fell into line and marched silently through the town to the wharf, where we embarked on board a transport and sailed for Washington through Pamlico Sound, 110 miles. We found it a half decent place at the mouth of Tar river, and we were quartered in an old tar warehouse on the wharf. The best houses in the place were riddled by the shot and shells from our gun boats when the town was taken. After the arrival of a part of the division that came over by land, we started, cavalry, artillery and infantry, some 8000 strong, for Williams-ton, through the pine swamps and sand, driving the enemy before us, with some slight skirmishes, till we arrived at a river, which we had to wade through, with a high bank on the opposite side, when they attacked our advance, which brought the army to a halt. I hobbled to the front on my blistered feet, and got close to the artillery who were shelling the enemy, but could not see exactly where they were, and should have gone into the fight, had it not been so dark. Three or four of our men were killed and I saw some of them shot through the head, and we were obliged to bury them on rebel sand. The enemy retired, and we waded the stream, and as we ascended the bank, saw the dead rebels uncared for, lying by the side of the road. We marched into a sand field at 2 A. M. and camped down without supper, or fire, and lay till five, when we resumed our march, and about noon entered the town, and found it deserted by the natives. We found the stores and dwellings closed, but they were soon broken open, and the scene was melancholy and exciting. The soldiers were seen with fancy sun shades over their heads, ladies night dresses, fancy blankets and quilts, books and papers, fiddles and accordions; in fact, the streets had the appearance of the Carnival at Rome. Pianos costing \$500 were set up on end, and hacked, right and left, by the cavalry swords.

Our Co., was quartered in the house of a physician, having a large back yard, and garden filled with vegetables and flowers, where I spent a few pleasant moments. While others were pillaging ward robes, and hen roosts, I went to a brook, and bathed my blistered feet, then walked to the family grave-yard, seated myself, and tried to picture the folly of this accursed rebellion.—But the pigs were seen in every direction, trying to run with bullets in their heads, geese, ducks and chickens fluttering with broken necks and wings, and an empty stomach soon called me to the place where fires were burning and pigs were roasting. Soon the call was sounded to fall in, and I took some books, and left these scenes of revelry. We then took our line of march for Hamilton, another town on the Roanoke river, where a fort was to be taken, situated on a bluff so high, that our gun boats could not reach it.—We marched 20 to 30 miles, found the fort evacuated, the troops gone, and the inhabitants fled. I found in some of the houses, the fire burning on the hearth, and the dinner warm upon the table; but an old pair of shoes were "more to be desired than fine gold," and I searched for the coveted articles but could not find them. After a meal of sweet potatoes, chickens, honey and other extras, we started for Tarboro, and as my boots had become insufferable, I was obliged to cast them away.

We marched 3 or 4 miles, and camped at 8 o'clock P. M. in a dirty cornfield—cooked all night, and started at 6 in the morning—marched and counter-marched all day, and camped in the sand. It soon commenced raining, and I chose to sit up all night making coffee, and boiling beef, to lying down in the rain. In the morning there was evidently a change in the programme, and we soon commenced a retreat, which we kept up all day in the rain, barefooted, till we arrived again at Hamilton.

Here it snowed all night, and we started in the morning in the storm for Plymouth, camped at night, and the next day moved into town, where we spent one day on the plantation of a rank secessionist. He would not take the oath of allegiance, so the troops dug 2 acres of his sweet potatoes, killed his sheep, pigs, poultry, and took his horses.

We then embarked in a transport, sailed down the Roanoke into Albemarle Sound—passing Roanoke Island and the blockade—into Pamlico Sound, and up the Neuse River to Newbern,—having been absent 2 weeks, marched about 130 miles and sailed 400.

I suppose you will hear some stories about the number killed and taken prisoners, but you must receive these with many grains of allowance.

We took some 1000 contrabands, killed a few rebels, and took a few prisoners, who were not worth the powder and lead, that it would take to kill them.

It is the duty of a soldier to obey, but if I was allowed to think, my thoughts would run on this wise:—this rebellion will not be crushed, till one spirit of patriotism shall pervade the leaders with large pay, as well as the soldiers, who are enduring these hardships at only \$13 per month.

We have ploughed a furrow through North Carolina, destroying millions of property, but have not garrisoned the places taken, and it will close up, like the waters cleft by the keel of a swift sailing ship.

I talked with several prisoners, and judging from their conversation, as well as everything that I saw, I have no reason to think that there is a spark of Union sentiment in this State.

But, however that may be, I think this is the first instance, in the history of the war, where a new regiment, just arrived from sea, has received its guns, ammunition, and other things needed, at midnight, and started at four in the morning, on such an expedition.

The 5th stood it better than the old regiments—although, had it not been for the prospect of an engagement, I should have given out the third day; but it was the first, and might be the last opportunity to show ourselves heroes or cowards, and I was determined not to lose it.

TUESDAY, NOV. 18.—The weather here is fine, like the first of September. The birds, like ourselves, have left your cold, inhospitable region, and come with us, to cheer and warm our hearts. I will give you a little account of camp life. Our tents are about 16 feet in diameter, pitched in the sand, (as there is no soil here, either sacred or profane) and each one inhabited by 18 South Danvers boys, who are merry, or sad, as the case may be. In the centre of the tent is our sheet iron stove, in the shape of an inverted tunnel; and around the circumference are placed our knapsacks, which serve for pillows on which to repose our weary heads. At daylight, the bugle sounds for roll-call—at 7 we breakfast—then pat down the sand, and clean guns and equipments till 9. Guard mounting and drill occupy us from 10 to 12—then we dine. After dinner we clean up by shaking the sand from one thing to another, and then shaking it back again—then drill from 2 to 4 1/2. At 5 we have dress parade—supper at 6—roll-call at 8, and at 8 1/2 the lights are put out, and we sleep till five in the morning, if we can find a soft place in the sand.

This evening we are drawing overcoats, but we are like the man who drew the elephant—we have no place to put them. However, there is a rumor that we are to start to-morrow morning, and, if so, we may need them to sleep in at night.

Yours truly,

J. P.

THE RISE IN PAPER.—The rise in paper, within a few weeks, caused by the scarcity of domestic goods, and the duty and high rates of exchange on imported rags, has been about 100 per cent. This causes a serious embarrassment to such of our daily journals as are afflicted with a large circulation. The New York Evening Post, to show how the thing works, says:

"That such of the journals of the city as have a circulation daily of fifty thousand copies lose by the recent rise not less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year. If a New York daily has a circulation of one hundred thousand copies, its loss, if paper continues at present prices, would be at the end of the year not less than three hundred thousand dollars."

"Of course, this would be ruinous to any business enterprise. No doubt the journals dislike to raise their price, but they must do so, unless some change takes place to bring paper back to its old price."

PAPER RAGS.—When peddlers paid a cent and a half a pound, and that too in tin ware, for paper rags, there was little inducement for the housekeeper to save her scraps of cloth. But the times have changed, and rags are now worth at least five times as much in cash. Every prudent housekeeper should now save their rags, and even old newspapers which have heretofore been used for kindling. The latter will readily sell for four cents and a half a pound.

Mr. GEO. M. BAKER, 23 Cornhill, has just issued two new games for the holidays. They are called "A Soldier, a Sailor, a Tinker and a Tailor," and "The Game of Poetical Dominos." They are very neatly put up, and no doubt will have a large sale. Games are in great demand about Christmas, and we would recommend these two new ones to all those who are in search of "amusement for the winter evenings."

THE INQUEST on those persons who were killed in the recent accident on the Boston and Maine railroad was concluded Saturday morning. The two juries brought in a verdict censuring the engineer, the man in charge of the draw, and the railroad authorities for not giving sufficiently full instructions to the drawmen.

WOULDN'T STAY 'RETIRED'.—It is said that the Rebel Captain Semmes was placed upon the retired list by the United States Naval Board, because he was a 'fast man,' and therefore an inefficient officer. As the old Fogies objected to his 2.40 gait then, what a pity it is some of them can't overtake him now on his 2.90.—Carte de Visite.

THE retail liquor dealers of Boston have held a meeting, and agreed to advance the price of drinks to the uniform standard of 10 cents, and that of brandies and fancy drinks to 12 1/2.

EARLY CLOSING.—All the principal Ladies Furnishing and Fancy Dry Goods stores in Salem, have agreed to close their stores at half past six o'clock, every evening during the week, except Saturdays, until April 1st, 1863.

STUDENTS THREE STORIES HIGH.—They mean to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

Kerosene oil which was worth 33 cents a gallon at wholesale, three months ago, has now touched \$1.10. It will drop again before long; it has advanced on speculation.

BANCROFT, the historian, has a chair of novel construction which he can fold up and carry in his coat pocket. He often surprises strangers at public gatherings by appearing late, when the seats are all occupied, and drawing forth his mysterious pocket companion.

That drunken fop, Magruder, has been appointed by the rebel government to the Trans-Mississippi Department, his district comprising Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. The Bobbin Boy will make him reel worse than ever.

The Richmond Whig speaking of the third advance upon Richmond about to be attempted says: "We are about to be put to the greatest trial we have yet encountered." Gold is selling in Richmond at \$2.25.

In Moravia there is a man living, a peasant, who is one hundred and forty-seven years old, and still hale and hearty. He was formerly a soldier, and re-married at the age of ninety. He lives on milk and potatoes.

Gov. Wise is still talking about "Old John Brown." He hasn't got half of old Brown's sense, but, if we catch him, says Prentice, he may have all of old Brown's last sensations.

Prentiss says if the people of Charleston wish to burn their city rather than to see it fall into Federal hands, let them. We can stand the blaze if they can.

Beauregard thinks it a very "cute dodge" to call the Federal troops "abolitionists." Perhaps he will find that they will not have the name without the game.

The Army of the Potomac by crossing over to Fredericksburg, is much nearer to Richmond than the rebels who are to defend it.

The Cincinnati Enquirer (Dem.) says that the guerrilla marauders by Secessionists in Kentucky "should be frowned down."

The number of sea-going vessels in the world is about sixty-five thousand, two-thirds of which belong to England and the United States.

ROWLAND HILL said, "he wouldn't give a farthing for the man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it."

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—Early in the morning of Saturday, December 6th, the Moon throughout the United States will be "totally" eclipsed.

Gen. Mitchell's last words were, "I am ready to go;" his last gesture was to point to Heaven; his last expression a smile of hope and faith.

Boston is to raise 622 men towards filling the quota of this State. If she draws one a day it will take two years to complete the work.

On Saturday more than 1200 shares of the Eastern Railroad were sold at 93 and 94 1/2.

We are commanded to let our light shine before men; the man with a red nose keeps his light shining before himself.

INCREASE OF RATS.—An English agricultural paper asserts and proves by figures that one pair of rats will have a progeny and descendants amounting to no less than 651,050 in three years. Now, unless this immense family can be kept down, they would then consume more food than would sustain 65,000 human beings. It will be far wiser in the farmer to turn his attention to the destruction of rats than of small birds.

LADIES' SOLDIERS AID SOCIETY.—Contribution taken in the several churches Nov. 16, 1862:—Orthodox, \$76.00; Universalist, \$38.75; Unitarian, \$25.51; Baptist, \$8.16; Rockville, \$6.65. Total, \$155.07.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.—Mr. Stacy R. Dott—the veteran clothing dealer—has opened a store for the sale of Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, in Townsend's Building, on Main street. His stock is quite large, and so well selected that he could fit about every man and boy in town.

Congress assembled at the Capitol Monday noon, and a quorum being present in both Houses, the President's Message was sent in and read. The telegraph furnishes the following synopsis, prepared at Washington:

The Message favors African colonization. Our foreign relations remain undisturbed.

The President knows of no mode which promises so certain results as the organization of banking associations under a general act of Congress well guarded in its provisions.

He endorses the Emancipation Proclamation of September 22d.

OLD MAIDS.—This is what Dr. Hall says of the class in his Journal of health: "Being an 'old maid,' implies decision of character; neither sham, nor show, nor courtly manners, nor splendid persons have won them over: nor fair promises, nor shallow tears; they looked beyond the manner and the dress, and finding no cheering indication of depth of mind and sterling principles, they gave up the specious present for the chance of a more solid future, and determined in hope, patience and resignation to 'bide their time.'"

An officer in Kentucky was lately stripped of his epaulettes and dismissed the service in disgrace by order of Rosecrans because he did not wish to fight under the President's Edict of Freedom.

A shoeblack at Marseilles publishes a card with promised reward for the discovery of the thief or thieves who broke into his house and stole 3,000 railroad shares worth \$300,000. He has blacked boots to some purpose.

GURDY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We cannot do a better turn for our Ladies than to recommend the Lady's Book for their subscription. It is just the book for every lady who would not be considered out of the fashion and thus out of the world. Remember the new volume begins with the next number. Wilkinson will furnish it.

To Let.

A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a Currier or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of R. S. D. Symonds, 54 Main Street.

South Danvers, July 25, 1862.

Port of Danvers.

At 25th, sch Geo Putnam, Gloucester; sloop Comet, Floyd, Boston.
At 26th, schs M L Carline, Ryder, Philadelphia; Nelly Potter, (new) Sheppard, do; Northern Light, Lane, New York.
At 27th, Hamilton, Nickerson, New York.

Marriages.

In this town, Nov 27, by Rev Mr Barber, Mr Elcirus Deatur to Miss Lydia Allen Baldwin.
In Danvers, Nov 26, by Rev J W Putnam, Mr John W Rollins to Miss Frances A Wilson; Mr George Brummitt to Miss Elizabeth Griffin, all of Danvers.
Nov 27th, by the same, Mr Abijah B Richardson to Miss Martha E Peabody, both of Middleton; also, Mr Henry T Briggs to Miss Eudora Decester, both of Danvers.
In Salem, Nov 29, by Rev Mr Spaulding, M Daniel A Mansfield to Mrs Maria J Kelly; 33d Mr Alonzo F Osgood to Miss Mary I Elderly both of Danvers.

Nov 27th, by Rev Dr Briggs, Mr Abraham Towle to Mrs Elizabeth Smith, both of Danvers.
Nov 26th, by Rev Mr Dwyall, Mr Franklin A Batchelder to Mrs Jane Cross, both of Danvers.

In Lynn, Nov 27th, Mr Geo Twiss Jr to Miss Susan J Galeucia, both of South Danvers.

Deaths.

In South Danvers, Nov 26, Miss Betsy Guilford, 68 years.
In Danvers, Mr William Jacobs, aged 66 yrs.
In Salem, Nov 26th, Carrie Elizabeth, daughter of William and Hannah Russell; 27th, Napoleon Hyacinthe Jerome, 56 yrs—a native of France; Mrs Mary M, widow of the late M Nathaniel Sleeper, 72; 28th, Mr Thomas Sullivan, 46; Catharine, daughter of John and Mary McCarty, 2 yrs.
In Middlebury, Nov 23, Dr Clark Blaisdell, 63 yrs 10 mos.
In Lynnfield, Nov 22, Mrs Mary Ellen, wife of George L. Hawkes, 64, and daughter of M and Lois S Ives, of Salem, 30 yrs.
In Hamilton, Nov 21, Capt George Appleton, 66 years.
In Derry, N. H., Nov 20th, Mrs Hannah P Friend, widow of the late Simon Friend, of Wrentham, Mass, 78.

In Newbern, N. C., Oct 31, Allen Nourse, son of Samuel P and Mary E Nourse, of Danvers 22 yrs 11 mos—Sergeant Co B, 17th Mass Reg. Died in the hospital at Fort Tillinghast, N. H. Nov 25th, of chronic diarrhoea, John Merrill of Danvers, 27 yrs 11 mos 17 days—member of Co I, 14th Reg Mass Vols. The embalmed remains will be interred from the residence of Joseph Merrill, this (Wednesday) afternoon, at 2

10,000 BUSHELS
OATS, now arriving and to arrive
from Canada, and for sale by
GAYLE & CO., Phillips' Wharf

Job Printing done at this office.

7

BRUSHES.
CAMEL Hair Brushes, Fitch Tools, Pencils, &c.
S C & E A SIMONDS, 32 Froom Street, London, E.C. 4.

N. B.—All the principal Ladies' Furnishing and Fancy Dry Goods Dealers close their Stores every evening in the week except Saturdays. Our customers should remember this and do their shopping before evening.

No. 224 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

ARTISTS' PAINTS.
A SMALL lot of Artists' Paints, such as Scarlet
and Yellow Lakes, Florence White, &c., at
S C & E A SIMONDS', 32 Front st.
NOV 26

BRUSHES.
CAMEL Hair Brushes, Fitch Tools, Pencils, &c., at

South Danvers Wizard.

OL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1862

NO. 49.

SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Square, by CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor. FITCH POOLE, Editor. —One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

Original.

Thanksgiving Discourse.

The following sketch of the prominent points in Rev. Mr. BARBER'S Thanksgiving Sermon, we intended to have inserted in our last issue, but it was crowded out by an influx of local matter. Although it was repeated on the succeeding Sunday evening to a large audience, we think it will be read now with renewed interest:

Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves. Judges v., 23d and 24 verses.

After alluding to the fact that the departure of our volunteers obviated the necessity for dwelling upon the positive aspects of the first text, the preacher proceeded to deduce certain pertinent truths from the texts when read in connection. First, that in the history of the world there arose combinations against the commonwealth, regarded by the divine Ruler as formidable. The oppressors of Israel were "mighty."

Second, that God accepts the co-operation of men in the removal of that which afflicts the race. Meroz was expected to help.

Third, that it is cause for thanksgiving when the people freely devote themselves to the repression of wrong.

The following reasons were given for thankfulness in such a case: It saved men from the curse which follows lukewarmness. Meroz excused itself. Its excuses cursed it. The Bible is strongly set against neutrality. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

It gave a public endorsement to the will of God. Duty is the source of true enthusiasm. Hirelings wish to carry the war on volunteers design to carry it through. "Bayonets think." God accepts the volunteer for what he means: if he means to befriend the right, he sets his seal on the divine law.

It develops the purest form of patriotism.

The closing words we are able to give as delivered:

Splendid men, themselves most likely disappointed politicians, have said that certain nations are cursed with patriots. And, doubtless, there must be an allowance made for human frailty in our estimates of national character.

But there are opportunities in the history of every country when it will be found whether or not the root of the matter is in the citizen's heart. Life is not paid down for a frivolous sentimentalism. Patriotism, now, among ourselves, costs something, and the cheerful surrender of all that life holds dear on the part of so many thoughtful men has in it a moral grandeur that may well excite a repetition of Deborah's call—"Praise the Lord."

We are living too near the events which are transpiring rightly to estimate the effect of our volunteers and their achievements on the future. Yet, the nearer we are to those who go the more fully do we understand the sentiments of the units which compose our armies. This is a trust to us and our children; for the personal impression of the men who are acting is lasting only as it is transmitted in story from lip to lip. Of the combined action of the revolutionary army we know a good deal, the personal traits and personal spirit of its units time is beginning to hide.

But as it is, without the haze of time to give poetic grandeur to the hero, for our own part we do not see that Sparta or Etrusca, the Scottish glens or the hills of Tyrol, have any stronger claim on the future than the fields that bank the Merrimac in good old Massachusetts. The men who have, within the past two years, gone from us pledge their lives, and what beyond that did the purest of patriots ever give?

It should be known that this devotion is appreciated. The day that saw them go, saw us entrusted with these pledged lives. We can offer no recompense. If wounds or disease are theirs, we shall bear all that can be borne for them. If the life is paid as pledged we are to count that the bullets which struck them were on the way to us.

The children that were held up to see them pass, shall yet tell the story of their going as "the applause of listening senates they command," or touch men's spirits with celestial fire.

They are now above the level task of life. They have lived a long time since

they left us. They will return with a rich experience. The plain of life is not so intensely vital as the crests where men encounter danger, agony, and glory. God was manifested on the mountains. May they be honored to see much, and to do more; and let it be to the sound of their guns that rebellion and slavery shall descend into one grave together, a grave from which there shall be no resurrection.

While, then, we keep this honored day with mingled feelings of sadness and rejoicing, as we think on our volunteers let praise be ours that they offered themselves, freeing us from the curse of neutrality; endorsing in our name, with public honor, the law of God; and giving proof that America holds not life itself so dear as the great ideas which, as a nation, she is called to manifest to man.

Selected.

The Double Robbery.

Toward the close of the last century Northumberland and the border were terribly infested by those—to the bucolic mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the genus thief known as "rovers," or "lifters of cattle."

Almost all the rascals who followed this not un lucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute force to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. There was, however, one exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as "Dickey of Kingswood." This worthy openly expressed his disapprobation of his rivals' vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly boasted that he could achieve twice as much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his empty boasting—far from it.

In a few years' time Dickey's name became the terror of the country side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished before morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey's enterprises conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice defiance, and laughed at the futile efforts of law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterized all Dickey's proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland, one fine afternoon, Dickey's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a pair of fine oxen which were quietly grazing in a field near Denton Burn, a village distant three miles from New-castle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watched where the animals were driven to, and—his usual good fortune assisting him—speedily secured his prize. He also contrived, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, to leave such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter had made off toward Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the interim, however, Dickey had lost no time in "making tracks" towards the west country, and so expeditiously were his movements that in a short time he reached Lanercost, in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback, who, being delighted with the appearance of the oxen, forthwith purchased them.

Dickey was of course rejoiced at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome—nay, possibly dangerous—to him longer to retain. The farmer moreover, was mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his peculiar ideas on the subject of *meum* and *teum* at once resolved by fair means or foul, to secure. He therefore willingly accepted the farmer's invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might "crack" a bottle of good wine in honor of their bargain. Presently Dickey inquired of the farmer if he would sell him his mare?

"Sell you my mare!" exclaimed his host all aglaze at this proposition. "Sell my mare? No, thank you! Why, there's not her equal in the whole north country!"

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave," responded Dickey; "and from what I saw of her paces this morning, I am quite of your opinion that there's not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but," added the obsequious Dick, "since

you will not sell her, I can only wish you a long life and good health to enjoy her."

This sentiment was of course duly honored in a bumper.

"I hope, Mr. Musgrave," next observed Dickey, "that you keep a close look-out after your stable-door, because now, when that rascal Dickey of Kingswood is allowed to be at liberty, a man cannot be sure but that any fine morning he may find his stable empty."

"Stable! ha! ha!" chuckled the farmer. "I think," he continued, "that Dickey of Kingswood would find it rather difficult to steal my mare from her stable!"

"Indeed! where may her stable be situated?" inquired Dickey.

"Her stable! bless you, Sir!" answered Mr. Musgrave, "her stable is in my bed-room! I'm a bachelor, and so every night I fasten her to my bed-post. I have had a manger put up for her in the room, and no music is so pleasant to me as to hear her grinding her corn all night by my bedside."

Dickey was astounded—as well he might be—at such unheard-of precautions; but disguising his astonishment, he contented himself by simply expressing to the farmer his hearty approval of the means he adopted to secure the safety of his favorite.

"I suppose you have a good lock upon your bedroom door?" was Dickey's next "feeler."

"Come with me, and I will show it you," replied the unsuspecting farmer.

This was just what Dickey wanted. He examined the lock carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he could pick it without much difficulty. He, however, declared to Musgrave that it was "just the right sort of lock;" "it couldn't have been better in fact; it was quite non-pickable," etc.

Again the cup passed round, and after drinking a bumper to their "next merry meeting" Dickey departed.

The old farmer, after his guest's leaving had been completed, carefully went the rounds of his house, locking doors and closing windows with all due precaution. He then, as usual, tied his horse to her accustomed post, retired and was soon lulled to sleep by the sound of his favorite grinding her corn.

So the night wore away. Presently, as the first gray streaks of day began to appear, Mr. Musgrave awoke, and feeling very cold and chilly, looked round to ascertain the cause. To his astonishment, he found that all the coverlets had been taken off his bed and that his blankets had been spread out upon the floor. For what purpose? thought Mr. Musgrave. Was he the victim of some horrible nightmare, or was he really awake? Mechanically his eye glanced to the spot where his mare should have been. She was not there! She was gone—stolen! During the night some daring thief had broken into the farm house, had picked the lock on the door of the bed-room, had spread the blankets over the floor, so that the hoofs of the mare should make no noise, and had thus triumphantly made off with his prize.

Of course Mr. Musgrave roused his household, and commenced a vigorous search after the thief. It was useless. The depredator had left no traces behind him, and so Mr. Musgrave was obliged to return home disconsolate, and to content himself with venting curses—neither few nor far between—upon the thief.

In the meantime our friend Dickey—for his was the deed—was comfortably mounted upon Mr. Musgrave's favorite mare, and was every moment increasing the distance between her outraged owner and himself. So great was the speed of the mare, that by the break of day Dickey felt himself secure from pursuit. He had directed his steps to the eastward, and while crossing Haltwhistle Fell, whom should he encounter but the veritable owner of the oxen he had stolen two or three days before, and had just sold to Mr. Musgrave!

Dickey knew the owner of the oxen well, but, luckily for the freebooter, that injured individual did not know him.—He therefore accosted Dickey, and inquired if he had seen any oxen in the course of his travels similar to those he described himself to Dick as being in search of.

"Why to be sure I have!" replied Dickey; "with the very same marks as you describe, grazing in Mr. Musgrave's fields at Lanercost, only yesterday. I was rather struck," he continued, "by their appearance, and learned, on inquiry

from one of his servants, that Mr. Musgrave had purchased them just yesterday. Undoubtedly the oxen are yours. I would advise you to go to Lanercost at once and claim them."

"Certainly I will," replied the other. "But I am tired with hard walking, and it is a long way to Lanercost. I see you ride a good beast. Will you sell her?"

After some hard bargaining, terms were agreed upon, the purchase money was paid down on the spot, and Dickey and the farmer separated; the farmer to seek his stolen oxen, actually from the very owner of the stolen mare he was himself riding, while Dickey proceeded "where he listed."

The next day the farmer reached Lanercost and at once recognized his own oxen grazing in the field. He forthwith rode up to an elderly man standing near, whom he judged to be the owner of the field, and exclaimed:

"I say, friend, those are my oxen in your field! How may you have come by them?"

"And I'll be hanged replied the other (after taking a long, astonished look at the animal on which his questioner was mounted), "if that's not my mare you are riding! How may you have come by her, pray?"

Each of course described the person from whom they had respectively purchased the oxen and the mare; and when this was done, they discovered they had indeed been "sold" by a rogue of no common order.

So laughable did the joke appear—even to those who had to "pay the piper" in the affair—that neither party could prevent breaking out into a peal of merriment when the particulars were fully disclosed.

It was now clear that the only way to settle the affair was for each party to take back his own property. Musgrave was of course overjoyed at the recovery of his favorite mare and the Denton Burn farmer being equally delighted at the recovery of his oxen, it fell out that, in the general burst of rejoicing, Dickey was allowed to quietly pocket the sale money of both mare and oxen.

Whether Dickey ultimately came to an untimely end, or whether he reformed his ways, and died, duly "shrived," in his own bed, history telleth not.

Certain it is, however, that to this day his deeds are "household words" in many parts of Northumberland, and the mention of his name among the peasantry is considered synonymous with "cuteness."

Don't Waste Your Time.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house were particularly intimate; so much so, that, although they boarded in different houses, yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker-on at so much waste of time, and determined whilst his friend was being the tutor of "Grotto," he himself would be the pupil of a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time "Grotto's" education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length "Grotto" was finished, and had acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing tricks, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of "Grotto" was a little the senior of the other in the store, and of course ranked him in promotion. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and looking very much downcast, said to his friend:

"Tom, the firm wants to send one of the clerks, this summer, to France, to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, provided I could speak French; but as 'Grotto' is about the extent of my French, it's no go for me. What a fool I was for not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why, yours, of course. They will put the question all around out of politeness; and, as none of us can *parley vous*—why somebody will be engaged and all of us headed off?" In the course of the morning Tom was called before the firm, and in glowing terms were the advantages set forth, if he could speak the language of the country they wished him to go to. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly chuckled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation if you only could speak French; but as you cannot, we shall have to employ some one else."

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, and there is not time, I suppose, to study now, so I must just do the best I can. Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation in French, very much to the surprise of all present, which having been kept up in double quick time for some fifteen minutes—Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm was heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation.

Tom now returned to his friend who met him with a right good ha! ha! ha! "Well, Tom, no use, I told you so!"

"Ah, replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved, and I am done here; I shall sail in the next steamer for Europe."

"You don't say so! But, Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were educating Grotto." A new light flashed upon Grotto's master.

"What," he exclaimed, "whilst I was fooling over that dog, were you studying French?"

"Just so; and you know with what success our labors have been rewarded."

By the judicious employment of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune; while by throwing away time, another, of equal abilities, is doomed, perhaps, to drudgery and clerkship all his days.

A Short Catechism.

Question. Who was the General to receive negroes within his lines, and to refuse to remand them to their rebel owners?

Answer. Gen. Butler, a democrat.

Question. Who was among the first men to take ground in favor of confiscating rebel property, and using the negroes for military purposes?

Answer. John Cochrane, a democratic Congressman from New York, now in the service of his Country?

Q. Who was the first military Commander, under the war power, to issue a proclamation for the unconditional freedom of the slaves?

A. Gen. Hunter, in South Carolina, an old Democrat.

Q. Who first gave orders to shoot on the spot the first man who should attempt to tear down the American flag?

A. Gen. John A. Dix, a Democrat.

Q. Who hung the first offender for thus tearing down the flag?

A. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat. He hung Mumford in New Orleans, for tearing down the flag on the U. S. Mint.

Q. Who hung the rebels in Arkansas for treachery toward his troops?

A. Gen. G. N. Fitch, recently a Democratic Senator.

Q. Who were among the most zealous advocates in the Senate of using the negroes for military purposes?

A. Senator Rice, of Minnesota, and Wright of Indiana, both Democrats.—The former quoted English precedent for raising colored regiments.

Q. When a Cumberland Senator last winter at Augusta, in the Senate Chamber, exultingly asked, Where is the officer who will lead a regiment of colored troops, who was the man to respond by rising?

A. Col. Frank S. Nickerson, of the Maine Fourteenth—a Democrat.

Q. Who are among the foremost men in the Empire State, to urge the use of slaves as we would use other property, in putting down the rebellion—by putting them to any use that can be made available?

A. Daniel S. Dickinson, and Richard Busted, two of the most prominent Democrats of the State.

Q. Who was the first actually to raise a colored regiment?

A. General Hunter, a Southerner by birth, and a Democrat.

Q. Who was the first who proposed to lead a colored regiment to the field, and share with them the trials and dangers of battle?

A. Gen. Sprague, the richest young man in New England, and the Democratic Governor of Rhode Island.

[From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Eve. Post.]

Rebel Reign at Harper's Ferry.

APPEARANCE OF THE REBELS.

First came the cavalry, "the flower," "the chivalry," the aristocracy of the South, spurred and mounted like the knights of old; each man in his spirit and person, in his dauntless daring, in his insane devotion to one idea, repeating the princely crusader of the middle ages. They look what they are, high-blooded, high-bred, infatuated men.—Every eye burns and scintillates with passion, and its very glitter is the fire of insanity. Careless, reckless even of life, all they value risked upon a single stake, they ask only to win or die. Unlike the infantry, they know what they are fighting for. They will tell you without asking, "I am fighting for Southern rights; for my home, for my niggers." Their intercourse with those whom they consider equals is marked by a lavish generosity and a courtly courtesy; but to inferiors they are supercilious, tyrannical, and often brutal. They hold a slave scarcely as more than a beast, yet they rate him higher, and would choose him as a personal associate, sooner than they would a Yankee.

They accept no pay from their Government for their military service. They furnish their own equipments, horses and slaves, and as fast as their steeds wear out they supply their places with fresh ones from their distant plantations, or from the farms of Unionists through which they pass. Audaciously they dashed by, dressed in complete uniforms of light gray, the insignia of military rank marked upon the collar of each coat.—The uniforms of the cavalry are trimmed with yellow; those of the artillery corps in red, with caps of scarlet.

THE REBEL PRIVATES.

After these imperial leaders marched their slaves—their white slaves, true serfs of demonic masters—fighting in their rear for eternal serfdom, which they are taught to believe is Southern rights, manly independence. On, helter-skelter, on the sidewalk, crowding the street, swarmed a worse than Egyptian plague! Never—until I saw it with my own eyes—did I believe all that I had read of the outward destitution and degradation of the Southern rank and file a fact. It cannot be exaggerated. Gather the scum of New York from her dirtiest dens—stretch it along the street, in its squalor, filth and wretchedness, and it would be a comely sight compared with that presented by the Southern scum in the great army of the South. The tatters and the skin of the men were the color of the earth beneath their feet. Barefooted, half naked, foul, filling the air with unbearable stench, flouting their dirty banners, gazing, eagerly about with their starved faces intent only on plunder and on finding something to eat. Thus the deliverers of Maryland, the regenerators of the nation, entered Harper's Ferry.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words, "Hadst thou staid, I must have fled."

A livery-stable keeper, named Spurr, would never let a horse go without requesting the lads not to drive fast. One day a man called for a horse to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr; "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why just look a hear, old fellow," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession, if it kills the horse."

"Will you open the services?" asked the deacon of an oysterman who was dozing near the altar. "No," said he half waking, "I have no knife."

Cards.
WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Counselor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Counselor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Will attend to the collection of Pension Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Counselor at Law,
294 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
idence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Counselor at Law,
Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counselor at Law,
ice near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Counselor at Law,
INNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Counselor and Counselor,
24 Washington Street, Salem;
Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Counselors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
nearly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,
IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

JNEY C. BANCROFT,
Counselor at Law,
Washington Street, Salem.

H. O. WILEY,
Counselor at Law,
Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

against the Government for Bounty
and Pensions, promptly attended to.

A. S. CRAWFORD
Dentist,
STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Dentistry Neatly Executed.

ed by Electricity without Extra Charge
W. L. BOWDIN,
GEON DENTIST,
Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Place—No. 57 Washington street.

F. POOLE,
RANCE AGENT,
m's Building (up stairs),
Danvers, and the common forms.

IMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Flour & Grain,
Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Cap, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.
Square, opp. Congregational Church
US. SATH'L SYMONDS.

D. E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALER IN
Paints and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ing and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oils, and Window Glass.

nt street, Lawrence Place,
SALEM, MASS.
RY L. WHIDDEN,
AND SIGN PAINTER,
Clerk and Paperer,
Street, South Danvers.
comply and faithfully executed.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
Goods, Country Produce
in Street, South Danvers.

NCIS P. COSS,
LUMBER,
St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

SSE SMITH,
2 Essex Street, Salem,
Sporter and Dealer in
Silver Watches,
E CHRONOMETERS,
Chronometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

R. C. FLETCHER
ceeps constantly on hand
SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
linery Goods,
sex street, Salem. may16

LIAM BLANEY,
SIGN PAINTER
and Paper Hanger,
31 STREET, Corner of Grove.
1 BLINDS cheap for cash.

ING MADE EASY.

P. KENISON,
PODIST,
thington St., Boston,
Corn. Rutland, Club Nails.
Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
satisfy the most fastidious.

tech set right will do to try
on the other hand, one
ing may be the means of
hole neighborhood. And
be said of the example
set to those around us.

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1862.

SUMNER SOUTHWICK (of Southwick's Express) is an authorized agent for The Wizard, and his receipts will be binding at this office.

Our Fourth Volume.

The public is already acquainted with the fact that in the general advance of prices of all commodities, newspapers are no exception. The large rise in the price of paper alone, to say nothing of labor, printing ink, and everything else that pertains to printing, is sufficient to make it absolutely necessary to raise the subscription price of newspapers. We shall be compelled, with others of the craft, to raise our price of subscription to the WIZARD. The advance will begin with the commencement of the Fourth Volume on the first week of the new year. Our experience for the last three years satisfies us that the people of South Danvers will not fail to sustain in their midst a press devoted to their interests. Our enterprise was at first an experiment, and we entered upon it with some misgiving of its success. Since the establishment of the paper, its course has been so far approved that its growth has been regular and constant. The withdrawals of support have been few, and the accessions many; so that no doubt remained that our citizens intended to support their own local journal. We are not, therefore, apprehensive that the advance in its price will be likely to affect, seriously, its prosperity. In looking over the long roll of our patrons, we are able to point to but few, who, we think, will withdraw their support on account of the small addition to its cost.

In the coming volume we intend to make some changes, which, we think, will recommend it to the more general support of our community. The most important of these is, the withdrawal of its support of partisanship in politics. In future it is to be in no respect a party paper. In a village like ours, its peace and good neighborhood will be better promoted by the absence, rather than by the stimulating of party disorders by its only newspaper. We do not forget, that, in the three years intercourse with our readers, we have had the generous support of many who differed widely from the political sentiments of the paper. It is a fact, which we mention with gratitude, that, since the last exciting election of State officers, not one of our political opponents has withdrawn his name from our list of subscribers. In thus depriving the paper of its party character, we would not convey the idea that we shall ignore all political questions and issues. There are questions in politics which are far above the level of party warfare. We shall retain our independence of thought, and not, like the old man in the fable, attempt to please everybody.

We intend, also, to make it, more than ever, a local paper. We shall search for, and record all those events of local and neighborhood interest which are likely to occupy the attention of our citizens when seen in print. In this way we mean to make the paper, so far as we can, indispensable in every family and workshop. This feature will make it of all the more interest to our people who have removed to distant places and to the soldier in garrison or camp. Now, that so many of our young men are absent as soldiers on different fields, we shall endeavor to obtain all the information we can of their doings and welfare. We have regular correspondents in almost all the regiments where our soldiers have enlisted, and we shall call their best narratives and descriptions of camp life. We hope to gain information from private correspondents also, which will interest the general reader.

Catalogue of the Charlestown Public Library.

We have seen this volume, just prepared and issued by the Trustees of the Public Library of Charlestown, the work of its compilation being in the hands of Mr. Geo. S. Poole, the Librarian. The great American Bibliophile, Mr. Henry Stevens, says in his preface to a similar work—"If you are troubled with a pride of accuracy, and would have it completely taken out of you, print a catalogue." This sentiment, from one so eminent as a bibliomane, has no illustration in the work before us. The Catalogue is a model of its kind, and its kind is that which meets the approval of all who have recently had the charge of Libraries and Athenaeums. Some improvements have even been made on the best catalogues which have gone before it. The work is beautifully, as well as accurately printed, and makes a volume of 200 pages.

Its preface, by a Committee of the Trustees, at the head of which is the name of the local historian, Richard Frothingham, Esq., contains a brief historical sketch of the origin and progress of the institution, showing good management on the part of its founders, liberality of the city government and appreciation by the citizens. It contains, also, the regulations and forms for the

government of the library, and the city ordinance by which it was established. A somewhat careful examination of the catalogue shows an admirable and well-balanced selection of books for a popular library, and does credit to the good taste and judgment of the Committee of Trustees by whom it was made. We can hardly conceive of a better selection of works for such a library, considering the number of books of which it is composed. In the preface, "the committee acknowledge the aid, in the selection of the books, of the accomplished Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, Mr. William Poole."

The Horse Rail Road.

This enterprise has been fairly inaugurated by the actual laying of the rails on a portion of Essex street in Salem. A view of this improved rail puts to flight all the apprehensions which were entertained of injury to the common carriage travel. It neither projects above the level of the common pavement, nor is there any deep rut to catch the wheel of the lightest pleasure carriage. Thus, what has been regarded as the greatest objection, and, to many, a fatal one, is wholly removed. The lighter ones will also disappear when the road is once in actual operation.

We regret that the laying of the rails was so suddenly interrupted by the cold snap. If the weather had continued open until Christmas, enough might have been laid to exhibit to the public something of the superiority of this kind of locomotion. We have heard that one horse car was to be used on the track, and that they will leave every fifteen minutes. Unless the cars will seat more than a dozen persons, it will soon be found that they are insufficient to take all the travel. The remedy is easily applied by larger cars or more frequent trips.

Early in the spring operations will be commenced, and we hope to be present at the ceremony of inauguration before cucumber time. One advantage will result from the establishment of the Horse Railroad not generally anticipated by our citizens. They will probably have an earlier mail in the morning. It will probably arrive half an hour earlier, which will be a great accommodation, especially to those who want their letters before taking the forenoon train to Boston. It will also afford time to answer letters by the mail which leaves at quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock.

Hon. George Hodges.

The death of this gentleman, so widely and favorably known as a public character and a business man, took us by surprise. He was here at the funeral of young Eben Dale Sutton, and was then in good health. The circumstances of his decease are given in the following paragraph from the Boston Courier. A personal acquaintance with Mr. Hodges enables us to concur fully in this estimate of his character.

Out of regard to his memory, business was suspended at Sutton's Mills, in a portion of which the deceased formerly held an interest. Stevens' Mills, also, suspended operations for the same reason.

Hon. George Hodges, of North Andover, the well-known manufacturer, met with an accident, on Wednesday last, when, on Saturday, closed a long, useful and honorable life. He fell while descending a flight of stairs in a building in Andover, where he had been to attend to some business in the Insurance office, breaking the bones of his left elbow in a dreadful manner. He bore up under the operation of extracting the fractured bones and setting the arm with cheerful courage and Christian patience; but, being in years, (almost reaching his 71st), and of large frame and great weight, nature could not survive the shock, and he has been gathered to his Fathers, while enjoying among his family—wife, children and grandchildren—a green old age, full of love and equal affection for all.

He has served the State, his town and his fellow-men faithfully and honestly. A man of large heart, kind to all—one of nature's noblemen in looks and in action—he leaves no ordinary void in the community in which he has so long lived.

BRITISH OPINION OF OUR LATE ELECTIONS.—The London Herald says the result of the New York election was the theme of very general comment, the prevailing impression being that the Democratic successes were a step toward peace, and would tend to keep the government within constitutional limits.

The Times thinks the result will bring the word "compromise" into very general use in America.

The Daily News thinks the Democratic successes signify a disposition to let the Republic wallow again in the old mire of slavery.

The Star thinks the effect may be to protract the war.

REV. DR. FIELD.—We have seen a pamphlet, just published at New London, Conn., containing an Address, by Rev. Dr. Field, before the Young Ladies' High School of that city. Its subject is TASTE, which is defined, illustrated, and its importance enforced in an able and convincing argument, clothed in elegant language. Its circulation will add to the already high reputation of the author as a finished scholar.

LYNNFIELD, Dec. 8th, 1862.

DEAR WIZARD.—Owing to the extreme quietness of the times in this place, I have but little to write, but will let you have that little, for what it is worth, to keep you informed that we still live.

The military affairs here were thought to have received a final quietus at the time when we all got exempt; but, like Jeff. Davis, the Government won't let us alone. It was stated, at first, that Lynnfield would have to obtain four more; but I am informed that there has been three hunted up; that we already had, and were not credited to us, making the number to be obtained but a solitary one. The question now is, who is going to enlist? Some of our ex-military have already enlisted and have received bounties. It is hoped that the requisition may now be filled without getting any more exemptions, or drafting.

Mr. Aaron Richardson, of this town, came to his death on Monday evening last, 1st inst., by getting a piece of meat in his throat, causing strangulation. Deceased was about 50 years of age.

Yours truly, LYNNFIELD.

CORRECTION.—In our last, we committed a singular error, by which we gave private Eugene P. Townsend the title of Lieutenant Colonel. The title properly belongs to Lieut. Col. Francis A. Osborne, of whose visit to this place we intended to make mention. Mr. Townsend makes no claim to the title, although he had done and suffered much to earn it, and he was much surprised at his own sudden promotion.

NEW SCHOONER.—A fine schooner of 200 tons burden lay, last week, at Phillips Wharf, it being her first trip from the dominions of Old King Coal in Pennsylvania. Messrs. Potter & Batchelder, of this town, are part owners in this schooner, which bears the name of "Nelly Potter." She is to be employed this winter in the transportation of coal to Fortress Monroe.

ESSEX SENATORIAL DISTRICT No. 2. The official vote for State Senator, in this District, is as follows:

I. W. Andrews of Danvers, had	2,417
Lewis Allen, of So. Danvers, 1,272	
Majority for Andrews,	1,145

OFFICIAL VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.—

The following is the official vote:	
John A. Andrew,	79,835
Charles Devens, Jr.,	52,587

Majority for Andrew, 27,248

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—We hereby give notice that, in future, no credit will be given at the office on transient letters, but those who hold boxes will be charged for unpaid letters as usual. A few boxes may be had if applied for immediately.

A GREAT BATTLE AND A CLEAN VICTORY.—If any person in a mixed company were asked suddenly to name the great and brilliant battles of the war, there is one which is among the most important and successful that would be quite likely to escape mention altogether. We would all think at once of Mill Spring, Port Donelson, Island Number Ten, Roanoke, Fair Oaks, South Mountain, Antietam, and others; but how few would mention Corinth. Yet the battle fought at that place on the third and fourth of October last, was one of the greatest of the whole war and resulted in one of the cleanest victories to the Union arms, and one of the most disastrous defeats to the enemy.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The battle of Corinth was one of the most decisive—we had almost said the most decisive—of the war. We may have achieved more grand, but we have achieved no more brilliant victories. Regarded in the circumstances under which it was obtained—the results which followed it—the disparity of the forces engaged—it stands among the brightest incidents in the drama of the Revolution.

It changed the entire aspect of the situation in the Southwest. Our forces were everywhere on the defensive. Morgan was compelled to evacuate Cumberland Gap. Buell was hastening to the defense of Cincinnati. Nashville was in a state of siege. Memphis was threatened with capture. Missouri was invaded by a large Rebel army. The control of the Mississippi was endangered.

But the battle changed the entire aspect of affairs. From that moment the tide began to turn in our favor. We became the aggressors. We established a firm footing in Western Tennessee. We obtained a base for operating upon Vicksburg, and other points in Mississippi. Dragg made haste to leave Kentucky. The siege of Nashville was raised. Our supremacy in the Mississippi valley was asserted. All honor to the brave men who won the victory, and stayed the tide of Rebel conquest. [Albany Journal.

BOSTON HARBOR.—Gov. Andrew has been in Washington to make arrangements with the government to have Boston harbor protected with gun-boats. Forts have got to be an old foggy institution, and it will not be many years before they will all be leveled with the ground. One iron-clad gun-boat, after Ericson's plan, is worth a dozen forts. As soon as all our iron-clads and rams which are building are ready, we can bid defiance to all Europe.

Gen. Butler, at New Orleans, is taking possession of rebel plantations in Mississippi and confiscating property generally—including "contrabands." Among the property confiscated is Gen. Bragg's plantation.

Tom Sayres is out of the ring for life.—He thus announces the fact in the newspapers of London: "Tom Sayres begs most respectfully to state that he will never again fight, or second any man who may fight."

Letter from Co. C, 5th Reg.

NEWBURN N. C., Oct. 29th, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND.—As I am sitting in my tent—nothing to do—I thought I would improve my time by writing you a few incidents in and about camp.

This morning we got up, went down to a brook and bathed, then George and I started for some negro huts about one half a mile off, to get some breakfast; but we were a little too late for they were all full, so we came back into camp and bought some dough cakes and a mug of coffee for which we paid ten cents.

There are quite a number of negro women that come around the camp with coffee and pies to sell, they ask five cents for a pint of coffee. They say molasses is 80 cents per gallon, sweet potatoes \$1 per bushel, the price of everything is double that at home. I did not tell you how we fared after we left the boat; when we left it, each took his haversack filled with hard bread and beef enough to last three days; as soon as we could get anything better we dropped that; after to-day we shall have our regular rations, as our stove has come, also our muskets, now I suppose we shall have some drilling.

This P. M. five of our Companies were detailed to go with an expedition up North.

WASHINGTON, Saturday Nov. 1st. When I wrote you Oct. 29th, that we were detailed to go on the Expedition, I did not think then we should march so soon, I wrote you that five of the Companies of the 5th Reg. had been detailed for the Expedition, while I was writing that our Capt. came in and gave orders for us to be in readiness to march at 8 o'clock Thursday morning. This was about eight o'clock Wednesday; the first thing we did was to go out and get our guns, about an hour after we were turned out to draw 40 rounds of cartridges, then again to get our canteens, then we received 3 days rations of hard tack, beef, and raw salt pork; such was our fare.

We rolled up our blankets, put on our equipments, formed in a line at half past four. Our destination was unknown, we marched from two to three miles down to the Wharf, where we got on board a schooner affording us much better accommodation than we had on the Massachusetts. We hauled off into the stream, when a tug boat came and towed us about 100 miles up Pamlico Sound to Washington. It is a very pleasant place, has some fine looking houses, some of them were riddled with cannon and musket shots.

There are about ten or twelve thousand troops here going on the Expedition: there were a large force arrived by land consisting of cavalry and twenty pieces of artillery, they came over a long bridge, where they had a little brush with the rebels, took one prisoner and some horses. I saw the prisoner; he was a shabby looking fellow; we had one man wounded slightly, a ball striking him on the lip. We are quartered in an old building that is as dirty as a pig sty; we tore down all the fences we could find to lay on the floor to keep us from the dirt.

This is the only chance I had to write since last Saturday. We started from Washington Sunday morning at half past four, and traveled until twelve o'clock, a distance of 18 miles. At night we turned in in an open field in front of a rebel fortification that we had driven them out of an hour before. Our company was close by when the fighting was going on. We laid down in the sand and slept until morning, when we had to start again. The next stop we made was at Williamsburg; we stopped about three hours in a house where there was a piano. We threw off our luggage and went in search of something to eat. Some brought in pigs, others hens; we cooked them and had a first rate dinner. Then we started again—stopped at a place called Hamilton, where the company broke ranks. We all scattered. You ought to have seen the stuff that was brought into camp—such as hens, honey, meats, preserves, &c. After we got rested, we started again, and stopped in a corn field for the night. This was the end of our journey. We went within six miles of Tarboro. We could hear the cars going all night, carrying rebels to strengthen that place, for they thought we were going to attack them. They had 20,000 troops there.

The next day we started back in a rain storm, so we got wet through. That night we camped in a house. In the morning, when we awoke, we found it snowing. We started in the storm, cold and wet, the mud up to our ankles. When we lifted up our feet, our boots would almost come off. The cannon wheels went in almost up to the hubs. Such mud I never saw, nor do I want to again. We are stopping here at Williamsburg to recruit our strength, so that we may march for Plymouth. We are quartered here in a church. Sunday morning we started on our journey—traveled 18 miles—then we put up in a cornfield for the night—slept on the ground—had a good night's rest. In the morning we started for Plymouth—got there before noon—stopped in a field to await for the transports. They came the next morning, when we packed up and went on board the schooner. We started down the stream about 12 o'clock Tuesday noon—passed Roanoke Island—Thursday morning, at 9 o'clock, we arrived at our camp, after being gone just two weeks.

I have returned from the expedition all right, although I have seen some pretty hard times. I want you to send me the Wizard every week, as we want to keep posted up on home matters. In about a fortnight you will have Thanksgiving, I should like to be with you, but, as I cannot, you must remember me. We traveled just 120 miles in just one week—the hardest time I ever had—but it was no more than I expected to see. We averaged 18 miles per day, going on foot all the way. We were in the midst of a fight the first day. As we passed along we could see wounded horses; but we have come out of the scrape, right side up with care. We are all cleaning up now.

A negro woman has just brought in my clothes I sent to be washed. They charge 5 cents a piece for washing and ironing, but it is not much like yours at home.

Yours truly, A. H. W.

The people of Natick have decided to build a suitable tomb and monument in the burial ground of that town, in which will be deposited the remains of all the soldiers killed in defence of their country, that can possibly be obtained, who hail from that place. The monument will bear appropriate inscriptions, giving the names and place of death of those who sleep beneath it.

They have got to printing some of their papers down South on the plain side of room paper. We thought they would all have gone to the wall ere this.

[For the Wizard.]

An incident in the city of—while the Mass. Regt. was doing patrol duty. When on guard in a city, there happened, one time, A funny occurrence.—I'll tell it in rhyme: 'Tis the duty of patrols, (how they acquit at the lasses!) To salute all officers, and examine all passes; And after dark, when patrolling the streets, The corporal challenges one that he meets. Now, a corporal going his rounds one night, To see that "all's quiet," and everything right, Came plump on a sentinel, making him stare; So he cries "Halt, relief! who posted you there?"

Not a word from the sentinel, who stood as one dumb; And the corporal being near-sighted, it bothered him some.

"This won't do," said the corporal, "the dumb little sooty." "I must give him instructions, and teach him his duty." So he cried out, and did it with no little force, "Never come to charge bayonets, but always arms first." But the sentinel remains as mute as before, Standing straight as a post, and stiff as a door. "Is the object amiable? or is it a stump?" He looks once again. He has challenged a pump! So you see, without any further preamble, He did his duty—right up to the handle."

[For the Wizard.]

Heart Dreams.

How quickly do the dreams of the heart pass away; and those that are the most beautiful are first to fade. Things that bear beauty and sunshine to-day, to-morrow, may be numbered with the dead. Loved ones, whose sweet voices gladden our homes,—dear friends, around whom our fondest affections cling,—are generally those that death envelopes first for the silent tomb. I have often dreamed of happiness, and in my most lonely hours have twined wreaths for the future; but only sighed to find the faintest of them all, nought but faded flowers. There is but one dream now, and it is the one our God has given: One hope of happiness. 'Tis not of earth, but of Heaven; and it is the life-long dream of the Christian. It shall never fade or pass away, until we waken in eternity,—then, what a glorious change, and ever happy they who view the reality in all its brightness! G. H. S.

McClellan and Halleck.—The correspondence between Gen. McClellan and Halleck relative to the evacuation of Harrison's Landing last August, has been published. It will be remembered that the public at that time were told, and reassured again and again that these two Generals were in perfect harmony with regard to this movement, that both deemed it absolutely necessary. But we begin to get a better understanding of the relations which have existed between these two Generals. The facts are coming to light. It appears from this correspondence that Gen. McClellan was as averse to withdrawing his army from Harrison's Landing. He used every argument which words could lend his views in his letter to Gen. Halleck, to be allowed to carry out his own plan and closes by saying: "If my council does not prevail, I will, with a sad heart, obey your order to the utmost of my power, devoting to the movement, one of utmost delicacy and difficulty, whatever skill I may possess, whatever the result may be; and God grant that I am mistaken in my forebodings."

A BABY FOUND ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE HATCHIE.—The following is an extract of a private letter from a soldier in the 14th Illinois. It is dated Bolivar, Nov. 10:—

Let me relate to you a touching little incident, that will doubtless strike you as a little strange. At the battle of the Hatchie, when the conflict was raging fiercest, upon advancing, midway between the contending forces, we found a sweet little blue-eyed baby. Little thing, as I saw it there, hugging the cold earth, its only bed—the little tear on its cheek,

"That nature had it weep, turned An ice drop sparkling in the morning beam"—unalarmed 'mid the awful confusion of that fearful battle, with the missiles of death lying thick about it and crowding close upon its young existence, yet unhurt, it seemed, as if lay in its miraculous safety, to say to me, "My helplessness and innocence appealed to God, and he preserved me in the midst of this wrecking carnage. If you will make your prayer to heaven, God will preserve your poor bleeding country."

Who would suppose that in the wild fierce battle of the Hatchie, where the field was strewn with the dead, and the shrieks of the wounded rent the heavens with agony, a great army would pause in the thickest of the conflict to save a helpless child? Yet the brave 14th, that never yet has quailed in battle, did pause, and an officer of the regiment ordered "our little baby" carried to headquarters and tenderly cared for.

The next day after the battle "our babe" was brought before the 14th, and unanimously adopted "child of the regiment." Three or four days later, strange as it may seem, a poor, heart-stricken, poverty-punished mother came searching the battlefield in quest of her child. Imagine if you can the wild exclamation of thanksgiving that burst from that poor woman's heart, when informed that her child had been rescued, and with a mother's tenderness cared for. I saw the mother receive her child, heard her brief prayer for the soldiers who saved it, and, with the blessings of a thousand men following her and hers, she took away.

"Our little baby— Little blue-eyed, laughing baby."

William H. Hutchinson, editor and proprietor of the Roxbury City Gazette, and Quartermaster-Sergeant of the 42d Regiment, has arrived home on furlough.

The commanders of the three grand divisions of the army of the Potomac—Generals Franklin, Hooker, and Sumner—are Massachusetts men.

Small gold coin has not been made at the mint for a long time past. The coinage now consists mainly of twenty dollar gold pieces.

The report of Col. Folsom of the 5th Regiment dated Newbern, Nov. 23, shows that there were present for duty 844, and 57 sick.—There were 96 absent from various causes.

[For the South Danvers Wizard.]

"Let us Drink to the Maid." Let us drink to the maid whom we love best, And Beauty divine be the toast; To the girl who of all is the fondest, Whose true heart we value the most. Then Idora, to thy beaming eye, love, This goblet of nectar I'll drain— Oh! may thou be always as pure, love, And as bright and as constant remain.

The planets that twinkle by night, love, The sun that illumines the day, By the light of those bright, beaming eyes, love, Are not more resplendent than they.

Oh, fair are the maidens of Italia to view— And the daughters of Spain have a dark, rolling eye, But thine, lovely maiden, hath stolen its hue From the Heavenly tint that bedeck the bright sky.

Oh! soft is the sound of the lute, love, And sweet are its tones to the ear, But the soft, silvery sound of thy voice, love, Is the music I love best to hear.

The moon is the Queen of the night, love, But thou art the light of this life, love, A sun of a far brighter ray.

When others around thee are sighing, And breathing in love tones thy name, 'Tis sweet, love, to hear thee replying, Doubt not, I still love thee the same.

Let each drink to the maid whom he loves best, And Beauty divine be the toast— To the girl who of all is the fondest, Whose true heart he values the most.

ROCHESTER.

THE DIRECT TAX OF THIS CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—We give below the estimate of the direct tax of the Fifth Congressional District, exclusive of the stamp tax. It is based on the license and the return for the last quarter:—

Dist. 1—Amesbury and Salisbury,	\$63,000
2—Wards 1, 2, 3, Newburyport,	23,000
3—Wards 4, 5, 6,	25,000
4—Newbury, Haverly, W. Newbury 9,000	
5—Groton, Groveland, Topsfield 20,000	
6—Hamilton, Ipswich,	8,000
7—Gloucester, Rockport,	19,000
8—Essex, Manchester,	7,000
9—Beverly,	14,000
10—Danvers, Middleton, Wenham,	20,000
11—Methuen,	17,000
12—Wards 1, 2, Salem,	20,000
13—Wards 3, 5,	12,000
14—Wards 4, 6,	36,000
15—South Danvers, Lynnfield,	40,000
16—Wards 1, 2, 3, Lynn, Swampscott,	9,000
17—Ward 4, Lynn, Nahant,	115,000
18—Wards 5, 6, Lynn,	55,000

Probable income tax,

\$518,000
60,000
\$578,000

The tax in Amesbury and Salisbury, exclusive of income and stamps, is \$150,000, as will be seen, above Newburyport, carried up by our manufactures. Newburyport will pay \$48,000, besides stamps and income, in all amounting to about the same as our ordinary city expenses. Salem stands at \$68,000; and Lynn, without income and stamps, at \$179,000. This is enormous, growing out of their large shoe manufactures. If our district is a fair average of the State, Massachusetts will be assessed some six million dollars.—Newburyport Herald.

LOCATION OF MASS. REGIMENTS.—The 1st, 2d, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 29th, 29th, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th and 40th Massachusetts regiments, are with Gen. Burnside. The latter—the 40th—now at Munson's Hill, is under orders to join Banks' expedition.

The 3d, 5th, 17th, 23d, 24th, 25th, 27th, 43d, 44th, 45th and 46th, in all eleven regiments, are at Newbern. The 4th, is at Lakeville, the 6th at Suffolk, Virginia, the 8th at Newbern; the 14th has been merged into heavy artillery companies, and is divided among the fortifications around Washington, in the performance of garrison duty; the 26th, 30th, and 31st are at New Orleans; the 38th at or in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe; the 41st, 42d, 50th, and 52d, at New York, in camp on Long Island; the 47th at Roadville; the 48th at Wenham; the 49th and 51st at Worcester; the 53d at Groton Junction, and the 55th (Irish) at Lakeville.

The 1st, 3d, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Batteries are with the Army of the Potomac. The 7th, by latest report, is at Snifolk, Va.—The 2d, 4th, and 6th are at New Orleans, or in that vicinity. The 12th and 14th are still at Roadville, and are to be filled up and sent off as soon as possible.

Our First Brigade.

To Col. WM. BLAISDELL, 11th Reg. Mass. Vol. INFANTRY.

COMPLIMENTARY.

The First Brigade! Our First Brigade! Wild and fierce was the charge they made; "Forward and charge!" with a grand hurrah!

The woods and hills re-echoed far, And forward they went! With bayonets leveled and hand on lock, Forward they went: the awful shock Of rattling hosts in fearful strife, Where each hand seeks a foeman's life, Their ranks had rent.

Still forward they went, like the winds that sweep O'er the foam-tipped waves of the troubled deep; Straighten, restlessly they swept: While a stern, firm front they ever kept, As on they went!

"Forward and on!"—their bayonets, dyed With the fero' blood, the crimson tide, That had burst from the hearts of those who stood

To stop their rush thro' that fatal wood: Still forward went! "Charge and Hurra!" thro' the storm of balls, Tho' at each fresh step a comrade falls, Their lines swept on; tho' death's cold hand Had stricken one half of that gallant band, Still on they went!

'Tis ever so with Hooker's men; They hear the order "charge," and then Their onward rush no power can stay, Tho' every life be thrown away, 'Till strength is spent.

Our First Brigade! Our First Brigade! Fierce and firm was the charge they made; They charged for Country, Freedom, God; And those who died, for their reward, Before us went!

THE SUBSCRIBER, having made dispose of the property, will sell is well worth the attention of p. Apply to JOHN South Danvers, Dec. 10th, 1862

BROWNING & LONG are exhibitors public, without charge, a large and display of German Zephyr Worsteds well repays one to stop and examine every thing in the worsted line small smoking cap to a breakfast shawl are also having a large demand for quimauz"—a new article for children.

There is quite an excitement per market—rags are all in a flutter!

Why is a tale dealer like a br He raves stories.

KID GLOVES.—JOHN P. PEABODY opened a full line of Fresh Paris Kid Plain colors—220 Essex street.

Black Lace Veils—new stock—PEABODY'S—220 Essex Street.

Cloak Buttons at PEABODY'S.

Gen. Halleck has recommended to Brigadier Generals, and Stevenson of Massachusetts.

To Let.

A BUILDING on Spring Street, sui Courier or a Shoe Manufacturer. R. S. D. Symonds, 54 Main Street. South Danvers, July 25, 1862.

Visit OSBORNE'S Store, and unusual variety of new styles in CARS, 191 Essex street, Salem.

Notice JAMES P. ALMY'S adv

\$100 REWARD

The Subscriber will pay the above any person who will detect and bribe the villain or villains who unsnatch from the wheels of his omnibus posing the passengers to danger limb. E. F. F. South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Port of Danvers

James F. Almy's advertisement.
th Danvers, Fish Market.
F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
SSH FISH constantly on hand, and de-
to customers free of charge. ap30

THE PUBLIC.

SUBSCRIBER wishes to invite the attention
be public to the Fine and extensive assort-
EN'S & BOYS'

CLOTHING,
Caps, Furnishing Goods,
Boots for Men's, Boys' and
Youths' Wear,

ave received within the past week for the
made every possible endeavor to select a
shall be in EVERY aspect good and feel
I can offer such inducements as will se-
eral patronage.
k in the Men's line, being probably as large
the State (out of Boston) and the only one
lity that has a full assortment of Gent's
g Goods, I shall always endeavor to keep a
of all the latest styles of FINE, as well as the
ies of clothing.
had 20 years experience I flatter myself
and certainly shall make it my aim to sell
ners GOOD CLOTHING at the VERY
MARKET PRICES.
the pleasure in showing my stock and pri-
times, which can be examined without be-
used to buy. You can then judge for your-
I can make it for your interest to pur-
y business will be conducted strictly on the
IE PRICE SYSTEM,
dation can be made in any case.

S. R. BOTT,
REET, Townsend's Building, nearly oppo-
e Academy Institute.
NTS Cut for Men and Boys in the latest
ivers, December 10, 1862.

CHINA WARE.
assortment of Gift China, Lustre China,
White China Tea Sets, just opened at
S C & E A SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

LETS AND CURRENCY
RS—A great variety, from 5 cts. upwards,
de by
S C & E A SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

FRUIT BASKETS.
assortment of China Fruit and Cake Bask-
S C & E A SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

RIST MILL.
made arrangements for carrying on the
Mill at Newhall's Crossing, at South Dan-
this method of informing the public that
sw open and ready for business.
nage in the line of grinding corn or other
rking COB MEAL, will be gratefully re-
all orders promptly attended to.
convenient for customers to bring their
oons instead of forenoon they will ac-
me by doing so.
ELBRIDGE C. NEWHALL.
vers, Dec 3, 1862.

TO LET.
A SMALL and convenient TEN-
EMENT on Washington Street, not
far from Aborn St. For terms ap-
ply to
H. C. BANCROFT,
777, Nov. 26, 1862.

TO LET.
On MOUNT VERNON Street, in South
Danvers, a convenient Tenement of six
rooms. Inquire of PHILIP HANEY,
Mount Vernon Street, South Danvers.
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ZINES FOR DECEMBER.
IC—Godey's—Peterson's—Leslie's—Mad-
roest's, &c., &c.—received by
G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH

ATENT INSULATOR
OSENE LAMPS. This invention is cal-
ing the Oil cool a saving of ten per cent
only 12 cents each. For sale by
S C & E A SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

NEW BOOKS.
WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S, 190 Essex
Street, Salem.
March, 1861, to November, 1862, by Ad-
it.
it's History of France;
lary, and Book for Leisure Moments;
slight Magazine;
of the Potomac—its Organization, its
and its Campaign—by the Prince de
and the Saddle: Adventures among the
n Rivers and Forests, and Lathaus—by
utthrop;
Journal, by Bayard Taylor;
ss, as illustrated in the Life and Labors
son Huggins, by Rev Chas P Bush;
Saved: Three Letters to a Friend, by
land;
208—Recreations of a Country Parson,
Longfellow and Tenyson, Cabinet de-
of Sunday, by A Demas;
of Essex 11 shilling, Vol. 2, part 3;
ful of Fun, or, 1000 Rations of Laugh-
on—How to Prevent it—How to Cure it;
on, M. D.

LAMPING
AID and SILK EMBROIDERY.
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Miss E. O. BANCROFT.

essions and Experience of
Poor Young Man.

JEMAN having been cured of the
of early death, and disease, will,
s of leprosy, send to those who
copy of the above interesting nar-
shed by himself. This little book
s a warning and caution to young
ose who suffer from Nervous De-
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RTISTS' PAINTS.
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w Lakes, Florence White, &c., at
S C & E A SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

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Brushes, Fitch Tools, Pencils &c., at
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"Arbiter"
K STOVE!
BEST STOVE OUT,
TKD in all cases or no sale. Up-
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in prices. Call and examine, at
ex Block, 21 St. Peter street.
C. H. FIFIELD.

G. FARMER, the inventor of the
legraph Apparatus, now used in
ities, thus speaks of the qualities
stove:
gements in this stove for consum-
re superior to any with which I
l, and the absence of all smell of
other unpleasant odors, such as
burning stoves generally, is very
agreeable. The facility with
it can be regulated, and the rate
governed is all that can be desir-
front doors, which permit the
ing mass to be seen, give it many
ges of an open grate. "The Ar-
most satisfactory ovens, which I
One has but to get acquainted
able to bake slowly or quickly,
vill at top or bottom. It is easy
uniform temperature in it of 650
00, or any intermediate tempera-
ht, there be written upon it Ne

BROWNING & LONG,
(Successors to J. Mayer.)
Nov. 26. 177 Essex Street.
Job Printing done at this office.

James F. Almy.

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

WE are offering a "Bargain" in RICH
DRESS GOODS, at 25 cts. per yard.
Also, Elegant Fig'd Wool M de Laines, at 42
cents.

BALMORAL SKIRTS. We are selling fine
Balmoral Skirts in choice styles and colors, at
\$2 75, 2 87, and 3 25. Our stock of Balmorals
is very large, and was bought early in the
season.

WATCH SPRING SKIRTS. Our stock
now nearly closed, we are selling at very low
prices.

UNDER CLOTHING. for Ladies, Gent's and
Children. We offer a full stock in all sizes and
styles, at Low PRICES;

SHAWLS. We have a very large stock, both
Long and Square, in French and American
Goods;

CLOAKS—CLOAKS we shall continue to
sell through the season at our present low
prices.

CLOAK CLOTHS, in great variety at low
prices.

JAMES F. ALMY,
188 Essex, opposite Central st., Salem.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!
SACKS AND SURTOUTS.

A LARGE Stock of FINE, MEDIUM and LOW
PRICED, for sale at
S. G. JONES & CO'S,
185 Essex St., Salem, opposite the Essex House.
Nov 26—3w

GREAT BARGAINS,

DIARIES FOR
1863. Every variety and style—all sizes—for
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G M WHIPPLE & A A SMITH'S,
Sign of the Five Golden Books,
nov 26

LOW PRICES
STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE
ZEPHYR KNIT GOODS,

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NOW OPEN,
AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF
Hand-Knit Zephyr Goods!

Being the handsomest assortment ever shown
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new this season.

BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
LADIES' HOODS,
LADIES' HOODS,
LADIES' HOODS,
LADIES' HOODS,
LADIES' HOODS,

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S JACKETS,
CHILDREN'S JACKETS,
CHILDREN'S JACKETS,
CHILDREN'S JACKETS,
CHILDREN'S JACKETS,

ESQUIMAUX,
ESQUIMAUX,
ESQUIMAUX,
INFANTS' SHAWLS,
INFANTS' SHAWLS,
INFANTS' SHAWLS,
SMOKING CAPS,
SMOKING CAPS,
SMOKING CAPS,
SOLDIERS' CAPS,
SOLDIERS' CAPS,
SOLDIERS' CAPS,

Children's Mittens,
Children's Mittens,
Children's Mittens,
Children's Mittens,
Children's Mittens,
Children's Mittens,

Soldier's Mittens,
Soldier's Mittens,
Soldier's Mittens,
Clouds, Clouds,
Clouds, Clouds,
Clouds, Clouds,

These Goods are made expressly for our Re-
tail trade, being rich and fashionable colors,
and for

Quality and Low Prices,
are not to be excelled.

Having on hand a full stock of

ZEPHYR WORSTEDS,

we are prepared to furnish any article of Knit
Goods at short notice.

BROWNING & LONG,

(Successors to J. Mayer.)
Nov. 26. 177 Essex Street.

Browning & Long.



BROWNING & LONG.

CHRISTMAS
AND
NEW
YEAR'S
PRESENTS

NOVELTIES.
NOVELTIES.
NOVELTIES.
NOVELTIES.

DOWNING BLOCK,
177 Essex Street.

Opposite Essex House.

NEW GOODS.

NEW GOODS.
NEW GOODS.
NEW GOODS.
NEW GOODS.

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,
CHILDREN'S JACKETS,
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CHILDREN'S JACKETS,

INFANTS' HOODS,
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Job Printing done at this office.

Ladies will please remember that the principal
Stores close at 6 o'clock.

BROWNING & LONG,
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No. 177 Essex Street, SALEM, MASS.

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George S. Walker.

Plymouth Buck Gloves.

MEN'S and Boy's sizes—Lined and Unlined
with 100 varieties of WINTER GLOVES,
for sale at
GEORGE S. WALKER'S
Gent's Furnishing Store,
dec 10 223 Essex St., Salem.

At GEORGE S. WALKER'S
EVERY VARIETY OF GENTLEMEN'S
Under Garments, Hosiery, Gloves.

SILK and Linen Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Ties,
Socks, Suspenders, Shirts, Collars, Linen
Fronts, Cuffs, Umbrellas, &c., &c.
Also, **SHIRTS and COLLARS, Made to Or-**
der, from measure. The best materials used,
and satisfaction warranted in all cases.

Mr stock being exclusively Furnishing Goods
purchasers will find the largest stock and as-
ortment in the city to select from. Many of
our goods having been purchased prior to the
advance in prices, great inducements will be
offered at

GEORGE S. WALKER,
dec 3 223 Essex St. Stearns' Block.

A. J. Archer & Co

CLOAKS AND SACKS.

Cloak Beavers
[— AND —]
Cloak Cloths
In all the most desirable styles!

A large assortment just opened, and for sale by

AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER & CO.
nov 12 181 ESSEX ST.

November 19, 1862.

NEW FALL GOODS.

We ask attention to our large and attractive
stock of

NEW GOODS,

which will be offered at
LOW PRICES.
nov 29 A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex st.

Black Doeskins.

LOW PRICED BLACK DOESKINS AND
BLACK CASSIMERES,
BROAD CLOTHS, GERMAN
CLOTHS, in Black, Blue and
Brown.
OVERCOATINGS—Meltons, Silk Mixtures,
Repellents—for Spring Overcoats.
FANCY CASSIMERES AND DOESKINS.
A large variety of FANCY CLOTHS, for Coats and
and for Boys' wear.

BLACK SILK VESTINGS.
For Sale at Low Prices.
aug 6 A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex St.

Our stock in this dept is all new, and is therefore of the latest and most desirable styles.

We have a full line of Sontage in all the desirable colors, and in some styles that can-
not be found elsewhere. In Mourning colors, our stock will be found to be full of choice
styles. Also Sacks and Zouave Jackets, in all sizes.

In Nubias or Clouds we have an extra full stock, in all prices, from 75 cents up. We
have some dozen different styles and qualities, and feel assured that we can suit all. In
Purple and Black, and Purple and White, we can show choice styles.

Our stock of Hoods, as has been our custom, is very large, containing many new
styles, of Hand Knit and Machine Makes, in all grades of Goods, which we are sell-
ing at "OUR LOW PRICES" of last season.

Our stock of Mittens for Ladies, Misses and Children, is full of the best and choicest
goods that we ever have shown in Salem. We have the cheap Machine Goods, and from
those up to the finest Hand Made Zephyr Goods, in prices from 12 1-2c. to 42c. per pair.

We have a nice line of Sleeves, in Hand Made Goods, in all the common colors and in
Mourning styles also, with a full stock of Zephyr Worsted in the best colors for Knit-
ting Sleeves or any kind of Mourning Goods.

Our stock of Skating and Baby's Hats is full of new styles—in all makes and prices—
and we can for the present sell them at last winter's prices.

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RIBBONS AND FLOWERS.
220 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.

Our stock of **BONNET RIBBONS** is full of the choic-
est styles of New Goods. We sell at our usual
low prices.

FRENCH FLOWERS.
In **FLOWERS**, we can show some of the best bar-
gains that we ever offered in Salem. We have a
full and very desirable stock. In **PLUMES** we
have a very pretty stock.

Bargains in Paris Bonnet Flowers! Bargains in Artificial Flowers!
Bargains in Bonnet Ribbons and Flowers! Bargains in Bonnet Ruches, Laces, &c.
Bargains in all kinds of Military Goods!

Worsteded.
We are selling our German Zephyr Worsted at the
same low prices that we did last season. We have a
full line of Colors. We have just added the new
shades of Purple and Magenta.

Worsteded.
Worsteded.
Worsteded.
Worsteded.
Worsteded.

Hosiery.
Hosiery for Gentlemen's Wear; Hosiery for Ladies' Wear;
Hosiery for Misses' Wear; Hosiery for Boys' Wear;
Hosiery for Children's Wear; Hosiery for Infants' Wear.

Army Mittens.
Soldiers' Mittens—in variety. Bought last winter and to be sold at last winter's prices.

Ladies' Furnishing Department.
We have a nice stock of Furnishing Goods, in Corsets—Bodies—Skirts—Shapes—Che-
mises—Drawers—Yokes—Undervests—Pants—Hosiery—Gloves—Hdkfs—&c., &c. Under-
vests—Drawers—Chemises, &c., in Children's sizes.

Buttons.
Cloak Buttons—all the best styles; Dress Buttons—all the best styles;
Buttons for Boys' Wear—the best styles; Buttons of every variety.

Jet and Steel Goods.
Belt Buckles; Clasps; Pins; Brooches; Veil Pins; Bonnet Pins, &c.
Our stock in this dept is all new, and is therefore of the latest and most desirable styles.

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Miscellaneous.

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE. Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you feel too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with the delusion that your husband deserves your anger, when he really most required your love. This is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of a wife can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling, beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

At a writing school in the country, the master determined to give a finishing touch on the last day, to show off the proficiency of the scholars, as well as to give the neighbors a touch of his quality as a supreme professor of penmanship; shows the "copperplate style," and propounds and expounds the questions to his dear scholars, concluding with this grand question and key to the art of writing:—"What's the three first requisites of penmanship?" A shock-headed and auburn, at a decided touch of the vermilion at that, too, turning to be distinguished at that "thar examination," shrieks out, "Easiness, legibility, and dispatchiveness." "Who is that?" says the professor. "I, Billy Vickers." Old Mr. Vickers, with a tear of pride at the achievements of his son Billy, exclaims, "Well, Billy, you must go to college, and learn algebra!"

The following incident occurred in a store the other day:

"Buy any butter here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry goods store on Central Square, and looked much like a character who knew a great deal more of himself than he cared to tell.

"No sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any."

"Want to buy any eggs?"

"No sir, we keep a dry goods store here."

"So! Well then, maybe you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs, and a mighty sight nicker us."

"No sir, I tell you we don't deal in anything but dry goods."

"Couldn't I sell you a nice hind quarter of pork?"

"I tell you sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively here."

"Wall, what'll you give for dried peaches?"

"SPELLIN' BOOKS" NEEDED.—The following note was received by a book-seller in Texas:

Sir, please send me two bibles of quills and a half a choir of paiper, as I'm going to keep a schule in our nairburnure, and I shall be verrie much in want of them. I shall send to you next wuk sum chickens and a fu parsuaps and the like of that, and you may keep an akount of every thing, and I will setle with you when I see you.

p. s. i may want sum geographys and sum spellin' buks.

"Business dull?" said Popkins, inquiringly, to a clerk at Houghton's. "Fair for the times." "I suppose you don't do much in those articles," went on Popkins, pointing to a beautiful set of mantle ornaments. "But we do." "Can't be!" "Why not?" "How can you do a good business in the poor sellin' (proclaim) line?"

A Liverpool paper tells this story as having its origin in an American eating-house. It is a good one, where it might:

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?"

"Let me see, sir; what have you had, sir?"

"Three fish."

"Only brought up two, I think sir."

"No, three; I had two mackerel, and one smelt."

"How do you spell Feladelfy?" asked a small city grocer of his partner one day, as he was sprinkling sand upon a letter which he was about to dispatch to the "City of Brotherly Love."

"Why, Fel-a, Fel-a, del, Feladelfy."

"Then I've got it right," said the partner (in ignorance as well as in business), "I thought I might have made a mistake!"

"If a word or two will render a man happy," said a Frenchman, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give it. It is like lighting another man's candle with your own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains." If all men acted upon that principle the world would be much happier than it is.

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Advertisements.

Good Advice.
Should pain or anguish cloud thy brow,
Or sorrow, and I will tell thee how
To make it bright—just listen now.
Take HERICK'S PILLS
Shall friends grow cold, or foes oppress;
Should fortune never more be kind;
There is a cure for every ill.
In HERICK'S PILLS.
Should faith and trust in man be lost,
Should every path of life be crossed,
Take the sure balm (of little cost).
HERICK'S PILLS.
Should sudden illness thine of goad,
Should cruel painings turn you out,
Your help—your refuge, you can shout,
In HERICK'S PILLS.
These remarkable pills startle whole communities
by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infancy, youth,
manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish,
French and German directions. Elegantly coated
with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family
boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement.

Poor Richard's Eye and Ear Water.
Prof. M. G. BROWN.

SCIENTIFIC ARTICLE ON THE EYE AND EAR.
Reader, allow me to call your attention to a fact which hitherto you have not been acquainted with; namely, that there is not a sound eye in the land. The eyes are the only members of the body totally neglected; there is nothing done for the eye; its wants are neither studied or regarded. This untiring service is the first in action at birth, and the last at death, yet it seems to pass even common observation.

Notwithstanding all the ignorance and neglect of the eye, it is unquestionably true that every department of the human system is dependent on it for life and health.
The Divine Machinery has placed 8000 tubes and glands around the eyes, through which the salivary fluid (same as supplies the tear) is designed to pass as dew, finding its way to every crevice and nook in the flesh, whose chief tendency is to moisten. This fountain is to the body what dew is to the plant. The eye can only be kept free from disease (which is the precursor of disease) through the tubes and glands around the eyes being kept open, allowing the tears, salivary fountain to pass freely for ward. If the salivary fluid and body are disregarded or insulted, these faithful sentinels shut up like a sensitive plant, thus refusing to pass the life-giving dew to the parched flesh, whereby the entire machinery of the human body can alone find its natural moisture. When this fountain is cut off, the system is open to every kind of disease, which first begins at the eye, and then spreads to the bottom of the ball of the eye; these are streaks of death if not removed. Examine your eyes and you will find these streaks moving over the white of the eye towards the pupil; generally the eye gets sandy and gassy; the ball turns a greenish yellow color; this is a sure indication of the following disease, which is solely caused by the moisture being cut off from the system: Nervousness, headache, carache, deafness, loss of hair, neuralgia, rheumatism, blotches on the face and skin, diphtheria, sore throat, bronchitis, catarrh, soreness of the chest, decay of the lungs, depravation of the fluids; these, with all other diseases, are caused as above described. One stoppage leads to another, until disease destroys the system.

To secure moisture for a patient is the only hope of the physician. Herick's Franklin has immortalized himself by such sayings as, an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.
Reader, if you desire to be saved from the kindred diseases which make life a burden, then create an appetite, your eyes by giving them a drink of *Poor Richard's* eye water immediately after you wash, and just before retiring at night. Do not say—Let well enough alone; consider the illness of the flesh, they receive the life giving dew while they are in perfect health—go thou and do likewise.
Read the following letter from the Rev. P. S. Henson, pastor of the Broad Street Baptist Church:

Philadelphia, Oct. 17, 1862.
From injuries received in my right eye when a boy, a chronic inflammation had been produced, in consequence of which I suffered constant martyrdom, until my mother, who was an excellent nurse, and I was frequently unable to sleep at night.
A variety of remedies had been resorted to without success, and I entertained the purpose, as a last resort, of having the ball taken out of its socket in the hope of finding relief. In the meanwhile, most providentially I noticed one day in a shop window a bottle of *Poor Richard's Eye Water*. I had never heard of it before, but determined to try it—and to my delight the most delightful results. In a very few days the painful irritation was removed, and I could bear the strongest light, and went forth as it were to the enjoyment of a new life. I now keep a bottle of it always in the house, and if my eye seems at all disposed to annoy me, I give it a dose, and that is an end of it. I take occasion to mention this, that my wife used to suffer severely at times from protracted pain in and over her eyes, and she has found *Poor Richard's Eye Water* a sovereign specific in her case, giving her almost instant relief.
Grateful to God for the benefit my wife personally received, I cannot but recommend the preparation most cordially to all who have been sufferers like myself.

P. S. HENSON,
Pastor of the Broad Street Baptist Church.
Residence 1439 Poplar St., Philadelphia.
Thousands of certificates could be published, of the most remarkable cures on record. It is a perfect restorer of weak sight and dim vision; it cures Deafness, Catarrh, Sore Throat, prevents Loss of Hair, with all kindred diseases. Directions—Put the tube in the eye, at least the ear (may rub the eye with the finger). Ask the druggist for the tube—it costs 6 cents. *Poor Richard's Eye Water* sells at 25 cents per bottle.

Sold by George K. Meason, South Danvers, and Druggists everywhere. Weeks & Potter, wholesale agents, Boston.

MRS. M. G. BROWN,
410 Arch St. Philadelphia, Proprietor.

READING.

730 DAYS' Reading for \$4.00. Obtained by subscribing to our Circulating Library. Call and see the Regulations, which are very liberal.

G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

WHITE LEAD.

LINSEED OIL, Vermilion, Spirits Turpentine, Japan Drying, and a general assortment of Dry and Ground Paints, Window Glass, &c., at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.

Great variety, for sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH, 100 Essex street.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

Of all the various sizes, in elegant and common covers, for sale at the lowest prices G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S.

CHEAP EDITION.

LES Miserables—complete—\$1.00. Misadventures and Maid—a Household Story, by Miss Muloch—for sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH'S.

WHITE WARE.

WHITE Dinner and Tea Ware of the latest patterns, just opened at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS' 32 Front st.

KEROSENE LAMP.

A NEW assortment of Kerosene Lamps, and Shades, just opened at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

100 BARRELS

VERY CHEAP FAMILY FLOUR, received this day, and for sale by GAYLE & CO, Phillips Wharf.

10,000 BUSHELS

PRIME OATS, now arriving and to arrive by rail from Canada, and for sale by GAYLE & CO, Phillips Wharf.

SOUTH DANVERS POST OFFICE.

GENERAL MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

MAILS CLOSE
At 10 3-4 A. M., and 4 3-4 P. M.

MAILS DUE
At 9 1-2 A. M., and 3 P. M.

Post Office open (Sundays excepted) from 7 o'clock, A. M., till 8 P. M. Saturdays open till 8 1-2 P. M.

F. POOLE, P. M.
South Danvers, Oct. 1, 1862.

Salem and Danvers Aqueduct Co's.

All persons using the water of the Salem and Danvers Aqueduct are hereby notified that the water rents, for the six months ending Nov. 1, 1862, are now due, and that they are required to pay the same, at the office of the Company, No. 23 South street, on the 1st day of Oct. next. Should the bills remain unpaid for thirty days, the water will be stopped, in conformity to the regulations of the Company.
Office hours, from 9 to 1 o'clock, and from 2 to 5.
Salem, Oct. 1, 1862.

GAYLE & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
DEALERS IN

Flour, Grain and Produce,
Manufacturers' Agents for the sale of Concentrated Leaven, Soda and Pearlash Saleratus, and all Car. Soda.

PHILLIPS WHARF, Salem.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street, Will open this morning, a fine assortment of Fall and Winter Goods.

Friends and the public are invited to call, sept 10 ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St.

For Soldiers' Wear.

ALL-WOOL, blue-mixed (twilled and plain) Flannels;
Cotton and Wool Flannels;
Army Yarns—a full stock; Socks; Yarns; Stocking Cottons; Bleached and Canton Flannels. Every article at low prices.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St. sept 10

DRY GOODS NOTICE.

ANN R. BRAY,
No. 76 FEDERAL ST., Salem, has a full stock of desirable goods for the coming season. A full assortment of

Flannels for Children; Plain All-wool de Laines; Cottons; Bleached and Canton Flannels; Stocking Cottons; Bleached and Canton Flannels. Every article at low prices.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St. sept 10

DOMESTIC GOODS.

We have a full assortment—Bleached and Brown Cottons; Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels; Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels; Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels; Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels.

ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal St. sept 10

IVORY HANDLED KNIVES.

FOR sale by the dozen, without the Forks—at 10c each.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st. sept 10

MAGIC POCKET BOOKS.

FOR holding the new Postal Certificate—12 different styles; varying in price from 5 to 50 cents each—for sale by G. M. WHIPPLE & A. SMITH.

TABLE CUTLERY.

A FULL stock of Knives and Forks. Carvers and Servers. Steels, and Butcher Knives—received and for sale by S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st. sept 10

W. E. P. SMYTH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Prosecutor in Admiralty, and Commissioner of Deeds for the several States.

Frazier's Building, over the Post Office, LYNN, MASS.

Having peculiar means for procuring, with accuracy and dispatch, all claims against Government, especially those for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, have made this a specialty. Several months' residence in Washington enabled me to become thoroughly conversant with the routine of business in all the Departments, through which claims of whatever nature are presented to the Government, and to procure for me a full and complete knowledge of the same. I am enabled to give to my clients the most prompt and efficient service, and to secure for them the full amount of their claims, without delay or expense. I am also enabled to give to my clients the most prompt and efficient service, and to secure for them the full amount of their claims, without delay or expense.

Important to Soldiers, Marines and their Heirs.
Persons entitled to the U. S. Service, Land or Naval, since March 1, 1861, if disabled in the service, are entitled to Pension; if deceased in the service, their heirs are entitled to Pension; if deceased in the service, their heirs are entitled to Pension; if deceased in the service, their heirs are entitled to Pension.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION need not be taken out, in ordinary cases, to enable heirs of persons deceased in the service to obtain Pension and Bounty.

When a discharge is granted for disability, in no case should the claim of bounty be lost. When the discharge is filled up, the safest course is, to carry all papers at once to an Attorney, without tampering with them. All the claims of persons entitled to Pension and Bounty, are taken up, and the full amount secured, without delay or expense.

NO CHARGE MADE UNTIL CLAIMS ARE PAID.
Claims left at the Post Office, South Danvers, will be promptly forwarded.

Lynn, Aug 27, 1862—ly

OLD FRIENDS
IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Herick's Sugar Coated Pills.

THE BEST FAMILY CATHARTIC in the world, used twenty years by five millions of persons annually; always gives satisfaction; contains no dangerous ingredients; is not hurtful to the system; is not followed by the principal physicians and surgeons in London, New York, and all the great cities of the world.

Large boxes 25 cents; five boxes for one dollar. Five directions with each box.

PAUL HARRICK, LEON CO., 120 N. 7th St., New York.

To Dr. HARRICK, Albany N. Y.—My Dear Doctor: I write to inform you of the wonderful effect of your pills upon my daughter. For three years she has suffered with a bilious derangement of the system, and impairing her health, which has been steadily falling during that period. When in New York in April last, a friend advised me to test your pills. Having the faintest confidence in the judgment of my friend, I obtained a supply of Bile Beans, and returned home with me. On returning home we ceased all other treatment, and administered your pills, one each night. The improvement in her feelings, complexion, digestion, etc., was so rapid and permanent, that I was almost surprised. We need not then say more, and consider her entirely well. I consider her a just tribute to the merits of your pills, and will be to the merits of your pills, and will be to the merits of your pills.

Remain, dear sir, with many thanks,
S. G. MORRISON.

Herick's Kid Strengthening Plasters.

Cures, in five hours, pains and weakness of the back, side and back, and rheumatic complaints in an equal, safe and quick time. Spread on beautiful white lamb skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 15 cents.

Herick's Sugar Coated Pills and Kid Plasters are sold by Druggists and Merchants in all parts of the United States, Canada, and South America, and may be obtained by calling for them by their full name.

DE. L. B. HERRICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

SOLD in South Danvers, by T. S. SWENGER, G. M. WHIPPLE & D. F. GROSVENOR, Jr., and by Dealers everywhere this paper circulates.

dec 18—ly

FLOWER POTS
BENNINGTON Flower Pots, for sale by S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS', 32 Front st.

REMOVAL!

JOHN J. ASHBY,
Would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the store

No. 145 Essex Street,

formerly occupied by JOHN BARLOW, where he has opened a good assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
and will MANUFACTURE to order, all kinds of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Also, Snow Boots, at the lowest Cash Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN J. ASHBY,
Successor to John Barlow.

Salem, September 17, 1862.

E. R. PECKINS,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes, Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent art Pictures, or various sizes, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when desired.

Important to the Afflicted.

DR. DOW continues to be consulted at his office, Nos. 7 and 9 Endicott street, Boston, on all diseases of a

PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

By a long course of study and practical experience of the human system, and the study of the latest improvements of the art, Dr. Dow has been enabled to present to the afflicted with remedies that have never, since he first introduced them, failed to cure the most alarming cases of

GONORRHOEA AND SYPHILIS.

Beneath his treatment, all the horrors of venereal and gonorrhoic blood, Impetigo, Scrofula, Gonorrhoia, Ulcers, pain and distress in the region of procreation, inflammation of the testis and epididymus, Hydronephrosis, Abscesses, Hemorrhoids, Stricture, and the long train of horrible symptoms attending this class of diseases, are made to become as harmless as the simplest ailments of a child.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Dr. D. devotes a great part of his time to the treatment of these cases caused by a secret and solitary habit, which ruins the body for life, and renders the individual for business or society. Some of the most dangerous and distressing diseases of the male and female system, produced by early indulgence in the use of the flesh, and the abuse of the sexual system, are cured by Dr. D. in a few days, and at a moderate cost.

Patients who wish to remain under Dr. D.'s treatment a few days or weeks, will be furnished with a comfortable room, and all the necessary accommodations for the cure of the disease, and the patient will be able to return to his home, and resume his usual avocations, in a few days, and at a moderate cost.

Dr. D. has also for the cure of the disease, a new and improved method, which is guaranteed to cure in a few days, and at a moderate cost.

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South Danvers Wizard.

NO. 50.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1862

OL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Sunday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Square, by
HARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
T. H. POOLE, Editor.
—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

Cards.

WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Counselor and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Counselor and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Upham will attend to the collection of Pension money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Counselor and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem.
Residence Lowell Street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Counselor and Counsellor at Law,
Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counselor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

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Counselor and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Counselors and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
O. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,
near B. Ives, Jr. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
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27 Washington Street, Salem.

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Counselor and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

Claims against the Government for Bounty,
Pay, and Pensions, promptly attended to.

A. S. CRAWFORD
Dentist,
4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.
Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDWIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.
11-17

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
HARD WARE AND CROCKERY,
Ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
South Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
LAWL NEWMAN. NATHL SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
rockery, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
No. 32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
Feb 13 SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
Jan 2-17

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
West India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aueroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER
keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
At Room 108 Essex street, Salem. may 16

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier, and Paper Hanger,
164 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.
WINDOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
mch 6-17

WALKING MADE EASY.
DR. P. KENISON,
CHIROPDIST,
216 Washington St., Boston,
Cures Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nails
penetrating the flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

Cotton is arriving at Cairo from
Memphis so fast that speculators have
been glad to realize at reduced figures.
The country which Gen. Grant is opening
is prolific with cotton.

Selected Poetry.

NAIL OUR FLAG TO THE MAST.

(Air: STAR SPANGLED HANNER.)

BY J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT.

Nail our flag to the mast, while the bunting is

new.

And our ship in the roadstead for sailing is

ready;

Her rigging is strong and her compass is true;

Be the sea smooth or rough, she's fearless

and steady!

Her keel was well laid,

Her masts are well stayed.

And of live Yankee oak every timber is made.

Then wooed by the zephyr, or rent by the blast,

We'll steer on our course with flag nailed to

the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast! ere the breaking of

day.

To catch the first beam of the sun at its ris-

ing;

Then, our sails sheeted home and the anchor

weigh,

We'll start from the land, every danger de-

spising.

Though the fierce tempest wrack

Follow fast on our track,

Right onward we'll press, nor at danger look

back;

And over the billow our bark shall fly fast,

With the stars and the stripes firmly nailed to

the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast! then blow high or

blow low,

Come sunshine or storm, still that banner so

peerless,

Shall wave o'er our heads, as right onward we

go;

For our seamen are stanch, and our Com-

modore's fearless.

Though in shreds every sail

Shall be rent by the gale,

Not a heart shall depend, nor a cheek shall

turn pale;

But we'll work with a will, till the danger is

past,

We're safe, come what may, with flag nailed

to the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast! that all nations

may know

It floats over freemen, who'll ever defend it;

We'll ne'er haul it down, though o'erwhelming

the foe.

Though smoke may enshroud, though the

war-hail may rend it;

When the smoke clears away,

At the close of the fray,

Our flag, though in tatters, we'll proudly dis-

play;

And e'en though we sink, still unconquered at

last,

We will sink 'neath the wave with flag nailed

to the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast! 'Tis the flag of the

free;

While the deeds of our fathers are hallowed

in story.

Our standard a beacon to tyrants shall be,

To freemen, a token of honor and glory.

Spite of wind and of rain,

On its folds not a stain,

Our flag shall untarnished for ever remain;

In peace or in war, from the first to the last,

Dear country, speed on, our flag is nailed to

the mast.

I WISH I WAS A PRINTER.

I wish I was a printer,

I really do indeed,

It seems to me that printers

Get everything they need.

(Except money!)

They get the largest and the best

Of every thing that grows,

And get free into circuses,

And other kind of shows.

(By giving an equivalent!)

The biggest bug will speak to them,

No matter how they dress,

A shabby coat is nothing

If they own a printing press.

(Polley!)

At ladies' fairs they're almost hugged

By pretty girls who know

That they will crack up every thing

The ladies have to show.

(Bully!)

And thus they get a "blow out" free!

At every party feed—

The reason is because they write,

And other people read.

("Tis so!)

HOOD'S SEASONS.

Summer's gone and over!

Pops are falling down;

And with russet tinges

Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled

By the gusty thieves,

And the Book of Nature

Getteth shot of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,

Swallows, as they fit,

Give, like yearly tenants,

Notices to quit.

Skier, of fickle temper,

Weep by turns and laugh—

Night and Day together,

Taking half and half.

So, October endeth—

Cold, and most perverse—

But the month that follows

Sure will pinch us worse.

Selected.

The Smuggler's Bride.

In the spring of 1829 there came to
Marseilles, to the hotel where I lodged,
a young couple in whom I became very
much interested. They occupied rooms
opposite to mine, and from meeting them
several times daily, in the hall, we passed
from bowing to speaking, and before
many months we became very intimate
and formed a very happy trio. Henri
Zeiber was a German, and his wife, the
beautiful Nina, a Frenchwoman. They
had been married but a few weeks before
they came to Marseilles, and over them
seemed to hang a cloud, but one which
seemed gradually to lighten.

I was obliged to remain at Marseilles
some months, and the time would have
hung rather heavy on my hand, for I was
a companionable person, and very fond
of home comforts, had it not been for
the smart, witty Zeiber, and his gentle,
affectionate little wife. For me they
made a home—I was always welcome,
and many a pleasant evening I spent in
their rooms, reading or listening to Nina
Zeiber, who with a very sweet voice and
much expression, sang pretty ballads and
love songs.

Some of my time I spent in painting,
and one day, after watching Nina's face,
I made bold to ask her to sit for the
prominent figure in my new picture. She
very willingly consented, and was quite
curious about my picture. It was a
fancy sketch, and I refused to give any
information relative to the subject, or
let them see my work till it was com-
pleted. Nina Zeiber sat three times—
three successive days, then I closed my
studio door and painted in silence. Each
day Henri asked if it was finished, and
was answered in the negative. He al-
most worshipped his wife, and I know
that the interest he expressed in my
work was caused by his desire to see his
wife's lovely face on canvas. I am sure
I didn't blame him, for Nina Zeiber had
the most beautiful face I ever saw—ex-
quisite in feature, color, and expression.

At last the picture was finished, and for
an amateur, it was good. The subject
had been suggested to me by the read-
ing of a pretty little Spanish story. It
represented a dark, deep cave by the
water, with the green curling waves roll-
ing a little way into the mouth of it.
In the centre of this picture, and of the
opening of the cave, brought into relief
by the dark, rough rocks and angry
waves, were two figures—a man, roughly
dressed, lying on his back, with his feet
almost washed by the waters, and his
deathly pale face turned upward—and,
bending over him, the figure of a beau-
tiful woman, whose face expressed de-
spair and anxiety. The face was slightly
raised, and the dark, anxious eyes were
looking out of the cave across the waters.

The back ground was filled in with rough
rocks and swarthy, dark-browed men.
The sole ray of light in the picture
glanced in as if from the top of the cave,
and fell upon the face of the dying man,
and upon the upper part of the woman's
face, lighting only the deep, despairing
eyes.

Placing my pet in the best possible
light, I eagerly called my friends to ex-
amine it. They came, and I watched to
see the effect my picture would produce.
I saw Nina turn a little pale, and a deep
flush spread over the brow of Henri
Zeiber; involuntarily they drew a little
closer to each other. I was astonished
at the sensation my picture produced,
and my artist's pride rose, for I saw that
I had painted forcibly. Visions of future
greatness and a name hereafter famous in
the annals of art, floated before my eyes.

My ambitious dreams were broken into,
by a question asked in a hoarse voice.
"What do you call your picture, Mon-
sieur Harrison?"

"The Smuggler's Bride," I answered,
readily enough. And the next instant I
felt the iron grasp of two hands upon my
throat; my feet slid from under me, I
fell to the floor, and Henri Zeiber was
kneeling upon my chest. I was aston-
ished, bewildered, frightened. I had
never been served so before since I was
a freshman at college, and got colored
by young Watkins. I closed my eyes
for an instant, thinking all was lost;
that I was in the clutches of a madman,
and would never leave them alive. I
closed my eyes, and what between fright
(for I was a coward) and strangulation, I
was fast losing my senses, when I heard
Nina's voice, a trembling, fearful voice,
and it sounded better than the sweetest
music I ever heard—

"Henri, Henri! Was wollen sie thun?"

(What are you going to do?)

I was not much of a German scholar
then, but I knew that the execrable
growls he uttered meant that he was
going to murder me then and there. I
trembled from head to foot, and a cold
perspiration settled over me. Ugh! I
tremble now. Suddenly I felt the grasp
of his fingers loosen, and I heard Nina
talking to him in her winning manner.
I cautiously opened one eye, but his
great dark eyes were on me, and the re-
lentless fingers tightened gently, gently,
but still with strangling meaning. I
dared not move, and being a timid man,
and, moreover, no match for my athletic
foe, I resolved to be quiet, and strive to
prepare for the worst.

It seemed as if I had lain there hours,
though it was only a few seconds, when
Henri Zeiber rose, and Nina with her
bright eyes bent over me. I felt she was
looking at me, still I dared not open my
eyes. Presently she exclaimed, in a
slow, sad voice—

"Henri! Henri! You have killed
him!"

I hated to pain her kind heart, so at
that exclamation I gave a dolorous groan
and faint movement. It had the desired
effect. Nina again bent over me, and
asked, fearfully—

"Monsieur Harrison, are you very
much hurt?"

I was more frightened than hurt, but
concluded it was best policy to feign
otherwise a little while longer, so in a
faint, half-strangling voice, I gasped out—

"All—but—gone. Can—you—not—
raise—me—and—lay—me—on—my—
back?"

I kept my eyes closed and breathed
short and hard, with here and there a
groan. A few seconds I lay there, when
I felt myself raised in the powerful arms
of my foe and borne to the next room,
where I was laid upon the bed, with no
very gentle motion, but I pardoned the
little malice, and Nina bathed my head
and throat with cold water and cologne.
Still doubtful as to the wisest course to
pursue, I lay perfectly quiet, with my
eyes obstinately closed. Only a few
minutes did I lay there, for soon the
young Zeiber, the tiger! left the room.
As soon as I was sure that he was safe
in his own room, by the click of the
latch, I sprang from my bed, thereby
frightening Nina half out of senses.

"In Heaven's name, Nina, tell me the
reason of your husband's strange be-
haviour!"

"I cannot, Monsieur Harrison, but
Henri will. It is the only apology he
can make for his almost faithful vio-
lence. Are you better? Can you listen
to him now? I will call him."

"Oh, don't," I exclaimed, and one
hand involuntarily sought my injured
throat.

Nina smiled mischievously, and said
as she went to the door—

"You have nothing to fear."

When she left the room I dragged my
chair to the low window, resolved that if
Henri Zeiber made such another spring
at me, I would jump into the street.
But Nina had spoken rightly; when
Henri entered the room all his frenzy
seemed to have passed, and in a sad voice
he begged to be forgiven.

"My injured friend, can you ever for-
give me?"

"Most certainly," I answered, with
the effability of the great Mogul. "Please
be seated, and if not too disagreeable or
painful, I will listen to your explana-
tion."

"I can explain it in only one way, by
telling you a story, asking only one favor
in return—that you will keep what I tell
you a profound secret."

The following is the tale as I heard
it—

"In the year 1829, the Rhine perfectly
swarmed with smugglers; no cargo was
safe, and the wily contrabandists eluded
the utmost vigilance. The winter was
cold, and the earth covered half the time
with snow. The government grew desper-
ate, and, late in the autumn, sent to
Rhineland one whom they judged would
carry terror to the hearts of the contra-
bandists. Carl Loiret and his daughter
Elise, settled among the people, and
none suspected the truth. Elise was be-
wittingly beautiful, and soon all the
youths were wild about her, seeming to
care for nothing but obtaining a smile
from her. This no one was able to do
but the bold, handsome Moritz Ebtorff.

To him the beautiful Elise gave her
young heart, and she gave it to one
worthy of it, as far as the world could
judge.

"Carl Loiret alone seemed to look
suspiciously at the young man, and even

went so far as to forbid him the house,
giving his pretty Elise as a reason for
doing so, that he belonged to the band
of the contrabandists. That reason was
not sufficient, and Elise and Moritz met
elandestinely. What she learned of her
lover did not seem to frighten Elise
Loiret, for she clung to him with a de-
voted love.

"One evening Carl Loiret was quietly
sipping his coffee, when the door opened,
and unannounced an official entered the
room. His dress and manner betokened
haste and anxiety, which his words soon
explained.

"Up! up! Loiret! There's mischief
afloat! One of the smugglers, a drunken
oaf, has peached and disclosed the whole
infamous plot—rendezvous and watch-
word. Get ready as quick as you can! I
arm yourself, for there will be the deuce
to pay this night, or my head for a foot-
ball!"

"Without a word Carl Loiret rose and
hastily wrapped himself in cap and cloak,
and took from his desk a brace of clumsy
pistols. As he left the room he whis-
pered to his terror-stricken Elise—

"I am right, and if I come across
that scoundrel Ebtorff, I'll shoot him
like a mad dog. They cannot escape me
now."

"Now was no time for faltering, so
Elise summoned all her courage, and,
with a calm, smiling face, she answered—
"I fear not for Ebtorff, but, father,
be careful they do not outwit you again.
They are slippery customers, and know
the rocks and hiding places better than
you."

"So father and daughter parted. As
soon as the door closed, and Elise heard
her father's feet breaking through the
little crust of snow outside the house,
she fell upon her knees beside a chair,
and sobbed bitterly. A few moments
she gave way to grief, then sprang up.

"Moritz, I will save you—save you,
or die! What would life be without
you! Blessed was the hour when led by
your love you disclosed all to me. Now
I can aid you, and I will!"

In a few seconds Elise was warmly
dressed and ready for any emergency.
She was pale but firm. Taking the pre-
caution to throw a white drapery over
her shoulders and dress, she sallied out,
and as long as her road lay in the direc-
tion her father had taken, she closely
kept in his track and her tiny feet made
no mark. Quickly and silently Elise
Loiret walked till she reached the river's
bank—a steep, rocky precipice. Here
she paused to deliberate, and as she did
so, the village clock tolled the hour—
half past eleven—and at twelve the con-
trabandists would be starting on their
projects. To go round by the way
Moritz had told her of would take an
hour, for it was a rough, dangerous road,
and then she would be too late—too late!

Kneeling upon the snow with eager eyes
Elise peered over the precipice—nothing
but rocks covered in places with ice and
snow. It was the only sure way of
reaching the rendezvous, and yet it was
almost certain death to attempt it.

"I shall be too late if I go the other
way, and here I can but perish."

Seizing with both hands the overhang-
ing bough of a tree, Elise swung off into
the darkness. The branch cracked and
bent lower and lower, till Elise felt her
feet touched a narrow, rocky ledge, the
one she had espied from the bank. So
far was good, and Elise triumphant,
though she knew the worst had to be
accomplished. Clinging to the sharp
rocks, swinging over the black waters
beneath, sliding with the ice and snow,
dizzy and bleeding, Elise at last reached
the rocky base, and sank almost fainting
on the ground. Her feet were almost
bare, her shoes having been torn from
her feet by the sharp rocks, and her
delicate little hands were torn and bleed-
ing. A moment she paused to recover
her self-possession, then started on her
comparatively easy road. At last she
reached the narrow side entrance to the
smugglers' vast cave. The men were
busy, and so silently had she come, that
none noted her approach, till at the deep,
resounding, despairing cry, "You are
betrayed! Fly!" they looked up, and
beholding a delicate, womanly figure
draped in white, with dishevelled hair
and bleeding hands, the most of them
ignorant, superstitious people were hor-
ror-stricken, and fled precipitately, never
looking behind them. One remained,
and that was Moritz Ebtorff, and he
turned and questioned fiercely, for in the
dim light he did not recognize his dearly
beloved, and her voice so changed by
fatigue and fear gave no clue to her
identity.

"Who are you who dares to speak
treason?"

"Fly for your life, and question not!
Farewell, Moritz!"

"He knew her then, and sprang for-
ward in time to catch her in his arms, as
overcome with cold, fatigue, pain, and
fear she fainted. Just then a faint light
appeared, and the officers of the revenue
arrived. They saw the tall, manly figure,
but not the fragile being in his arms, and
the foremost man fired and Moritz fell.

The report of the musket resounding
through that echoing cavern, roused
Elise from her swoon, and wholly con-
scious as she saw another man raise his
gun—

"You do well to fire upon a woman,
and that woman the daughter of your
commanding officer!"

"The musket fell, and the man came
forward.

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle Loiret.
I dreamed not of meeting you here.
Return with us. All have fled."

"All, save this one, who lies dead at
your feet. Go without me. I watch
here by my dead, till the morning comes.
Say to my father that when my vigil is
over, I will return. Go, now!"

"The men obeyed silently. When
they were gone, Elise busied herself with
her lover. He was very severely wound-

The Paper Famine.

The present excitement in regard to the scarcity of paper, appears to us to have no sufficient cause. Undoubtedly the non-production of cotton will cut off a large source of the supply to the paper mills. But it is one of those evils which are self-curable. The very alarm the scarcity creates will do much to bring a supply. All the old rags and paper will be carefully saved, and new materials will be discovered to take the place of cotton cloth and cotton waste. By such discoveries, stimulated by the high prices a temporary scarcity produces, it is very possible that paper will be made of less cost than ever before.

The diminution of the consumption of paper will operate largely to reduce its price. People will forego the luxuries and many of the necessities of life when the cost becomes burdensome. If books cost high, the less in number and bulk will be printed. Just so it will be with newspapers. There is another way by which less paper may be used without much abridging the reading of the people. The paper may be made thinner by a process known to the paper makers, as well as extending liquor was known to Mr. Burnham. It may be extended to twice its present surface. The thickness of some of the fashionable letter and note paper now used, is perfectly ridiculous. It feels like card board, and like that article, it breaks by folding. This letter paper, in a French or English paper mill, would make from five to ten of their sheets to one of ours. The thin paper sometimes has an advantage by escaping double letter postage. This economy in the use of paper of various kinds, will tend to reduce the price rapidly.

Christmas and New Year's Presents.

We would suggest that Christmas and New Year's Gifts this year should consist of something useful. It has been usual to seek only for the ornamental. What more appropriate gift at this season than a new coal-hod or a bright tin coffee pot? Instead of a new dress, buy a new tea kettle, if the old one is worn out, or a wringing-machine. A few iron spoons would be quite acceptable, and they would escape the tax on plate. The good housewife will keep a wire toaster ten times as long as the most splendid Garibaldi or the most showy Sontag. It will not please the eye so well at first, but it will give more satisfaction in the long run. Look about the house and see what is most wanted that is really useful in the economy of living, and procure it. Let the gaws go for this year at least. Wear the old shawl another year and your husband can afford to give you a set of knives and forks in place of odd and even ones now in use. If he hints to you about giving a new bonnet, tell him it will suit you better to have an extra ton of coal, as it will keep the house warmer. It is a fact that bonnets are higher now than they have been for many past years, and they are still growing higher. Some of them are very far above the heads of the wearers.

Personal Items.

Mr. J. HARDY MILLER is in hospital at Newbern, and writes that Mr. JOSEPH BRY is in the same hospital and was fast recovering his health and strength.

Mr. MILLET also writes that CYRUS THOMPSON was captured while on the late expedition, and that he is now a prisoner. He, with others were out on a foraging excursion, and was taken. He was on horseback and his horse was shot from under him.

Mr. GEORGE FARNHAM has been discharged from the service on account of continued ill health. He belonged to our company in the 17th, but was detailed as wagoner, and part of the time to serve in the hospital.

A CHANGE.—We have received from Mr. James Perkins, of the Mass. 5th, a copy of the "Newbern Spectator" of the date Sept. 26, 1860. The following extract, from the "Charleston Courier," we find in its columns. It looks rather strange in these days. After speaking of the result of a then recent election, it says:

"It was the voice of the generous, high-minded people of South Carolina. It was the voice of the genuine Whigs of the South, that proclaimed, in a tone that will make the apostle of misrule and his disciples tremble, that 'OUR FEDERAL UNION MUST BE PRESERVED.'"

CARRIAGES.—The U. S. Assessor for this District is about to assess the pleasure carriages within his limits. Our team consists of a wheelbarrow without any sideboards, a willow baby carriage, a clothes-horse, and a wood-horse. We are ready to pay the tax, although the two horses make a very poor span.

The announcement that Banks' expedition has landed at Winton, N. C., cannot be true. His vessels were too large to enter Albemarle Sound.—Journal.

[Letter from a Correspondent in Newbern, N. C.]

What Have Our Army Accomplished?

People who grumble about our army doing nothing, and being in the same place it was one year ago, either lie, or do not read the papers. One year ago, a large rebel army was so near Washington that their guns could be heard there, and their pickets looked into the city. The Potomac was blockaded; only one line of road to supply the army. In Kentucky, a large rebel force held the State and the Mississippi River. New Orleans was in their possession, and our people suffering defeats everywhere.

To-day the Potomac is ours, with none to molest—no rebel force endangering our capital—Western Virginia is ours, New Orleans is ours, Roanoke and Norfolk are ours—opening an inland communication with Hatteras, Newbern and Beaufort. Port Royal is ours—a good base of operations—Fort Pulaski is ours, Savannah completely blockaded, Florida is almost wholly ours—besides minor points on the frontier line, commencing in and—Fort Donelson and Henry fell—compelling the evacuation of Columbus and Bowling Green, both strong positions—Nashville next came into our hands, followed by the battle of Shiloh and the capture of Corinth, Memphis, besides the capture of Island No. 10, New Madrid, and other places on the Mississippi. The whole of Missouri is nearly free from rebel rule. Important positions were captured and held in Arkansas, with the exception of Cumberland Gap. We have not lost one place of importance captured last spring and summer. Hundreds of towns, of but little importance on either side, have been captured. The Merrimac was destroyed—compelled by army movements—and millions of dollars in prizes have been taken. Strong positions have been fortified, supplies have been collected, and we have basis on which to retreat, if defeated. We are in good condition and position to fight—our grand army manœuvring to bring on a battle—and the soldiers doing nothing; the army where it was just one year ago. Nonsense! Fudge! We have built a navy nearly equal to that of England or France; have organized armies; learned the art of war; built arsenals; prepared to war; prepared for a winter's campaign, besides doing much other work. Now let me tell you what these revilers at home have done.—They have prevented enlistments, created divisions in the North, created doubts as to the ability of this or that general, given aid and comfort to the rebels, discouraged many good men, thus deterring them from taking any active part for the defence of their country—they have dampened the ardor of those fighting the battles of freedom, and hesitated not to wound the feelings of those who have suffered much to enable them to live in a land of liberty; reviled those who protected them from being driven from home and friends, protected their wives and children, their houses and lands, allowed them to rest safe at night, while their protectors were exposed to cold and heat, snow and rain, sometimes almost barefooted, and sometimes half clothed; living on nothing for breakfast, and the remains of that for supper; sometimes getting enough—such as it is—while these revilers are perhaps growling about misty coffee and an egg over-done by a minute, either of which the poor soldier would consider luxuries.

We have a great work to do, and we have a great Army to do it with. This war may never be ended by force of arms; but if it is not, it will be owing to cowards and traitors. Everything cannot be done in a day; so wait patiently, trusting in God's mercy to conduct the right to victory.

Yours sincerely, C. R. W.

IRON-CLADS.—Two more iron-clads, the Keokuk and Catskill, were launched at New York on Saturday last. The plating of the steam frigate Roanoke, also, was completed at New York on Monday, and it is said she will be completed in a month. She has three of Bresson's revolving turrets, which, as far as armament is concerned, makes her the most formidable vessel in the world. Her ram is constructed on scientific principles, and placed so far down as to enable her to "butt" an antagonist far below the water line. There are no less than twenty one engines in this vessel, varying in size from the ones that move her propeller down to the small auxiliary engines for turning the turrets. Those used for turret purposes are oscillating, and show the finest workmanship.

NEW YORK PORCUPINE.—The Editor of this spy journal uses his quills to some purpose; but we notice that, in taking our article on "Silver Plate," he copies our printer's typographical error. We would inform him that our tin coffee pot is made of tin and not copper. We don't care a copper about it, but we must look after the tin. Let the Porcupine man look out sharper next time.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—Rev. Mr. Barrows having been urgently requested to repeat his Thanksgiving Sermon, has consented to do so next Sabbath evening.

The Porter Court-Martial.

The charges against Gen. Fitz John Porter, are as follows: He is charged with disobeying several important orders of his superior in front of the enemy, failing to push forward his forces into action on the enemy's flank or rear, permitting one of the brigades of his command to march to Centerville out of the way of the field of battle, and there to remain during the entire day of the 30th of August, this at or near Centerville Station on the 29th and 30th of August last, &c. He is also charged with a violation of the 52d article of war, in refusing to attack the enemy while within sight of the field and in full hearing of the artillery of the battle, then and there shamefully disobeying, and retreating from the advancing forces of the enemy without any attempt to engage them or aid the troops who were already fighting greatly superior numbers, and were relying on the flank attack he was ordered to make to secure a decisive victory, &c.—To these charges General Porter pleaded "not guilty."

Major-General John Pope was under examination on Thursday. The substance of his testimony was that if Major-General Porter had obeyed his orders promptly, he could have entirely defeated, if not captured Jackson's army. This is heavy testimony.

THE MEDOWELL COURT OF INQUIRY.

As far as this court has progressed nothing has transpired to show that it was at all necessary. We doubt if anything can be discovered to sustain in any essential degree any of the dishonorable reports circulated against McDowell.

WAR MATTERS.

The great expedition commanded by Major-General Banks, has departed from New York, steering South; but its point of destination seems entirely unknown. Speculation and guessing take a wide range, beginning with Texas, and taking in Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, North Carolina, James river, York river and the Rappahannock. If there is as much doubt about it among the rebels as there is at the North, then they must be sorely perplexed. The secret has been better kept than any of the war. But wherever he may be going, we venture to predict for him a brilliant success. He has done everything that has fallen to his share in this war, as well as any one could have done it. He has proved a good general in organizing an army, in advancing and in conducting a retreat. He fought the battle of Cedar Mountain splendidly, and in all the warlike operations he has been engaged in, he has shown the same fine talent that made him distinguished in civil life before the war began. His natural aptitude for any kind of work that he sets his mind to has been proved repeatedly, and his conduct in this war has won for him the admiration even of those who used to be most hostile to him when he was a politician. He is almost the only Major-General who has not been brought before the public in some unpleasant light. Not one of the scandals of the war has touched him. He has shown no jealousy, and has excited none in others. He goes out upon his great errand with the good wishes of the whole country, and all the people have such confidence in him, that they unite in predicting a glorious termination of his expedition.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—The Press has a special dispatch from Washington, stating that Gen. Banks landed at Winton, N. C., near the head waters of the Chowan river, and formed a junction with the troops at Suffolk, and is supposed to be advancing on Weldon. Gen. Banks has assumed command of the troops under Generals Foster, Peck, Angur and Emory.

Governor Pickens' message to the South Carolina Legislature was sent in on the 25th ult. He alludes to Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and recommends the formation of a State Guard of citizens under 18 and over 45 for police duty. He says, "the State has furnished 42,000 confederate troops, besides eight regiments for coast defence. He urges prompt organization of negro labor, so that the fortifications around Charleston may be made permanent." The Proclamation has had its effect, it seems, even in South Carolina. It will yet prove to be the heaviest military blow the Government has yet dealt.

Gen. Dix sends the following dispatch from Norfolk, relative to a very successful attack from Suffolk on the rebels:—"An expedition was sent out from Suffolk, on the 2d, by Major-General Peck, which captured next day the celebrated Pittsburg battery, (which was taken from our army,) and drove the enemy across the Blackwater, at Franklin. We have thirty odd prisoners, and are picking up more in the roads. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded. Our loss is trifling."

A letter in the Richmond Whig from Columbia, S. C., on the threatened retaliation of Jeff Davis for the murder of ten rebels by Gen. McNeil, contains

the following paragraph:—"Georgia has enacted by her Legislature that every Yankee found within her borders after the 1st of January, shall, if caught, be hung. Governor Pickens has recommended the same, in this State, and our Legislature will enact it. Such should be the action of every southern State."

Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., has accepted the Colonelcy of the First South Carolina Colored Regiment. It is said to number now some two thousand men, and rapidly increasing. It will be divided shortly into two regiments.

The 39th Mass. Regiment, Lieut. Col. Peirson in command, was at Offutt's Cross Roads, Md., Dec. 2d. There were 924 men present, of whom 118 were reported sick, and there were 33 sick at other places. There had been 13 men discharged for disability, and during the month of November six deaths occurred.

Raised.—The frigate United States sunk in Norfolk Navy-yard when that place was evacuated by our forces, has been raised, and men are now at work on the new sloop, Cumberland, which was sunk by the Merrimac. No doubt the whole will be raised, including the Merrimac herself.

A decisive victory has been gained in Arkansas. The battle was fought ten miles south of Fayetteville on the 7th inst. Our forces, consisting of six regiments with one or two battalions of cavalry were under Gen. Herron; the enemy, 24,000 strong were under Gen. Hindman. The battle raged from 10 A. M. until dark, but at four o'clock our army was reinforced by the arrival of Gen. Blunt with 3,000 men and a strong force of artillery, with which he attacked the rebels in the rear. The field was held till dark when the enemy retreated. Our loss is estimated at 600, while the rebels allow that they have lost 1500 men.

THE BATTLE BEGUN AT FREDERICKSBURG.—At 5 o'clock on Thursday morning three bridges were commenced in front of the city for the crossing of our forces. When these were about half finished the rebels opened fire and drove our engineers away. At 6 o'clock Gen. Burnside ordered all the guns to be opened upon the city. A terrible cannonade began, and was kept up till 1 o'clock from 143 guns, setting fire to many buildings, and shattering many others in various parts of the city.

Gen. Franklin constructed his bridge about three miles below the city without much opposition and then waited the completion of those in front.

Whenever our men attempted to build the bridges the rebels opened a murderous fire and drove them off. From 1 to 3 o'clock our fire ceased and Gen. Burnside ordered up all his batteries to renew the fire. At a given signal the fire was renewed from 176 guns. The fire was terrible but the rebel sharpshooters could not be driven from their position, and it became evident that the bridges could not be built except by a bold dash across the river.

Volunteers were called for to cross in boats. Hundreds sprang forward, but as all could not go aboard, one hundred were selected. The cannonade was renewed with great fury, and the brave one hundred pushed out and reached the opposite bank with some loss; with fixed bayonets they rushed upon the enemy, killing several, and taking 100 prisoners. At half past four two bridges were finished and our troops began to cross.

The rebels were driven from the city back to their lines of fortifications. Our force have crossed in sufficient numbers to hold their position.

On Saturday morning, the fog began to disappear early, affording an unobstructed view of our own and the rebel positions. It being evident that the first ridge of hills in the rear of the city, which the enemy had their guns posted behind, could not be carried except by a charge of infantry, General Sumner assigned that duty to General French's division, which was supported by General Howard.

The troops advanced to their work at 10 minutes before 12 o'clock, at a brisk run, the enemy's guns opening on them a very brisk fire; when within musket range, at the base of the ridge, our troops were met by a terrible fire from the rebel infantry, who were posted behind a stone wall, and some houses on the right of the line. This checked the advance of our men, and they fell back to a small ravine, but not out of musket range. At this time another body of troops moved to their assistance in splendid style, notwithstanding large gaps were made in their ranks by the rebel artillery; when our troops arrived at the first line of the rebel defenses they "double quickened," and with fixed bayonets endeavored to dislodge the rebels from their hiding places. The concentrated fire of the rebel artillery and infantry which our men were forced to face was too much for them, and the centre gave way in disorder, but afterward they were rallied

and brought back. From that time the fire was spiritedly carried on, and never ceased until after dark. Gen. Franklin, who commanded the attack on the left, met with better success. He succeeded, after a hard day's fight, in driving the rebels about a mile. At one time the rebels advanced to attack him, but were handsomely repulsed with terrible slaughter and with a loss of between 400 and 300 prisoners, belonging to Gen. A. P. Hill's command. Gen. Franklin's movement was directed down the river, and his troops are encamped to-night not far from the Massaponax creek.

Our troops sleep to-night where they fought to-day. The dead and wounded are being carried from the field.

On Sunday there was some firing, but there was no regular engagement.

Nobly, says the Boston Post, have the Army of the Potomacs fought. What courage, what self-devotion, what exhibitions of the first duty of a soldier, obedience, in the prompt and steady execution of the order to advance upon the lines from which belched forth a murderous fire! If the infantry set upon this work were not successful, it surely was not owing to lack of gallantry.

Other portions of the field show greater success. According to the official relation, the army, after a brave day's work, in which it drove the rebels, on one flank, a mile, held its own on Saturday evening, nothing "dismayed" at what had occurred during the day. So far from this, the brave fellows were in the best of spirits and ready to resume the Herculean work on the Sabbath.

This Sunday will long be remembered for its painful anxiety. Massachusetts, by the side of sister States, has once more made a precious offering to country. The brave and the good, who but yesterday went forth in all the pride of hope and youth and manhood, have fallen. Deep will be the wail of the hour and sincere will be the sympathy for the bereaved. Such is war. Such must be the experience so long as war continues. This precious blood is the price that must be paid in order that the republican fabric, which the Fathers framed, may be fixed on foundations firmer than ever before.

The 19th with 240 men, was the first to carry the State and the second to carry the National colors into Fredericksburg. The 19th bears its second set of regimental colors.

They marched up to Carolina street, without receiving a shot, but were ordered by officers of the General's staff to retire and cover the pontoon.

Immediately the rebel infantry rushed into and occupied houses in Carolina street, from which they met the 19th with a raking fire when it again advanced.

When the firing began it was nearly dark, and our men had hot work for a short time, but they behaved nobly.

Every man helped himself to property abandoned by the enemy—merchandise, provisions, furniture and the choicest household treasures.

Scarcely a house was untouched by our shells. That one where Mary Washington lived and died, did not escape.

FIRES.—There were two alarms of fire on Tuesday evening 9th inst., both proceeding from South Salem. The first, about seven o'clock, was occasioned by an attempt to burn the barn on the corner of Harbor and Lafayette Sts., on the estate of the late Israel Putnam; or, possibly, the fire was caused by the careless disposition of a match used to light a pipe. The early discovery of the fire rendered its extinguishment easy with very little damage.

The second, about 9 o'clock, proceeded from the burning of the old slaughter house on the Batchelder estate at Pickering's Point. The building, which was not worth much and contained little of value, was totally destroyed. Some fishing vessels beached in the vicinity, although somewhat endangered, escaped injury.—Register.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Patrick Smith, a private who enlisted in Capt. Wheatland's company of the 48th Regiment, was found dead in bed at his residence in Salem yesterday morning. An investigation before Coroner Walton elicited the fact that death was occasioned by disease of the heart. He leaves a wife and three children.—Reg.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN RUSSELL.—New York, Dec. 14.—The Newbern Progress of the 9th mentions that the death of Capt. Thos. Russell of Marblehead, of the 23d Massachusetts, was occasioned by a fatal mixture being given by mistake.

A measure is before Congress for an increase of the pay of private soldiers. An exchange pertinently suggests that they be paid what is already due them. It is stated, and doubtless the statement is true, that some of the regiments have not been paid for over five months.

HORSE RAILROAD.—A meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen will be held at the City Hall, on Thursday next, to fix and determine the location, &c., of the track or tracks of the "Salem and South Danvers Railroad."—Gaz.

Hon. S. P. WEBB, the present Mayor of this city, publicly declines being again considered a candidate for Mayor, and returns thanks to his fellow citizens, who, have, for three years in succession, elected him to that office. Mr. Webb has not only filled this office for the three years last past, but also three years commencing in 1842. He has likewise been Mayor of San Francisco. This is a long term of Mayoralty than falls to the lot of most public men, and he has held the office in Salem more years than any other man. Hon. Jos. S. Cabot was elected four years from 1845.—Gaz.

The Richmond Dispatch urges that legislation be had for the removal of negroes into the interior, whenever our army approaches, as many thousands have already escaped from their masters. The Dispatch might add, that a great many masters have escaped from their slaves. The masters and the slaves run in opposite directions, the latter sometimes starting first, and sometimes the former.—Prentice.

The colored people of Boston are making great preparation for the celebration of the 1st of January, 1863, as a day of jubilee. One or two meetings have been held and committees appointed to perfect arrangements for the celebration. Frederick Douglass is to deliver the oration.

At a well attended and respectable meeting of the Republicans held at Lyceum Hall last evening, Hon. J. B. F. Osgood was nominated as candidate for Mayor, having 83 of 102 votes. The nomination was made unanimous.—Gaz.

The New York military authorities say that the State quota still lacks about 35,000 of completion, and that the draft will therefore, as a matter of necessity, have to be enforced.

Within the last sixty years, there have been started in Washington no less than one hundred and four papers and periodicals, and all but three or four have died.

BOLD ESCAPE OF AN ILLINOIS SOLDIER FROM CHARLESTON.—The following is an extract of a letter recently received by the Rev. Mr. Schridder, of Washington county, Illinois, from his son, recently a prisoner at Charleston:

"The fortunes of war decreed that I should be taken prisoner, last June, while on an expedition reconnoitering the enemy's position. While in their clutches I always had an idea of escaping. I spoke to the negro, who brought me my coarse food, and made an arrangement to escape. The negro was to furnish me with a seaman's uniform, and in the evening I dressed myself in my new regiments, and was ready for a start. The faithful negro gave me the countersign, and had a boat ready. He opened the door, and I ventured on my hazardous undertaking—to pass forts Sumter and Moultrie. I was hailed at both places, but did not venture to answer. They fired at us with muskets without hitting us, although the boat was riddled, and was with difficulty kept afloat; but we succeeded, by exerting ourselves to the utmost, in getting to sea. Oh, how my heart beat when I saw a steamer in pursuit of us, firing grape and cannister. But we neared the blockading squadron who, hearing the firing and seeing the cause, let slip their anchors, and rescued us."

CAPT. DEARBORN.—By a private dispatch we learn that Capt. Charles Dearborn, Jr., of Salem, of the 32d regiment, was killed in the battle at Fredericksburg. The 32d has lost but four men and no other officers. Capt. Dearborn was promoted to the position he occupied at the time of his death, in August last. He was a member of the Salem Cadets at the time the three months volunteers were called out in the spring of 1861, and, finding that company (which stood ready to obey a summons for service at a moment's warning,) was not likely to be called upon, left and joined the Salem Light Infantry, then in active service. He afterwards became connected with the volunteer three years' service, of which, from private to Captain, he was an efficient and useful member. He was a promising young man of many good qualities, and his memory will be cherished by many young friends at home. He resided in North Salem, where his remains will probably be forwarded.—Gaz.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.—Barnum's Aquarial Garden opened on Monday last, on the plan of his great American Museum in New York. In addition to the numerous curiosities to be seen, dramatic performances will be given every afternoon and evening. The hall has been splendidly fitted up under the supervision of B. F. Lowell, Esq., his gentlemanly superintendent, and it will, no doubt, prove a perfect success.

This is the last week of the engagement of Miss Julia Bateman, the eminent tragic actress, at the Howard. She has played the part of "Leah, the Forsaken" to crowded houses the past week. It is pronounced by all to be one of the best pieces produced for a long while.

O. Ditson & Co. have just issued a new song for the Piano, without words, entitled "Bird's Song," by J. W. Hammon.

D. B. Brooks & Bro., at their Music Rooms, have received the above, together with a large stock of new music. Also, some fine pianos and melodeons which they will sell, or rent, at less than manufacturers' prices. A new style of harmonium for \$35.00.

We have received the specimen pages of a new music book, entitled the Humming Bird, for schools, &c., by Rev. J. W. Dodman. 30 cents—\$3.1 doz.

The Little Wanderer's Friend, selected by Rev. Mr. Van Meter—5 cents.

JOHN MORGAN, the guerrilla chief in Tennessee, has recently married a young lady in Murfreesboro'. John is smart, but we should hardly think he could find time for marrying. Many people would not object to seeing his wife a widow very soon.

THE ARMY WITHDRAWN

FREDERICKSBURG

OUR LOSSES IN THE LATE

JUNCTION OF SIGEL WITH

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—ing dispatch, dated Falmouth 16—3.45 A. M., has been received. It is raining very fast, and the river is rising rapidly. Our troops are all of the river. The pontoons are New York, Dec. 16.—states that the whole number wounded and missing in France division is 5,932.

Gen Burnside was reinforced of the day by Gen. S. He unquestionably had good delaying another attack upon lines.

Masonic Notice.

The Brethren of JORDAN hereby notified that their Annual Installation of Officers will take place on Wednesday Evening, December commencing at 7 o'clock.

A full attendance is requested.

Messrs. BROWNING & LONG opening a fine assortment of New (cially suited for Christmas and Presents.

BARGAINS.—We have just opened Ladies' white All Wool Hose, to be pair—same goods that we selling at 42cts.

JOHN P. PE

29 cts.—We have Ladies' All Wool 29 cts. per pair,—regular 42 cts. Gao

JOHN P. PE

Buy your Worsteds at PEABODY

Buy your Hoods and Sontags at PE

To Let.

A BUILDING on Spring Street, suit Currier or a Shoe Manufacturer. R. S. D. Symonds, 64 Main Street.

South Danvers, July 25, 1862.

No tice JAMES F. ALMY'S adve

\$100 REWARD!

The Subscriber will pay the above any person who will detect and bring the villain or villains who use nuts from the wheels of his omnibus posing the passengers to danger or limb.

South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Notice JAMES F. ALMY'S adve

South Danvers Fish M

P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor FRESH FISH constantly on hand, ivered to customers free of charge.

Port of Danver

Arr 10th, sch Pearl, Robinson, Rock

Marriages.

In this town, Nov 27th, by Rev Mr. J Mr Edwin A Tibbets of Woburn, Laura A Marshall of South Danvers. In Danvers, Dec 1, by Rev Mr Mr Richard Rollins to Mrs Jennie M Pop Salem. In Augusta, Me Dec 3, by Rev Mr Rev Oscar P Safford of Danvers, Mass Augusta C, daughter of Moses Safford of A.

Deaths.

In this town, Dec 9, John Needham, 6 mos. Dec 10th, Mr Patrick Smith, 32 yrs member of the 48th Mass Regiment. Dec 16th, Mr David Roberts, 63 yr 3 days. Funeral Thursday afternoon 1 Warren Hall at 2 o'clock. In Beverly, Dec 8, Mrs Hannah, wife of the late William Nutter, 79 yrs. In Salem, Dec 9, Mrs Hannah B, wife of the late Capt Thomas Cloutman, 80 yrs. In Hamilton, Dec 10, Mrs Martha, wife of the late Dudley Porter, 92 yrs 3 mos. In South Hampton, N H, Nov 8, Mr F Curry, 98 yrs 8 mos 21 days. If he had lived until March next he would have been 99. What an age, and through what a of our nation's history has Mr Curry He had witnessed the birth of the nation could relate the early incidents attendant war of the Revolution, and also the assen of delegates at Philadelphia in 1787 to Constitution.

Assignee's Notice.

ESSEX ss. Notice is hereby given the subscribers have been appointed Assignee of the estate of FRANCIS K. MEMBER of South Danvers, County of Essex, deceased, insolvent debtor. The second meeting of the creditors of insolvent debtor will be held at the Oct Ansoley, in Salem, in said county, on twelfth day of January next, at ten o'clock the forenoon, where creditors may be and prove their claims.

ARTHUR PICKERING, Assignee H. O. WILEY, South Danvers, Dec 1, 1862.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale on favorable terms, or in exchange for a Farm,—his E on Wallis Street, near the Monumental C tary, consisting of THREE DWELL HOUSES, which will be sold separately one Estate. There are 75 feet of land in front, and feet in the rear of the house country. The situation is pleasant, in a good neighborhood, and the houses are supplied with the conveniences for immediate occupation. ordinary times these tenements would for from 330 to 550 dollars. The Subscriber, having made up his mind dispose of the property, will sell it low, as is well worth the attention of purchasers. Apply to JOHN M'NEAL South Danvers, Dec. 10th, 1862. tf

WILLIAM D. NORTHERN

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, HAS REMOVED TO BROWN'S BLOCK No. 224 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

South Danvers Wizard.

VOL. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1862

NO. 51.

The SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Wednesday morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers Square, by
CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.

TERMS—One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

Cards.

WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
Salem, August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
DANVERS, MASS.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Mr. Upham will attend to the collection of Pension and Bounty Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Layell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
South Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,
DANVERS.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Office, No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

Claims against the Government for Bounty,
Back Pay, and Pensions, promptly attended to.

A. S. CRAWFORD
Dentist,
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SO. DANVERS SQUARE.

Neuralgic Dentistry Neatly Executed.

Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDOIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 205 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.
Jan 11—ly

F. POOLE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,
DEALERS IN

Family Groceries, Flour & Grain,
HARD WARE AND CROCKERY,
Ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
South Danvers Square, opp. Congregational Church
SAML NEWMAN. BATH'LS SYMONDS.

S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN

Brookery, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
ings; Solar and Battery Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.

No. 32 Front street, Lawrence Place,
Feb 13 SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.

All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
Jan 24

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN

Vest India Goods, Country Produce
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER &c.,
No. 7 St. Peter St.,
SALEM, MASS.

June 26

JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in

old and Silver Watches,
MAINE CHRONOMETERS,
Aneroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER
keeps constantly on hand

A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF

Milinery Goods,
4 Rooms 108 Essex street, Salem. may 16

WILLIAM BLANEY,
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER

Glazier, Glazier and Paper Hanger,
104 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove.

WINDOWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
Jan 6—ly

WALKING MADE EASY.

DR. P. KENISON,
CHIROPEDIST,

215 Washington St., Boston,

uses Hard and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails Nails
penetrating the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will easily the most inconceivable.

The North is at last aroused and
attending itself into an admirable state of
defense. A traveller on a New Hamp-
shire railroad, speaks of finding "iron-
clad" doughnuts at one station.

Original Poetry.

"ONE ONLY KISS."

When'er upon those ruby lips
I fix my loving gaze,
The wish to touch their rosy tips
Sets this fond heart ablaze.
Oh! wilt thou, lovely maid, deny
To mine one only kiss?
And am I doomed to vainly sigh
For each transcendent bliss?

The blush upon that modest cheek
Tells me thou wilt bestow
The privilege I fondly seek—
I'm sure thou'lt not say no;
But speak and let those lips reveal
What most I long to hear
And I the sweet consent will seal
With a pledge most warm and dear.

The rose breathes forth its soft perfume
Upon the grateful air,
And sweet is the scent upon the bloom
Of the hily frail and fair.
The bee from flower to flower doth fly
And revels as he sips
The sweets of each, but which can vie
With the fragrance of those lips?

One only kiss—only one—
I ask, entreat, my more, implore
One—only one—'tis quickly done—
The boon is small—I ask no more.

Oh! grant my wish, and I will swear
To thee on bended knee,
By Heaven and earth, and sea and air,
This heart shall love but thee;
And that the kiss thy lip hath left
Shall never part from mine
Till time restore the precious gift
Untainted back to thine.

Match-Making.

BY KATE CAMERON.

It is a part of the discipline of our
mortal existence that our trials from
which we most shrink are the very ones
which are needed for the true develop-
ment of our character, and, therefore,
the ones from which we cannot escape.

Perhaps this is one reason why Clarence
Livermore, who had ever held mat-
rimonial match-making in the utmost
abhorrence, was yet condemned from his
earliest manhood to be the victim of its
wily machinations. To be sure, such a
fact was not to be greatly wondered at
when his many attractions, both of purse
and person, were taken into account; the
only son of a wealthy merchant in the
Empire City, heir alike to a goodly ac-
count of brain stock and bank stock; a
lawyer with a good practice, and suffi-
cient talent to sustain the fair reputation
he had already established for himself.—
He was nevertheless, at thirty, decidedly
averse to the idea of granting any fair
lady the honor of figuring on Broadway
as Mrs. Clarence Livermore.

Do not think him ungallant, or unsus-
ceptible to the tender passion. Many a
blooming maiden had been his compani-
on at concert, and drive, or soiree; and
yet from the shining galaxy he had not
yet singled out "a bright particular star"
to be the light of his home. More than
once did he imagine he had made such a
selection, but invariably some remark of
a managing mamma, or discreet aunt of
his chosen one, would reach his ears, and
at once he relinquished all claims to her
smiles. He had no fancy for being ex-
cited over a "decided catch," a "prize
in life's lottery," and the like, and his
good mother, who was herself not the
least insensible to the advantages of a
desirable alliance, began to regard her
son as a confirmed "bachelor." She had
long since ceased making suggestions
upon the qualifications of this or that
candidate for a place in the family re-
cords of the house of Livermore; but
she was occasionally detected searching
among the raven curls of her only pride
and hope, half fearing lest some silvery
intruder might there be found to warn of
approaching age. Ere that dreaded mes-
senger appeared, the little episode in our
bachelor friend's life occurred, which,
with your permission, kind reader, we
will relate.

Like most city people, Clarence Liver-
more had "friends in the country," and
if you are not thus favored, you cannot
imagine half the blessedness comprised
in those four words. It is not enough
that during July and August the deni-
zens of the brick and mortar world
should leave all comforts and luxuries of
their stately mansions, and consent to be
packed away in diminutive back cham-
bers in some ill ventilated country board-
ing house, where the scenery and fishing
are "done" by rule, no one caring for
anything they see or any one they meet;
but having, on their return to pavements
and parlors, the extreme satisfaction of
saying—"I've been spending two months
at the sea-side, and we had such an ex-
quisite time!" or, "You can't imagine

how romantic the scenery is in Blank
county,—the views are perfectly splen-
did!"

No, no; this isn't life in the country.
But go away among the New England
hills, where if you can establish your
claim to be the twentieth cousin to your
host, you will be welcome,—go to some
snug farm house, with its homely com-
forts and homely fare, but where every-
thing is for use and nothing for mere out-
side show,—and where, unlike the city
cousin, the owner prides himself on not
having anything as nice as he can afford
to have it. Go where the barns are of
more importance than the houses, and
the broad and fertile acres are tilled by
the honest industry of master as well as
servant; where idleness and ennui are
words unknown; but where hearts are
warm, and free and true, and the boun-
ties of mother Nature are lavished with
un stinting hand, which generosity seems
to be copied by all her children. Go
there and live for two months, and then
come back to your toil and trade with
browner brows and harder hands, and
stronger souls. You will have learned
more in those weeks of social intercourse
with great and noble hearts, and in com-
munion with all that is pure and lovely
in the natural world, than months of fash-
ionable journeying, or years of gas-light
masquerading could teach you.

Such a place to visit had Clarence Li-
vermore. A cozy New Hampshire cot-
tage, the home of his father's only brother.

While Charles, the youngest, had gone
forth to make his fortune in the world of
trade, William, the eldest son, had in-
herited the old homestead, and year after
year had plodded on in the same time-
honored way, content to live in his father's
house, and only craving, when his life-
work should be ended, a place in his
father's sepulchre. He was still hale and
beardy, though the furrows of three score
years and ten were written on his fore-
head, and with the wife of his youth he
was now descending with unfaltering
steps into the valley of old age; "hand
in hand" as they went up so many years
before, on the green hill-sides of youth,
both cherishing the hope that when their
pilgrimage should close they might "sleep
together at the foot."

It was several years since Clarence Li-
vermore had visited Valemont; but hav-
ing announced his intended arrival, he
was received with the greatest cordiality
by "uncle William" and "aunt Mary,"
and immediately ushered into the "best
room," which with its home-made carpet,
old polished furniture, family portraits,
and pitchers filled with asparagus boughs
and marigolds, was the very picture of
old-fashioned domestic comfort.

Here aunt Mary mysteriously approach-
ed her nephew, and whispered solemnly,
"You are not married yet?"

A decided negative.
"Nor like to be?"
"No, indeed!"
"And you don't want to be?"

"Certainly not."
"Oh! well, then there's no danger, I
suppose; you see my niece from Philadel-
phia is visiting here—a right smart girl,
too,—but she is engaged, and I thought
it my duty to warn you beforehand."

Clarence laughed heartily at the seri-
ous face and earnest tone of his judicious
relative, and assured her that there was
no danger of his interfering with another's
rights; but begged that he might have
the privilege of improving his personal
appearance before being presented to
the lady in question.

An hour afterward he found himself
chatting merrily with the very imperson-
ation of natural grace and beauty, Miss
Fanny Osborne. He would never have
suspected her city origin, but for her at-
tention to the slightest requirements of
etiquette; for in form and face she seem-
ed a mountain maiden, blooming with
health, a dewy rosebush fresh from its
leafy bowers.

Paying entire deference to her uncle
and aunt, she was still so lively and win-
ning in her conversation with them, so
piquant and yet so polite in her remarks
to Clarence, that he listened to her every
word as if spell-bound. He missed her
after they had partaken of their delicious
evening repast, but in passing the kitchen
window with his uncle, he desisted
her wiping the dishes, and chatting play-
fully with aunt Mary. In a few moments
her broad-brimmed gipsy disappeared
round the corner of the orchard, and she
soon returned with a few choice speci-
mens of a rare plant, of which she had
been telling Clarence, in a botanical dis-
quisition before tea.

This was but the beginning of weeks

of happy intercourse, such as our con-
firmed bachelor had never indulged a
dream of. Fannie was not rich,—of that
her plain but always tasteful wardrobe
gave evidence,—but what was wealth to
him, the only son of Charles Livermore,
Esq.! No, the obstacle was her own en-
gagement, and his high sense of honor
would not allow him even to imagine its
removal. No! he would dream a little
longer,—he would enjoy the presence of
a few brief weeks, and then go back to
the stern battle of life, with a heart for-
ever closed against all future charmers,
while on its sealed portals should be en-
graved the mournful sentence,

"The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Are written here—it might have been."

Almost the only ornament that Fannie
wore was a handsomely chased locket,
suspended from a slender gold chain.
Clarence one day begged the privilege of
examining it. The spring opened and
displayed a fine, manly countenance,
which was every way prepossessing in its
expression. He fancied that a rosi-
er hue tinged Fannie's cheek, as she said,
"That is my best friend, Charles Har-
rington."

"He must be a happy man!" was
Clarence's exclamation.

"Oh! he is very happy," answered
Fannie, with a merry laugh, and then
she talked of Tennyson, and Wordsworth
and Browning, and ended by asking if
she shouldn't make him a blackberry
pudding for dinner.

Two or three times a week, uncle Wil-
liam would bring in an ominously thick
letter for Fannie, and always telling her
that she needn't blush, or that it was
only from Charles, or something of the
sort, would unwittingly inflict the most
tantalizing sufferings upon his nephew.
Fannie always took these letters to her
room to read, and Clarence would torture
himself with the idea of her lingering
lovingly over each word, and perchance
imprinting warm kisses on the dear sig-
nature.

He became restless and uneasy; com-
plained of want of appetite, and began
to take solitary rambles on the moun-
tains. Aunt Mary grew alarmed for his
health; prescribed various decoctions
and infusions of herbs, and positively
forbade his going off alone by himself, it
looked too much as if he premeditated
suicide. Fannie would go with him to
"keep an eye on him;" and so, all man-
ner of pleasant excursions were planned
and executed,—pic-nics, rides and fish-
ing parties—at all of which Clarence
must of course act as Miss Fannie's
knight errant; indeed the simple villager
of Valemont looked upon it as a
"settled matter." Of course, Mr. Li-
vermore and Miss Osborne were engaged
and would be married "early in the
fall!"

Alas! for Clarence, no such bright
hope lured him onward,—he felt involved
in a shining web of circumstances from
whose bright meshes he must soon break
away, but which would leave him noth-
ing to live for, and while the delusion
lasted he would yield himself an unresist-
ing victim to its magic spell.

But September was drawing near, and
then he must return to his city home.

Fannie also announced her intention of
going to Philadelphia, the first of the
month; and he was planning their jour-
ney homeward, and picturing to himself
the anguish of the parting which awaited
him at its close, when one golden after-
noon the stage stopped at the gate, and
a gentleman alighted, valise in hand.
Fannie was embroidering a pair of slip-
pers for her uncle, but she heeded not
the disarrangement of zephyrs and can-
vas, as she sprang from her seat and ran
down the long flower-bordered walk to
meet the stranger. Clarence was the un-
willing witness of a very loving embrace,
and the two approached the house lei-
suredly, the hum of their voices borne in
by the summer breeze. Clarence looked
around, it was too late for him to escape,
it was not really worth the while for him
to take his own life, (even if he had the
means at hand,) and therefore forfeit for-
ever the esteem of Miss Fannie, which
he trusted he now possessed, so he mur-
mured plaintively:

"A place in thy memory, dearest!
I, all that I claim;
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee nearer,
Another may win thee, and wear;
I care not tho' he may be dearer,
So I am remembered there!"

Having finished which rhapsody, he
became more composed, and stood up
very erect, and smiled down very benig-
nantly, when Miss Osborne said, "Al-

low me to present my brother, Mr. Har-
rington."

"Your brother!" was Clarence's ejac-
ulation. "I thought—" and for the first
time in his life Clarence Livermore looked
decidedly non-plussed.

A merry laugh from Fannie recalled
his scattered senses, and she said quietly,
"You don't understand the difference in
names—my mother was twice married."
And she hastened to announce her
brother's arrival to her aunt.

Clarence's first feeling was one of re-
lief and exultation; he had no rival but
a brother to fear, and his self-sacrificing
spirit suddenly vanished, while a place
in her memory seemed a very inadequate
compensation for all the homage of his
devoted heart. But sober second thought
intruded its grim visage. Aunt Mary
had said Fannie was engaged, she did
not say that she was engaged to Mr. Har-
rington; and as for the picture in the
locket, although it bore a marvelous re-
semblance to this newly arrived fraternal
relative, still it might not after all be the
same; and even if it were, the remark
about Charles Harrington being her best
friend, might only be the pretty fiction of
a modest maiden, while the letters might
all have been from the favored man,
whichever he was, who had the priceless
treasure of her love.

Deeper and deeper plunged our poor
friend into these perplexing questions,
far more difficult of solution than any of
the legal mysteries which he was so skill-
ful in unravelling. He heard nothing
until tea was announced, and he found
he had been sitting alone a whole hour,
with his head bowed in his hands.

At the tea-table Mr. Harrington and
his sister were full of pleasant chat.
Fannie had so many questions to ask,
and so many spirited accounts of her
country adventures to relate, that as
Clarence glanced furtively at her animat-
ed face, he half wished he had been born
Charles Harrington,—that his widowed
mother had Mr. Osborne.

At length aunt Mary remarked carol-
lessly,—"Well, Charles, I've been try-
ing to persuade Fannie to give up her
foolish engagement and come and stay
with us; but she seems determined to
sacrifice herself."

"Yes," was the reply; "and the
school commissioners insist on her pre-
senting herself before their august board,
on Wednesday week. I am rather sorry,
myself, that she has undertaken such a
task, but think her perfectly right in
keeping her word."

Did Clarence hear aright? Was it
only an engagement to teach school that
stood between him and happiness? He
must know—further suspense was in-
tolerable, and he was not surprised if Charles
Harrington was left alone with his uncle
and aunt during the whole of that moon-
light evening, while Clarence Livermore
and Fannie Osborne walked back and
forth under the stately elms and read in
each other's beaming eyes a record of
true love, already registered on the tab-
lets of their hearts.

Clarence declared on his return to the
parlor that aunt Mary was the most de-
signing, as well as the most skillful of
match-makers, and the only one in the
world whom he could in the least tolerate
or forgive.

Fannie Osborne taught one term in
the school where her independent spirit
had led her to give up a situation, but
although she gave entire satisfaction, the
committee failed to secure her services
for a longer period; and the Christmas
Holidays witnessed the introduction of a
new and charming "star" to the most
refined circles of New York; yet one
that shone with brighter radiance in the
calm horizon of home, and cared for no
higher honor than to be known as the
loved and loving wife of Clarence Li-
vermore.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The following is an amusing parody upon
Clement Moore's unequalled "Night before
Christmas:"—

"Twas the night after Christmas, when all
through the house
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;
The stockings, so lately St. Nicholas's care,
Were emptied of all that was usable there.
The Darlings had duly been tucked in their
beds—
With very full stomachs, and pains in their
heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nursery arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying—"What is the
matter?"

I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—
Tore open the curtains, and threw off the
clothes;
While the light of the taper served clearly to
show

The piteous plight of those objects below;
For what to the fond father's eyes should ap-
pear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear?
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a
tick,

I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the
same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by
name—

Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding, of
course,
And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry
sauce;

Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,
Yes—Lollypops, Flapdoodles, Dinner, and all;
Like pellets which urchins from poggins let
fly.

Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of Mamma and Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped
back,
And brought out a phial marked "Pulv.
Ipecac."

When my Nancy exclaimed—for their suffer-
ings shocked her—
"Don't you think you had better, love, run
for the Doctor?"

I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's
hoof.

I might say that I hardly had turned myself
round,
When the Doctor came into the room with a
bound.

He was covered with mud from his head to his
foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit;
He had hardly had time to put *that* on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with
sack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the Doctor
got merry?
His cheeks looked like Port and his breath
smelt of Sherry.

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the
snow.

But inspecting their tongues in despite of their
teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat be-
neath,

He felt of each pulse, saying—"Each little
belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest
of that jelly."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of my-
self;

But a wink of his eye when he physicked our
Fred
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to
work

And dosed all the rest, gave his trousers a jerk,
And, adding directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat; from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whis-
tle.

And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle;
But the Doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of
sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good-night,
Jones, good-night!"

In and Out of the Rebel Camp.

During the "dark days" of the re-
bellion, early in the summer of '61,
Harper's Ferry was occupied in force by
the rebels, and the government was de-
sirous to obtain a knowledge of the status
of affairs there—an object not easily
accomplished, on account of the constant
and watchful care of the enemy, and the
sharp severity accorded by the foe toward
any one suspected as a spy in their camps.
A young New England volunteer, Harry
B—, presented himself one morning
to a high military functionary in Wash-
ington, and proposed to undertake to
learn what was going on at this place.

"It is a hazardous operation," said the
official, gravely.

"I am aware of that," responded the
youth, "but I take the chances."

"Your success shall be amply com-
pensated," said the other. "If you are
discovered, however, do you know the
penalty?"

"Death!" replied the youth firmly.

"You are right, young man. Go
then—and return assured of reward, if
successful."

The young volunteer received his in-
structions, went to camp at the Relay
House, and at dark he sallied forth in
citizen's dress passing the outer pickets
with the countersign and a cheerful
"good night." At daybreak he reached
the station from which the cars ran up
by the ferry; and, occupying himself till
afternoon, took the cars as a through
passenger. Arriving at Harper's Ferry,
the train did not stop. He watched his
opportunity, as the cars moved slowly
round the curve and dropped from the
rear platform upon the road side and
crept into the woods.

The night was cloudy, and Harry had
been crouching beneath a thick fir tree a
few moments, calculating what he should
do next—when he heard footsteps ap-
proaching.—It was the rebel guard!
There were four of them. They came
directly to the side of the tree where he

lay concealed. But it was very dark.
He felt safe.

"Hold on, Barker," said one of them.
"Give us a light." Harry trembled per-
ceptibly.

"Hammond's come up to-day."
"Of the Third?" asked another.
"Yes, old Georgy's alive, an' the
Third's out yonder, at the foot of the
lane."

A match was lighted—the glare fell
upon the tree, through the branches of
which Harry could plainly see the rebel's
features—but he held his breath, and
his presence there was not suspected.

"Got the countersign, Barker?"
"Yes. Old Dominion, forever!" re-
plied his companions; and they moved
on and soon passed out of sight. Harry
had the password.

Thus armed, our volunteer hastened
"down the lane," determined to see
"Hammond," whoever he was.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted a
sentinel.

"A friend," replied Harry.

"Advance, friend, with the counter-
sign."

"Old Dominion," said Harry, prompt-
ly.

"Right. Pass on, friend," was the
cheering answer. "Which way?"

"I'm looking for Hammond. He's
down here somewhere, I learned."

"Of the Georgia Third?"
"Yes," said Harry, "Yes."

"Half a mile on you'll find the camp.
Good night."

He passed the guard safely, and soon
found Hammond.

"Some mistake," said Harry, at a loss
for other subterfuge. "Had you a rela-
tive?"

"Edward," said the rebel.

"Yes, 'Ned,' we used to call him."
"At Savannah?"

The Wizard.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1862.

Sergeant JOSEPH S. INGALLS.—The body of this model of a strong, brave and faithful soldier has reached his former home, and is to be buried from the Unitarian Church this afternoon, at 2 1-2 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Safford will officiate. Sergeant Ingalls was 37 years 7 months 5 days old.

So sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.

The Horse Rail Road.

Perhaps it is fortunate that the severe frost prevented the laying of the rails the present winter as it may lead to a more enlarged accommodation of the traveling public. We think the Directors of the road have not appreciated the amount of travel for which they are to provide. The one-horse car will seat scarcely more than the Omnibus, and it is well known that when business was ordinarily good, the Omnibuses departed from each end of the route every fifteen minutes and were well filled with passengers. All past experience of Horse car travel shows that the number of passengers is doubled by the accommodation they afford. How then can the single teams take all the passengers? It is not now too late to provide for the double teams and larger cars.

We notice large loads of the rails passing our office, on their way to the South Danvers termination of the road, at the junction of Andover, Liberty and Central Streets.

History of the War.

The subscribers to *Abbott's History of the War* will be glad to learn that within twenty days their copies of the first volume will be ready for delivery. The delay has been owing in part to the enlargement of the work, which will make over 600 pages instead of 400 as promised. There will also be four additional illustrations, being representations of the attack on the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment in Baltimore, the engagement between the Monitor and Merrimack, the first Bull Run battle, and the battle of Pittsburg Landing. These are all superb engravings on steel plate.

Mr. Stebbins will call upon the subscribers early in the year. They are fortunate in obtaining the work at a lower price than, in the present high prices of paper and books, they could have had it if its publication had been later.

Military—Personal.

It is our intention, from week to week, to obtain what information we can of the whereabouts and condition of those who have left the town to fight the battles of the country. We think nothing we can offer will give more satisfaction to our readers, and as it has become very common for our subscribers to send their papers to their friends in the army, this information will be of great interest to them. To aid us in this undertaking, we would be grateful to any who will give us the requisite information of the state of health and welfare of their friends in the service. In private letters there are often passages not intended for the eyes of strangers, but at the same time contain items of interest to the public. Such items, if extracted, or the substance given, would make paragraphs of information desirable to be made known beyond the circle for whom they were intended by the writers. Will our friends remember this suggestion?

ALBERT F. UPTON, of this town, Quartermaster's Sergeant of the Mass. 55th, has received the appointment of Quartermaster, vice Q. M. Hoines resigned.

CHAS. A. GARDNER, JR., who enlisted in the Maine 2d, has returned home, discharged on account of continued illness in the service. He was with Commodore Foote's expedition on the Mississippi River and was taken sick and resided for some time in the military hospital at Cairo.

SAMPSON BOWERS, of the 22d Regt., died of disease in hospital at Washington last August.

Sergeant MOSES SHACKLEY, of the 19th Regiment, has been commissioned as 2d Lieutenant, the post formerly occupied by the lamented **WARNER**.

Commander ROGERS, of the steamer *Huntsville*, was at Key West at the last accounts.

MELZER A. WILLIAMS, of the 22d Regt., is sick in hospital at Hampton, Va., near Fortress Monroe. **JOHN WILLIAMS**, his brother, is at home on sick furlough. He has been in almost every battle up to that preceding the battle of Antietam.

Corp. H. C. FARRINGTON, of the 19th, was wounded in the leg at the late battle of *Fredericksburg*. Farrington is a veteran soldier and as unassuming as he is brave. He has been in fourteen battles, and was acting as color bearer when he was shot. He is now in Campbell Hospital, Dist. of Columbia.

L. A. QUINT, of the 14th, and after-

ward of the 40th, has been discharged. He was discharged from the 14th and afterward enlisted in the 40th, receiving the bounty of the latter, from which he has since been discharged.

The 19th Regiment has been singularly unfortunate in the loss of officers as well as men. In the last battle it was led by Capt. **PLIMPTON**, all the field officers being disabled. Company H, since Capt. **DEVEREUX** was wounded, has been so reduced as to be almost annihilated.

CHARLES H. PINKHAM has been sick in hospital, but is now in health and doing good service.

Lieut. Col. F. A. OSBORNE, of the 24th Regiment, is at home on furlough, and has visited South Danvers several times to see the friends at his birthplace.

WILLIAM BRESLOW, of the 19th, was wounded at the battle of *Fredericksburg* and is in a hospital about two miles from the battle ground. His wound was in the shoulder or arm.

The funeral of Captain **CHARLES A. DEARBORN** took place from the Unitarian Church in Salem last Friday afternoon. His remains were escorted to their last resting place in Harmony Grove by the Salem Independent Cadets, under Maj. J. L. Marks, accompanied by the Salem Brass Band. The funeral procession included Col. Wm. Brown, Assistant Adjutant General, the City Government, and a large number of friends and acquaintances, and the family connections in carriages.

WILLIAM L. PALMER, Adjutant of the 19th Mass., has returned home, having received, at the battle of *Fredericksburg*, a severe flesh wound in the calf of his leg. His wound, though severe, is doing well.

Adjutant **HORACE POOLE** has recently been appointed Aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, whose brigade is now at Houston, Mo.

HINTS.—The indulgence of idle curiosity is a fault that equally torments the possessor and her friends. To vehemently desire to know things that do not at all concern you, is a disease of the mind, to which some persons are more liable than others,—it is one that grows by indulgence, and ought to be speedily checked. Such idle curiosity argues a very weak and vacant mind; but there are persons of talent and some cultivation who are nevertheless inordinately curious for this kind of knowledge. To these I would say, give not the least entertainment to such a propensity: starve it, keep it down, till it is satisfied. Fill your time and thoughts with pursuits more worthy of a rational and immortal being.

THE FALLEN.—Brave men have gone down in the shock of the last battle.—Rev. A. B. Fuller, chaplain of the 16th Massachusetts Regiment, widely known and much beloved, volunteered as a private in the 19th, and died with the rifle in his hand, shot through the body. He was the correspondent of the Boston Traveller and Journal, and a graduate of Harvard, only 41 years old. He was a brother of the celebrated Margaret Fuller, the countess Ossoli.

Major Sidney Willard was wounded or killed, holding command at the time, of the 35th regiment. He was a lawyer belonging to Boston, and a graduate of Harvard.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Our enterprising neighbor, Mr. B. F. Stevens, has supplied his store with a great variety of articles admirably fitted for presents at Christmas and New Year's day. It would be difficult to enumerate a quarter part of these pleasing and desirable articles, for their name is legion. It is only by a call at his store that you can get a proper idea of the variety and excellence of his collection. His prices are also, you will find, for such articles, are unexpectedly low.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.—We are glad to know that the fine Entertainment, which gave so much satisfaction a short time since at the Methodist Church, is to be repeated on the evening of Christmas Day at the same place. At the former exhibitions many were prevented from attending by the unfavorable state of the weather. This repetition of the performances is at the request of those who were delighted with the exercises on the former occasions. No more rational or pleasing mode of enjoying Christmas Evening could be devised than this Festival.

SHAMEFUL.—On Saturday, Dec. 13th, between the hours of three and six o'clock, in and about and in front of Willard's Hotel alone, over one hundred officers of the army were smoking and chatting, and laughing, and having a good time generally, and all this while a great battle was said to be progressing at *Fredericksburg*. It is also stated that the colonel and every field officer, with some of the captains of the New York 9th Regiment, were in New York on Friday, the day of the battle at *Fredericksburg*.—The regiment was consequently commanded by a captain.

WAR MATTERS.
Gen. Burnside's dispatch to Gen. Halleck, announcing the withdrawal of the army from *Fredericksburg*, reads as follows:—

"Feeling fully convinced that the position in front could not be carried, and as it was a military necessity either to attack or retire, and as a repulse would have been disastrous to us under existing circumstances, the army was withdrawn without loss of either property or men."

The rebels seem to be much astonished at the success of Burnside's retrograde movement, which was conducted in the night, and so skillfully that our pickets, who were within a few yards of the rebel pickets, did not know of the movement, until an officer went to each man and in a low tone ordered him to fall back.

Tuesday morning the enemy could be seen plainly through a field glass robbing the lifeless bodies of our soldiers, on what was regarded as neutral ground.

Gen. Franklin dispatched a flag of truce, which was recognized, and an exchange of dead bodies was made.

Tuesday, Gen. Lee sent a flag of truce to Gen. Burnside, asking him to detail men to bury his dead in front of Gen. Sumner's grand division. It was done.

It is the opinion of military men, that even if we had succeeded in taking the first ridge of rebel works, the opportunity for slaughter by the rebels would have been far greater.

Official reports of our losses in the late battle make the number less than has been reported, being less than 1400 killed and 8000 wounded. A large portion of the wounded were only slightly hurt. We lost 800 prisoners and took about as many.

A dispatch from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac says that 600 of our dead were buried on Wednesday, and 415 on Thursday. Nearly all the dead were found stripped of their clothing and lying naked on the ground. From official reports it is thought the proportion killed to the wounded in the late battle is smaller than in any battle during the war.

GEN. FOSTER'S MARCH.

Gen. Foster's forces from Newbern have taken Kinston, N. C., on the railroad running to Goldsboro and 26 miles from the latter place. The accounts say:

The march was a continued series of fighting, in which all distinguished themselves. Several bayonet charges took place.

The principal fight was a few miles from Kinston, where the rebels were entrenched, but after three hours fighting they retreated towards Kinston, endeavoring to destroy a bridge leading to that place, but the 9th N. J. charged over it and saved it. Our division rapidly crossed, when the rebels retreated—one rebel brigade towards Goldsboro and the other towards Weldon, our shells helping them along.

Capt. Wells and Lieut. Perkins of the 10th Conn. Reg. were killed. Their regiment fought till they got out of ammunition and then went in with bayonets.

The 23d Massachusetts Regiment, Maj. Chambers commanding, captured 70 officers and privates, including a Lieutenant Colonel of the 23d S. C. regiment.

The march was taken up on the 16th inst. for Goldsboro.

Gunboats and a flotilla co-operated in the expedition, but the gunboats could not go far up the river. One of the flotilla encountered a rebel battery of 11 guns within two miles of Kinston, and was considerably damaged. Another struck a stump and sank in three feet of water, but would probably be got off.

The N. Y. Herald says:—The troops left Newbern Dec. 11th, and fighting commenced on the 13th inst., and continued for three days.

The expedition resulted more decisively than at first reported. Our troops took five hundred prisoners and eleven heavy pieces of artillery; 250 of the rebels were killed and wounded, while the federal loss will not exceed 200. The troops of the rebel General Evans were driven before the Union troops pell mell.

Gen. Foster's official report says the rebel force was about 6000 men with 20 pieces of artillery, and the result is we have taken Kinston, captured 11 pieces of artillery, from 400 to 500 prisoners and a large amount of quartermaster and commissary stores.

Capt. Thomas Russell of Marblehead, commander of Co. I, 23d Mass. regiment, died very suddenly at Newbern, N. C., on Monday evening, 8th inst.—The circumstances of this sad event are as follows:—Capt. Russell was suffering from a sore throat and applied to the surgeon for some medicine to relieve it.—The surgeon sent his steward to get a mixture which he used in such cases, but by mistake the steward got a poison.—Upon taking it Capt. Russell said it made his throat feel badly whereupon Capt. Center who was present, and the doctor each tasted it and pronounced it to be poison. A powerful emetic was administered but without effect and Capt. Russell died shortly after.

His body was sent home, and the funeral services took place in the Stone

Church on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. B. R. Allen delivering an appropriate address.

Capt. Russell went out as First Lieut. of Co. H, 8th Reg. in the three months campaign and after his return was commissioned as First Lieut. of Co. B, 23d Regt. About six months ago he was promoted to a captaincy and took command of Co. I.

He was universally esteemed by his men, who will feel deeply their loss. He leaves a wife to whom he was married just before leaving for the war.

SHINPLASTERS.—An Albany coffee house keeper issued \$4000 worth of shinplasters, which he called in again, under a fear of prosecution from the district attorney. He commenced redeeming them shortly after their issue, paying currency for them, and receiving them at the bar without particularly scrutinizing them.—He finally concluded that he had redeemed the entire issue, and upon counting them found he had redeemed \$1000 more than he had issued, to say nothing of the genuine still out. He says he doesn't think the banking business is as profitable as some people suppose it to be, and for his part he will henceforth stick to the shop.

GEN. BUTLER is now living in a magnificent house on the corner of St. Charles and Julia streets, built about two years ago by Dr. Campbell, who vacated and closed it up, leaving everything, even the silver ware. A few days ago, a corporal and a private who were on guard there while the house was being cleaned up for Gen. Butler's use, stole a lot of silver forks, and spoons, for which the corporal was reduced to the ranks, and both were sent to Fort Jackson for three years. The man who bought the stolen silver was sentenced to five years in Fort Jackson, and his property ordered to be taken by the United States.

The Knoxville Register thus sums up the merits of the controversy between Old Buck and Old Fuss and Feathers:—"Ex-President Buchanan has published an elaborate defense against the charges of inefficiency preferred against him by General Scott. It possesses little interest, save, that he or Scott has lied, and nobody in the South cares which. Both are miserable old dotards. Nothing remains of 'Old Buck' but his cock-eyed knavery, and of Scott, but his vanity and egotism. Their vies live—their virtues have rotted."

The Mayor and Aldermen were in session on Thursday afternoon in the Common Council room to fix and determine the location of the Salem and South Danvers Railroad Company; and, no opposition being offered, the plan of location as submitted by the company, was assented to by unanimous vote of the Board. The track will be laid in the middle of the street, and will extend to Webb street, through Boston and Essex streets. The fare for the whole route will not exceed 5 cents.—*Gaz.*

A lady whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child the horror of profanity, hit upon the plan of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of suds, produced the desired result. This practice should be universally adopted.

FARMERS do not altogether escape the horde of tax-gatherers that have been so thickly scattered over the country by the general government. They are liable to pay a tax of 30 cents per head for all the beef cattle they slaughter for sale; and a tax of 5 cents a head on sheep and 10 cents a head on hogs which they slaughter for sale, provided the number of hogs or sheep exceeds 20 head in each case.—There is much misunderstanding on this point among farmers.

A gentleman in Boston made a singular wager lately, to forfeit a suit of clothes if he did not eat a pigeon a day for sixty days, or to win a suit if he succeeded—his opponent to find the doves. The suit of clothes has been won, the sixty pigeons have been eaten in sixty successive days, and the gentleman is in excellent condition, and more dove-like than ever in his disposition.

Among the Indians taken prisoners in Minnesota was a negro, who, it is alleged killed 33 whites with his own hands. He was born at Mendota. Principally upon his testimony most of the Indians were convicted. By the betrayal of his savage allies he has endeavored to save himself.—*Louisville Journal.*

There is such a glut of silver coin in Canada that the Banks will not receive it except at two and three per cent. discount. It is not a legal tender beyond \$10. Post masters are instructed by a recent order, not to take silver coin for money orders, excepting at bank rates.

It is said the rebels have another pirate craft afloat, called the 608.

Danvers Farmers' Club.
The farmers of Danvers, says the Salem Gazette, have had the good sense to form a "Farmers' Club," for weekly lectures and discussion on questions appertaining to Agriculture and Horticulture. The club now meets on Wednesday evenings at the Town Hall, and the discussions are quite spirited and interesting. A President is chosen at every meeting to preside at the next. The permanent officers were chosen at the last meeting, as follows:—
Executive Committee—Geo. B. Loring, Chas. P. Preston, Marshall C. Adams.
Secretary—Andrew Nichols.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 11, Mr. SAMUEL P. FOWLER read an interesting paper on the apple, including a historical sketch of the early fruit raisers of New England.
Last Wednesday evening, Dr. GEORGE B. LORING delivered an interesting address on the subject "How to Manage a Farm." He spoke of Agriculture as the chief business of the world, as the main support of nations in peace and war; and referred to the 36,000 farms in Massachusetts, valued at \$109,000,000, using \$3,000,000 worth of tools, and feeding \$9,600,000 worth of live stock. He stated these facts to show the importance of the calling, and how truly an agricultural population should be intelligent, industrious, prudent, and prosperous. The first point in this business is, of course, to know how to manage a farm. This is considered the easiest of human occupations; so that the shop of the mechanic is looked upon as of more real importance than the acres of the farmer, and farming is made subservient to every other calling. It is, however, more complicated, requiring quick perceptions, a steady eye, a ready hand, judgment, foresight, thought, care, management. It is easier to make a shoe or a chair than it is to raise one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, or to feed a cow profitably upon the crop from your land.

A farm should be selected with care. It is not every acre of land in every locality, which will pay for good husbandry. Choose a farm with reference to locality; to quality of soil; to the exposure, whether North or South; to the kind of farming to which it is adapted, and devote it to this farming. It would be idle to raise corn on heavy clay soils, or a long continued succession of hay crops on sands. No sane man would try to raise beef within the sound of Boston bells—and no man would establish a market garden on the hills of Berkshire. It would be idle to pasture Short Horns on Cape Cod, and a waste of pasture to keep West Highlanders in the valley of the Connecticut. We must decide with judgment what our farm is intended for, and never, until the promise of seed time and harvest is broken, with that farm fail to respond to well-directed care and industry.

On every farm the buildings should be well located—somewhere about the centre of all the farming operations. The barn should have a cellar, opening if possible to the South. The house should be conveniently situated near the barn, adorned with taste, and surrounded with trees and shrubbery. Begin to cultivate directly about your buildings. Cultivate well the best land directly about the homestead; and let good farming radiate as it were from the centre.

Stock the farm to its utmost capacity with good animals. In this way, the acre which now yields a ton of hay will soon be forced to double that crop—in the beginning for the cattle, and afterwards by the cattle. Under this branch of husbandry the pastures, too, could be improved.

The crops to be raised depend very much on the locality. Grass is probably the most profitable crop on most lands. At a distance from the market and on light soils corn is a good crop to raise—especially when it can be fed with cheap hay, and when the farmer must drive a long distance to obtain it if he does not raise it. When corn is easily purchased and hay is dear, roots are a profitable crop; indeed a moderate supply of roots will be advantageous to cattle feeders everywhere. Ruta Bagas grow easily on light warm soils—Mangels on heavier lands; and both are easily cultivated. Carrots are expensive in cultivation, but very useful as food for cattle.

Be not induced to devote too much of the best land to fruit trees. Fruit is an uncertain crop, and it is only a small portion of the life of a tree during which it gives an remuneration. Plant a few trees and cultivate them well, with bones, and lime, and ashes, for fruit; with barnyard manure for roots and leaves and branches.

If urged that whatever crop is raised, it be raised well; and that after using whatever crops are necessary for the production of manure, the surplus be sold as the income of the farm. He recommended farm accounts and a journal, as conducive to a systematic arrangement of affairs on the farm, and as furnishing a part of the most valuable agricultural literature when properly arranged. The theories and speculations of ingenious thinkers have their attractions, and they may possibly lead to good practical results; but he who lays before us an actual operation in drainage; he who gives us the results of various modes of ploughing, he who teaches us from experience the best methods of fertilization; he who records the processes by which his farm has risen from a wilderness into all the luxuriance and profit of successful agriculture, does more for his fellow-laborer on the land, than all the theorists combined can ever hope to do.

He spoke of the advantages enjoyed by the farmers of Essex County, in the numerous markets, and easy modes of transportation, and urged renewed devotion to their calling; and he closed with a rehearsal of the benefits which they might derive from communicating their practical information to each other in Farmer's Clubs.

The lecture was followed by a discussion on orchards, continued from the preceding meeting. On this (Wednesday) evening Mr. WM. R. PUTNAM will read a paper on "Drainage," to be followed by a discussion on the same subject.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—By the arrival of the Scotia, from Liverpool, Dec. 6, via Queenstown, Dec. 8, we have one week later news from Europe. The English papers publish a correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and Prof. Francis W. Newman on the war. Mr. Gladstone protests against being classed among the sympathizers with the South. But Mr. Newman shows, in his reply, conclusively, that the whole tenor of the late speech of Mr. Gladstone was an encouragement to the Rebellion, whose wicked character, Mr. Newman portrays in a few vigorous, but just words. The distress among the working classes of France is increasing to an alarming degree, one department alone, having about 150,000 destitute workmen.

In New London, Conn., on Thursday morning, a man by the name of Farrell, after making a fire, went up stairs to tell his wife that everything was in readiness for cooking the Thanksgiving goose. He found his wife sitting up in bed, dead.

Jeff. Davis is now in Tennessee, looking after the interests of the confederacy in that quarter. The prospect looks dubious for the rebels in the West; far more so than in Virginia.

RESIGNATIONS.—Col. Kurtz, of the Mass. 23d, has resigned his position as Provost Marshal of Newbern. One letter conveys the impression that he has resigned his commission as Colonel.

A YOUNG WIDOW.—Major Willard, of Boston, who was killed at *Fredericksburg* on Saturday, 13th inst., was married on the 21st of August last, and left the next day for the seat of war.

DESERTERS.—Massachusetts is advertising a reward for the apprehension of deserters. It is ascertained that there were 1200 from seven regiments alone.

Prentice says:—Probably Humphrey Marshall, after living as long as he can, will die of his own free will and a cord.

The price of the Atlantic Monthly is to be advanced next year, in consequence of the advance in paper.

Gen. Banks' squadron has been spoken off Florida, leaving no doubt that his destination is the Gulf.

We have now in the field 800,000 men, with a prospect of having a round million soon. So says Secretary Stanton.

The United States Grand Jury at Cincinnati last week indicted 45 persons for treason.

The gold fields of Australia are yielding at the rate of 100,000,000 dollars a year.

BOSTON ALMANAC.—This Annual has been received from the publishers through Messrs. A. Williams & Co., and E. B. Waitt of the Periodical store in Danvers. This work is more than ever essential to the citizen and business man, and especially to all who have friends in the army. All the Massachusetts men are there to be found, with the number of the town from which they came. It has all the other information which makes this little volume so desirable a companion.

Gentlemen looking for Christmas or New Year's Presents for Ladies, will do well to call at **PEABODY'S** Lady's Furnishing Store, 220 Essex street, as they will find a nice stock just suited to the wants of Ladies.

CHRISTMAS EVENING!
By request, the M. E. Sabbath School will repeat, in part, their exhibition in the Methodist Church, South Danvers, on Thursday (tomorrow) evening, Dec. 26th, to commence at half past six o'clock.
New and interesting pieces will be substituted for many of the Declarations and Dialogues on the programme of the 16th ult.
Singing both by the Choir and the Children. Several new pieces of thrilling interest will be sung by the Children. At the close of the speaking, Christmas presents will be distributed to the children of the Sunday School.
Admission free 15 cents. No half price tickets.
In consequence of the scarcity of change, it is very desirable that all should come prepared with the exact price of tickets.
N. B. Should the weather be extremely inclement, the exhibition will be on Friday evening.
Dec. 24th, 1862.

NEW.
BROWNING & LONG will open this morning, a splendid assortment of **EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS**, entirely new patterns and designs—the latest European Styles.
Also, a variety of **STEEL GOODS**, the handsomest assortment yet shown in Salem.

Christmas Presents at PEABODY'S.

To Let.

A BUILDING on Spring Street, suitable for a Currier or a Shoe Manufacturer. Inquire of R. S. D. Symonds, 54 Main Street, South Danvers, July 26, 1862.

Christmas Presents at PEABODY'S.

Notice JAMES F. ALMY'S advertisement.

Christmas Presents at PEABODY'S.

\$100 REWARD!

The Subscriber will pay the above reward to any person who will detect and bring to justice the villain or villains who unscrewed the nuts from the wheels of his omnibuses, thus exposing the passengers to danger of life and limb.
E. F. BURKHAM.
South Danvers, June 18, 1862.

Notice JAMES F. ALMY'S advertisement.

South Danvers Fish Market.
P. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
FRESH FISH constantly on hand, and delivered to customers free of charge. ap30

SALESMAN WANTED.
APPLY at 181 Essex street, Salem.
A. J. ARCHER, & CO.

Port of Dan.

At 10th, schs Adeline, Law, bert, Crowell, New York; sleep

Marriage.

In South Danvers, Nov. 27, b rows, Mr Warren A. Tibbets Miss Laura A. Marshall of S. D. In Salem, Dec. 17, by Rev Mr Charles P. Lusecomb to Miss Mary ter of Mr Isaac Perkins.

Deaths.

In Salem, Dec. 15th, Miss Jud years 9 mos; Mrs Almira B. w Mr William Russ, of Methuen, Dec 17th, Mrs Nancy C. Lovis Dec 17th, Lewis Prescott, son Elzabeth W. Browning, 2 yrs 3 In Beverly, Dec. 16, Miss Sue In Marblehead, Dec. 15, Mrs J In Brookline, Dec. 19th, Mrs wife of Charles E. Abbott, and Thomas M. Merritt of Marblehead

For the Sick and Woi

sachusetts Sold

AMATEUR CONCO

IN AID OF THE NEW ENGLA

AUXILIARY SANITARY AS

MANUEL PENOLLOSA takes

Advancing to the public, that

who, of some of his most disling

and American friends, he will give a

MUSICAL ENTERTAI

AT MECHANIC HALL,

On Monday, January

the net proceeds of which will be har

Assistance, to enable it to continue

holding the 21st and wounded defend

On this occasion a rich and rare

from the German, Italian and English

presented.

Doors open at 6 1-2; Concert to beg

Tickets, at 25 cents each, may be

Following Ladies, who, most gen

ented to act as a

RALLYING COMM

as well as all the BOOKSTORES

WARD 1—Mrs W P Goodhue, M

bell, Miss Ellen Putna

WARD 2—Mrs D H Silsbee, Mrs

Mrs. C. H. Miller.

WARD 3—Mrs A Huntington, M

Miss Harriet Lee.

WARD 4—Mrs J. H. Silsbee, Mr

M. S. Shepard.

WARD 5—Mrs J. C. Webster, M

Mrs A. B. Almon.

WARD 6—Mrs Dr Saunders, Mr

Miss M. E. Stoddard.

S. DANVERS—Mrs E. W. Upton

Porter, Mrs G. P. Odom

BEVERLY—Mrs. Dr. J. Abbott

MARBLEHEAD—Miss A. H. Gills

Or

South Danvers Wizard.

Vol. III.

SOUTH DANVERS,

MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1862.

NO. 52.

SOUTH DANVERS WIZARD is published every Friday Morning, at Allen's Building, South Danvers, by
CHARLES D. HOWARD, Proprietor.
FITCH POOLE, Editor.
One dollar and a half a year, in advance.

Cards.

WILLIAM C. CHOATE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
251 Essex St., Salem.
August 6, 1862.

WM. P. UPHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Danvers, Mass.
Opposite the Village Bank.
Plans will attend to the collection of Pension Money.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
194 Essex Street, Salem.
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,
Counsellor at Law,
Office near the Monument.

A. A. PUTNAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Corner Maple and Elm St.,
Danvers.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Attorney and Counsellor,
No. 24 Washington Street, Salem;
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Have removed their Office to
formerly occupied by Hon. O. P. Lord,
27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
J. B. IYER, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 Washington Street, Salem.

H. O. WILEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
co. Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

as against the Government for Bounty.
Pay, and Pensions, promptly attended to.

A. S. CRAWFORD
Dentist,
Main Street, So. Danvers Square.
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

W. L. BOWDIN,
URGEON DENTIST,
Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market
Building—No. 37 Washington street.)
—ly

F. POOLE,
SURVAYOR AGENT,
Allen's Building (up stairs),
reads draughts, and other common forms.

NEW! J. SYMONDS,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Flour & Grain,
ID WARE AND CROCKERY,
Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
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NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

C. & E. A. SIMONDS,
DEALERS IN
ry, China and Hardware; Paper Hang-
s; Solar and Entry Lamps; Paints,
Oil, and Window Glass.
2 Front street, Lawrence Place,
SALEM, MASS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,
USE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paperer,
Central Street, South Danvers.
Orders promptly and faithfully executed.

E. S. FLINT,
DEALER IN
Infant Goods, Country Produce
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FRANCIS P. COSS,
PLUMBER,
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JESSE SMITH,
No. 262 Essex Street, Salem,
Importer and Dealer in
and Silver Watches,
MARINE CHRONOMETERS,
teroid Barometers, Spy Glasses, &c.

MRS. R. C. FLETCHER
keeps constantly on hand
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery Goods,
188 Essex street, Salem. may16

WILLIAM BLANEY,
USE & SIGN PAINTER,
Glazier and Paper Hanger,
4 MAIN STREET, Corner of Grove,
OWS AND BLINDS cheap for cash.
-tf

WALKING MADE EASY.

DR. P. KENISON,
HIPODIST,
216 Washington St., Boston,
and Soft Corns, Bunions, Club Nails, Nail
training the Flesh, Warts, &c., in a manner
that will satisfy the most incredulous.

LIAM D. NORTHEAD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
HAS REMOVED TO
OWNE'S BLOCK
244 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

Selected Poetry.

PALESTINE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring
trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of
God—
Where his blessings were heard and his lessons
taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing
was wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad wanderer came—
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same—
The founts which he drank by the wayside still
flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed
on his brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on
her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath
gone,
And the holy Shiloh—its dark where it
shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode,
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward
and dim,
It would gaze even now on the presence of
him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as
when
In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the
waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.

And what if my feet may not tread where he
stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him
to bear,

Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden in
prayer!
Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even
now,

As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.
Oh! the outward hath gone!—but in glory
and power
The Spirit survives: the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

THE "SILVER WEDDING."

A beautiful sight is a fair young bride,
As she trustingly clings to the bridegroom's
side,
While she utters the vow, with unwavering
faith,
Which shall make her his till the hour of
death.

And lofty emotions attend the hour
When the wealth of manhood's love and power
Is pledged as a shield and a sure defence
That shall never betray her confidence.

But a lover's sight is the faithful wife,
To whom twenty-five years of wedded life
Have brought no change, save a deepening
glow
Of the love that was pledged so long ago.

And the noble one who has been her stay,
And tenderly guarded her all the way,
Bears a holier signet upon his brow
As he stands to renew the unbroken vow.

Then come to the wedding, O fair-browed son!
Let thy girl-bride witness what truth has won;
And say in thy soul that the heart of thy
choice,
As the bride she beholds, shall have cause to
rejoice.

O beautiful daughter! thy dark, dark eyes
Ne'er saw a more beautiful vision arise,
Oh, bless ye the day that the wedding began,
And give thy dear heart unto just such a man.

Selected.

The Blindfold Marriage.

The elite of the court of Louis XIV,
the great monarch of France, were as-
sembled in the chapel of the great Tri-
anon, to witness the nuptials of Louis,
count of Franche Comte, a natural son
of the king, with Lydonie, Duchess de
Balverne, a wealthy heiress.

The singular feature of the ceremony
was that the bridegroom's eyes were
bandaged with a white handkerchief.
This circumstance excited the wonder
of all. Had the bride been old and ugly
they would not have been surprised. On
the contrary she was young and quite
pretty.

The king alone understood this strange
freak of the bridegroom, and though
much enraged, he prudently held his
peace and suffered the ceremony to pro-
ceed.

A few words will explain the motives
of the bridegroom.
When Louis XIV came back from his
great campaign in the Palatinate, he de-
termined to unite his son, whose daring
and valor in the war had greatly pleased
him, to one of the wealthy wards of the
crown.

He proposed the union to the young
duchess of Balverne, and found her fa-
vorably inclined.

She had just come from court, having

just emerged from the convent, where
she had completed her education.

She had seen the young court often,
though he had never designed to cast a
glance upon her. She knew he was brave
and noble, and she thought handsome.—
The bar sister in his escutcheon was no
objection. She accepted him.

Unfortunately, Louis of Franche
Compte, who, like his father, was some-
thing of a reprobate, would not accept
her.

'My son,' said the king, 'I have re-
solved that you shall marry.'
'My worthy sire and most excellent
father,' returned the count, 'I have re-
solved to do no such thing.'

The king frowned. He was not in the
habit of being contradicted.

'I have made a formal proposition in
your name, for the hand of the Duchess
of Balverne, and she has accepted you,'
he said gravely.

'Doubtless,' sneered the young scape-
grace, 'her taste is excellent, and how
could she refuse me? Perhaps it would
have been as well to have consulted my
inclinations in this matter. I do not wish
to marry.'

'Are you in love with any one?'

'No.'

'Then love my duchess. She is noble
and wealthy.'

'I am your son—that is nobility
enough,' he bowed low as he spoke, and
the king smiled at the compliment; 'and
the Jews trust me—what could I do with
more gold?'

'She is the prettiest woman in the
court.'

'I'm tired of pretty women; they are
always fools.'

'Could you but see her you would be
sure to fall in love with her.'

'I never will see her,' answered the
count, determinedly.
'See her or not, you shall marry her!'
cried the king in a rage.

'If I do I'll marry her with my eyes
shut,' returned the count.
The king grew purple with rage.

'Hark'ye, boy! You owe me obedi-
ence as a subject and as a son. It is my
will that you bestow your hand upon the
Duchess de Balverne. The wedding
shall take place this day fortnight. Sub-
mit to my will with a good grace and I
will create you a duke on your wedding
day. Dare to disobey me, and I will
strip you of your title and the lands you
hold from me, and cast you into the Bas-
tile.'

This was what had brought the count
of Comte blindfolded to be married.
The king smiled grimly but said nothing.

The count placed the ring upon the
finger of the bride, but did not salute
her, and when the ceremony was over he
turned his back upon her, took the hand-
kerchief from his eyes, and walked delib-
erately out of the chapel.

Lydonie pouted her pretty lips, and
was almost ready to cry with vexation.

The king took her in charge, escorted
her to her carriage, and they were con-
veyed to the hotel her husband occupied.

'Here you are, my dear,' said the king,
conducting her through the apartments
he had expressly furnished for her recep-
tion; 'here you are, at home.'

'But where's my husband?' asked Ly-
donie.

'Silly boy,' muttered the king, looking
very much annoyed. 'Never mind, my
dear, he is your husband; the rest will
come in time.'

'What is the use of having a husband,
if he will not look at you?' pouted Ly-
donie.

'He shall look at you, or I'll send him
to the Bastille.'

'Oh, no,' cried Lydonie, 'do not force
him to look at me. If he has not curi-
osity enough to see what kind of a wife
he has got, I'm sure I do not wish to
oblige him to look at me. I see how it
is,' she continued, 'sire, you have forced
the count into this union.'

The king coughed and looked guilty.

'Oh,' cried Lydonie, with anguish, 'he
never loved me then—he will never love
me!'

'Why should you care?'

'Because I love him,' answered Ly-
donie, innocently.

'Love him?'

'Oh, so dearly; that is why I married
him. I had loved him from the moment
I first beheld him. And now I am his
wife, he will not look at me.'

Lydonie burst into a flood of tears
and sank upon a sofa.

The king pitied her sincerely, but
what could he do? He had forced his
son to marry her, but he could not force
him to love her.

He thought of the Bastille. It would
not make him love his wife to send him
there.

'Well, well,' he said, 'you are his
wife, I will make him a duke, and I dare
say, you'll find him before morning.'

With these words the king withdrew.
Lydonie was left alone with her sor-
row. But she was one not to droop long.

She soon dried her tears and looked all
the better for them, a rose after a shower.
Her old nurse came in, and together
they inspected her new home, which
Lydonie found entirely to her satisfac-
tion.

The count did not come home that
night.

A week passed by and he did not
make his appearance. Lydonie came to
the conclusion that he never would come.

She knew it was useless to appeal to
the king. He had made Franche Compte
a duke, but he could do nothing for her.

She determined to ascertain what her
husband was about.

She dispatched a trusty servant for in-
telligence, and, like all wives who place
a spy upon their husband's movements,
she was not at all pleased with the news
she received.

The duke was plunging into all kinds
of dissipation. He was making love to
all the pretty daughters of shopkeepers
of the Rue St. Antoine.

In fact, for a newly married man, his
conduct was shameful.

'To leave me and run after such ca-
naille!' exclaimed Lydonie.

She paused suddenly. An idea had
entered her brain. She determined to
act upon it.

While she was meditating upon it, let us
see what the duke was about.

One night, about eight days after his
marriage, the duke, plainly attired and
muffled in a cloak, roamed through the
Faubourg St. Antoine, as was his wont,
in quest of adventures.

As he turned the corner of one of
those narrow lanes that intersected that
quarter at that period, a piercing shriek
burst upon his ear mingled with suffoca-
ting cries for assistance.

The duke's sword was out in an in-
stant. He was brave to rashness. With-
out a moment's thought, he plunged into
the lane.

He beheld a female struggling in the
grasp of a man.

The man fled precipitately at his ap-
pearance and the girl sank into his arms
convulsively exclaiming:

'Save me! oh, save me!'

The duke sheathed his sword, and en-
deavored to calm her fears.

He laid her beneath the lamp that
swung at the corner.

'Why, you are a perfect little beauty!'
he cried rapturously, and with surprise.

The girl cast down her eyes and
blushed deeply, and the duke felt the lit-
tle hand that rested on his arm tremble.
But she did not seem displeased.

'Do you reside in Paris?'

'Yes; but we have only been here a
short time; we came from Bellville—
mother and I.'

'From the country, eh? Where do
you live, my pretty little blossom?'

'In the Rue St. Helene.'

'Why, that is some distance from
here. Will you not permit me to escort
you home? These streets are dangerous,
as you have found, to one as beautiful as
you are.'

'I would very much like to have you
see me home, if—'

She paused and appeared confused.

'If what?' asked the duke eagerly.

'If you would only be so good—as to
promise not to—to try—to kiss me
again, if you please, sir,' replied the girl
innocently.

The duke was charmed. There was a
simplicity, a freshness, about this young
girl which pleased him.

'I give you my word as a gentleman,'
he said frankly, 'that no action of mine
shall displease you, if you accept my
escort.'

She came to his side and took his arm
with confidence.

'I am not afraid of you,' she said,
with sweet simplicity. 'I know you are
too good to injure me.'

The duke blushed for the first time
in—he could not remember how many
years—he knew he was receiving a bet-
ter character than he deserved.

'What is your name?' he asked, as
they proceeded on their way.

'Bergeronette,' she replied.

'What a pretty name! And so you
live here in Paris all alone with your
mother?'

'Yes.'

'I dare say you have plenty of sweet-
hearts?'

'No, I haven't one.'
'What, no one that loves you?'

'None,' she replied.

'Would you not like a sweetheart?'

'Perhaps.'

'You must be particular in your
choice, or you would have had a sweet-
heart before now. What kind of one
would you like, now?'

Those sparkling eyes were lifted to his
for a moment.

'I would like one, if you please, like—
like—'

'Like what?'

'Like you!'

'Phew!' thought the duke, 'I am
getting on here. Now, is this cunning,
or is it simplicity?'

They walked on in silence for some
time.

Bergeronette checked the duke before
a little cottage, with a garden in front.
There was a wicket gate leading into the
garden.

'Here is where I live,' said she.

She took a key from her girdle and
unlocked the gate.

'Will she invite me to enter,' thought
the duke—and the thought was father to
the wish.

'Good night, sir,' said she, 'and
many thanks for your kindness.'

'She is a Diana,' was the duke's men-
tal reflection.

'Shall I ever have the pleasure of see-
ing you again?' said the duke.

'Do you wish it?' she said earnestly.

'Most ardently.'

'I'll ask my mother.'

An oath rose to the duke's lips, but he
prudently checked it.

'Will you receive me to-morrow?'

'You may come and if mother is wil-
ling—yes.'

'I shall be here sure.'

'You will have forgotten me by to-
morrow.'

'I shall never forget you.'

'I have heard mother say the men al-
ways profess more than they mean.'

'Your mother is—'

The duke paused and bit his lips.

'What is she?' asked Bergeronette
archly.

'She is—is right. But I mean what I
say. As sure as to-morrow comes, so
will I.'

'Come. Good night.'

She turned from him and was about
to enter the garden.

'Bergeronette,' he said quickly, 'one
kiss before I go. Surely my forbearance
deserves it.'

She made no answer, but inclined her
head gently towards him. For a moment
she lingered in his arms, and then tore
herself from his embrace and passed
quickly through the gate.

The duke determined to follow her.
When he placed his hand against the
gate he found it securely fastened. Ber-
geronette had prudently locked it after
her.

So the duke went to his lodgings—he
had taken bachelor apartments on his
wedding day—to dream of Bergeronette.

The next day he went to the cottage
in Rue St. Helene.

He was received by Bergeronette tim-
idly, and introduced by her to her mother,
a fine matronly old dame, who sat quietly
spinning in the corner, and allowed the
young couple to rove about the garden
at will.

The duke thought she was a very sen-
sible old woman.

The duke departed at the end of three
hours, more in love than ever.

He came every day for a fortnight, and
every day he pressed his suit. But there
was only one way in which Bergeronette
could be won—an honorable marriage.

The duke was in despair and at his
wit's end. He had a stormy scene with
the king, who threatened to send him to
the Bastille if he did not return to the
duchess.

So he came to Bergeronette on the
fourteenth day to make a final effort to
obtain her. They were alone together in
the garden.

'Hear me, Bergeronette,' he cried,
when he had exhausted every argument,
and found her still firm. 'I swear to you
I free this instant would I wed you,
I will confess all to you. I have told
you that I am a duke, but not my title.
Now you shall know all. I am the Duke
de Franche Comte, and I am already
married!'

'Married!' echoed Bergeronette, with
a smothered scream.

'I was forced into this union by the
king's command. I do not love my wife.
I have never seen her face. I left her at
the altar's foot, and we have never met
since. She possesses my title, but you

alone possess my heart. Fly with me.—
In some distant land we may dwell in
happiness, blest with each other's society.
Time may remove the obstacle to our
union, death may befriend us, a divorce
may be obtained, and then I swear to you
by every saint in Heaven, you shall be-
come my duchess.'

'Were you free, would you really make
me your wife?'

'I have pledged you my word.'

'I believe you.'

'You will fly with me?'

'I will.'

'Dear Louis,' she murmured, for so he
had taught her to call him, 'I also have
something to impart to you. My name
is not Bergeronette, and I am not what
you take me to be.'

'What do you mean?'

'I have a title equal to your own?'

'Then this old woman?'

'Is not my mother, but my nurse.'

'And the man who assaulted you?'

'Was my lady, instructed for the pur-
pose.'

The duke looked bewildered.

'And like you,' she continued 'I am—
married!'

'I'll cut you husband's throat,' ex-
claimed the duke wildly.

'I don't think you will when you know
him.'

'Who is he then, and who are you?'

The Post Office Robbery.

The developments of the last week have thrown so much light on the very mysterious circumstances attending the robbery of our Post Office that our citizens now cannot but be satisfied that the former Post Master and his assistant have been wrongfully suspected and accused. We congratulate them both upon their full exoneration from all blame, and think they should stand precisely before the community as they did before these unhappy circumstances occurred. We gladly do our part in regretting that events now seen to be beyond their control, have exposed them to pecuniary expense, vexation of spirit, and what is of vastly more importance, the loss of character. Having, through the darkest period of suspicion and accusation, always and uniformly asserted their innocence, it must be to them, not only a great relief, but a feeling of positive triumph, with which they now witness the sudden change of public feeling in their favor.

While they have been thus the blameless victims of events, so mysterious, these had assumed such a shape that it was scarcely possible that suspicion could have been diverted from those in charge of the office. They were consequently obliged to bear all the blame and odium which is now turned to the really guilty party, without having any means of making their innocence manifest. The circumstances were so strong that the public was not to blame for indulging in these suspicions, although subsequent events prove that they were unjust.

In looking fairly and candidly at the whole embroilment, although Mr. Woodbury can have no real remedy for the injustice he has suffered, he can have the proud satisfaction of clearing his skirts of all semblance of blame, and standing as an upright and honorable member of the community where he has passed the most active years of his life. He must be well aware that the circumstances of the affair left strong appearances against the inmates of the office and misled the public. Any reexamination or thought of retaliation would be quite out of place and would be likely to bring reaction to the prejudice of the injured party.

Frank Peirce.

Among the casualties of the late battles in North Carolina, we notice the death of Corporal FRANK PEIRCE of Lynn and formerly of this town, where he has relations. We knew him as a child of bright parts and good disposition, but the removal of his family from town caused us to lose him until, in early manhood, he appeared to us again as an active and energetic member of society, earnest in everything he undertook to perform, and always giving satisfaction to the public by his performance. In the beginning of the war of the rebellion he was, as a member of Capt. Knott Martin's company of Marlborough, one of the first in Boston Common at the call of the Governor. He was with the famous BOSTON REGIMENT in their toilsome march from Annapolis to Washington in company with the New York Seventh. He was the man who found and drew from the stream the missing RAIL, which was so essential as the connecting link between Annapolis and Washington. His account of this march to Washington, in which he passes over so slightly this exploit, the tidings of which thrilled the whole country at the time it happened, is the best narrative of this early movement of the war which has been published. It may be found in the early numbers of the WIZARD, he having written it at our request. It is well written, full of interesting scenes, graphically described, as seen by an observer to whom all the route and landscape were new and fresh. The whole narrative is pervaded by an enthusiastic patriotism, characteristic of the writer. Mr. Peirce leaves a wife and three children who have to mourn an affectionate and faithful husband and a tender and loving father.

Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. Peirce was shot in the stomach, and lingered about three days before he died.

Carrier's Address.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that our much respected and faithful Principal Carrier of the WIZARD, Mr. SAMUEL QUINER WHITE, will serve the patrons of the paper to-morrow with a New Year's Address. Mr. WHITE is not only our Carrier, but he turns the great wheel of our power press with superior skill and ability. He is, indeed, the very hub of the wheel, as Boston is the hub of creation.

As this ADDRESS is the first Mr. WHITE has ever made to the public at large, he hopes it will be received with favor and meet a good reception with all classes of society especially the better classes, in which it has been his pleasure and honor to move.

Mr. WHITE has encouragement to believe that his Address will not only be sought and appreciated at home, but that it will give pleasure to his numerous friends now in the Army and Navy. As the Address is Mr. WHITE's own, he controls its publication and reduces us not to publish it in the paper, and we shall be guided in this respect by his wishes. We hope our friends will be ready with their change when Mr. WHITE calls upon them, and that the paper quarters and dimes will fall upon him with a goodly shower, and thus they will reciprocate his good wishes for a Happy New Year.

Funeral Services.

The funeral obsequies at the Unitarian Church at the burial of JOSEPH S. INGALLS, on Wednesday last, were of a very solemn and interesting character. The house was well filled with sympathizing friends who came to bestow the last tokens of respect to the memory of one of the brave defenders of our nationality. The coffin, which was covered by the National Flag, under whose folds he had so often met the foe, was placed in front of the pulpit. The exercises were conducted by Rev. P. F. Safford, and consisted of prayers, reading from the Scriptures and a well prepared funeral discourse, full of hope and consolation to surviving friends, while it breathed the spirit of a pure patriotism.

Two funeral hymns were sung by the choir, the last, closing the services, being the familiar one, beginning—

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust, &c.

MARION NORRIS.—The members of Jordan Lodge will bear in mind that the annual installation of officers takes place this evening.

Burglary.

On Tuesday night of last week occurred here one of the most remarkable burglaries, if we consider its subsequent developments, which ever was recorded in the annals of criminal jurisprudence. For a long time preceding its occurrence, extending over a period of more than a year, houses, shops and the Post Office had been entered and robbed from time to time of money and other valuables, and no clue could be had as to who was the robber. In some instances these depredations would seem to be frequent and of small account, and no other evidence existed that the places had been entered. In the absence of this evidence, suspicion was apt to fall upon whoever was employed in the places where the depredations were made.

The most remarkable of these cases was the robbery of the Post Office, about which so much excitement was made and so much suspicion aroused, as to lead to the arrest and even imprisonment of the assistant in the office, who was the son of the Post Master. Letters, containing money and other valuables, deposited in the office, failed to reach their destination. Other valuable letters, directed to the office, failed of being delivered; and these cases occurred so frequently that, after allowing for all other accidents and miscarriages, it seemed certain that some of this purloining must be in the South Danvers office. Earnest and angry complaints were made by the sufferers, many of whom were the families of the absent soldiers, to the Post Master, who was obliged to deny the allegations or account for the circumstances in the best way he could, but always declaring that all was right in the office. These complaints were increasing instead of diminishing, and the outside public joined with the sufferers in complaints of the Post Master and his assistant. Things could not long exist thus without the knowledge of the detectives of the Post Office Department. The shrewd and active agent of this department was soon in the neighborhood and decoy letters were used as a means of ferreting out the perpetrator of the mischief. We may here remark that these decoy letters are a common agency in keeping matters right in the post offices, and no post master in the country can be sure that he has not the handling of one of these in any mail he may open. The detective letters contained money directed to imaginary persons in South Danvers and were called for by real persons, but were not forthcoming. All this tended to implicate the office in the eyes of the public, and its inmates suffered the agony of being suspected of crime and witnessing the cold demeanor of some of their best friends.

As is always the case in times of excitement, tales were invented and circulated by the thoughtless, which added to the suspicion already aroused, and many fair-minded persons could not reconcile the facts as they appeared, upon any other theory than that which would implicate the office. The time had now come when the law officers arrested the assistant. The chief assistant in the Salem Post Office, Mr. HILL, was placed in charge of the South Danvers Office until matters underwent an investigation. While things remained thus, the Post Master resigned, and another was appointed, who entered upon his duties about the first of June. While the office was under the charge of Mr. HILL, and for five or six weeks after the new incumbent came in, there were no irregularities but such as could be accounted for on the score of wrong direction or other innocent cause of miscarriage. After this period complaints were made and cases stated where valuable letters had been lost or miscarried, which could no more be accounted for than those in the time of the former excitement. As these cases increased in number, the new incumbents felt themselves exposed to the same vexations and charges as had worried their predecessors, and they could partly estimate the intensity of the suffering they endured. It ought here to be mentioned that after some delay, a trial of the former assistant resulted in a prompt acquittal by the jury, and this was supposed to be the strongest case of the Government. He was, however, still held under arrest, giving bonds for his appearance at court.

This trouble in the office continued for four or five weeks until the idea occurred that the office must have been entered in the night time and the letters stolen. To ascertain if it were so, a trap was laid by so arranging the letters, that if they were disturbed it would be known. After several trials, the trap sprung. The letters had undoubtedly been handled and a few days told the story that some had been taken. The next step was to discover who was the thief. It was known that he was accustomed to make frequent visits and that he would come again. It was decided that the inmates of the office should, on alternate nights, watch until he came and could be recognized. After recognition the arrest could easily be effected and without violence. The first night he did not appear. On the second, (which was hot and sultry in day-days), the person who watched took his position in a little room joining the interior office, but with which there was no communication. It was a good place for observation through a window for delivery of letters. He incautiously shut himself up closely in this little room or closet, (about five feet square), and waited the arrival of his visitor. He came at the early hours of the morning, entering by false keys, and proceeded to business, moving about noiselessly and occasionally stopping as if listening. He thus employed himself selecting and opening letters for over two hours and until the air in the little room was oppressively hot and suffocating to the watcher, who began to feel a sickness coming over him. Although the burglar was busily employed, he operated without a light so that he could not be recognized, and this part of the plan failed. If he could be allowed to depart undisturbed, it would be easy to take him on his next visit. But this could not be, as the atmosphere of the little room was unbearable and the watcher must have pured air. He struck a match and lighted the gas, hoping to be able to recognize the thief by the light which would be shed upon him through the window. He only saw the outline of a middle size man as he escaped through the door by which he came in. The bird had flown.

This unfortunate failure to recognize the thief was a cause of general regret, but so far as it had any effect on the public mind, it was strongly in favor of the accused assistant. It was plain now that the case of the government against him, was a desperate one.

These things occurred on the 8th of August. On the 29th of the same month, the house of Mr. B. S. Flint, situated two doors east of the Post Office Building, was entered and \$70 in gold, and about the same value in silver coin, and an old fashioned gold watch and chain were taken. The watch was afterwards re-

turned mysteriously by some unknown person. None of this property has yet been identified among the effects left by Cate.

We pass over the other well known instances of missing property which these developments bring to light, in whole or in part, and give the circumstances of the latest burglary. Messrs. Bailey, Saunders & Co., shoe manufacturers in the building called Ashland Hall, had missed small sums of money from their safe from time to time and concluded to set a watch for the thief. After several nights watching, on Wednesday morning last Mr. Bailey and officer Pingree heard the robber ascend the stairs and enter the room by means of a false key. He was lighting his dark lantern in the doorway. They seized him, recognizing him as Daniel F. Cate, and held him fast, and when he knew that he was recognized he attempted to parley with them for his release, sighing and groaning to excite pity, as if in great distress of mind. Mr. Bailey left him for a moment to light the gas, when he wrested himself from the hands of Mr. Pingree and attempted to pass down the stairs, but he then met Mr. Bailey and was prevented. He then ran about the shop pursued in the dark by Mr. Pingree, and seeing no other means of escape broke through the lower sash of a window, and let himself down about 18 feet into the yard of the Old South Church. Mr. Pingree sending after him two shots from his revolver. Messrs. Bailey and Pingree went down by the stairway, but were too late to overtake him. They then proceeded to his boarding house, kept by his sister Mrs. Osgood in Pleasant street, and rung at the door. Mrs. Osgood came to the window and they asked her if Mr. Cate was in the house, she stepped back a moment and returned, saying that he was in. They then requested to see him at the door, and were answered that he would be down directly. Instead of coming down by the front door, like a well behaved and respectable citizen, he escaped by the back door and was heard climbing a fence of the garden, and they have not seen him since.

It is however well ascertained that he passed the day somewhere near home, probably in a building about 200 rods from his boarding place, belonging to Mr. Geo. Peirce. It is well known that he entered his boarding house on Wednesday evening and took away with him a coat and two pairs of pantaloons.

During the day there was great excitement in the town as these facts came out, which was increased when, by a search warrant, his trunks and boxes were taken and opened by the officers. Their contents were a singular medley of everything requisite to set up a first class Curiosity Shop. Here were tokens of nocturnal visits to the grocer, the ticket master, the stationer, the apothecary, and the dry goods merchant, as well as the dwelling houses of all here. There were to be seen in close juxtaposition, apple parers and lozenges; sealing wax and burglar's tools; silks, socks, salt cellars and strengthening plaster; tooth picks, tea pots and tooth ache drops; egg glasses, goblets, tumblers and photographs; corn plaster and eye salve; needles, watch crystals and tweezers; crochet needles and plasters; knife, pencils, gold pens and butter knives; spiff glasses and doubled barrelled gun; books and bodkins; rail road tickets and bodkins; dry goods and good wines; fancy goods and fancy pipes; tape tools, table carvings and tobacco; chopping knives and penknives; bitters, brandy and balms; boots; gloves, rolling pins and nut mugs; alpines, linen, cotton flannel and calicoes; stout pouches and castor oil; snuff boxes and fancy soaps; an opera glass and a child's rattle and a great variety of other articles quite too numerous to mention.

All the articles in this collection were not found at Cate's room. Messrs. M. A. Shackley, W. H. Little and Amos Merrill, went to a town in New Hampshire, and found many things at the house of a relative of Cate, among which were a gun, two books belonging to the South Danvers Agricultural Library, 1 doz. plated spoons, marked "B"; a large silver spoon, a cream spoon; a glazier's diamond; boots, mittens, etc. Other things were found in possession of a young woman in this place, to whom the latter was paying his attentions in contemplation of marriage. It is proper here to remark that there is no good reason for believing that any of his connections had knowledge of his criminal acts, or that they were known to any second person. His relatives and the young lady referred to, gave up everything readily to the officers, and were solicitous to aid them in all their investigations. Her case is one which elicits the sympathy and respect of all who know her, and she has borne her severe trials in a manner deserving of all praise.

In addition to the variety mentioned above, there were found bank books and treasury notes representing cash to the amount of over \$3000, \$100 in gold and silver coin, about seventy in paper money \$25 in cents and \$50 in postage stamps. Parts of the above amount, deposited in Savings Banks, was in the names of other parties. There was also a curious collection of railroad tickets to Boston, Lowell, Newburyport, and other places less distant.

The dark lantern used by the burglar was curiously constructed. From perfect darkness, by moving a slide, an aperture about as large as a duck shot would let out a small circle of light on a particular object. If more light is wanted another aperture the size of a buck shot would cast a large circle of light and if still more is needed it comes through another hole as large as a common pistol shot, and a fourth the size of a musket ball give further illumination.

Perhaps the greatest curiosities of the collection are the burglary tools and false keys. A larger portion of the latter is composed of old keys filed with new wards, as well as new ones cast in the plaster of Paris moulds, all the work of Cate. In a pasteboard box were paper and card patterns of different keys, one of which had on it written directions about fitting a particular part of it.

Another important discovery adds interest to this astounding development of crime. Among the effects taken from his room were several memoranda books, and one was a small diary for 1862. It was a printed form, and he was accustomed to enter in this diary the work of every night in which he was abroad to commit his depredations. The entries were made by putting down the initials of the place or name, but these were often reversed. For instance, if he entered the apothecary shop of Mr. Sweetser, as he frequently did, the record stood

crime. If the book had been lost there was nothing in it, in the absence of other evidence, which would give a clue to the unravelling of the mystery of its contents. This book shows the fact of more than a hundred purloinings from the Post Office, of the robbery of the Union Store, the town vault, nearly all the apothecary stores, shoe stores and grocery stores, and gives the amount taken at each visit. The aggregate amount stolen varies from a few dollars to over a hundred at each place. Some were robbed who never knew it until this revelation, and others can now account for money which had mysteriously disappeared.

What makes this case the more extraordinary is the fact that the robber was so well known as a steady, industrious mechanic, add to none of the vices and irregular habits so common to the profession of burglary; but esteemed by his employers and those acquainted with him as peculiarly trustworthy. As a skillful carpenter, he was often employed in dwelling houses and shops to make repairs and alterations, and frequently put on locks and other fastenings to the doors. He worked at the Post Office in making the alterations there, when the late Post Master came in, and put on the new locks. When the robbery of the office was discovered, he was sent for to provide additional security by bolts, &c., and showed some interest in the narrative of the night's proceedings, and also in the false key, which he examined as an interesting curiosity.

On the whole, we think our readers will agree with us that this case, in all its ramifications and mysteries, is one of the strangest on record, and, in the hands of a skillful writer, might be wrought into a tale of truth surpassing those of fiction.

CATE!

It would be amusing to a stranger to come among us at this time and witness the ludicrous side of the excitement in regard to the burglar, Cate. Go where you will and you hear of nothing but Cate. Nothing else is talked of or thought of but Cate. He is the lion of the hour—or, rather the elephant. People are haunted by him and dream of him. He is in everybody's mouth, and they can talk of nothing but Cate. Go into a shop, and the salesmen, his nothing to sell but Cate. Cate is his whole stock in trade. Call on the butcher for a steak, and he slices of an indefinite quantity of beef-Cate. The baker serves you with Cate instead of cake, and the capes in the dry goods store are all turned to Cate.

He absorbs all minds and takes away all interest in public affairs and current events. Nobody cares now for Lincoln, Burnside or McClellan. The Cabinet may blow up, and Ben. Butler be hanged—who cares? But where's Cate? This is the all-absorbing thought. Jeff. Davis may go to Washington or to grass, for all people now care, so long as the mind is fully occupied by the exploits of Cate. He is the wonder of the men, the terror of the women, and the Robin Hood of the children. Men strengthen their bars and bolts, and ladies nightly search their houses for Cate. They look for him in all possible and impossible places. They peep under the beds, into the closets, trunks and drawers, and even lift carefully the lid of the coffee pot, half expecting to find Cate coiled up at the bottom. After going over the house once, they are careful to go again, and then a third time, to be sure there is no Cate on the premises.

Gen. Foster's Expedition.

The advance of Gen. Foster to Goldsboro was a complete success, although after its object was accomplished his little army returned again to Newbern. It was in four engagements with the enemy, who was repulsed each time. The casualties, so far as our South Danvers men are concerned, were as follows:

Sergeant S. G. ROBERTS, in Co. B, 17th Regiment, was wounded in his cheek, severely. ROBERT M. FIELDS, of the same company, was wounded in the shoulder, slightly.

JOHN H. MONTGOMERY, of Co. I, 23d Regiment, was wounded in his foot.

ALVAN A. MERRILL, of the 45th Regiment, was seriously wounded in the shoulder and breast. Mr. Merrill is a printer by trade. He served his time in the Danvers Courier and was employed for a number of years in the Salem Gazette. He was employed in the Boston Journal at the time of his enlistment.

We notice, also, that Capt. G. W. KENNEY of Danvers, Co. G, 17th Regiment, was slightly wounded in his foot.

H. W. VINEY, of this town, 23d Regiment, Co. A, was wounded in his leg. This is Capt. Brewster's company, in which are many of our young men. As this regiment was in the thickest of the fight and met serious losses, it is remarkable that no more of our young soldiers were struck.

ULIO BURKE, one of our soldiers of the 9th Regiment, has returned home, discharged. He was in all the Peninsula, and 7 days battles before Richmond.

Brutal Murder in Lynn.

On Tuesday evening of last week, at a little past six o'clock, a young man named Horace Davis, about seventeen years old, came into the grocery store of Mr. Nathan Breed, Jr., on Summer street, near Thimble street, West Lynn, and called for some kerosene oil, and gave Mr. Breed a bottle to put it in. Mr. Breed proceeded to get the oil, and while stooping to draw it was struck by Davis, with a small axe, on the head, several times, making nine separate wounds in nearly all parts of his head, and one, also, on the arm. Mr. Breed was discovered in a helpless situation, by a neighbor who entered the store, and was attracted to him by his groans. In a few moments a number of the neighbors collected, and Mr. Breed was conveyed to the residence of his mother, near by. Drs. Nye and Drew, and Dr. J. W. Newhall, were sent for, and Dr. Nye was the first to reach the apparently dying man, he being insensible. While Dr. Nye was dressing his wounds he however recovered his senses, and gave an account of the attack upon him as we have above stated it, as we learn from Mr. James Stone, acting City Marshal. Mr. Breed died at about three o'clock, Wednesday morning, retaining his senses to the last.

The object of the assault on Mr. Breed was undoubtedly robbery, as the money drawer of the store was found pulled out and on the floor, with some copper scattered about. Mr. Breed was thirty-eight years old, and leaves a wife without children.—Lynn Day State.

BEN. BUTLER TO BE HANGED.—Jeff Davis is out with a proclamation ordering Ben. Butler to be hanged. We wait with some curiosity for Butler's proclamation for the hanging of Jeff Davis.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

EVAN'S MILLS, 10 miles So. of Newbern, December 10th 1862.

DEAR FRIEND.—Your letter of Nov. 23th was received last Saturday evening just after returning from the city. As I had several letters on my hands I did not answer it immediately. When I last wrote you we were in the city of Newbern; but since that time Col. John Kurtz has resigned both as "Provost Marshal" of the city of Newbern and as Col. of the 23d Regt. The reason of his doing I do not really know. He was much liked both as Col. and as Provost Marshal, and we were all sorry to lose him.

Friday Nov. 22d, we had orders to prepare to leave the city. So early the next morning, being ready, and having all we could carry, we, (our Co.) marched to this place to relieve a company of the 17th which was at that time doing Picket duty. We arrived here about noon, and after having rested a short time and having had a little "Hunt Tack" and molasses for dinner, proceeded to relieve the 17th. The 17th Mass. are now doing Picket duty in the city. Our Co. is all alone, by itself, as I have said, 10 miles from the city, and about 5 miles from the rest of the Regiment, which is between us and the city. 9 men, 1 Corporal and a Sergeant are detailed for Guard each day. These 9 men are posted in 3 different places, with an equal number in each place. 3 men and the Corporal are stationed on the outpost about a mile from the Co. Quarters. Another post is between the outpost and Co. Quarters, about a quarter of a mile from Camp. The men on the outpost have to keep a sharp lookout and see that no one passes his or their post unless he or they have a perfect right to do so. The three remaining are stationed at the Capt's. headquarters to give him notice if there should be an alarm. There is a Saw and a Grist mill here, which Uncle Sam makes use of. There are about one hundred negroes under the charge of Sergeant of the 103 N. Y. Regt. These negroes are employed in getting out lumber. We are for the purpose, mostly, of protecting this property. Capt. Brewster's wife is out here on picket with us.

Our Co. Quarters are quite comfortable; we have shanties to live in; 4 of us are in one about 8 ft. by 6. In this are four bunks. We have a place to move round in about 6 ft. by 4 wide. So you see we have not many accommodations for writing at anytime. There are woods all around us, but I like here much better than I did in the city. Our living is much better here and our duty is not near so hard. I would like to remain here a long time, but I suppose we shall go away from here on an expedition that is soon expected to leave this Department. We are now under marching orders and at any moment are liable to be called upon to go. I am pretty well used to the soldier's life now and like it much better than I did at first, and do not think of home so much; I almost I would like to be there. But we must first fix up things, so when we do return we shall have a home, from which, I hope, we shall not be called away again to engage in a civil war.

Last Saturday I was down to the city and dined with Lieut. Barnes and Thompson. It looked kind of odd to see those two old School Teachers out here. It makes me think of old times, when in their company. They live in a tent by themselves and have, Willie Dodge for their waiter boy. He was in good health. So they all are with exception of Geo. O. Teel and two or three others. Geo. is quite sick with typhoid fever, I believe—the rest have only a cold or some other little ail which will soon go away. The men in Co. C, (So. D. Co.) do not seem to fancy the soldier's life. But they may like it before they go home. Thanksgiving we had roast turkey and sweet potatoes for dinner. Good living for soldiers.

The weather now is quite cool; night before last water froze strong and thick enough to bear me up. But in the day-time it is most always sunny and pleasant. Major John G. Chambers is now in command of the 23d Regt. Lieut. Col. Elwell being at home in consequence of having his arm broken. We are in the 1st Brigade. Col. Amory of the 17th Mass. Regt. is acting Brigadier General. The 6th Mass. I think is in the 3d Brigade. Col. Lee, of the 27th Mass., acting Brigadier General. I wish we were in the same Brigade, but it is not so. Major Jones Franklin is now Provost Marshal, (Major of the 17th Mass. Regt.) The citizens of N. have presented to Col. Kurtz a splendid sword costing about \$1000. The 25th Mass. have given to Col. Upson, (their former Col. but now at home on account of ill health), a sword costing \$1000; it is a beautiful thing. The next year hear from me shall probably be some where else, perhaps on the Potomac, but more likely in the interior of North Carolina. I understand that a portion of Major Generals Bank's and also Corcoran's legion have arrived at Newbern.

12 M. We have just been ordered off, are going aboard transports immediately, another fight, I expect.

JOHN L. WATERMAN.

ROANOKE ISLAND, Dec. 21st, 1862.

On the fourth day from our arrival at Newbern, there came an order for us to pack our knapsacks and be ready to start in half an hour. We packed up and took three day's rations in our haversacks, filled our canteens with water, and took forty rounds of cartridges in our boxes, and, in connection with company A., from Newburyport, marched about two miles to the wharf, through the streets of Newbern. We went on board the steamer Massachusetts, and sailed down the Neuse river to Roanoke Island. When we started none of us knew where we were going but supposed that we were going on a scout. When we arrived at the Island it was raining fast, and it looked rather dismal. We are encamped on the island in barracks, it being divided into rooms eight to a mess. There are about fifty white families on the island who have taken the oath of allegiance, and about 700 contrabands. We have been called out once and slept on our arms all night, and expect to get a slap at the rebels at any minute. We are short-handed, but expect two more companies here when Gen. Foster's expedition comes back. Now we are on picket duty every night, and it comes rather tough.

Yours truly

BENJ. M. HILL.

NEAR PALMOUTH, VA., Camp 9th Mass. Vol.

December 18th, 1862.

DEAR FRIENDS.—I received your letter of the 7th, and was very glad to learn you were enjoying good health. We left our camp near Palmyra on Thursday last bound for Fredericksburg. We did not get there until Saturday afternoon, and when we did it was in the very hottest part of the fight. We were under a very heavy fire all the time, and I

don't see how our regiment escaped without more loss. The rebels were continually pelting at us, and we did not have the least chance to return a shot. We were relieved from our position Sunday night and returned to the city of Fredericksburg, where we remained until Tuesday morning, when we crossed the river again and returned to our old camp again, after an absence of one week.

Fredericksburg is a completely ruined city. We lived high you had better believe while we were in town. All hands were cooking all sorts of grub. We had any quantity of whiskey.—We rifled all the houses and lived on the fat of the land. It was the best time I have had for a long time.

The weather out here has been pretty good all along. Sometimes it is pretty cold but generally it is quite pleasant. John Morris was the only one wounded in our company and he was wounded in the side, but he is now getting along well. I wish you could have been in Fredericksburg to see the state we were in.—We could not get our artillery into any position and that was the cause of our retreat from the town. Pat. Shlay is missing.

Any quantity of chickens, hens, flour, everything. Piles of it in every shape. Write soon, no more at present from your sincere friend

JOHN GANNON, Co. F.

KIDD'S TREASURE.—The Halifax Express says that measures are being taken to test the much vexed question as to whether Kidd the Pirate did bury a portion of his treasure on Oak Island, near Chester. Some thirty men and a steam engine are employed to get at this treasure, and if it is there, no doubt it will be disinterred. The Express says:—The excavations show three regularly constructed drains, at an almost fabulous depth from the surface, the entrance to each being protected by an iron door of rough but massive manufacture. To clear these drains or subterranean passages from water is the primary object on the part of the treasure seekers, with a reasonable prospect of ultimate success. This attained, the parties engaged in the work, hope to enter the pirate's repository, where they expect to find value equal to that concealed in the celebrated cave immortalized in the "Forty Thieves." Borings have been made with a huge auger worked by steam which yielded layers of various materials, including earth, iron, oak, &c., and last, but not least, unmistakable evidences of the root of all evil—gold.

FRANKLIN'S CONCERN.—We call the attention of our citizens to the notice in the advertising columns of a grand concert for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of Massachusetts. We understand that the most eminent musical talent of Salem and its vicinity have been enlisted to promote the success and aid the charitable object of the entertainment. Among those who lend their efforts in its behalf is a lady of our own town, who is gifted with excellent musical taste and accomplishments in the art. It is quite unnecessary to give her name. We trust there will be a large attendance from this town.

CONVERSATION OF PICKETS.—Capt. Fisher, of the Signal Corps, tells the story of a picket conversation, overheard by him recently across the Rappahannock. "What did you steal that coat for?" said a Union soldier to a Confederate picket opposite, who had on an overcoat made for the United States army. "What did you run away and leave it for?" said the ready Seesh. "Where are you going to now?" continued the Seesh. "To Richmond," was the reply. "You'll have a d—d 'Longstreet' to go through, two 'Hills' to crawl up, and a 'Stone wall' to climb," was the answer. This was not imprudent, but a witless current among the Confederates, borrowed from a Western paper. Soberable commonplaces are constantly exchanged across the river by pickets, where the contracted word permits the voice to be heard. Morning inquiries after the health are made, and salutations as pressed as to each having slept warm the night previously. This is now an urgent subject in both armies. The pickets on both sides entertain themselves in this kind of social talk, which is much more entertaining and less dangerous than shooting at each other.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.—Hon. John Covode, who was at the battle of Fredericksburg, going over the field of the dead searching for friends, raised a blanket which covered the lifeless form of an officer to see if he could recognize him, when he found his faithful dog crouching beside the body, shivering in the cold and apparently half starved, but still faithful in death as in life!

ROGUERY.—In the midst of the excitement caused by the late burglaries, we hear of a wagon, harness, and buffalo robe being stolen at Danversport from Mr. D. S. Dearborn. The same has been recovered, and was the work of some boys who have made themselves rather prominent by various mischievous acts.

GEN. BANKS.—The secret of the Banks' expedition was well kept. He has turned up at last in New Orleans, and is to succeed General Butler as military governor. We may now look for the free navigation of the Mississippi River and the recovery of Texas.

THE NINETEENTH REGIMENT numbers among its killed and wounded since the war began their Colonel, one Lieut. Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, one Adjutant, ten Lieutenants, and one assistant surgeon, in all 25 commissioned officers.

THE JAPANESE, not to be behind other nations, have ordered two sloops of war and one gunboat, mounting in all 64 guns, to be constructed in this country. This is to be the beginning of a complete Japanese navy.

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH states that Governor Letcher has determined to hold the Union prisoners taken recently by Gen. Floyd in solitary confinement until Col. Thomas, alias the French lady, is released by President Lincoln.

THE ATTORNEY General Bates' opinion is that all native born persons, without distinction of race or color, are citizens of the United States.

NO less than five hundred rebel officers, prisoners of war, are in confinement at Cairo.



NEW.

BROWNING & LONG will open a splendid assortment of EMBROIDERED SLI entirely new patterns and des European Styles. Also, a variety of STEEL GO some assortment yet shown in



Process of Tar M

The following account of copy from a private letter is place:

CAMP RICH, 8 MILES FROM ON KINSTON ROAD, Dec. There were several tar kilns in use—sometimes called, in tion near where I was posted being Sunday, there was no o them, but as I have visited the give you a description of them. First, the operatives are run or rather the masters have run slaves—they are allowed to r as they please, by paying a ta per barrel, which they can do a good thing out of it; tar being lars per barrel here.

Tar is made by burning light-running out of it being the tar. fat pitch pine wood—old pine t fallen 10 or 20 and perhaps 50 top all rotted off of them, and maining sound and full of pitch light-wood. A place is selecte is a plenty of these old trees to or pit, which is simpl; making i hole in the ground with a spn ter running below the surface t a tub set in the ground. The pi ent sizes, according to the qu wood. The one I noticed pa about fifteen feet in diameter.

The wood is chopped up at oven-wood at home, piled in ve sticks all lying towards the e cline that way, so that when i it all burns towards the center. to burn, and it is quite a job to burn from fifty to seventy-five I never have been present at a b negroes inform me that they pile from five to eight feet, accordin out, and then set fire to it on t ning through the pile and out ti the tub, where it is barreled up. eral days and nights to burn a pi

